# THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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THE

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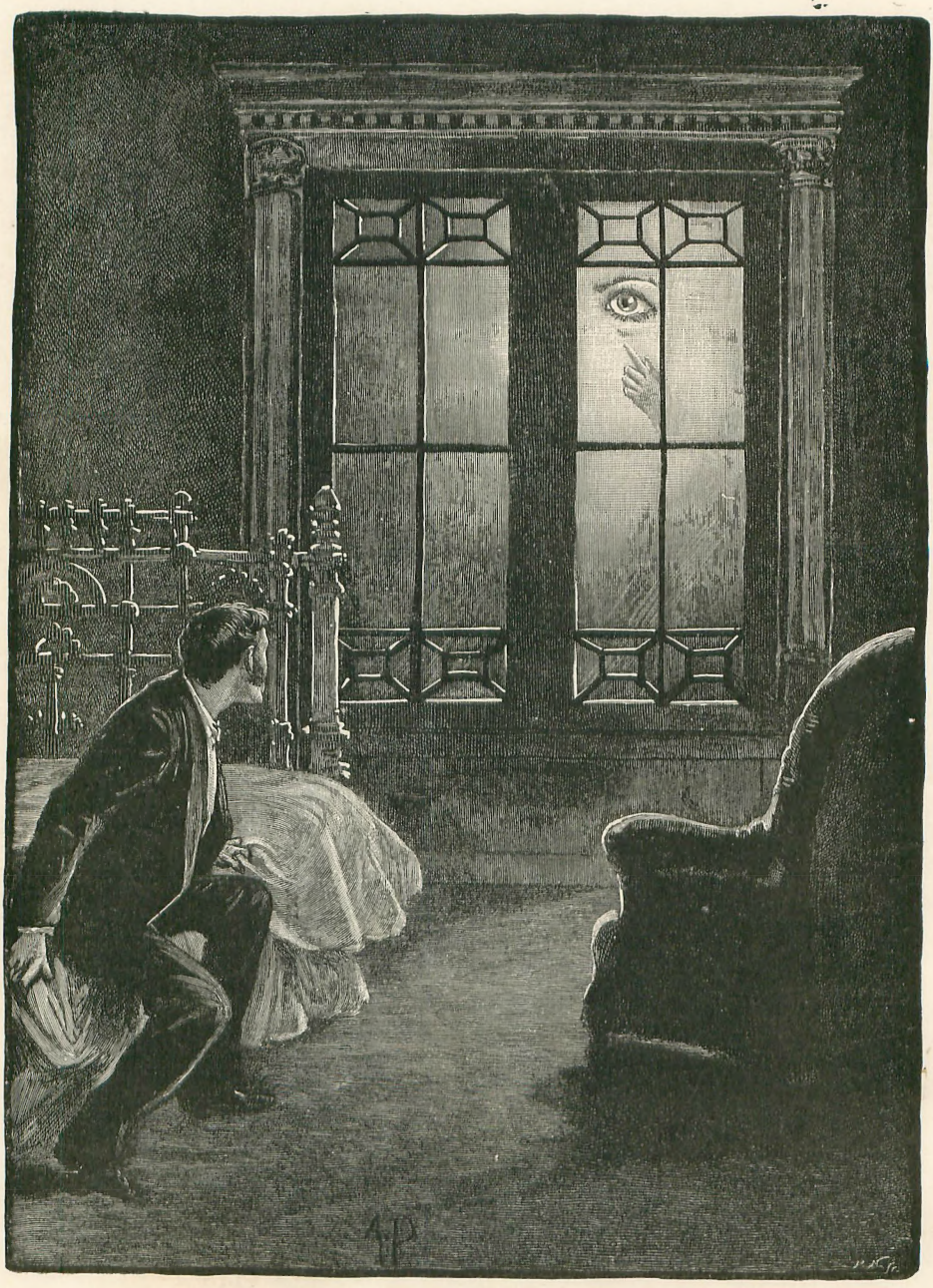


"THE HORROR OF STUDLEY GRANGE."

(*See page* 15.)

# *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.*

*By the Authors of* "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## VII.—THE HORROR OF STUDLEY GRANGE.

IT WAS in my consulting-room one morning, and had just said good-bye to the last of my patients, when my servant came in and told me that a lady had called who pressed very earnestly for an interview with me.

"I told her that you were just going out, sir," said the man, "and she saw the carriage at the door; but she begged to see you, if only for two minutes. This is her card."

I read the words, "Lady Studley."

"Show her in," I said, hastily, and the next moment a tall, slightly-made, fair-haired girl entered the room.

She looked very young, scarcely more than twenty, and I could hardly believe that she was, what her card indicated, a married woman.

The colour rushed into her cheeks as she held out her hand to me. I motioned her to a chair, and then asked her what I could do for her.

"Oh, you can help me," she said, clasping her hands and speaking in a slightly theatrical manner. "My husband, Sir Henry Studley, is very unwell, and I want you to come to see him—can you?—will you?"

"With pleasure," I replied. "Where do you live?"

"At Studley Grange, in Wiltshire. Don't you know our place?"

"I daresay I ought to know it," I replied, "although at the present moment I can't recall the name. You want me to come to see your husband. I presume you wish me to have a consultation with his medical attendant?"

"No, no, not at all. The fact is, Sir Henry has not got a medical attendant. He dislikes doctors, and won't see one. I want you to come and stay with us for a week or so. I have heard of you through mutual friends—the Onslows. I know you can effect remarkable cures, and you have a great deal of tact. But you can't possibly do anything for my husband unless you are willing to stay in the house and to notice his symptoms."

Lady Studley spoke with great emphasis and earnestness. Her long, slender hands were clasped tightly together. She had drawn off her gloves and was bending forward in her chair. Her big, childish, and somewhat restless blue eyes were fixed imploringly on my face.

"I love my husband," she said, tears suddenly filling them—"and it is dreadful, dreadful, to see him suffer as he does. He will die unless someone comes to his aid. Oh, I know I am asking an immense thing, when I beg of you to leave all your patients and come to the country. But we can pay. Money is no object whatever to us. We

"LADY STUDLEY SPOKE WITH GREAT EMPHASIS."

can, we will, gladly pay you for your services."

"I must think the matter over," I said. "You flatter me by wishing for me, and by believing that I can render you assistance, but I cannot take a step of this kind in a hurry. I will write to you by to-night's post if you will give me your address. In the meantime, kindly tell me some of the symptoms of Sir Henry's malady."

"I fear it is a malady of the mind," she answered immediately, "but it is of so vivid and so startling a character, that unless relief is soon obtained, the body must give way under the strain. You see that I am very young, Dr. Halifax. Perhaps I look younger than I am—my age is twenty-two. My husband is twenty years my senior. He would, however, be considered by most people still a young man. He is a great scholar, and has always had more or less the habits of a recluse. He is fond of living in his library, and likes nothing better than to be surrounded by books of all sorts. Every modern book worth reading is forwarded to him by its publisher. He is a very interesting man and a brilliant conversationalist. Perhaps I ought to put all this in the past tense, for now he scarcely ever speaks—he reads next to nothing—it is difficult to persuade him to eat—he will not leave the house—he used to have a rather ruddy complexion—he is now deadly pale and terribly emaciated. He sighs in the most heartrending manner, and seems to be in a state of extreme nervous tension. In short, he is very ill, and yet he seems to have no bodily disease. His eyes have a terribly startled expression in them—his hand trembles so that he can scarcely raise a cup of tea to his lips. In short, he looks like a man who has seen a ghost."

"When did these symptoms begin to appear?" I asked.

"It is mid-winter now," said Lady Studley. "The queer symptoms began to show themselves in my husband in October. They have been growing worse and worse. In short, I can stand them no longer," she continued, giving way to a short, hysterical sob. "I felt I must come to someone—I have heard of you. Do, do come and save us. Do come and find out what is the matter with my wretched husband."

"I will write to you to-night," I said, in as kind a voice as I could muster, for the pretty, anxious wife interested me already. "It may not be possible for me to stay at Studley Grange for a week, but in any case I can promise to come and see the patient. One visit will probably be sufficient—what your husband wants is, no doubt, complete change."

"Oh, yes, yes," she replied, standing up now. "I have said so scores of times, but Sir Henry won't stir from Studley—nothing will induce him to go away. He won't even leave his own special bedroom, although I expect he has dreadful nights." Two hectic spots burnt in her cheeks as she spoke. I looked at her attentively.

"You will forgive me for speaking," I said, "but you do not look at all well yourself. I should like to prescribe for you as well as your husband."

"Thank you," she answered, "I am not very strong. I never have been, but that is nothing—I mean that my health is not a thing of consequence at present. Well, I must not take up any more of your time. I shall expect to get a letter from you to-morrow morning. Please address it to Lady Studley, Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria."

She touched my hand with fingers that burnt like a living coal and left the room.

I thought her very ill, and was sure that if I could see my way to spending a week at Studley Grange, I should have two patients instead of one. It is always difficult for a busy doctor to leave home, but after carefully thinking matters over, I resolved to comply with Lady Studley's request.

Accordingly, two days later saw me on my way to Wiltshire, and to Studley Grange. A brougham with two smart horses was waiting at the station. To my surprise I saw that Lady Studley had come herself to fetch me.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, giving me a feverish clasp of her hand. "Your visit fills me with hope—I believe that you will discover what is really wrong. Home!" she said, giving a quick, imperious direction to the footman who appeared at the window of the carriage.

We bowled forward at a rapid pace, and she continued:—

"I came to meet you to-day to tell you that I have used a little guile with regard to your visit. I have not told Sir Henry that you are coming here in the capacity of a doctor."

Here she paused and gave me one of her restless glances.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"What have you said about me to Sir Henry?" I inquired.

"That you are a great friend of the Onslows, and that I have asked you here for a week's change," she answered immediately.

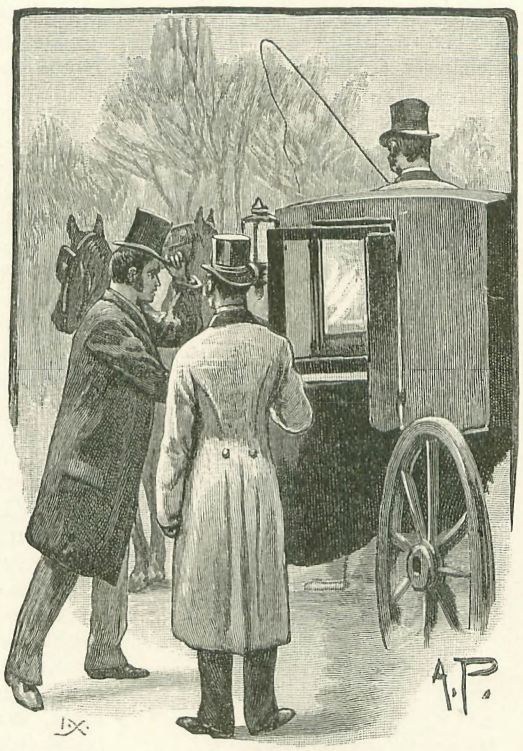
"As a guest, my husband will be polite and delightful to you—as a doctor, he would treat you with scant civility, and would probably give you little or none of his confidence."

I was quite silent for a moment after Lady Studley had told me this. Then I said:—

"Had I known that I was not to come to your house in the capacity of a medical man, I might have re-considered my earnest desire to help you."

She turned very pale when I said this, and tears filled her eyes.

"Never mind," I said now, for I could not but be touched by her extremely pathetic and suffering face, by the look of great illness which was manifested in every glance. "Never mind now; I am glad you have told me exactly the terms on which you wish me to approach your husband; but I think that I can so put matters to Sir Henry that he will be glad to consult me in my medical capacity."



"LADY STUDLEY HAD COME HERSELF TO FETCH ME."

"Oh, but he does not even know that I suspect his illness. It would never do for him to know. I suspect! I see! I fear! but I say nothing. Sir Henry would be much more miserable than he is now, if he thought that I guessed that there is anything wrong with him."

"It is impossible for me to come to the Grange except as a medical man," I answered, firmly. "I will tell Sir Henry that you have seen some changes in him, and have asked me to visit him as a doctor. Please trust me. Nothing will be said to your husband that can make matters at all uncomfortable for you."

Lady Studley did not venture any further remonstrance, and we now approached the old Grange. It was an irregular pile, built evidently according to the wants of the different families who had lived in it. The building was long and rambling, with rows of windows filled up with panes of latticed glass. In front of the house was a sweeping lawn, which, even at this time of the year, presented a velvety and well-kept appearance. We drove rapidly round to the entrance door, and a moment later I found myself in the presence of my host and patient. Sir Henry Studley was a tall man with a very slight stoop, and an aquiline and rather noble face. His eyes were dark, and his forehead inclined to be bald. There was a courtly, old-world sort of look about him. He greeted me with extreme friendliness, and we went into the hall, a very large and lofty apartment, to tea.

Lady Studley was vivacious and lively in the extreme. While she talked, the hectic spots came out again on her cheeks. My uneasiness about her increased as I noticed these symptoms. I felt certain that she was not only consumptive, but in all probability she was even now the victim of an advanced stage of phthisis. I felt far more anxious about her than about her husband, who appeared to me at that moment to be nothing more than a somewhat nervous and hypochondriacal person. This state of things seemed easy to account for in a scholar and a man of sedentary habits.

I remarked about the age of the house, and my host became interested, and told me one or two stories of the old inhabitants of the Grange. He said that to-morrow he would have much pleasure in taking me over the building.

"Have you a ghost here?" I asked, with a laugh.

I don't know what prompted me to ask the question. The moment I did so, Sir Henry turned white to his lips, and Lady Studley held up a warning finger to me to

intimate that I was on dangerous ground. I felt that I was, and hastened to divert the conversation into safer channels. Inadvertently I had touched on a sore spot. I scarcely regretted having done so, as the flash in the baronet's troubled eyes, and the extreme agitation of his face, showed me plainly that Lady Studley was right when she spoke of his nerves being in a very irritable condition. Of course, I did not believe in

"'HAVE YOU A GHOST HERE?' I ASKED, WITH A LAUGH."

ghosts, and wondered that a man of Sir Henry's calibre could be at all under the influence of this old-world fear.

"I am sorry that we have no one to meet you," he said, after a few remarks of a commonplace character had divided us from the ghost question. "But to-morrow several friends are coming, and we hope you will have a pleasant time. Are you fond of hunting?"

I answered that I used to be in the old days, before medicine and patients occupied all my thoughts.

"If this open weather continues, I can probably give you some of your favourite pastime," rejoined Sir Henry; "and now perhaps you would like to be shown to your room."

My bedroom was in a modern wing of the house, and looked as cheerful and as unghostlike as it was possible for a room to be. I did not rejoin my host and hostess until dinner-time. We had a sociable little meal, at which nothing of any importance occurred, and shortly after the servants withdrew, Lady Studley left Sir Henry and me to ourselves. She gave me another warning glance as she left the room. I had already quite made up my mind, however, to tell Sir Henry the motive of my visit.

The moment the door closed behind his wife, he started up and asked me if I would mind coming with him into his library.

"The fact is," he said, "I am particularly glad you have come down. I want to have a talk with you about my wife. She is extremely unwell."

I signified my willingness to listen to anything Sir Henry might say, and in a few minutes we found ourselves comfortably established in a splendid old room, completely clothed with books from ceiling to floor.

"These are my treasures," said the baronet, waving his hand in the direction of an old bookcase, which contained, I saw at a glance, some very rare and precious first editions.

"These are my friends, the companions of my hours of solitude. Now sit down, Dr. Halifax; make yourself at home. You have come here as a guest, but I have heard of you before, and am inclined to confide in you. I must frankly say that I hate your profession as a rule. I don't believe in the omniscience of medical men, but moments come in the lives of all men when it is necessary to unburden the mind to another. May I give you my confidence?"

"One moment first," I said. "I can't deceive you, Sir Henry. I have come here, not in the capacity of a guest, but as your wife's medical man. She has been anxious about you, and she begged of me to come and stay here for a few days in order to render you any medical assistance within my power. I only knew, on my way here to-day, that she had not acquainted you with the nature of my visit."

While I was speaking, Sir Henry's face

became extremely watchful, eager, and tense.

"This is remarkable," he said. "So Lucilla is anxious about me? I was not aware that I ever gave her the least clue to the fact that I am not—in perfect health. This is very strange—it troubles me."

He looked agitated. He placed one long, thin hand on the little table which stood near, and pouring out a glass of wine, drank it off. I noticed as he did so the nervous trembling of his hand. I glanced at his face, and saw that it was thin to emaciation.

"Well," he said, "I am obliged to you for being perfectly frank with me. My wife scarcely did well to conceal the object of your visit. But now that you have come, I shall make use of you both for myself and for her."

"Then you are not well?" I asked.

"Well!" he answered, with almost a shout. "Good God, no! I think that I am going mad. I know—I know that unless relief soon comes I shall die or become a raving maniac."

"No, nothing of the kind," I answered, soothingly; "you probably want change. This is a fine old house, but dull, no doubt, in winter. Why don't you go away?—to the Riviera, or some other place where there is plenty of sunshine? Why do you stay here? The air of this place is too damp to be good for either you or your wife."

Sir Henry sat silent for a moment, then he said, in a terse voice:—

"Perhaps you will advise me what to do after you know the nature of the malady which afflicts me. First of all, however, I wish to speak of my wife."

"I am ready to listen," I replied.

"You see," he continued, "that she is very delicate?"

"Yes," I replied; "to be frank with you, I should say that Lady Studley was consumptive."

He started when I said this, and pressed his lips firmly together. After a moment he spoke.

"You are right," he replied. "I had her examined by a medical man—Sir Joseph Dunbar—when I was last in London; he said her lungs were considerably affected, and that, in short, she was far from well."

"Did he not order you to winter abroad?"

"He did, but Lady Studley opposed the idea so strenuously that I was obliged to yield to her entreaties. Consumption does not seem to take quite the ordinary form with her. She is restless, she longs for cool air, she goes out on quite cold days, in a closed carriage, it is true. Still, except at night, she does not regard herself in any sense as an invalid. She has immense spirit—I think she will keep up until she dies."

"You speak of her being an invalid at night," I replied. "What are her symptoms?"

Sir Henry shuddered quite visibly.

"Oh, those awful nights!" he answere "How happy would many poor mortals be but for the terrible time of darkness. Lady Studley has had dreadful nights for some time: perspirations, cough, restlessness, bad dreams, and all the rest of it. But I must hasten to tell you my story quite briefly. In the beginning of October we saw Sir Joseph Dunbar. I should then, by his advice, have taken Lady Studley to the Riviera, but she opposed the idea with such passion and distress, that I abandoned it."

Sir Henry paused here, and I looked at him attentively. I remembered at that moment what Lady Studley had said about her husband refusing to leave the Grange under any circumstances. What a strange game of cross-purposes these two were playing. How was it possible for me to get at the truth?

"At my wife's earnest request," continued Sir Henry, "we returned to the Grange. She declared her firm intention of remaining here until she died.

"Soon after our return she suggested that we should occupy separate rooms at night, reminding me, when she made the request, of the infectious nature of consumption. I complied with her wish on condition that I slept in the room next hers, and that on the smallest emergency I should be summoned to her aid. This arrangement was made, and her room opens into mine. I have sometimes heard her moving about at night—I have often heard her cough, and I have often heard her sigh. But she has never once sent for me, or given me to understand that she required my aid. She does not think herself very ill, and nothing worries her more than to have her malady spoken about. That is the part of the story which relates to my wife."

"She is very ill," I said. "But I will speak of that presently. Now will you favour me with an account of your own symptoms, Sir Henry?"

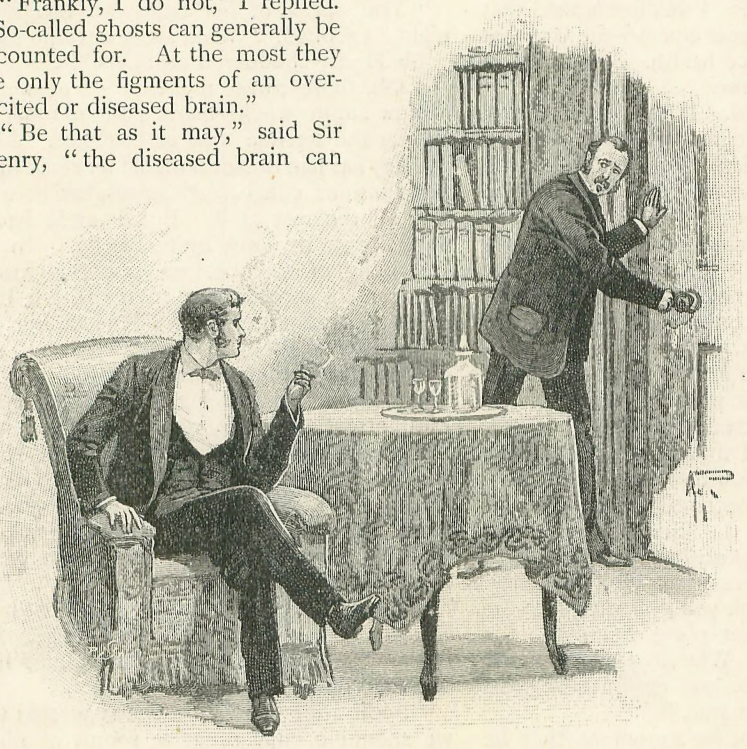
He started again when I said this, and going across the room, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Perhaps you will laugh at me," he said, "but it is no laughing matter, I assure you. The most terrible, the most awful affliction has come to me. In short, I am visited

nightly by an appalling apparition. You don't believe in ghosts, I judge that by your face. Few scientific men do."

"Frankly, I do not," I replied. "So-called ghosts can generally be accounted for. At the most they are only the figments of an over-excited or diseased brain."

"Be that as it may," said Sir Henry, "the diseased brain can give such torture to its victim that death is preferable. All my life I have been what I consider a healthy minded man. I have plenty of money, and have never been troubled with the cares which torture men of commerce, or of small means. When I married, three years ago, I considered myself the most lucky and the happiest of mortals."



"HE LOCKED THE DOOR AND PUT THE KEY IN HIS POCKET."

"Forgive a personal question," I interrupted. "Has your marriage disappointed you?"

"No, no; far from it," he replied with fervour. "I love my dear wife better and more deeply even than the day when I took her as a bride to my arms. It is true that I am weighed down with sorrow about her, but that is entirely owing to the state of her health."

"It is strange," I said, "that she should be weighed down with sorrow about you for the same cause. Have you told her of the thing which terrifies you?"

"Never, never. I have never spoken of it to mortal. It is remarkable that my wife should have told you that I looked like a man who has seen a ghost. Alas! alas! But let me tell you the cause of my shattered nerves, my agony, and failing health."

"Pray do, I shall listen attentively," I replied.

"Oh, doctor, that I could make you feel the horror of it!" said Sir Henry, bending forward and looking into my eyes. "Three months ago I no more believed in visitations, in apparitions, in so-called ghosts, than you do. Were you tried as I am, your scepticism would receive a severe shock. Now let me tell you what occurs. Night after night Lady Studley and I retire to rest at the same hour. We say good-night, and lay our heads on our separate pillows. The door of communication between us is shut. She has a night-light in her room—I prefer darkness. I close my eyes and prepare for slumber. As a rule I fall asleep. My sleep is of short duration. I awake with beads of perspiration standing on my forehead, with my heart thumping heavily and with every nerve wide awake, and waiting for the horror which will come. Sometimes I wait half an hour—sometimes longer. Then I know by a faint, ticking sound in the darkness that the Thing, for I can clothe it with no name, is about to visit me. In a certain spot of the room, always in the same spot, a bright light suddenly flashes; out of its midst there gleams a preternaturally large eye, which looks fixedly at me with a diabolical expression. As time goes, it does not remain long; but as agony counts, it seems to take years of my life away with it. It fades as suddenly into grey mist and nothingness as it comes, and, wet with perspiration, and struggling to keep back screams of mad terror, I bury my head in the bed-clothes."

"But have you never tried to investigate this thing?" I said.

"I did at first. The first night I saw it, I rushed out of bed and made for the spot. It disappeared at once. I struck a light—there was nothing whatever in the room."

"Why do you sleep in that room?"

"I must not go away from Lady Studley. My terror is that she should know anything of this—my greater terror is that the apparition, failing me, may visit her. I daresay you think I'm a fool, Halifax; but the fact is, this thing is killing me, brave man as I consider myself."

"Do you see it every night?" I asked.

"Not quite every night, but sometimes on the same night it comes twice. Sometimes it will not come at all for two nights, or even three. It is the most ghastly, the most horrible form of torture that could hurry a sane man into his grave or into a madhouse."

"I have not the least shadow of doubt," I said, after a pause, "that the thing can be accounted for."

Sir Henry shook his head. "No, no," he replied, "it is either as you suggest, a figment of my own diseased brain, and therefore just as horrible as a real apparition; or it is a supernatural visitation. Whether it exists or not, it is reality to me and in no way a dream. The full horror of it is present with me in my waking moments."

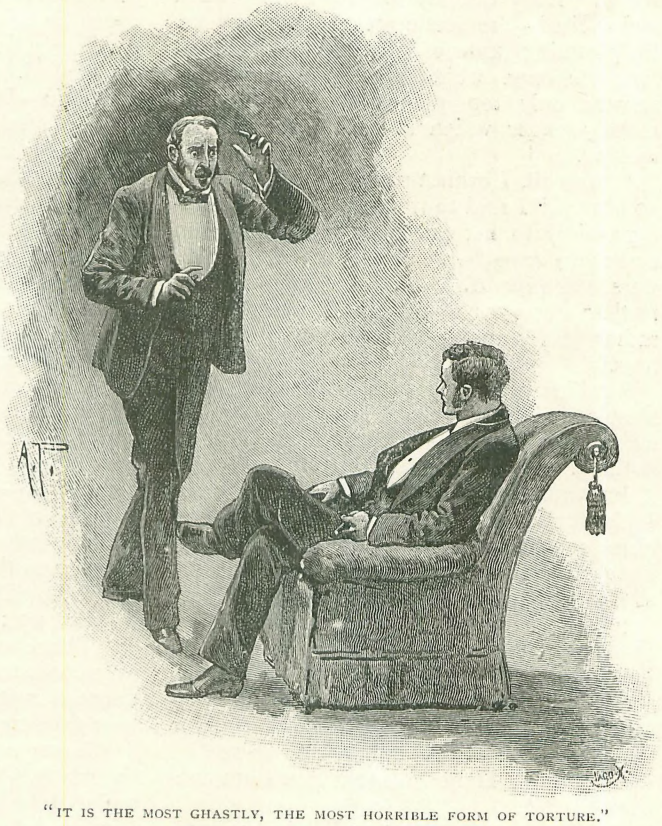
"Do you think anyone is playing an awful practical joke?" I suggested.

"Certainly not. What object can anyone have in scaring me to death? Besides, there is no one in the room, that I can swear. My outer door is locked, Lady Studley's outer door is locked. It is impossible that there can be any trickery in the matter."

I said nothing for a moment. I no more believed in ghosts than I ever did, but I felt certain that there was grave mischief at work. Sir Henry must be the victim of a hallucination. This might only be caused by functional disturbance of the brain, but it was quite serious enough to call for immediate attention. The first thing to do was to find out whether the apparition could be accounted for in any material way, or if it were due to the state of Sir Henry's nerves. I began to ask him certain questions, going fully into the case in all its bearings. I then examined his eyes with the ophthalmoscope. The result of all this was to assure me beyond doubt that Sir Henry Studley was in a highly nervous condition, although I could detect no trace of brain disease.

"Do you mind taking me to your room?" I said.

"Not to-night," he answered. "It is late, and Lady Studley might express surprise.



"IT IS THE MOST GHASTLY, THE MOST HORRIBLE FORM OF TORTURE."

The object of my life is to conceal this horror from her. When she is out to-morrow you shall come to the room and judge for yourself."

"Well," I said, "I shall have an interview with your wife to-morrow, and urge her most strongly to consent to leave the Grange and go away with you."

Shortly afterwards we retired to rest, or what went by the name of rest in that sad house, with its troubled inmates. I must

confess that, comfortable as my room was, I slept very little. Sir Henry's story stayed with me all through the hours of darkness. I am neither nervous nor imaginative, but I could not help seeing that terrible eye, even in my dreams.

I met my host and hostess at an early breakfast. Sir Henry proposed that as the day was warm and fine, I should ride to a neighbouring meet. I was not in the humour for this, however, and said frankly that I should prefer remaining at the Grange. One glance into the faces of my host and hostess told me only too plainly that I had two very serious patients on my hands. Lady Studley looked terribly weak and excited—the hectic spots on her cheeks, the gleaming glitter of her eyes, the parched lips, the long, white, emaciated hands, all showed only too plainly the strides the malady under which she was suffering was making.

"After all, I cannot urge that poor girl to go abroad," I said to myself. "She is hastening rapidly to her grave, and no power on earth can save her. She looks as if there were extensive disease of the lungs. How restless her eyes are, too! I would much rather testify to Sir Henry's sanity than to hers."

Sir Henry Studley also bore traces of a sleepless night—his face was bloodless; he averted his eyes from mine; he ate next to nothing.

Immediately after breakfast, I followed Lady Studley into her morning-room. I had already made up my mind how to act. Her husband should have my full confidence—she only my partial view of the situation.

"Well," I said, "I have seen your husband and talked to him. I hope he will soon be better. I don't think you need be seriously alarmed about him. Now for yourself, Lady Studley. I am anxious to examine your lungs. Will you allow me to do so?"

"I suppose Henry has told you I am consumptive?"

"He says you are not well," I answered. "I don't need his word to assure me of that fact—I can see it with my own eyes. Please let me examine your chest with my stethoscope."

She hesitated for a moment, looking something like a wild creature brought to bay. Then she sank into a chair, and with trembling fingers unfastened her dress. Poor soul, she was almost a walking skeleton—her beautiful face was all that was beautiful about her. A brief examination told me that she was in the last stage of phthisis—in short, that her days were numbered.

"What do you think of me?" she asked, when the brief examination was over.

"You are ill," I replied.

"How soon shall I die?"

"God only knows that, my dear lady," I answered.

"Oh, you needn't hide your thoughts," she said. "I know that my days are very few. Oh, if only, if only my husband could come with me! I am so afraid to go alone, and I am fond of him, very fond of him."

I soothed her as well as I could.

"You ought to have someone to sleep in your room at night," I said. "You ought not to be left by yourself."

"Henry is near me—in the next room," she replied. "I would not have a nurse for the world—I hate and detest nurses."

Soon afterwards she left me. She was very erratic, and before she left the room she had quite got over her depression. The sun shone out, and with the gleam of brightness her volatile spirits rose.

"I am going for a drive," she said. "Will you come with me?"

"Not this morning," I replied. "If you ask me to-morrow, I shall be pleased to accompany you."

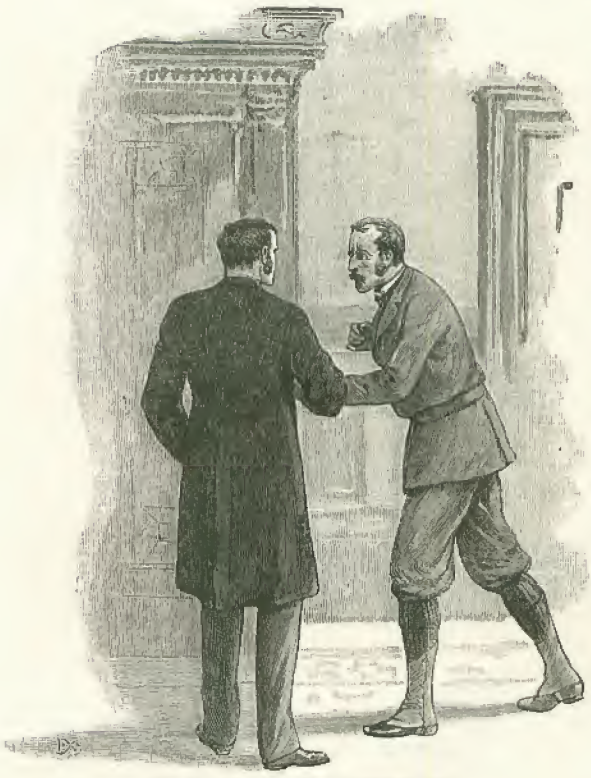
"Well, go to Henry," she answered. "Talk to him—find out what ails him, order tonics for him. Cheer him in every way in your power. You say he is not ill—not seriously ill—I know better. My impression is that if my days are numbered, so are his."

She went away, and I sought her husband. As soon as the wheels of her brougham were heard bowling away over the gravel sweep, we went up together to his room.

"That eye came twice last night," he said in an awestruck whisper to me. "I am a doomed man—a doomed man. I cannot bear this any longer."

We were standing in the room as he said the words. Even in broad daylight, I could see that he glanced round him with apprehension. He was shaking quite visibly. The room was decidedly old-fashioned, but the greater part of the furniture was modern. The bed was an Albert one with a spring mattress, and light, cheerful dimity hangings. The windows were French—they were wide open, and let in the soft, pleasant air, for the day was truly a spring one in winter. The paper on the walls was light.

"This is a quaint old wardrobe," I said. "It looks out of place with the rest of the furniture. Why don't you have it removed?"



"DON'T GO NEAR IT—I DREAD IT!"

"Hush," he said, with a gasp. "Don't go near it—I dread it, I have locked it. It is always in that direction that the apparition appears. The apparition seems to grow out of the glass of the wardrobe. It always appears in that one spot.

"I see," I answered. "The wardrobe is built into the wall. That is the reason it cannot be removed. Have you got the key about you?"

He fumbled in his pocket, and presently produced a bunch of keys.

"I wish you wouldn't open the wardrobe," he said. "I frankly admit that I dislike having it touched."

"All right," I replied. "I will not examine it while you are in the room. You will perhaps allow me to keep the key?"

"Certainly! You can take it from the bunch, if you wish. This is it. I shall be only too glad to have it well out of my own keeping."

"We will go downstairs," I said.

We returned to Sir Henry's library. It was my turn now to lock the door.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"Because I wish to be quite certain that no one overhears our conversation."

"What have you got to say?"

"I have a plan to propose to you."

"What is it?"

"I want you to change bedrooms with me to-night."

"What can you mean?—what will Lady Studley say?"

"Lady Studley must know nothing whatever about the arrangement. I think it very likely that the apparition which troubles you will be discovered to have a material foundation. In short, I am determined to get to the bottom of this horror. You have seen it often, and your nerves are much shattered. I have never seen it, and my nerves are, I think, in tolerable order. If I sleep in your room to-night——"

"It may not visit you."

"It may not, but on the other hand it may. I have a curiosity to lie on that bed and to face that wardrobe in the wall. You must yield to my wishes, Sir Henry."

"But how can the knowledge of this arrangement be kept from my wife?"

"Easily enough. You will both go to your rooms as usual. You will bid her good-night as usual, and after the doors of communication are closed I will enter the room and you will go to mine, or to any other that you like to occupy. You say your wife never comes into your room during the hours of the night?"

"She has never yet done so."

"She will not to-night. Should she by any chance call for assistance, I will immediately summon you."

It was very evident that Sir Henry did not like this arrangement. He yielded, however, to my very strong persuasions, which almost took the form of commands, for I saw that I could do nothing unless I got complete mastery over the man.

Lady Studley returned from her drive just as our arrangements were fully made. I had not a moment during all the day to examine the interior of the wardrobe. The sick woman's restlessness grew greater as the hours advanced. She did not care to leave her husband's side. She sat with him as he examined his books. She followed him from room to room. In the afternoon, to

the relief of everyone, some fresh guests arrived. In consequence we had a cheerful evening. Lady Studley came down to dinner in white from top to toe. Her dress was ethereal in texture and largely composed of lace. I cannot describe woman's dress, but with her shadowy figure and worn, but still lovely face, she looked spiritual. The gleam in her large blue eyes was pathetic. Her love for her husband was touching to behold. How soon, how very soon, they must part from each other! Only I as a doctor knew how impossible it was to keep the lamp of life much longer burning in the poor girl's frame.

We retired as usual to rest. Sir Henry bade me a cheerful good-night. Lady Studley nodded to me as she left the room.

"Sleep well," she said, in a gay voice.

"'SLEEP WELL,' SHE SAID, IN A GAY VOICE."

It was late the next morning when we all met round the breakfast table. Sir Henry looked better, but Lady Studley many degrees worse, than the night before. I wondered at her courage in retaining her post at the head of her table. The visitors, who came in at intervals and took their seats at the table, looked at her with wonder and compassion.

"Surely my hostess is very ill?" said a guest who sat next my side.

"Yes, but take no notice of it," I answered.

Soon after breakfast I sought Sir Henry.

"Well—well?" he said, as he grasped my hand. "Halifax, you have seen it. I know you have by the expression of your face."

"Yes," I replied, "I have."

"How quietly you speak. Has not the horror of the thing seized you?"

"No," I said, with a brief laugh. "I told you yesterday that my nerves were in tolerable order. I think my surmise was correct, and that the apparition has tangible form and can be traced to its foundation."

An unbelieving look swept over Sir Henry's face.

"Ah," he said, "doctors are very hard to convince. Everything must be brought down to a cold material level to satisfy them; but several nights in that room would shatter even your nerves, my friend."

"You are quite right," I answered. "I should be very sorry to spend several nights in that room. Now I will tell you briefly what occurred."

We were standing in the library. Sir Henry went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Can I come in?" said a voice outside.

The voice was Lady Studley's.

"In a minute, my darling," answered her husband. "I am engaged with Halifax just at present."

"Medically, I suppose?" she answered.

"Yes, medically," he responded.

She went away at once, and Sir Henry returned to my side.

"Now speak," he said. "Be quick. She is sure to return, and I don't like her to fancy that we are talking secrets."

"This is my story," I said. "I went into your room, put out all the lights, and sat on the edge of the bed."

"You did not get into bed, then?"

"No, I preferred to be up and to be ready

for immediate action should the apparition, the horror, or whatever you call it, appear."

"Good God, it is a horror, Halifax!"

"It is, Sir Henry. A more diabolical contrivance for frightening a man into his grave could scarcely have been contrived. I can comfort you on one point, however. The terrible thing you saw is not a figment of your brain. There is no likelihood of a lunatic asylum in your case. Someone is playing you a trick."

"I cannot agree with you—but proceed," said the baronet, impatiently.

"I sat for about an hour on the edge of the bed," I continued. "When I entered the room it was twelve o'clock—one had sounded before there was the least stir or appearance of anything, then the ticking noise you have described was distinctly audible. This was followed by a sudden bright light, which seemed to proceed out of the recesses of the wardrobe."

"What did you feel when you saw that light?"

"Too excited to be nervous," I answered, briefly. "Out of the circle of light the horrible eye looked at me."

"What did you do then? Did you faint?"

"No, I went noiselessly across the carpet up to the door of the wardrobe and looked in."

"Heavens! you are daring. I wonder you are alive to tell this tale."

"I saw a shadowy form," I replied—"dark and tall—the one brilliant eye kept on looking past me, straight into the room. I made a very slight noise; it immediately disappeared. I waited for some time—nothing more happened. I got into your bed, Sir Henry, and slept. I can't say that I had a comfortable night, but I slept, and was not disturbed by anything extraordinary for the remaining hours of the night."

"Now what do you mean to do? You say you can trace this thing to its foundation. It seems to me that all you have seen only supports my firm belief that a horrible apparition visits that room."

"A material one," I responded. "The shadowy form had substance, of that I am convinced. Sir Henry, I intend to sleep in that room again to-night."

"Lady Studley will find out."

"She will not. I sleep in the haunted room again to-night, and during the day you must so contrive matters that I have plenty of time to examine the wardrobe. I did not do so yesterday because I had not an opportunity. You must contrive to get Lady Studley out of the way, either this morning or afternoon, and so manage matters for me that I can be some little time alone in your room."

"Henry, Henry, how awestruck you look!" said a gay voice at the window. Lady Studley had come out, had come round to the library window, and, holding up her long, dark-blue velvet dress, was looking at us with a peculiar smile.

"Well, my love," replied the baronet. He went to the window and flung it open. "Lucilla," he exclaimed, "you are mad to stand on the damp grass."

"Oh, no, not mad," she answered. "I have come to that stage when nothing matters. Is not that so, Dr. Halifax?"

"You are very imprudent," I replied.

She shook her finger at me playfully, and turned to her husband.

"Henry," she said, "have you taken my keys? I cannot find them anywhere."

"I will go up and look for them," said Sir Henry. He left the room, and Lady Studley entered the library through one of the French windows.

"What do you think of my husband this morning?" she asked.

"He is a little better," I replied. "I am confident that he will soon be quite well again."

She gave a deep sigh when I said this, her lips trembled, and she turned away. I thought my news would make her happy, and her depression surprised me.

At this moment Sir Henry came into the room.

"Here are your keys," he said to his wife.

He gave her the same bunch he had given me the night before. I hoped she would not notice that the key of the wardrobe was missing.

"And now I want you to come for a drive with me," said Sir Henry.

He did not often accompany her, and the pleasure of this unlooked-for indulgence evidently tempted her.

"Very well," she answered. "Is Dr. Halifax coming?"

"No, he wants to have a ride."

"If he rides, can he not follow the carriage?"

"Will you do that, Halifax?" asked my host.

"No, thank you," I answered; "I must write some letters before I go anywhere. I will ride to the nearest town and post them

presently, if I may." I left the room as I spoke.

Shortly afterwards I saw from a window Sir Henry and his wife drive away. They drove in a large open landau, and two girls who were staying in the house accompanied them. My hour had come, and I went up at once to Sir Henry's bedroom. Lady Studley's room opened directly into that of her husband, but both rooms had separate entrances.

I locked the two outer doors now, and then began my investigations. I had the key of the wardrobe in my pocket.

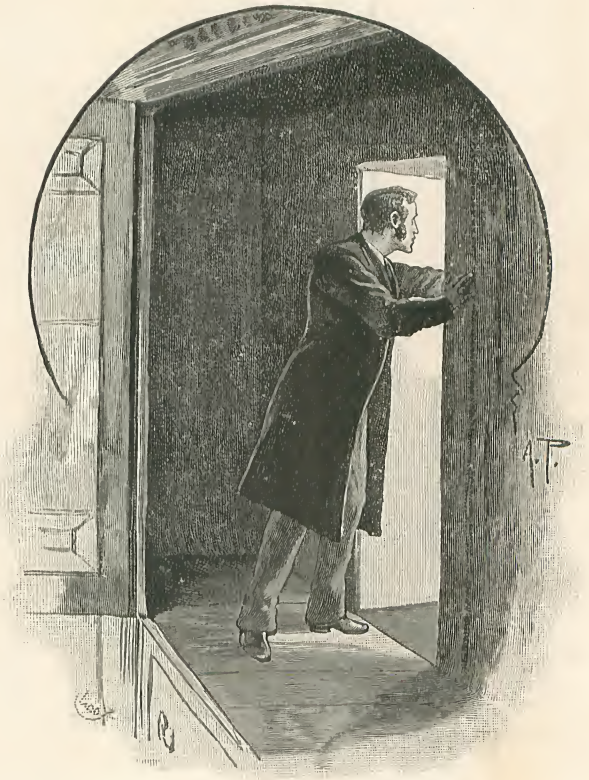
It was troublesome to unlock, because the key was a little rusty, and it was more than evident that the heavy doors had not been opened for some time. Both these doors were made of glass. When shut they resembled in shape and appearance an ordinary old-fashioned window. The glass was set in deep mullions. It was thick, was of a peculiar shade of light blue, and was evidently of great antiquity. I opened the doors and went inside. The wardrobe was so roomy that I could stand upright with perfect comfort. It was empty, and was lined through and through with solid oak. I struck a light and began to examine the interior with care. After a great deal of patient investigation I came across a notch in the wood. I pressed my finger on this, and immediately a little panel slid back, which revealed underneath a small button. I turned the button and a door at the back of the wardrobe flew open. A flood of sunlight poured in, and stepping out, I found myself in another room. I looked around me in astonishment. This was a lady's chamber. Good heavens! what had happened? I was in Lady Studley's room. Shutting the mysterious door of the wardrobe very carefully, I found that all trace of its existence immediately vanished.

There was no furniture against this part of the wall. It looked absolutely bare and smooth. No picture ornamented it. The light paper which covered it gave the appearance of a perfectly unbroken pattern. Of course, there must be a concealed spring somewhere, and I lost no time in feeling for it. I pressed my hand and the tips of my fingers in every direction along the wall. Try as I would, however, I could not find the spring, and I had at last to leave Lady Studley's room and go back to the one occupied by her husband, by the ordinary door.

Once more I re-entered the wardrobe and deliberately broke off the button which opened the secret door from within. Anyone who now entered the wardrobe by this door, and shut it behind him, would find it impossible to retreat. The apparition, if it had material foundation, would thus find itself trapped in its own net.

What could this thing portend?

I had already convinced myself that if Sir Henry were the subject of a hallucination, I also shared it. As this was impossible, I felt certain that the apparition had a material foundation. Who was the person who glided night after night into Lady Studley's room, who knew the trick of the secret spring in the wall, who entered the old wardrobe, and performed this ghastly, this appalling trick on Sir Henry Studley? I resolved that I would say nothing to Sir Henry of my fresh discovery until after I had spent another night in the haunted room.



"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAD HAPPENED?"

Accordingly, I slipped the key of the wardrobe once more into my pocket and went downstairs.

I had my way again that night. Once more I found myself the sole occupant of the haunted room. I put out the light, sat on the edge of the bed, and waited the issue of events. At first there was silence and complete darkness, but soon after one o'clock I heard the very slight but unmistakable tick-tick, which told me that the apparition was about to appear. The ticking noise resembled the quaint sound made by the death spider. There was no other noise of any sort, but a quickening of my pulses, a sensation which I could not call fear, but which was exciting to the point of pain, braced me up for an unusual and horrible sight. The light appeared in the dim recess of the wardrobe. It grew clear and steady, and quickly resolved itself into one intensely bright circle. Out of this circle the eye looked at me. The eye was unnaturally large—it was clear, almost transparent, its expression was full of menace and warning. Into the circle of light presently a shadowy and ethereal hand intruded itself. The fingers beckoned me to approach, while the eye looked fixedly at me. I sat motionless on the side of the bed. I am stoical by nature and my nerves are well seasoned, but I am not ashamed to say that I should be very sorry to be often subjected to that menace and that invitation. The look in that eye, the beckoning power in those long, shadowy fingers would soon work havoc even in the stoutest nerves. My heart beat uncomfortably fast, and I had to say over and over to myself, "This is nothing more than a ghastly trick." I had also to remind myself that I in my turn had prepared a trap for the apparition. The time while the eye looked and the hand beckoned might in reality have been counted by seconds; to me it seemed like eternity. I felt the cold dew on my forehead before the rapidly waning light assured me that the apparition was about to vanish. Making an effort I now left the bed and approached the wardrobe. I listened intently. For a moment there was perfect silence. Then a fumbling noise was distinctly audible. It was followed by a muffled cry, a crash, and a heavy fall. I struck a light instantly, and taking the key of the wardrobe from my pocket, opened it. Never shall I forget the sight that met my gaze.

There, huddled up on the floor, lay the prostrate and unconscious form of Lady Studley. A black cloak in which she had wrapped herself partly covered her face, but I knew her by her long, fair hair. I pulled back the cloak, and saw that the unhappy girl had broken a blood-vessel, and even as I lifted her up I knew that she was in a dying condition.

I carried her at once into her own room and laid her on the bed. I then returned and shut the wardrobe door, and slipped the key into my pocket. My next deed was to summon Sir Henry.

"What is it?" he asked, springing upright in bed.

"Come at once," I said, "your wife is very ill."

"Dying?" he asked, in an agonized whisper.

I nodded my head. I could not speak.

My one effort now was to keep the knowledge of the ghastly discovery I had made from the unhappy husband.

He followed me to his wife's room. He forgot even to question me about the apparition, so horrified was he at the sight which met his view.

I administered restoratives to the dying woman, and did what I could to check the hemorrhage. After a time Lady Studley opened her dim eyes.

"Oh, Henry!" she said, stretching out a feeble hand to him, "come with me, come with me. I am afraid to go alone."

"My poor Lucilla," he said. He smoothed her cold forehead, and tried to comfort her by every means in his power.

After a time he left the room. When he did so she beckoned me to approach.

"I have failed," she said, in the most thrilling voice of horror I have ever listened to. "I must go alone. He will not come with me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She could scarcely speak, but at intervals the following words dropped slowly from her lips:—

"I was the apparition. I did not want my husband to live after me. Perhaps I was a little insane. I cannot quite say. When I was told by Sir Joseph Dunbar that there was no hope of my life, a most appalling and frightful jealousy took possession of me. I pictured my husband with another wife. Stoop down."

Her voice was very faint. I could scarcely hear her muttered words. Her eyes were glazing fast, death was claiming her, and yet hatred against some unknown person thrilled in her feeble voice.

"Before my husband married me, he loved

another woman," she continued. "That woman is now a widow. I felt certain that immediately after my death he would seek her out and marry her. I could not bear the thought—it possessed me day and night. That, and the terror of dying alone, worked such a havoc within me that I believe I was scarcely responsible for my own actions. A mad desire took possession of me to take my husband with me, and so to keep him from her, and also to have his company when I passed the barriers of life. I told you that my brother was a doctor. In his medical-student days the sort of trick I have been playing on Sir Henry was enacted by some of his fellow-students for his benefit, and almost scared him into fever. One day my brother described the trick to me, and I asked him to show me how it was done. I used a small electric lamp and a very strong reflector."

"How did you find out the secret door of the wardrobe?" I asked.

"Quite by chance. I was putting some dresses into the wardrobe one day and accidentally touched the secret panel. I saw at once that here was my opportunity."

"You must have been alarmed at your success," I said, after a pause. "And now I have one more question to ask: Why did you summon me to the Grange?"

She made a faint, impatient movement.

"I wanted to be certain that my husband was really very ill," she said. "I wanted you to talk to him—I guessed he would confide in you; I thought it most probable that you would tell him that he was a victim of brain hallucinations. This would frighten him and would suit my purpose exactly. I also sent for you as a blind. I felt sure that under these circumstances neither you nor my husband could possibly suspect me."

She was silent again, panting from exhaustion.

"I have failed," she said, after a long pause. "You have discovered the truth. It never occurred to me for a moment that *you* would go into the room. He will recover now."

She paused; a fresh attack of hemorrhage came on. Her breath came quickly. Her end was very near. Her dim eyes could scarcely see.

Groping feebly with her hand she took mine.

"Dr. Halifax—promise."

"What?" I asked.

"I have failed, but let me keep his love, what little love he has for me, before he marries that other woman. Promise that you will never tell him."

"Rest easy," I answered, "I will never tell him."

Sir Henry entered the room.

I made way for him to kneel by his wife's side.

As the grey morning broke Lady Studley died.

Before my departure from the Grange I avoided Sir Henry as much as possible. Once he spoke of the apparition and asked if I had seen it. "Yes," I replied.

Before I could say anything further, he continued:—

"I know now why it came; it was to warn me of my unhappy wife's death." He said no more. I could not enlighten him, and he is unlikely now ever to learn the truth.

The following day I left Studley Grange. I took with me, without asking leave of anyone, a certain long black cloak, a small electric lamp, and a magnifying glass of considerable power.

It may be of interest to explain how Lady Studley in her unhealthy condition of mind and body performed the extraordinary trick by which she hoped to undermine her husband's health, and ultimately cause his death.

I experimented with the materials which I carried away with me, and succeeded, so my friends told me, in producing a most ghastly effect.

I did it in this way. I attached the mirror of a laryngoscope to my forehead in such a manner as to enable it to throw a strong reflection into one of my eyes. In the centre of the bright side of the laryngoscope a small electric lamp was fitted. This was connected with a battery which I carried in my hand. The battery was similar to those used by the ballet girls in Drury Lane Theatre, and could be brought into force by a touch and extinguished by the removal of the pressure. The eye which was thus brilliantly illumined looked through a lens of some power. All the rest of the face and figure was completely covered by the black cloak. Thus the brightest possible light was thrown on the magnified eye, while there was corresponding increased gloom around.

When last I heard of Studley Grange it was let for a term of years and Sir Henry had gone abroad. I have not heard that he has married again, but he probably will, sooner or later.

*From a Photo. by]* THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

# *The Queen of Holland*

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

*Her Majesty the Queen-Regent of Holland has graciously accorded special permission to the writer of the following article to visit the Royal Palaces of Amsterdam and The Hague to obtain photographs for publication in this Magazine: a privilege of the greatest value, which is now accorded for the first time, the palaces never before having been photographed.*

"I KNOW a city, whose inhabitants dwell on the tops of trees like rooks." Thus spake Erasmus; and this literal fact makes Amsterdam a most curious as well as a most interesting place.

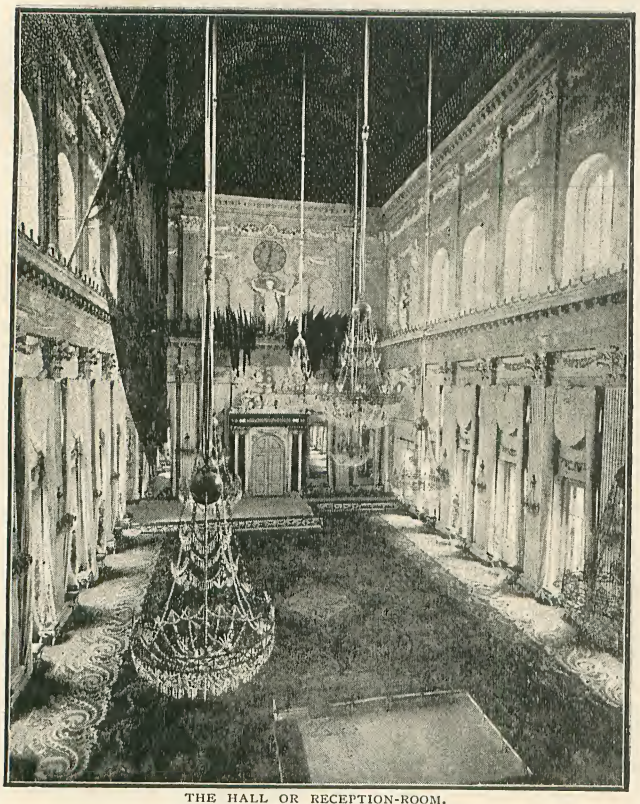
Were I writing of any one of Queen Victoria's Palaces, I should have no need to speak of its situation; but, travellers though we are, we do not all see these quaint Dutch cities, so a few introductory words may not come amiss.

A walk round the city reminds one of Paris with its Boulevards planted with trees, and Venice with its all-present canals; indeed, it is actually divided up into nearly one hundred islands, connected by over three hundred bridges. A curious thing is, that its inhabitants are really living below the level of the sea, which is stoutly dammed out. Thus, if necessary, water could be made its protection from any invasion.

To go back to the commencement, everything, streets, houses, and bridges are all built upon wooden piles driven into the ground. This is absolutely necessary, as the natural soil is such that no permanent structure can be put up otherwise. On how many piles this city stands it is impossible to form an accurate idea; one building—the Royal Palace (Het Paleis)—resting on some 13,659. This is situated on the Dam, the highest point of the city. It is 282ft. long; the height, with tower, being 187ft. It was built from 1648–1655 for a town hall, and only became a Royal Palace in 1808, when Napoleon first abode in it. As such, it has a great drawback, the want of a suitable entrance.

I enter now at the rear of the building, which—situated in the Gedempte Voorburgwal—is the entrance used by their Majesties. In spite of its civic associations, when once inside there is much of the state and grandeur inseparable from Royalty, and I soon determine that Holland can almost equal

England for its palatial contents and embellishments. The staircases and corridors are severe to simplicity, but when I look round the first apartment I intend inspecting, I am struck with the immensity and the exceeding beauty of its appearance. This is known as the Hall or Reception-Room, and is said to be the finest in Europe. Its proportions are certainly magnificent, 125ft. by 55ft.—a special feature being a remarkably fine roof, 100ft. in height, with entire absence of columns or other support. Roof, walls, and the hall entire are lined with white Italian marble, the floor having an inlaid copper centre representative of the Firmament. The large flag you see drooping from the roof is commemorative of the siege of Antwerp, being the one used by General Chassé on that occasion, the various groups of smaller ones being reminiscences of the eighty years' Spanish war and of Indian foes. Some very beautiful examples of the sculptor's art are



THE HALL OR RECEPTION-ROOM.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

manifest, the photographic work here introduced giving some idea of the exquisite detail and most remarkable execution of Artus Quellin and his able assistants.

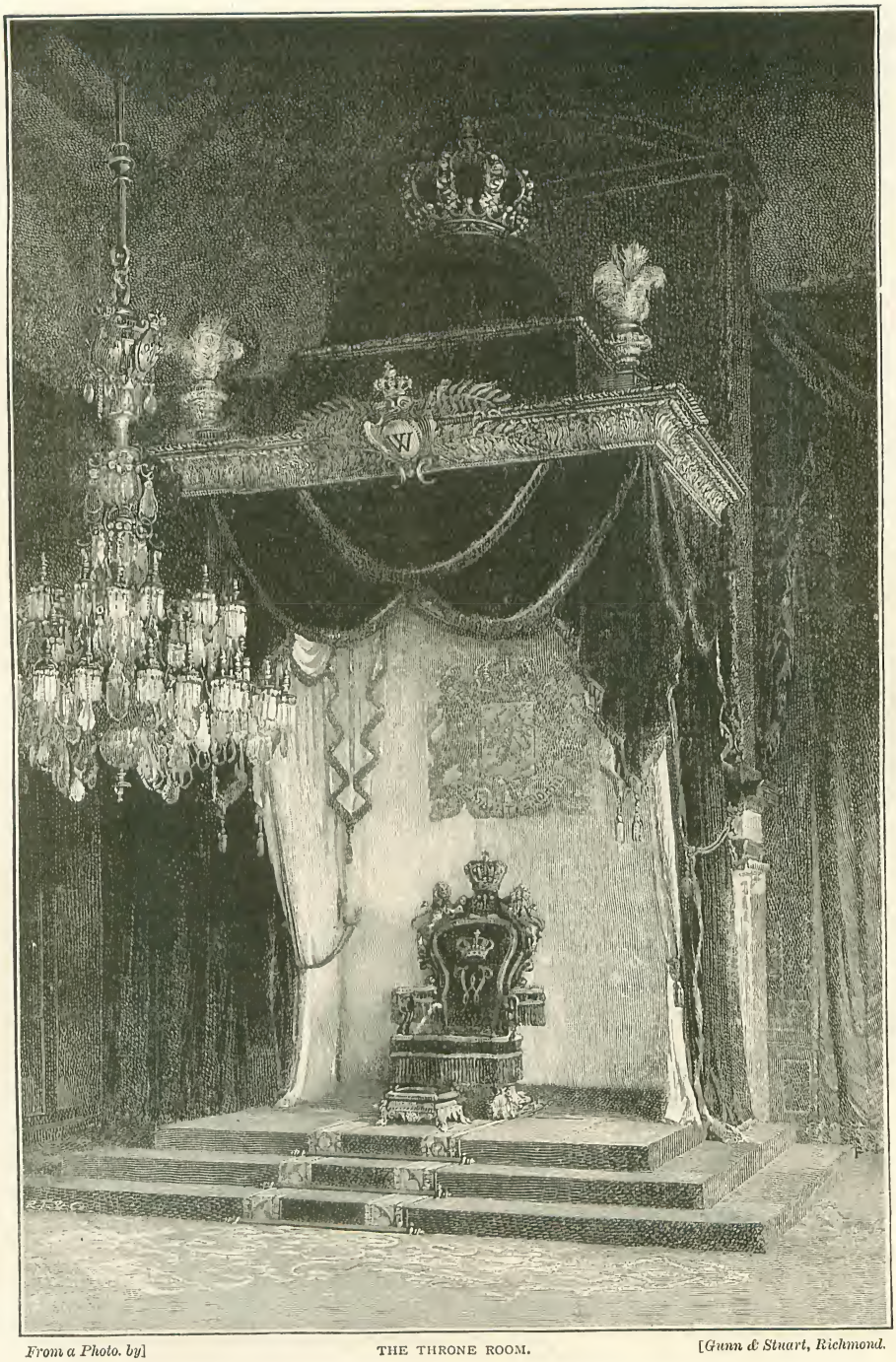
Here you will observe an allegorical group denoting Plenty, Wisdom, and Strength, typical of the City of Amsterdam. We had a little adventure in securing views of this hall. At one end is a small gallery, used as the mainstay for the temporary orchestra, which is erected on festal occasions. Thinking our work could be better shown from that point, we proceeded to it by a dark and winding staircase in the rear.

All went well for a time, but during a period of watchful quietude our artist was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with a gathering of rats of anything but peaceable aspect. It was too much for him! He made a wild rush for the staircase, which, being narrow and treacherous, resulted in a too rapid descent, a very forcible alighting at the foot, and a much bruised and shaken body.

For a few minutes we thought our photographic work would be closed for a season; but when spirits and energies revived, we began to think of the camera and the very long exposure plate up at the top; so up we went again with much clattering commotion to warn our enemies of our approach, and thus you have a view that one of our party will ever regard as dearly obtained.

Note the extremely delicate crystal chandeliers, for these are quite a feature in the Dutch Palaces; so graceful and handsome, and so unlike the generality of heavily-constructed appendages one is accustomed to behold. The other end of the hall has also some choice sculptured marble, but unfortunately part of it is hidden by the before-mentioned gallery. Could you obtain a clear view, you would see a figure of Justice, with Ignorance and Quarrelsomeness crouched at her feet; on one side a skeleton, and on the other Punishment. Above all is the figure of Atlas supporting the globe.

Here I am given a full description of the appearance of this hall when laid for the State banquet on the occasion of the somewhat recent visit of the German Emperor. Splendid, indeed, must have been the effect of the hundreds of lights gleaming upon the pure marble, the rare exotics, the massive



*From a Photo. by]* THE THRONE ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

plate, the State dresses, and the rich liveries; and I am not surprised at the enthusiasm of the narrator as he dilates on the grandeur displayed.

Passing through the doorway immediately under Atlas, I am at once in the Throne Room. This is a fine apartment; its ceiling in alternate painted panels and arms in relief. Marble columns stand out from the rich oaken walls, rich draperies giving colour to

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.
*From a Photo. by W. G. Kuijer, Amsterdam.*

the whole. I hear of a rare old painting and a fine chimney-piece hidden away behind the throne, but have no opportunity of seeing, so perforce turn my attention elsewhere. On either side are some glass-fronted cases containing quite a collection of ragged and venerable regimental colours of unmistakable Spanish origin. Had I time to linger, I should hear of many fierce struggles and much gallant conduct ere these trophies were taken; but all this is of the past, and so I leave them, silent tokens of national pride.

The chandeliers here are of very unique and costly appearance: Royal Arms and crowns in ormolu, with pendants of curious device in pure crystal; three hundred and sixty-four lights are here displayed.

While I have been looking round, attentive servitors have been busily engaged in uncovering the throne and canopy for my inspection, and the crown which surmounts the chair is fetched from its safe keeping place, screwed on, and I am at liberty to thoroughly examine the most important piece of furniture in the kingdom.

It is essentially new looking; and really *is* so, only having been fitted up some three years since, on the death of the late King and the consequent accession of Wilhelmina, the present child-Queen. Virtually this seat is unoccupied, as five years must elapse ere the coming of age and coronation of her youthful Majesty. Meanwhile her mother is Queen-Regent, governing wisely and well, and endearing herself to the people in every way; but more especially in the care she manifests in the training of their future ruler to the proper regard of the important position she will have to fill, and the faithful observance of duties appertaining to such a position.

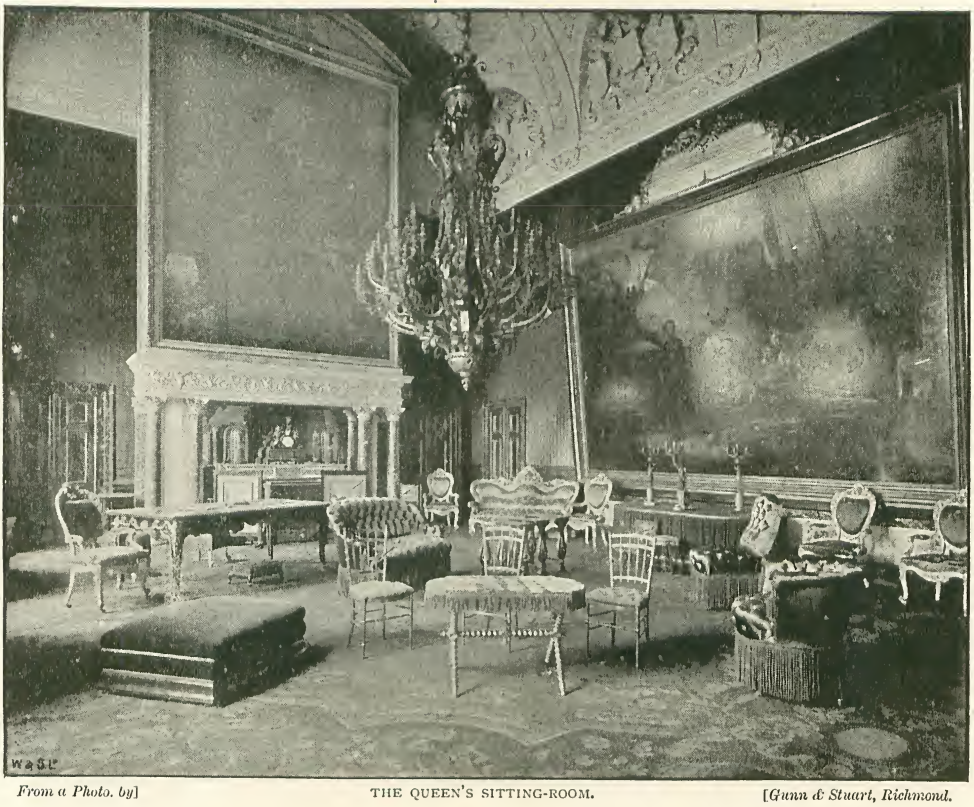
Accomplishments are imparted as a matter of course, but very much attention is given to formation of character, and many stories reached me of the wise method displayed,

THE QUEEN-REGENT.
*From a Photo. by W. G. Kuijer, Amsterdam.*

and the already promising result, giving much hope for a bright future. As most of my readers are aware, the Queen-Regent and our Duchess of Albany are sisters, and all who know anything of the sweet-faced widow of our beloved Queen's youngest son will at once comprehend much of the sister whom she so nearly resembles.

Perhaps you would like a description of the throne. The chair is beautifully burnished, covered with ruby velvet, and edged with ruby and gold fringe; the back is surmounted by a crown containing sapphires, with lions in support; another crown and the letter W being wrought on the velvet immediately underneath. In front of the chair is a footstool to match. The canopy is curtained in ruby velvet, with lining of cream silk—in token of the youth of its future occupant—with fringe, cord, and tassels of gold. It is surmounted by crowns and ostrich plumes, on the inner centre being worked the Royal Arms, with the motto "Je Maintiendrai" standing out in bold relief. On either side the canopy may be noted the floral wreaths containing the "Zuid Holland" and "Noord Holland" respectively. The room—as are the major part of them—is richly carpeted with hand-made "Deventers" of artistic design and colour blend.

Leaving here, I pass on to a room which is of much importance, namely, the sitting-room of Her Majesty the Queen. In the lifetime of the late King it was his habit to pass very much of his time here; thus, this was really His Majesty's audience chamber. Here he would have his little daughter—of whom he was passionately fond—taking a great delight in listening to her merry prattle, and her amusing remarks on whatever attracted her attention. The windows of the room look out on to the Dam, a large square, which is quite the busiest part of the city. The view from these windows is a never-ending source of interest to the little Princess, and here she is wont to station herself, the inhabitants continually congregating and greeting her with hearty cheering.

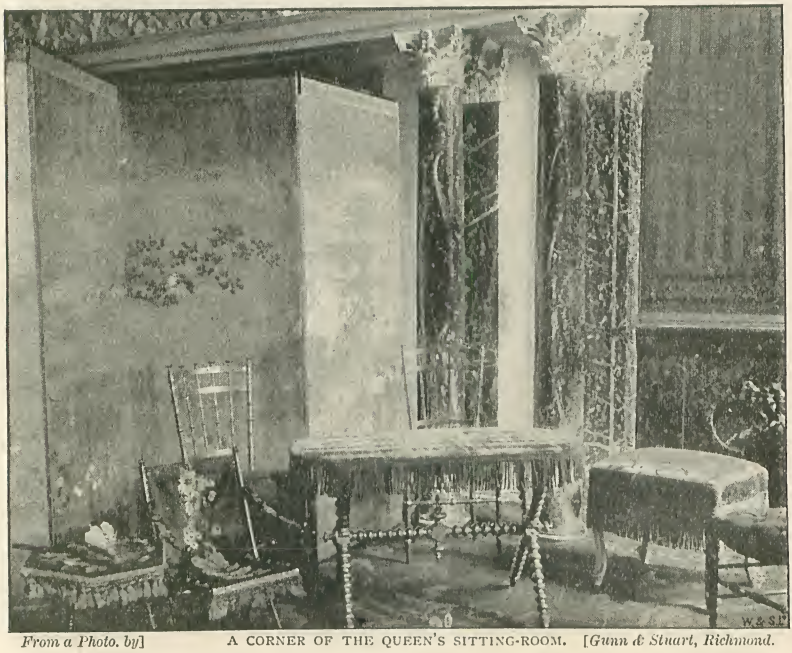


*From a Photo. by]* THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

The room has an artistic ceiling by Holsteyn, and on the walls are some paintings rich in detail, and of much historic interest. One of Flinck's largest works—"Marcus Curius Dentatus"—is at one end: at the other, one of Ferdinand Bol's—"Fabricius in the Camp

of Pyrrhus." Facing the windows is one by Wappers and Eeckhout: one that irresistibly appeals to the hearts of all Hollanders. It is called the "Self-Sacrifice of Van Speyk," and depicts the brave admiral of that name blowing up his vessel rather than surrender.

Van Speyk was educated in one of the public schools for which Amsterdam is famous. Quite early in life he entered the navy, where his career was brilliant and his promotion rapid, but never did he so gain the devoted admiration of his countrymen as when he had nothing before him but death or defeat, and chose the former, calling on his men to jump and swim, if they cared to; if not, to remain and share his fate. Only one jumped; the others stood by their commander, faced death calmly, and won a never-dying renown for their heroism.



*From a Photo. by]* A CORNER OF THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

There is a wonderful chandelier from the ceiling centre, made of copper and ormolu, burning seventy-two lights, and of such enormous size that one wonders how many floors it would crash through if it were to give way; then I learn that it is supported by concealed cross-beams hidden away under the ceiling. After that information, it is a great deal more comfortable to walk about under it than hitherto, as the men in uncovering it had moved it, and it was still swinging backwards and forwards in anything but a reassuring manner. Some fine marble columns and a sculptured chimney-piece are worth attention, as are the costly hangings and carpet. Here I may say that the greater part of the furniture in this Palace is "First Empire" style, and of the costliest description.

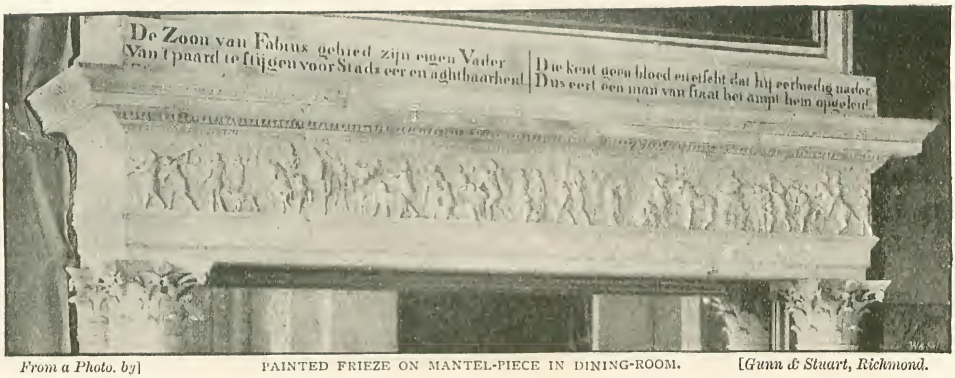
What will, no doubt, greatly interest you is the accompanying photograph of small furniture specially made for her youthful Majesty, and used exclusively by her. The frames are of the finest over-burnish, the plush upholstery being decorated with the rarest specimens of art needlework. On one of the little tables you will note a battledore and shuttlecock, with another thrown upon the floor, as though the player had been suddenly interrupted in the midst of her play. Very ordinary make and shape are these toys, such as you may see in any middle-class English home, and each of them looking like favourites — judging from the signs of much use they present.

Play-days are not yet over for the Queen, and doubtless she does not wish to hasten their departure, for children are children all the world over, whether born in palace or cottage. This particular one is not to be envied by those of lower station, who have not the responsibility of position ever looming in front of them—for she is shut away from many youthful pleasures, and denied the constant companionship of those suited to her age.

I heard a story that on one occasion, in playing with her dolls, she was thus heard to speak to a supposed refractory one: "Now, be good and quiet, because if you don't I will turn you into a Queen, and then you will not have anyone to play with at all." That is sufficiently pathetic to speak volumes of what it is to be born in the purple, as was Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

The Hall of the Mosé is the next place I visit, used as the small dining-room of the Royal Family. Unfortunately, this is just

undergoing partial restoration, so no proper picture or description can be obtained. I observe a painted ceiling, some marble columns of the Ionic order, blue and gold furniture and hangings; and then some costly and rare paintings, three in number.


De Zoon van Fabius gebied zijn eigen Vader
Van't paard te stijgen voor Stadts eer en aghtbaarheid
Die kent geen bloed en eitelheid dat hij verbiedt master
Dus eert een man van staat het ampt hem opgelent

*From a Photo. by]* PAINTED FRIEZE ON MANTEL-PIECE IN DINING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

Facing the windows is a masterpiece of Jakob de Wit, "Moses Choosing the Seventy Elders." The figures are life-size, the painting—extending the entire length of the room—said to be the largest in Europe. There are marble fireplaces at either end, over one of its really level surface. I was told that this is the only known example of this truly wonderful work.

Continuing my way through the aides-de-camps' waiting-room — stopping merely to note one of Jan Livensz' works—I go on to

*From a Photo. by]* THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

"Solomon's Prayer," by G. Flinck, and over the other "Jethro Counselling Moses to Appoint Judges from the People," by Bronkhorst. Quite a feature of this room is the wonderful deceptive painting by this master over each door, and on a continuous frieze. All of this is such an exact representation of sculptured relief, that it is almost necessary to touch it ere one can be convinced

the Vierschaar. Here the walls are lined entirely with white marble, and present a fine sculptured frieze representing Disgrace and

Punishment, with reliefs emblematical of Wisdom and Justice. The one here presented is Wisdom, as shown in the Judgment of Solomon.

In the large dining-room may also be seen more of the matchless white marble ornamentation, and I should much like to linger and admire, but as Her Majesty the Queen-Regent has graciously promised me the *entrée* of other of her Royal Palaces, I am obliged rather to curtail my work in Amsterdam.

Just now their Majesties are not at this particular Palace, so I see nothing of State dinners, receptions, and other functions, but although I do not see them, I hear very much; and it would seem that when they *are* here, the Palace is a sort of open house, and festivity is the order of the day. To all appearance the etiquette is not quite so rigid as at *our* Court, the Sovereign being more accessible to the people. Persons wishing to pay their respects call at the Palace about five days previous, write their name in a book kept for the purpose, then they are admitted on the specified day, provided no good reason exists for their exclusion. The people are eminently loyal, and speak of the little Queen in tones of warmest affection, an affection which is also extended to the Queen-Regent, who has evidently made herself a firm position in the country.

The Palace at Den Haag is before me now, but first perhaps you would like to know something of the Palace at the Loo, a place I had the privilege of seeing; though, as their Majesties were actually in residence there, photographic work was not possible.

The Loo is near Apeldoorn, and some considerable distance from Amsterdam. I have only the one day to spare, so am off early in the morning. Steaming out of the Central Station, I soon find myself speeding along in such comfortable, well-warmed carriages as would rejoice the unfortunate winter traveller in this country, who is all but dependent on his ability to pay for the not very useful foot-warmer.

The country is pretty but flat, dykes instead of hedges, windmills without number; hundreds of cows in the fields, very fine cattle, but they *do* look comical, for the majority of them are wearing coats!

At frequent intervals along the line are road crossings, each with their little gate-house, and each kept by a woman, who turns out as we pass, dressed in her long blue coat with scarlet facings, quaint, tall shiny hat, and in her hand the signal-flag.

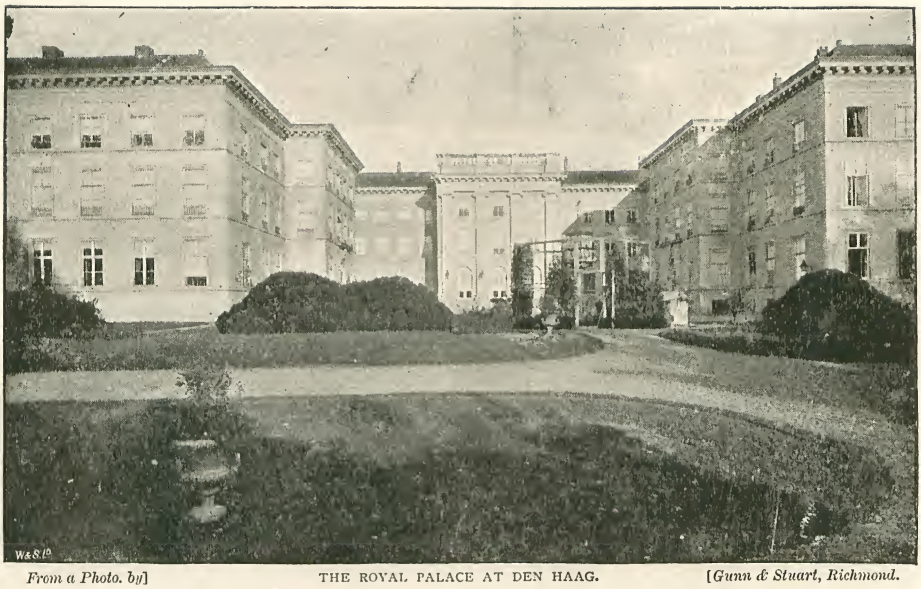
At length I reach Apeldoorn, and there a difficulty presents itself. That the Palace is some distance away I am aware, but *how* far I do not know, or in which direction, and while I am parleying and gesticulating in a mixture of French, English, and a *few* words of Dutch, the only conveyance obtainable takes itself off, and I am left to tramp through the woods with a jargon of Dutch directions ringing in my ears, and a very faint idea of longitude or latitude in my mind.

The first part lay through a long, straggling village leading right into a beautiful forest. Given a fine day, and a certainty of route, it would have been simply grand; but as it soon poured in torrents, my situation was anything but enviable—in fact, I was almost in despair, when a huge cart laden with trunks of trees came slowly from a turning near.

Making the man in charge understand that I wanted the "Paleis," I found he was bound in the same direction. By this time the rutty roads were almost ankle deep in mud, so when I was invited to ride, I gladly scrambled to the top of the pile, and so jogged along; my good-natured guide *trudging* at the side, pipe in mouth, regardless of the weather. In such stately style, then, I at length sighted the Palace, but was careful to make a descent before getting *too* near, as THE STRAND MAGAZINE must make a more dignified appearance at a Royal residence than a wood-cart and a smock-frocked driver can impart.

Four or five men in State liveries bow profoundly as I enter, one of whom conducts me to an ante-room, and, after a short interval, through some long corridors, up some stairs and into the presence of one of Her Majesty's Gentlemen of the Household. A courteous interview with him, and I am asked to wait for Her Majesty's Private Secretary, who, out at present, will see me on his return.

Of course I make the best use of the interval and see all I can of the Palace. A fine-looking and imposing building it is, standing back in a large quadrangle, the latter being gay with flowers. The outer rails are literally on the edge of the wood, and no more secluded spot can be imagined than this—the favourite residence of their Majesties. His Majesty the late King also preferred this residence to those more immediately near or in towns, and it was here he breathed his last.



*From a Photo. by]* THE ROYAL PALACE AT DEN HAAG. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

What I see of the interior is superbly grand, but it is more to the purpose that I have the honour of seeing their Majesties during the day, and the opportunity of some observation. The youthful Queen seems a most pleasing and intelligent-looking child, and is eminently child-like and unaffected in her manner and movements. Readers may be interested in knowing that, in addition to masters provided for Her Majesty's training, she has an English governess, under whose charge she is more immediately placed.

The Queen-Regent, as I have already said, much resembles her sister; not so tall, rather stouter, but with much the same gentle and rather sad expression of countenance. Strange that these two sisters should both become widows at an early age. One comfort they have, there is no very great distance between them; and though, of course, the Queen-Regent cannot leave her country much, there is nothing to prevent the Duchess of Albany going there; so a suite of apartments is kept for her at each Palace.

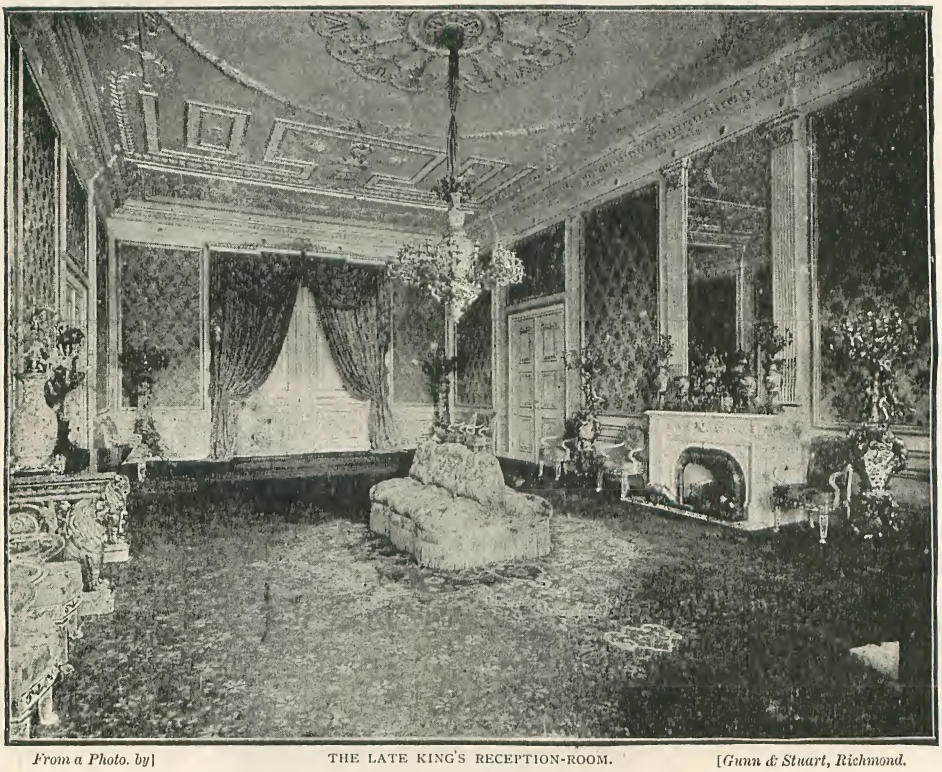
STATUE OF WILLIAM II., WITH THE CHURCH.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

My interview with Her Majesty's Private Secretary is of the most pleasant, and I cannot but record my grateful appreciation of this gentleman's kindness and courtesy extended towards me throughout my stay in Holland; such courteous attention much facilitating my work.

Back again to Amsterdam; and the next day off in quite an opposite direction to Den Haag, one of the cleanest and most picturesque places I have ever seen.

Here the Palace was built by William II. It is in the Grecian style, and stands on the site of a former hunting-lodge, dating back to the 9th century.

Facing the principal entrance is an equestrian statue of William II., at the back of which you note the church attended by the family. The entrance hall and staircase are lined with marble, the stairs themselves being of the same. Before proceeding up them, however, we go through to the pretty and well-kept garden, and take a view from the lawn. In the right wing of the building as it faces you, the Queen's private apartments are situated, the left wing containing the rooms occupied by the Duchess of Albany when at The Hague.

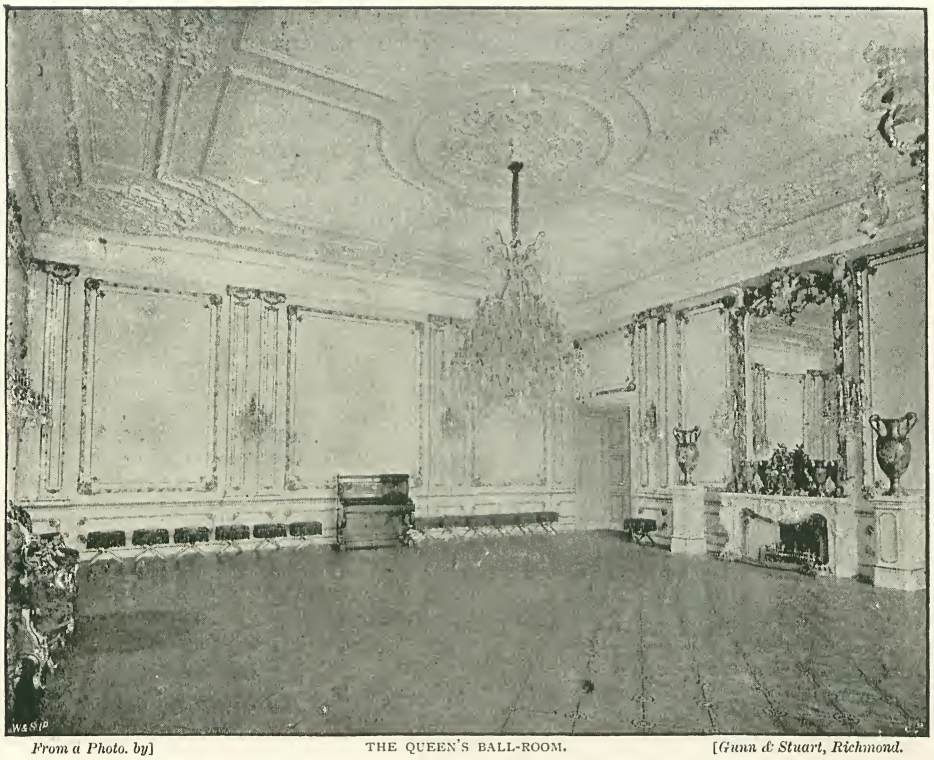


*From a Photo. by]* THE LATE KING'S RECEPTION-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

Now we pass up the grand staircase, where I pause to note the Ionic columns, the ormolu and porcelain candelabra, a Siberian vase from the Emperor Nicholas, five immense vases from the Emperor of China, a painting of William IV., and one of Maria of Stockholm and family.

Leaving here, the first room I enter is the King's reception-room. This is a very bright looking and expensively fitted apartment, furnished in electric blue and gold, massive gold-framed panels, and a ceiling decorated in relief with arms and mottoes in gold and white. The chimney-piece is purest marble, the frescoes showing crowns, arms, etc. The candelabra are over-burnished brass and Dresden china, some being Japanese.

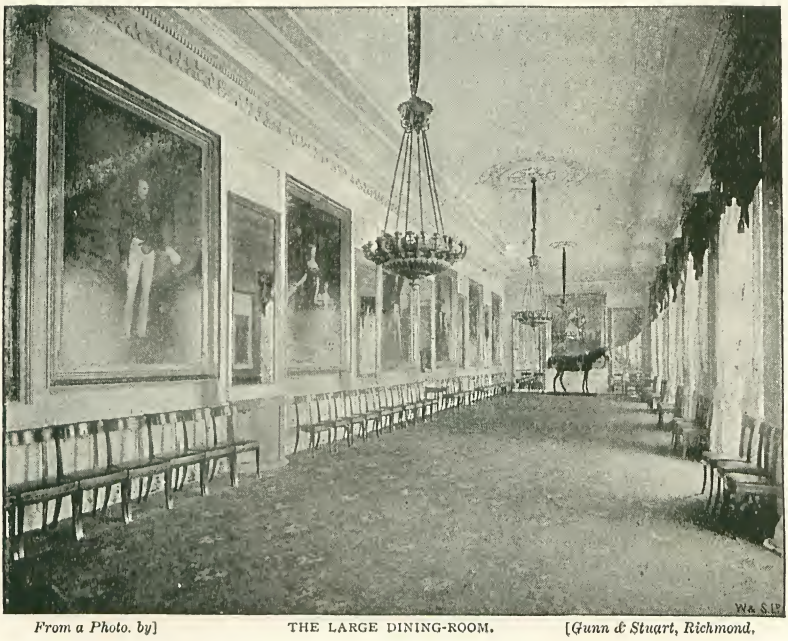
The next room is most interesting, for it is a small ball-room, the ball-room in fact of Her Majesty the Queen. It has a beautiful inlaid floor, a white ceiling worked in relief, crimson and gold curtains, and furniture of the First Empire, some of it upholstered in gold silk, with a variety of colours intermixed. Here are shown some priceless Sèvres china, and a present of vases from the Emperor Napoleon. Also I note a fine marble vase from the King's Palace in Luxemburg. On the wall are some handsome gold-framed mirrors, and from the ceiling costly chandeliers with two hundred and twenty lights. The mantel is exquisitely-carved marble, with an ormolu frieze. On one side you will note a small piano; it is a French one, of very clear and fine tone, and beautifully finished in every respect. In this room Her Majesty the Queen may be imagined enjoying the balls given to the youthful aristocracy, something different to the State dances in the larger room; and, doubtless, by a long way, much more enjoyable. By the time the Queen can command the State



*From a Photo. by]* THE QUEEN'S BALL-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

balls, she will have commenced to feel the cares of her position; and will look back with real regret to the assemblies here, when she had merely to enjoy herself, a devoted mother observing the graver duties, her own greatest trouble, perhaps, being the acquirement of the tasks assigned by the governess and masters.

The large dining-room has some fine family portraits on its walls. The first you will notice is that of William II., on horseback, leading an attack; the artist (Keirzer) has produced a first-rate work of both man and horse. Underneath this picture stands the favourite horse of William II., one which carried him through numerous engagements, and earned from his Royal master a gratitude and affection that caused him to wish for



*From a Photo. by]* THE LARGE DINING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond,*

FAVOURITE HORSE OF WILLIAM II.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

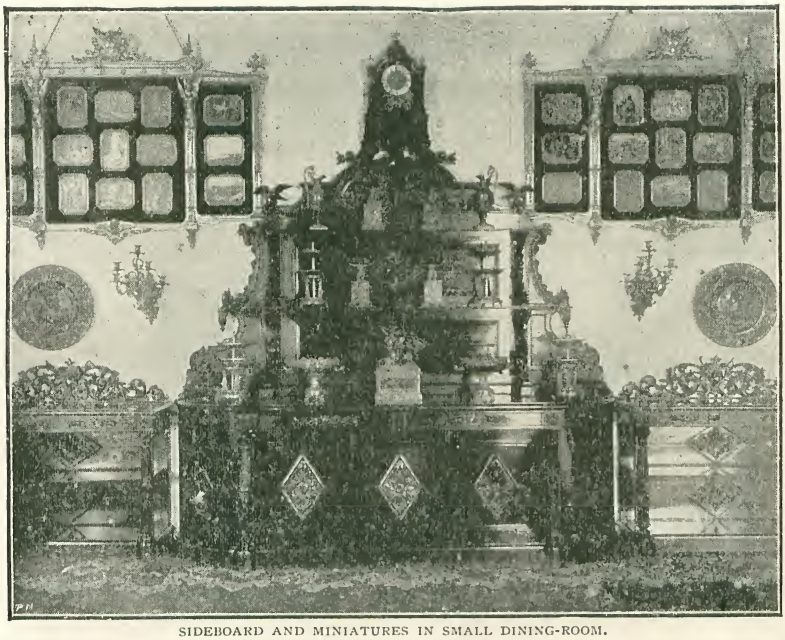
his preservation in a position where he would constantly be reminded of him.

The ceiling of this room shows some beautiful relief carving of fruit and flowers, also some fine fresco work; the chandeliers here are massive, as is the furniture and other appointments. The room is long and of not much width, but lofty and well-lighted.

The buffet adjoining the dining-room has some very costly and, at the same time, some very interesting contents. The Empire furniture is draped in rich crimson silk, the walls being covered with silk brocade of the same colour. The chimney-piece of sculptured marble, with an ormolu frieze, holds some choice antique porcelain vases and a valuable Roman timepiece. A massive chandelier hangs from the centre of a ceiling wrought with the arms of the house—this chandelier being solid silver. It was presented by the inhabitants of Amsterdam, while two silver lustres at the sides of the fireplace were presented by Rotterdam. Two exquisite statues stand in front of the windows, one of Venus, the other Diana, midway between which is an immense porcelain vase on a pedestal. This you will note in the view given of the room. It has special interest just now, as it was given by Marshal MacMahon, whose death recently occurred, and whose funeral—a State military one—I had the opportunity of witnessing a few weeks ago in Paris.

The windows are of very fine stained glass, the different panes giving portraits of Kings and Princes, under each being depicted battles they had fought. Note this rare Florentine mosaic table with pedestal of ormolu; then we will pass on to the crystal room, an ante-room to the ball-room. Some immense candelabra of purest crystal at once attracted

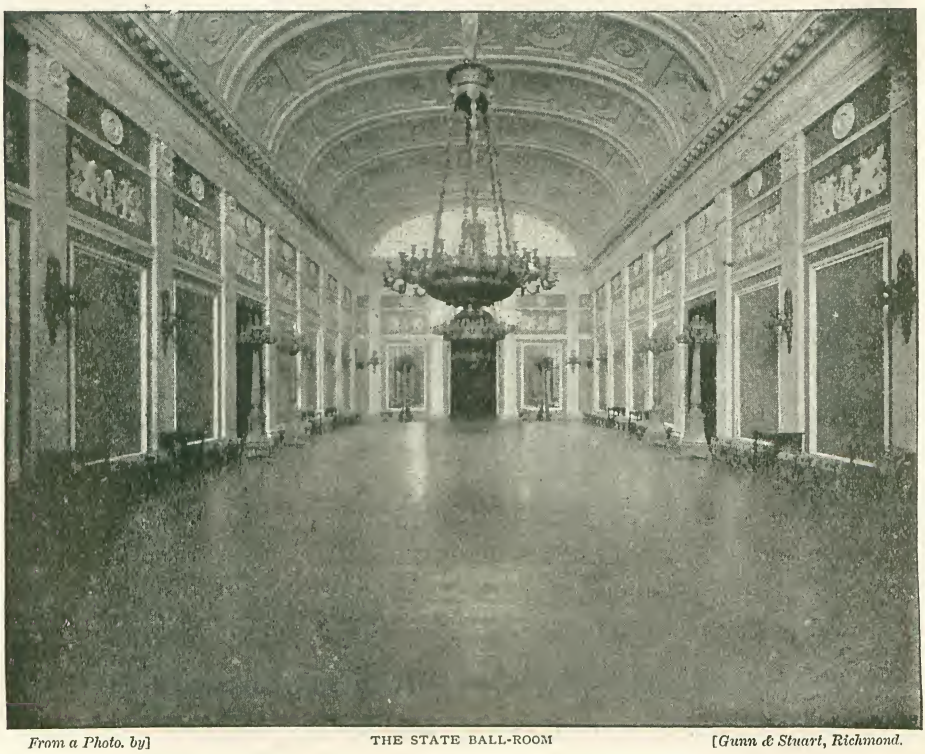
*From a Photo. by]* THE CRYSTAL ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*



SIDEBOARD AND MINIATURES IN SMALL DINING-ROOM.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

The appointments here are again in the First Empire style. The view here shown is looking into the small dining-room, the private dining-room of their Majesties. In it there is to be seen a costly collection of miniatures, nearly a hundred and twenty in number, every one of them from the hand of Dutch masters. They are all beautifully framed in groups. In the photograph you will observe a finely carved sideboard with some of these miniatures showing on either side. Also in this room you will find several specimens of engraving on brass and some Russian productions in malachite.

my attention; not only were they of the largest I had ever seen, but they were absolutely unique in composition: the pedestals in support were ormolu and marble.



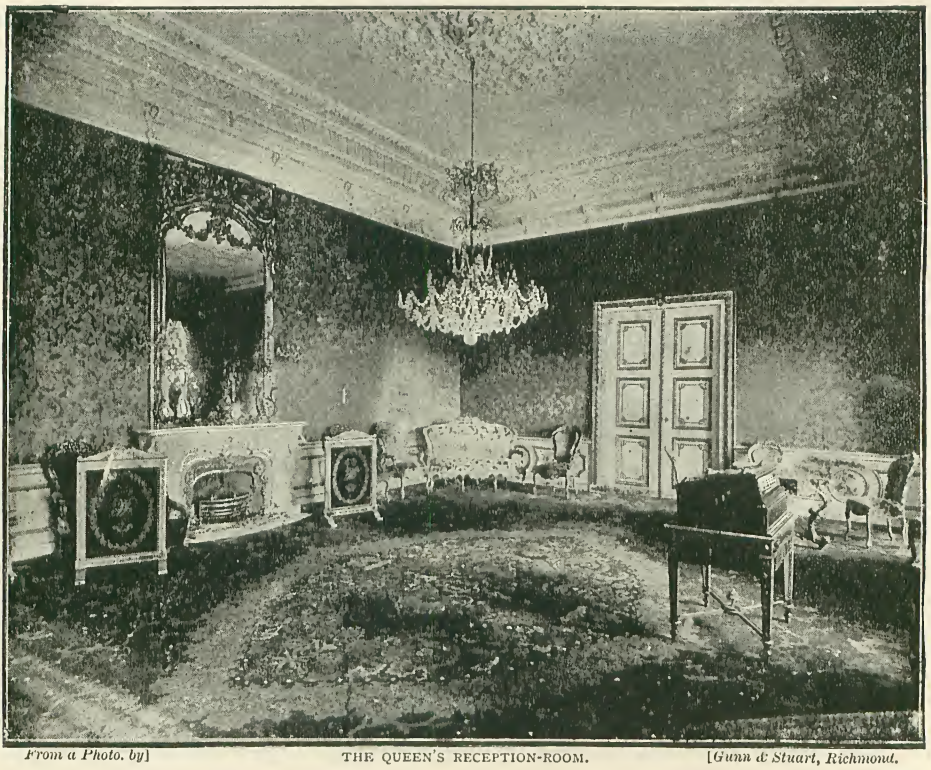
*From a Photo. by]* THE STATE BALL-ROOM *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

Now to the State ball-room—a nobly proportioned room, but of somewhat severe aspect. Some good relief carving is shown and a splendid parquetry floor; also some costly furniture, over-burnished and upholstered in crimson with floral devices. No doubt it has a very imposing and gay appearance when lighted up and filled with guests. Nearly seven hundred lights are displayed, which would naturally cause a most brilliant effect. Somehow ball-rooms are never satisfactory when viewed in the day-time, unless you have an eye for proportions only; in that case this one could not fail to please, as it cannot be less than 90ft. long and is of magnificent height, added to by a glass concave roof.

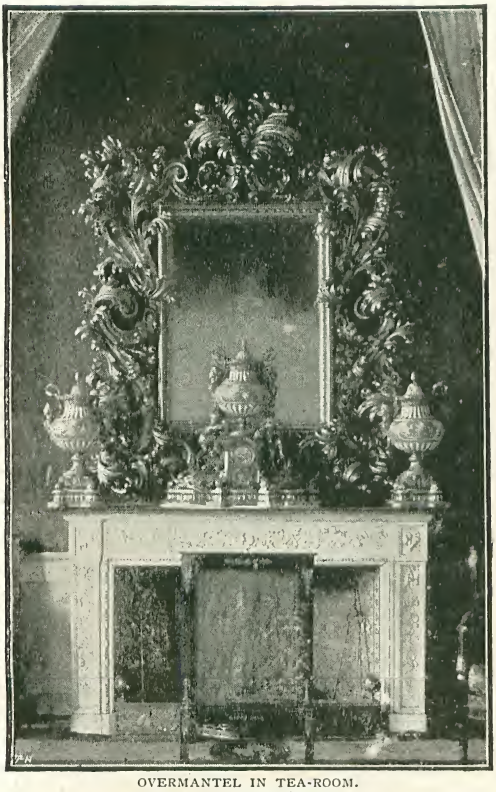
The Queen's reception-room is prettily hung in crimson with designs depicting art and music; the furniture bright and handsome in crimson and cream. On either side of the fireplace stand some crimson velvet screens in burnished frames, the crown and arms worked on the velvet in characters of gold. In the accompanying view you will observe a large album on a stand; this was given to the Queen-Regent by the ladies of Holland. It is of leather, with ormolu mounts, on the covers being painted panels and flowers worked in silk, these flowers being surrounded with rubies and pearls; and at either corner is a large sapphire. The interior shows pages of vellum, with names of subscribers beautifully inscribed.

This room will, of course, be the one where the young Queen will receive when she commences to reign.

From here I went to view a suite of apartments, formerly the property of Queen Sophia, the first Consort of the late King. These rooms are still in the same condition as when Her Majesty died; they are very fine rooms, and contain a vast number of curios of every description. They are lined entirely from floor to ceiling with mahogany; the furniture, which is massive, antique, and beautifully carved, being also of mahogany and tulip wood. I find one of Erard's grand pianos standing in the boudoir, and am told that it was a favourite instrument of the late Queen. There are some fine specimens of vases: one an "Adam and Eve," some of Swiss make, and others of Dresden. Also I note an exquisite model of a ship, an inlaid Empire mirror, and other treasures too numerous to particularize.



*From a Photo. by]* THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*



OVERMANTEL IN TEA-ROOM.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

The tea-room is another that I must make brief mention of. It contains some valuable souvenirs in the form of vases, some from the Emperor Napoleon (these are jewelled), some from William IV. of Germany, and some from the Emperor Frederick. Then there are others from Berlin and Potsdam, and still others of Sèvres. On the marble mantel is a very intricate French timepiece, and over it an exquisite silver-framed mirror. An inlaid mosaic table is a feature here. The worth of it must be fabulous; the design is marvellously executed. Pope Pius IX. was the donor. This room is really the tea-room for the Royal ladies when in residence. Music is again to the fore, and here Steinway is the favourite, one of his grand pianos occupying the place of honour.

Now I go downstairs for a brief survey of the private apartments of the late King. I shall not attempt to describe them in detail, but content myself with mention of one or two things I specially noticed. I started with the billiard-room, a good-sized room and well fitted; but obscured by the covers denoting non-usage. One curious article I must note. It is a clock and musical-box combined, giving out a variety of twenty-seven tunes. The visible part of it is a pure alabaster representation of the tomb of our Henry II. supported by lions couchant. Rather a strange model for a musical-box containing lively airs, is it not?

Then I pass on through the King's dining-room, a stately and richly-appointed apartment. On through the Ministers' room, and so into His Majesty's private sitting-room. Here I cannot but linger, there are so many treasures rich and rare, the chief of which consists in the elaborate cabinets and other furniture, all of tortoiseshell and silver, quite the best I have seen of its kind. Some of it looks as though crammed with secret drawers, and I stand before it wondering whether Queen Wilhelmina will be as anxious to discover and overhaul them as *I* should be.

*From a Photo. by]* THE LATE KING'S SITTING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

*From a Photo. by]* "T'HUIS IN'T BOSCH," NEAR DEN HAAG. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

I could tell you a deal more of what I saw at this Palace at Den Haag, but, doubtless, have said enough to show you something of its wealth of appointments and costly treasures. One cannot help thinking what a sum all this has cost, and what it must take to keep up so many places; but the Royal Family of the Netherlands have well-lined coffers, as it is not only their own country that owns their supremacy, but they have also many dependencies in the Indies, bringing in enormous revenues.

I have mentioned three Palaces; I know of five; but will close with just a few words respecting a fourth, and a view of the same, which is charmingly pretty. This Palace is called "T'Huis in't Bosch," and is just a nice carriage drive from the town of Den Haag. It stands right in the midst of a beautiful park, with herds of deer and hundreds of gay-plumaged birds—a park that far and away surpasses even our vaunted Richmond Park—magnificent timber, dense undergrowth, wild flowers in profusion, and now and again winding lakes and streams, crossed by rustic bridges, and such views over hill and dale as would delight either an artist or an admirer of Nature. I give you a view of the avenue approaching the house, and one of the house itself. I have no time for interiors, or should be tempted to prolong this indefinitely. We have had a peep at the Palaces of Holland, and many of us will know more of the country and its reigning family for the visit.

Holland, with its youthful Queen, has a future we cannot wot of, but we all hope it is a prosperous and bright one, and we all agree in thanking Her Majesty the Queen-Regent for the opportunity of gaining this information, and wish for her daughter all the happiness and wisdom that she—the Royal mother—could desire for her.

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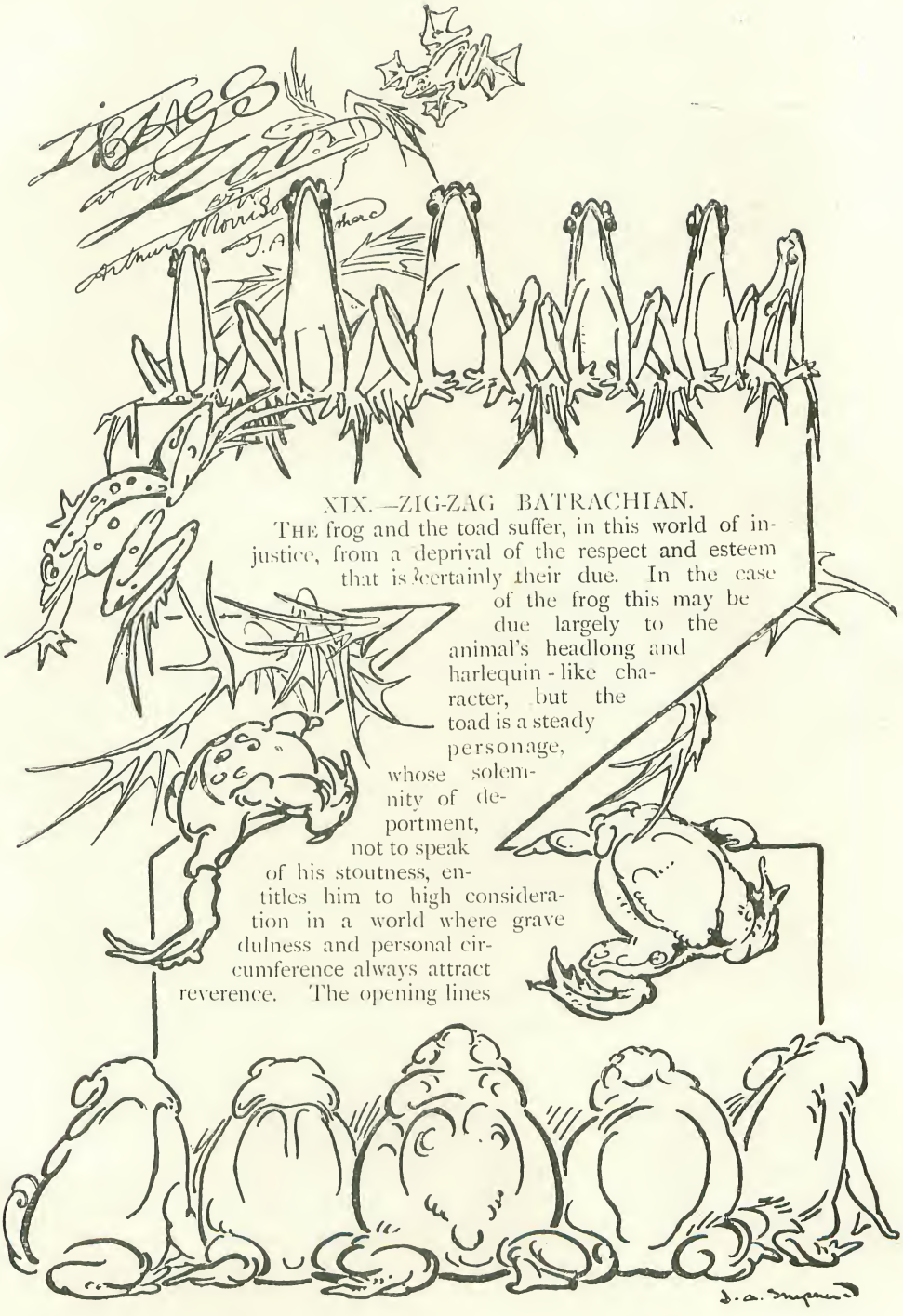
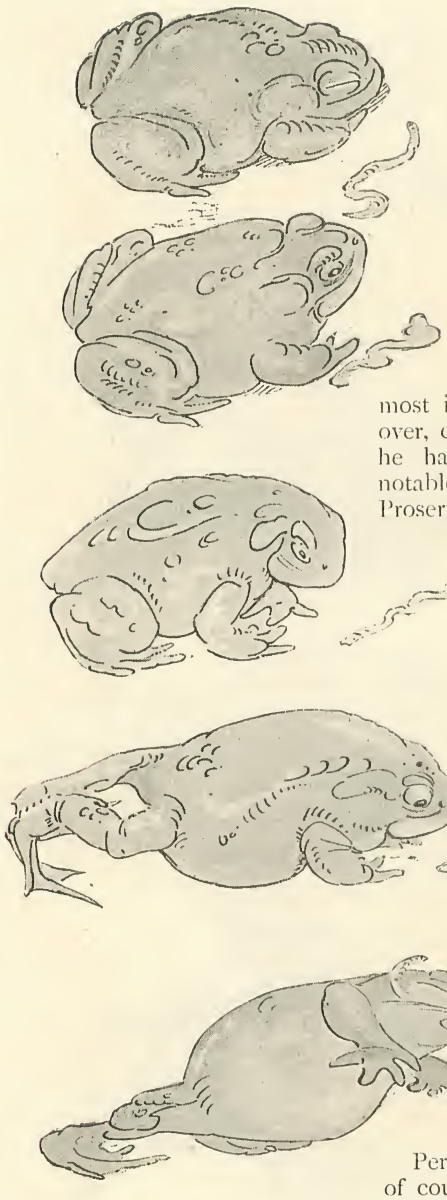
[*The Illustrated Interviews will be continued as usual next month.*]



## XIX.—ZIG-ZAG BATRACHIAN.

THE frog and the toad suffer, in this world of injustice, from a deprival of the respect and esteem that is certainly their due. In the case of the frog this may be due largely to the animal's headlong and harlequin-like character, but the toad is a steady personage, whose solemnity of deportment, not to speak of his stoutness, entitles him to high consideration in a world where grave dulness and personal circumference always attract reverence. The opening lines

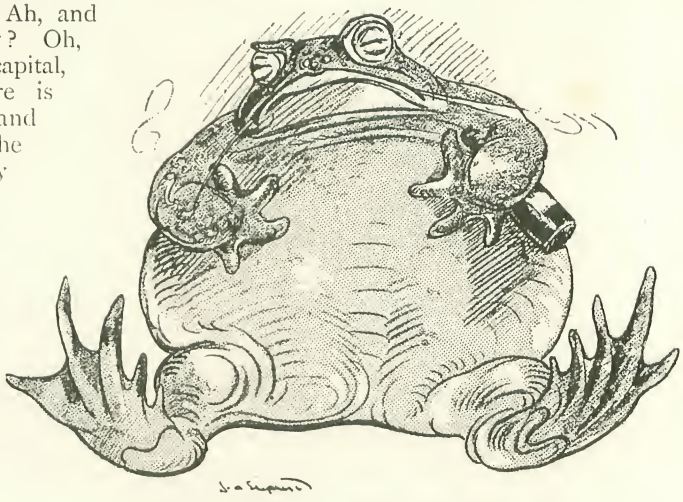


A SMALL LUNCH.

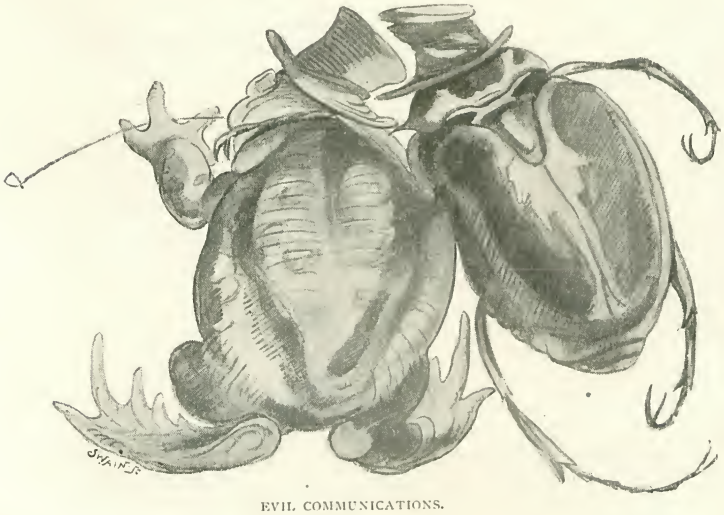
of a certain famous poem have without a doubt done much to damage the dignity of the frog. "The frog he would a-wooing go" is not, perhaps, disrespectful, although flippant; but "whether his mother would let him or no" is a gross insult. Of course, it is a matter upon which no self-respecting frog ever consults his mother; but the absurd jingle is immortal, and the frog's dignity suffers by it. Then there is a certain pot-bellied smugness of appearance about the frog that provokes a smile in the irreverent. Still, the frog has received some consideration in his time. The great Homer himself did not disdain to sing the mighty battle of the frogs and mice; and Aristophanes gave the frogs a most important chorus in one of his comedies; moreover, calling the whole comedy "The Frogs," although he had his choice of title-names among many very notable characters—Æschylus, Euripides, Bacchus, Pluto, Proserpine, and other leaders of society. Still, in every way the frog and the toad are under-esteemed—as though such a thing as a worthy family frog or an honourable toad of business were in Nature impossible. It is not as though they were useless. The frog's hind legs make an excellent dish for those who like it, as well as a joke for those who don't. Powdered toad held in the palm is a fine thing to stop the nose bleeding—or, at any rate, it was a couple of hundred years ago, according to a dear old almanac I have. On the same unimpeachable authority I may fearlessly affirm a smashed frog—smashed on the proper saint's day—in conjunction with hair taken from a ram's forehead and a nail stolen from a piebald mare's shoe, to be a certain remedy for ague, worn in a little leather bag. If it fails it will be because the moon was in the wrong quarter, or the mare was not sufficiently piebald, or the nail was not stolen with sufficient dishonesty, or some mistake of that sort.

Personally, I am rather fond of frogs and toads. This, of course, in a strictly platonic sense, and entirely apart from dinner. A toad I admire even more than a frog, because of his gentlemanly calm. He never rushes at his food ravenously, as do so many other creatures. Place a worm near him and you will see. He inspects the worm casually, first with one eye and then with the other, as who would say: "Luncheon? Certainly. Delighted, I'm sure." Then he sits

placidly awhile, as though thinking of something else altogether. Presently he rises slightly on his feet and looks a little—very little—more attentively at the worm. "Oh, yes," he is saying—"luncheon, of course. Whenever you like, you know." And he becomes placid again, as though interested in the general conversation. After a little he suddenly straightens his hind legs and bends down over the worm, like a man saying, "Ah, and what have we got here now? Oh, worm—*ver au naturel*—capital, capital!" After this there is nothing to do but to eat, and this the toad does without the smallest delay. For leisurely indifference, followed by a business-like grab, nothing can beat a toad. Almost before the cover is lifted, figuratively speaking, the worm's head and tail are wriggling, like a lively moustache, out of the sides of the toad's mouth. The head and tail he gently pats in with his hands, and there is no longer any worm; after which the toad smiles affably and comfortably, possibly meditating a liqueur. I have an especial regard for the giant toad in one of the cases against the inner wall of the reptile-house lobby. There is a pimpliness of countenance and a comfortable capaciousness of waistcoat about him that always make me wonder what he has done with his churchwarden and pewter. He has a serene, confidential, well-old-pal-how-are-you way of regarding Tyrrell, his keeper. Of late (for some few months, that is) the giant toad has been turning something over in his mind, as one may perceive from his cogitative demeanour. He is thinking, I am convinced, of the new Goliath Beetle. The Goliath Beetle, he is thinking, would make rather a fit supper for the Giant Toad. This because he has never seen the beetle. His mind might be set at rest by an introduction to Goliath, but the acquaintanceship would do no good to the beetle's morals. At present Goliath is a most exemplary vegetarian and tea-drinker, but evil communications with that pimply, dissipated toad would wreck his principles.



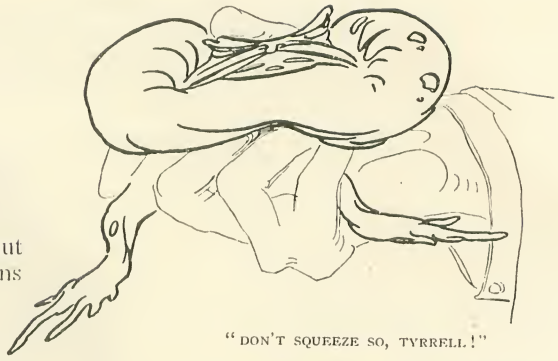
"THINK I COULD MANAGE THAT BEETLE, TYRRELL?"



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Why one should speak of the Adorned Ceratophrys when the thing might just as well be called the Barking Frog, I don't know. Let us compromise and call him the Adorned C., in the manner of Mr. Wemmick. I respect the Adorned C. almost as much as if he were a toad instead of a frog, but chiefly I admire his mouth. A crocodile has a very respectable mouth—when it

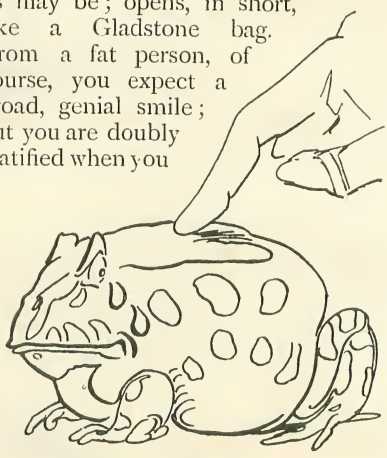
separates its jaws it opens its head. But when the Adorned C. smiles he opens



"DON'T SQUEEZE SO, TYRRELL!"

"WANT ME TO BARK?"

out his entire anatomical bag of tricks—comes as near bisecting himself indeed as may be; opens, in short, like a Gladstone bag. From a fat person, of course, you expect a broad, genial smile; but you are doubly gratified when you find it extending all round him. That, you feel, is indeed no end of a smile—and that is the smile of the Adorned C.

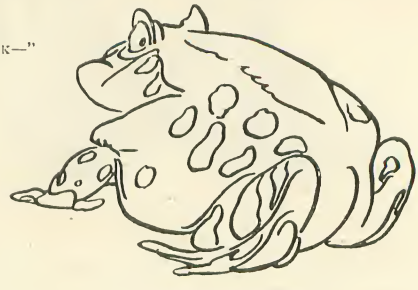


"HE CALLS THIS WINDING ME UP!"

But, notwithstanding this smile, the Adorned C. is short of temper. Indeed, you may only make him bark by practising upon this fact. Tyrrell's private performance with the Adorned C. is one that irresistibly reminds the spectator of Lieutenant Cole's with his figures, and would scarcely be improved by ventriloquism itself. The Adorned C. prefers biting to barking, and his bite is worse than his bark—bites always are, except in the proverb. This is why Tyrrell holds the Adorned C. pretty tight whenever he touches him. The one aspira-

"SHAN'T BARK—"

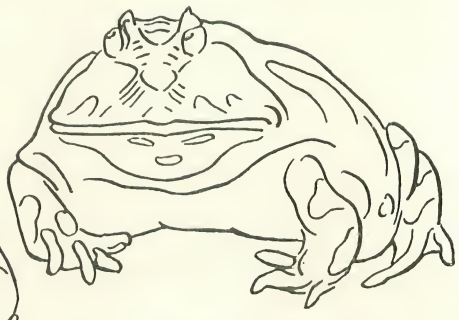
"SO THERE!"



"STOW THAT, TYRRELL!"

"HE'S ALWAYS DOING THAT."

tion of the Adorned C. is for a quiet life, and he defends his aspiration with bites and barks. Tyrrell touches him gently, cautiously, and repeatedly on the back until the annoyance is no longer to be tolerated, and then the Adorned C. duly barks like a terrier. Now, the most interesting thing about the Adorned C., after his mouth, is his bark, and why he should be reluctant to exhibit it except under pressure of irritation—why he should hide his light under a bushel of ill-temper—I can't conceive. It is as though Patti wouldn't sing till her manager threw an egg at her, or as though Sir Frederick Leighton would only paint a picture after Mr. Whistler had broken his studio windows with a brick. Even the whistling oyster of London tradition would perform without requiring a preliminary insult or personal assault. But let us account everything good if possible; perhaps the Adorned C. only suffers from a modest dislike for vain display; although this is scarcely consistent with the internal exhibition afforded by his smile.

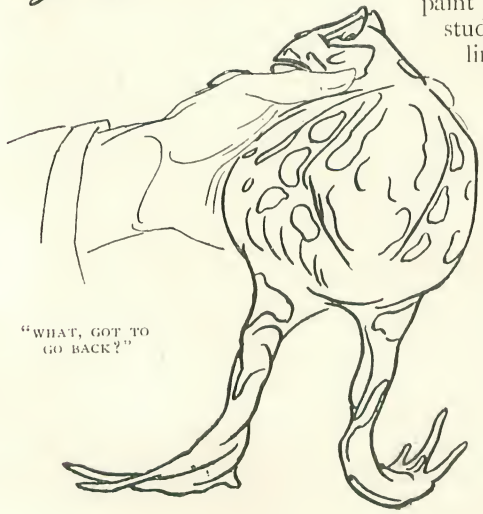


"I'LL GET SO WILD IN A MINUTE!"

"GUR—R—R—R—."

"WOW, WOW!"

"SNAP! WOW—WOW!"



"WHAT, GOT TO GO BACK?"

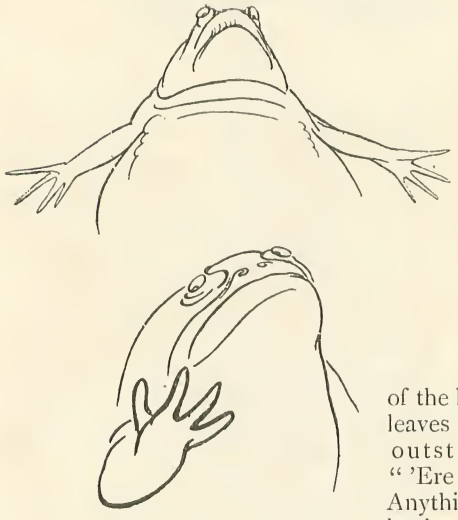
With the distinction of residence in the main court of the reptile-house itself, as also with the knowledge of its rarity, the

"GOOD NIGHT, TYRRELL!"

Smooth-clawed Frog sets no small value on himself. He lives in water perpetually, and is always bobbing mysteriously about in it with his four-fingered hands spread out before him. This seems to me to be nothing but a vulgar manifestation of the Smooth-clawed Frog's

self-appreciation. He is like a coster conducting a Dutch auction, except that it is himself that he puts up for the bids of admiring visitors. With his double bunch of four fingers held eagerly before him he says—or means to say—"'Ere—eight! Ain't that cheap enough? Eight! Going at eight. Who says eight? Now then—eight; for a noble frog like

me!" Presently, he wriggles a little in the water, as though vexed at the slackness of offers; then he drops one

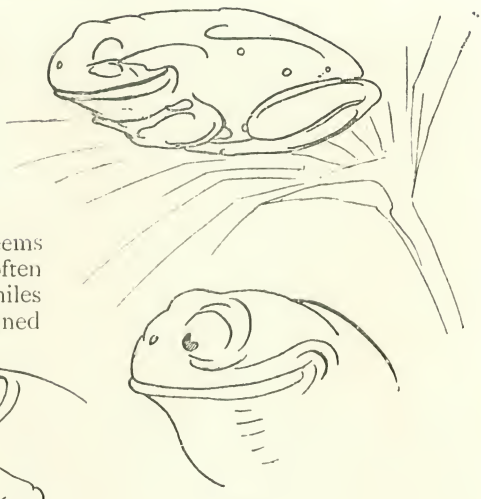


of the hands and leaves the other outstretched. "'Ere — four! Anythink to do business. Four! Nobody say four? Oh, blow this!" and with a jerk of one long paddle he dives among the weeds. "Them shiny-lookin' swells ain't got no money!" is what I am convinced he reports to his friends.

The Smooth-clawed Frog has lately begun to breed here, a thing before unknown; so that his rarity and value are in danger of depreciation. But such is his inordinate conceit of himself that I am

convinced he will always begin the bidding with eight.

If you rejoice in the sight of a really happy, contented frog, you should stand long before White's Green Frog, and study his smile. No other frog has a smile like this; some are wider, perhaps, but that is nothing. A frog is ordained by Nature to smile much, but the smile seems commonly one of hunger merely, though often one of stomach-ache. White's Green Frog smiles broad content and placid felicity. Maintained in comfort, with no necessity to earn his living, this is probably natural; still, the bison enjoys the same advantages, although nobody ever saw him smile;



"HAPPY?"

"I AM HAPPY."

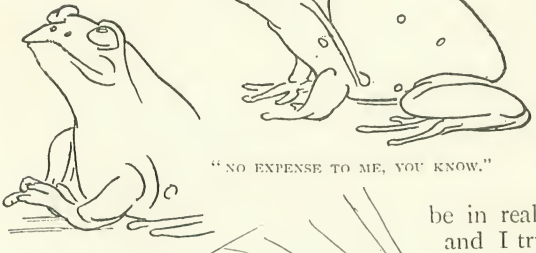
but, then, an animal soon to become extinct can scarcely be expected to smile. In the smile of White's Green Frog, however, I fear, a certain smug, Peck-sniffian quality is visible. "I am a Numble individual, my Christian friends,"

"WHY SHOULDN'T I BE HAPPY?"

"THE SOCIETY LODGES ME."

he seems to say, "and my wants, which are few and simple, are providentially supplied. Therefore, I am Truly Happy. It is no great merit in my merely batrachian nature that I am Truly

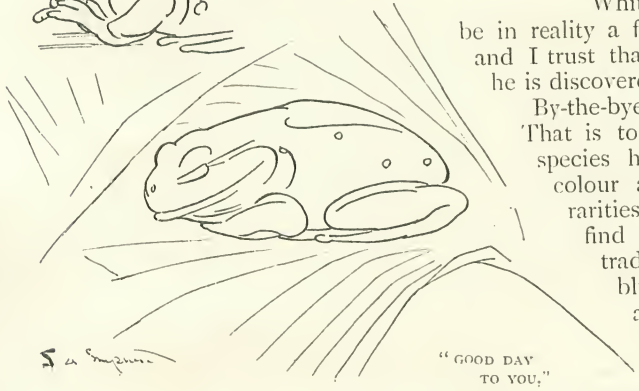
"TYRRELL FEEDS ME."



"NO EXPENSE TO ME, YOU KNOW."

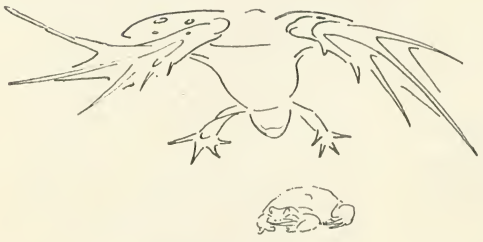
Happy; a cheerful countenance, my friends, is a duty imposed on me by an indulgent Providence." White's Green Frog may, however, be in reality a frog of excellent moral worth; and I trust that Green's White Frog, if ever he is discovered, will be a moral frog too.

By-the-bye, some green frogs are blue. That is to say, individuals of the green species have been found of the skyey colour and sold at a good price as rarities. When it was not easy to find one already blue, the prudent tradesman kept a green frog in a blue glass vase for a few weeks, and brought it out as blue as you might wish. The colour stayed long enough, as a

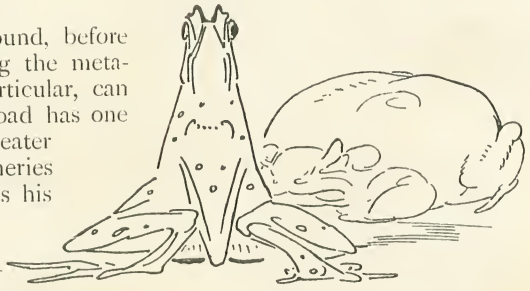


"GOOD DAY TO YOU."

rule, to admit of sale at a decent price, but was liable to fade after. As I think I have said, the toad is distinguished by a placid calm denied to the frog; therefore it is singular that the ordinary toad's Latin name should be *Bufo vulgaris*—a name suggestive of nothing so much as a low—disgracefully low — comedian. *Bufo vulgaris* should be the name of a very inferior, rowdy clown. The frog is a much nearer approximation to this character than the toad. The frog comes headlong with a bound, a bunch of legs and arms, with his "Here we are again! Fine day to-morrow, wasn't it?" and goes off with another bound, before the toad, who is gravely analyzing the metaphysical aspect of nothing in particular, can open his eyes to look up. The toad has one comic act, however, of infinitely greater humour than the bouncing buffooneries of the frog. When the toad casts his skin he quietly rolls it up over his back and head, just as a man skins off a close-fitting jersey. Once having drawn it well over his nose, however, he immediately proceeds to cram it down his throat with both hands, and so it finally disappears. Now, this is a performance of genuine and grotesque humour, which it is worth keeping a toad to see.

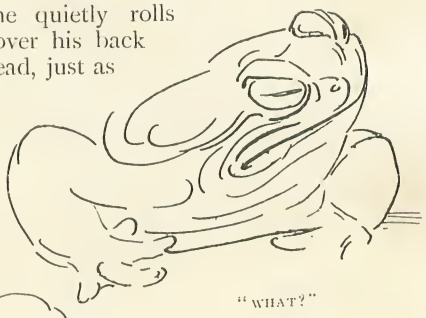


"HERE WE ARE!"



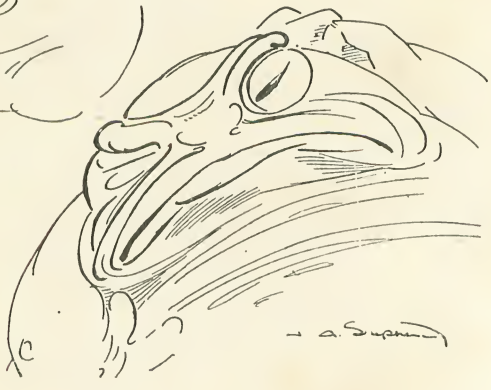
"HOW DO? I'M OFF."

"EH?"



"WHAT?"

"WHO'S THAT?"



# THE HELMET

FROM THE FRENCH BY Ferdinand Beissier.

"BUT, uncle—I love my cousin!"

"Get out!"

"Give her to me."

"Don't bother me!"

"It will be my death!"

"Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray——"

My uncle, whose back had been towards me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried; "never! Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:—

"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it, by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes'!"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furbishing of a big, double-handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and *objets d'art*, No. 53, Rue des Claquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marseilles and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres, and muskets, and picture-frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts, and statues of saints, one-armed or one-legged for the most part and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knick-knacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals, and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which, in the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbours said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a Municipal Councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who, as soon as I left school, had

elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a Municipal Councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; five o'clock was striking.

"The Council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word, it made a mouthful; for a pin, he would have saluted it bareheaded. But, this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:—

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat, and laying down his glass, he called out:—

"Rose, give me my cane and hat!"

Then, turning towards me, he added, in a lowered tone and speaking very quickly:—

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'yes,' try!—but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rose, or, by Saint Barthélemy, my patron of happy memory, I'll instantly kick you out of doors!"

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's cane and hat, which she handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then, giving me a last but eloquent look, hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double-handed sword. Rose came quietly towards me.

"AT THAT MOMENT ROSE APPEARED."

"What is the matter with my *father*?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal. I could not help it—after all, it was *his* fault! He was not there: I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked, tremblingly. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:—

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh! I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'yes,' I will force him to say it!"

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it!

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my double-handed sword, and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting, with a corner of her apron, a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply at us, from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—but not an ordinary helmet, oh, no!—a superb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised, and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle; "but it's a superb piece, and, when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up, will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night, on reaching my room, I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said; and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But, after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance, I fell off to sleep, and, till next morning, did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a 14th-century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandola, while my uncle, clad in complete armour and with a formidable halberd in his hand conducted the bewildering whirl

The next day—ah, the next day!—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun: my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me; but I could think of nothing, of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At three o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner-time, in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face.

"MY UNCLE SAT SMOKING HIS PIPE AND WATCHING ME."

No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering: I could not do better than allow it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armour, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget-piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what

he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack !—down fell the visor ; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan !

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter ; for my uncle, stumpy, fat, and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly, he came towards me.

"THREATENINGLY HE CAME TOWARDS ME."

"The hinges ! — the hinges, fool !" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot !" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hôtel-de-Ville, striking five, was heard.

"The Municipal Council !" murmured my uncle, in a stifled voice. "Quick ! help me off with this beast of a machine ! We'll settle our business afterwards !"

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head ; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No !" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated, firmly, "I'll not help you out, unless you give me the hand of my cousin Rose !"

From the depths of the strangely elongated visor came, not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it !" — I had burned my ships !

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but I will call in all your neighbours, and then go and find the Municipal Council !"

"You'll end your days on the scaffold !" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose !" I repeated. "You told me that it would only be by force that you would be made to say 'yes'—say it, or I will call in the neighbours !"

The clock was still striking ; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me.

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming !"

"Well, then—yes !" murmured my uncle. "But make haste !"

"On your word of honour ?"

"On my word of honour !"

The visor gave way, the gorget-piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a poppy.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the Municipal Council, entered the shop.

"Are you coming ?" he asked ; "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me, he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.

The next moment all my hopes had

vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner-time I took my place at table on his right hand in low spirits, ate little, and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head, and then——

"Rose—come here!"

Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do, yesterday?"

I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.

"To give him your hand," he added. "Do you love him?"

"DO YOU LOVE HIM?"

Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle; "on this side, the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle," and, in a whisper, I added quickly: "Forgive me!"

He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Marry her, then, donkey—since you love her, and I give her to you!"

"Ah!—uncle!"

"Ah!—dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms.

"Very good! very good!" he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy, that's all I ask."

And, in turn, he whispered in my ear:—

"I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose; but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

I give you my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if ever you pass along the Rue des Claquettes, No. 53, at the place of honour in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.

# *The Music of Nature.*

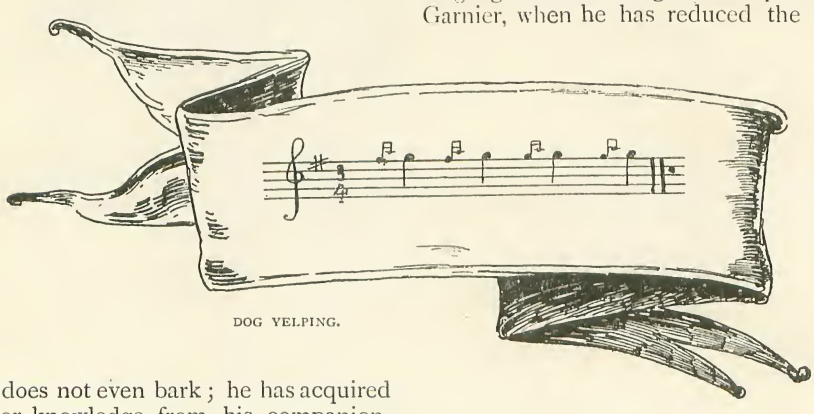
By A. T. Camden Pratt.

II.

REFERENCE was made at the close of the last article to the voice of the dog, and his method of making his feelings and desires understood. It is, of course well known that this is an acquired habit, or accomplishment. In a state of Nature

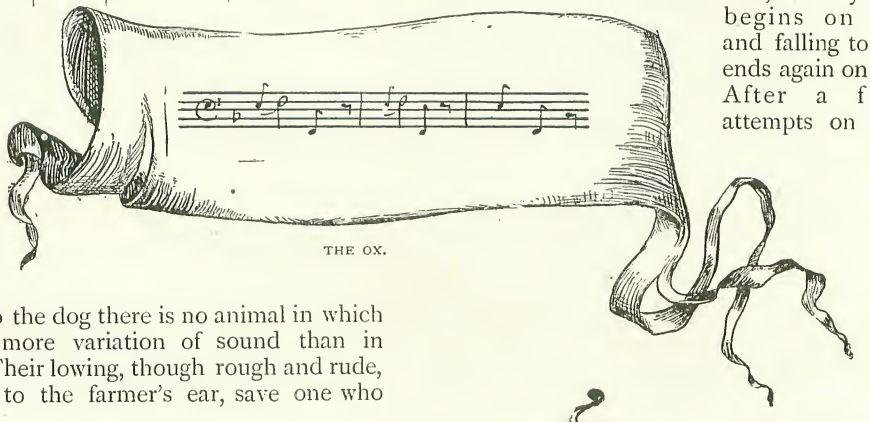
the dog does not even bark; he has acquired the art or knowledge from his companionship with man. Isaiah compares the blind watchman of Israel to dogs, saying, "They are dumb; they cannot bark.' Again, to quote the argument of Dr. Gardiner: "The dog indicates his different feelings by different tones." The following is his yelp when his foot is trod upon.

Haydn introduces the bark of a dog into the scherzo in his 38th quartette. Indeed, the tones of the "voice" of the dog are so marked, that more than any other of the voices of Nature they have been utilized in music. The merest tyro in the study of dog language can readily distinguish between the bark of joy—the "deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home," as Byron put it—and the angry snarl, the yelp of pain, or the accents of fear. Indeed, according to an assertion in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," the horse knows from the bark of a dog when he may expect an attack on his heels. Gardiner suggests that it would be worth while to study the language of the dog. Perhaps Professor Garnier, when he has reduced the language



DOG YELPING.

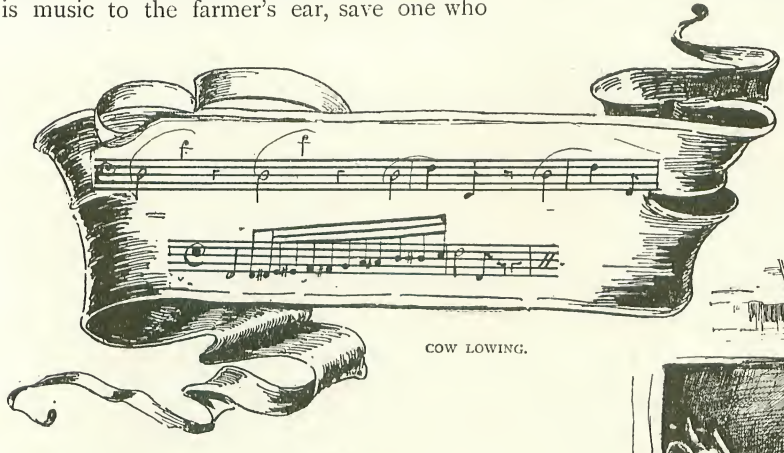
of the monkey to "A,B,C," might feel inclined to take up the matter.



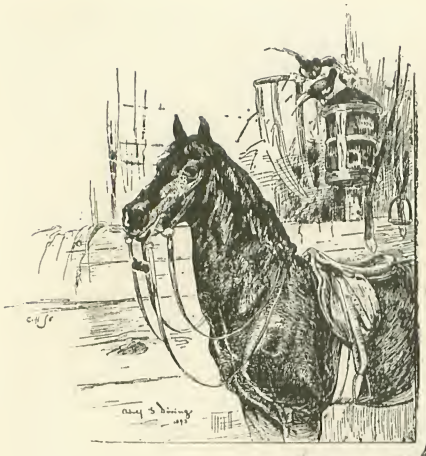
THE OX.

Next to the dog there is no animal in which there is more variation of sound than in oxen: "Their lowing, though rough and rude, is music to the farmer's ear, save one who moans the loss of her sportive young; with wandering eye and anxious look she grieves the livelong day." It is specially difficult in the case of oxen to suppose that they have a language; but it is impossible to doubt that the variations of their lowing are understood of one another, and serve to express their feelings if not their thoughts.

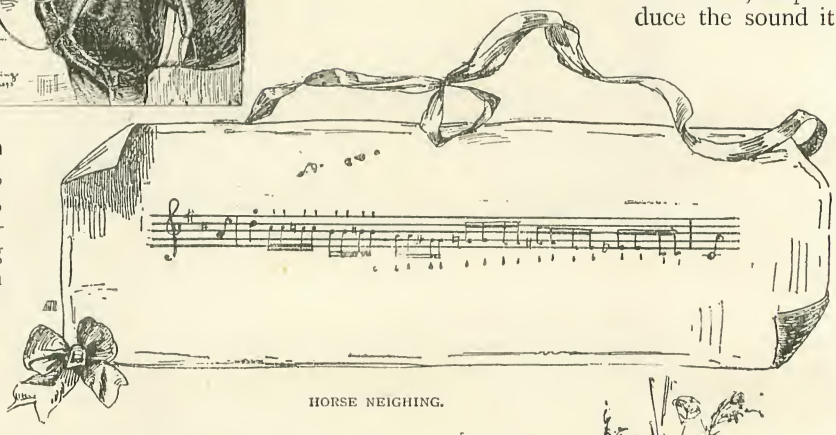
In the matter of exclamations, one knows how readily these may be imitated upon the violin, or in the case of the deeper or more guttural sounds, on the violoncello. The natural effect is greatly aided by the sliding of the finger along the note, especially in the case of the lowing of cattle; but there are other exclamations that are readily reduced to music. Gardiner gives one or two interesting cases, and the common salutation, "How d'ye do?" may be instanced. It usually starts on B natural, and the voice rising to D ends on C; whereas, the reply, "Pretty well, thank you," begins on D, and falling to A, ends again on D. After a few attempts on the piano, the reader will be able readily to form these notes for himself.



COW LOWING.



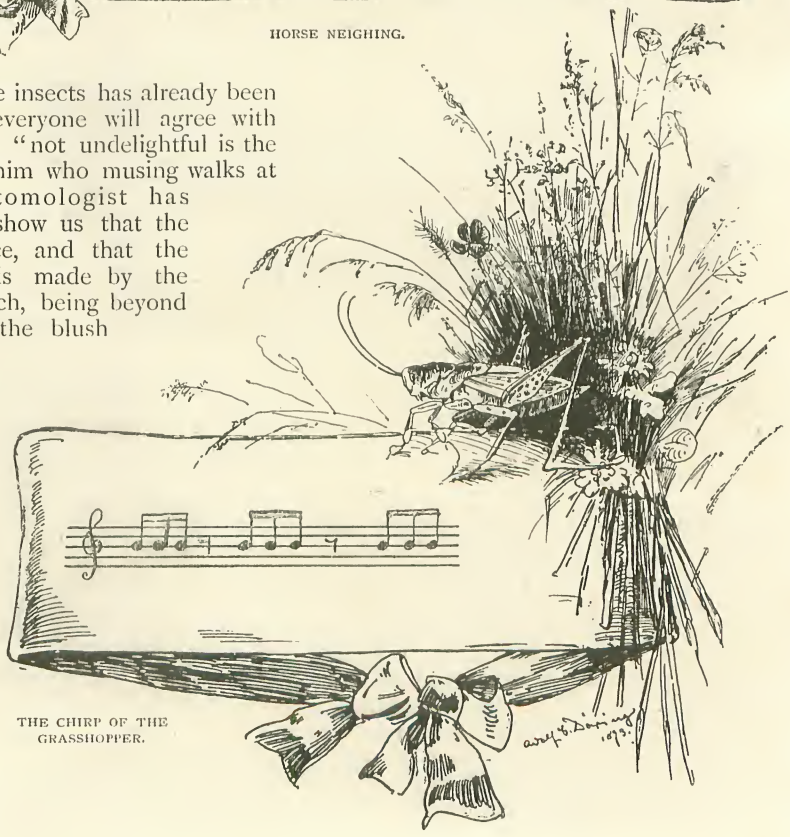
The horse, on the other hand, is rarely heard, and, though having a piercing whinny which passes through every semitone of the scale, it is scarcely ever varied.



HORSE NEIGHING.

The music of the insects has already been alluded to, and everyone will agree with Gilbert White that "not undelightful is the ceaseless hum, to him who musing walks at noon." The entomologist has laboured hard to show us that the insect has no voice, and that the "drowsy hum" is made by the wings; a fact which, being beyond all cavil, puts to the blush the old-world story of Plutarch, who tells us that when Terpander was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic games, and had enraptured his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm a string of his instrument broke, and a *cicada* or grasshopper perched on the bridge supplied by its voice the loss of the string and saved the fame of the musician. To this day in Surinam the Dutch call them lyre-players. If there is any truth in the story, the grasshopper then had powers far in advance of his degenerated descendants; for now the grasshopper—like the cricket—has a chirp consisting of three notes in rhythm, always forming a triplet in the key of B.

Gardiner, on the authority of Dr. Primatt, states that, to produce the sound it

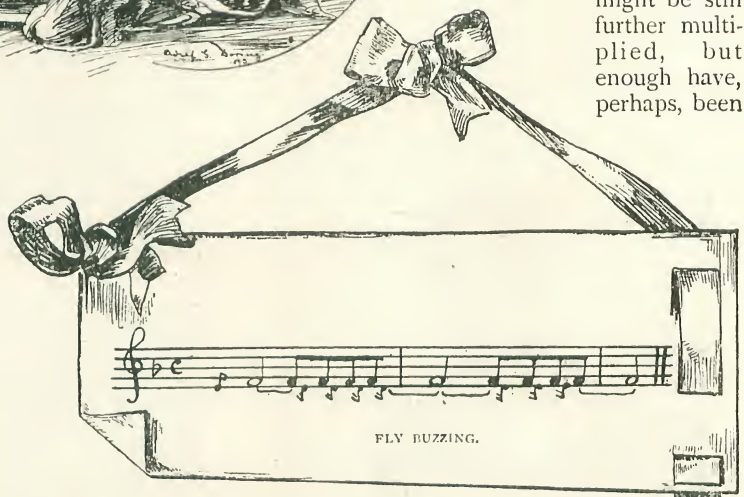


THE CHIRP OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

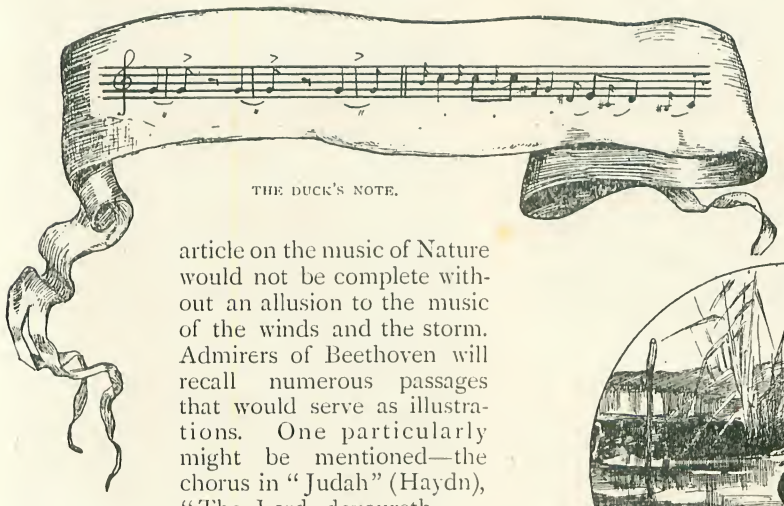
makes, the house-fly must make 320 vibrations of its wings in a second; or nearly 20,000 if it continues on the wing a minute. The sound is invariably on the note F in the first space. The music of a duck's note is given in the annexed score.

In conclusion, an article on the music of Nature would not be complete without an allusion to the music of the winds and the storm. Admirers of Beethoven will recall numerous passages that would serve as illustrations. One particularly might be mentioned—the chorus in "Judah" (Haydn), "The Lord devoureth them all," which is admirably imitative of the reverberations of the cataract and the thundering of mighty waters. The sounds at sea, ominous of shipwreck, will also occur to the minds of some. At Land's End it is not uncommon for storms to be heralded by weird sounds; and in the northern seas sailors, always a superstitious race of people, used to be much alarmed by a singular musical effect, which is now well known to be caused by nothing more fearsome than a whale breathing.

These instances might be still further multiplied, but enough have, perhaps, been given to excite some general interest in "the Music of Nature."



FLY BUZZING.



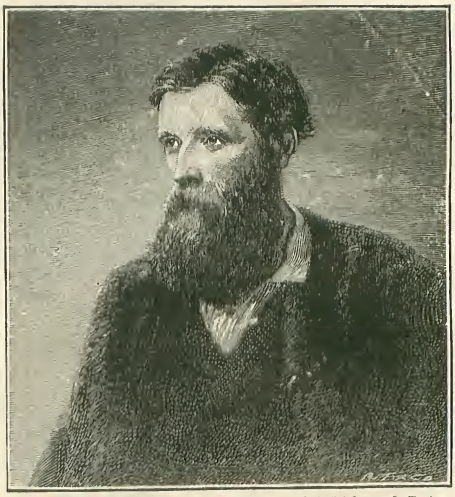
THE DUCK'S NOTE.

## SIR HENRY LOCH.

BORN 1827.

SIR HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., whose name has recently been so prominently before the public in connection with the disturbances in Mashonaland, is Chief Commissioner at the Cape. In his diplomatic career he was taken prisoner during the war with China; and, with Mr. Boulby, the *Times* correspondent, was carried about in a cage by his captors, and exhibited to the natives. After his liberation he returned to England, and was appointed Governor of the Isle of Man, and subsequently Governor of Victoria; and, in 1889, was appointed to succeed Sir Hercules Robinson as Chief Commissioner at the Cape.

*From a]* AGE 22. *[Painting.*



*From a Painting by]* AGE 39. *[G. Richmond, R.A.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Foster & Martin, Melbourne.*

*From a]* AGE 8. *[Photograph.*

## MADAME BELLE COLE.

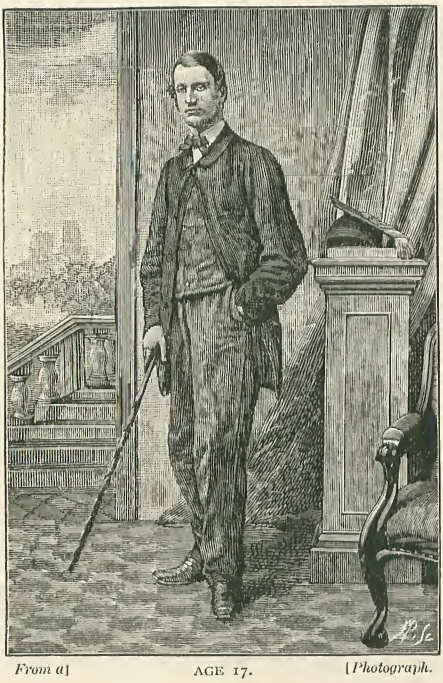
IT was in Jubilee Year that the British public were first charmed by the singing of this admirable American contralto. She sang in London, and successive audiences were quick to confirm the judgments of Sir Joseph Barnby and certain other critics who had heard her only in private. Her advance to the front rank of English singers was exceedingly rapid, and her position amongst us was long since made secure. Madame Cole has taken part in nearly all the great musical events in this country during the past four years. She has sung everywhere in London—with the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, at the Ballad Concerts, at the Monday Popular Concerts, at Sir Charles Hallé's Concerts, and at Bristol, Chester, Leeds, Birmingham, and other leading towns. As seems to have been the case with most well-dowered musicians, Madame Cole's talent owes something to heredity. Musical ability, greater or less, may at all events be traced back in her family for a considerable period.

Madame Cole's first distinct success in public was gained with Mr. Theodore Thomas,

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 20. *[Naegeli, New York.*

during that gentleman's first "grand trans-continental tour from ocean to ocean" in 1883.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Walery, Regent Street.*



*From a]* AGE 17. *[Photograph.*

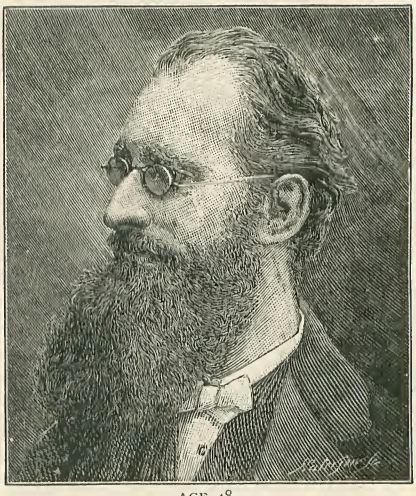
## THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

BORN 1843.

PROFESSOR THE REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, M.A., was born at Carlisle, and educated at Durham Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1870 and priest in 1873, and in 1875 accepted the living of

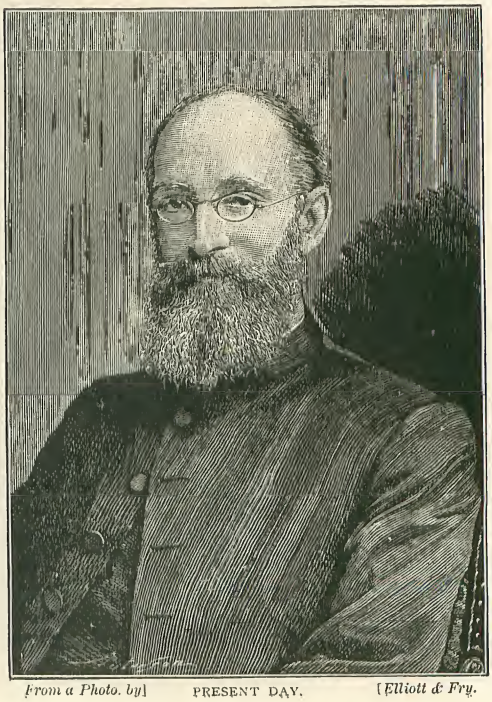
AGE 23.
*From a Photo. by Wheeler & Day, Oxford.*

Embleton, in Northumberland. In 1884 he was elected to the newly founded professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. In 1885 he was appointed by the Crown canon residentiary



AGE 48.
*From a Photo. by H. S. Mendelssohn, Newcastle.*

of Worcester Cathedral. He is the author of several historical works: "Primer of Roman History," 1875; "The Age of Elizabeth," 1876; etc. His principal work is a "History of the Papacy During the Period of the Reformation." He was appointed Bishop of Peterborough in 1891.



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 17.
*From a Drawing.*

AGE 32.
*From a Photograph.*

AGE 41.
*From a Photograph by Chémar Frères, Brussels.*

## LORD WANTAGE.

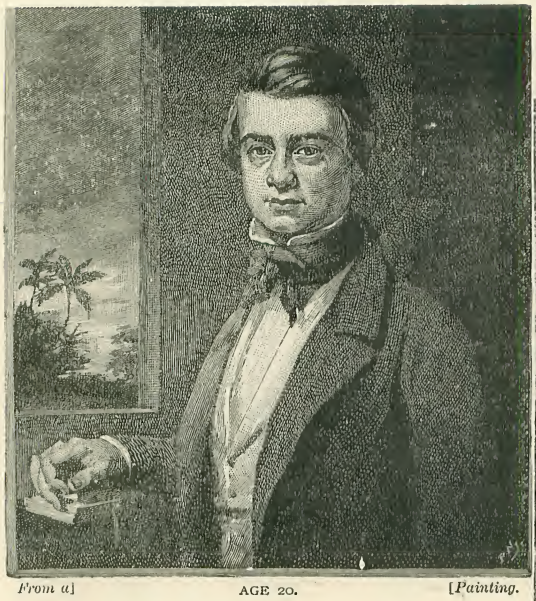
BORN 1832.

ROBERT JAMES LOYD-LINDSAY, K.C.B., V.C., is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-General James Lindsay. He was educated at Eton, and at an early age entered the Army. He served in the Crimea, 1854-5, part of the time as *Aide-de-Camp* to the Commander-in-Chief. At the battle of Alma, amidst great disorder, he re-formed the line and stood firm with the colours. At Inkerman he distinguished himself by charging and repulsing a strong body of Russians with a few men; for which distinctions he was justly awarded the Victoria Cross. Lord Wantage was Equerry to the Prince of Wales,

*From a Painting by]* AGE 50. *[W. Ouless, R.A.*

1858-9; and has been Extra Equerry to His Royal Highness since 1874. He is also the Lord Lieutenant and a County Councillor of Berkshire. He married, in 1858, Harriet Sarah, only child of the first Baron Overstone.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photograph by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

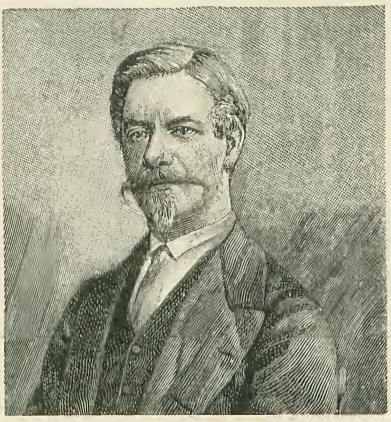


*From a]* AGE 20. *[Painting.*

## SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART, M.P.

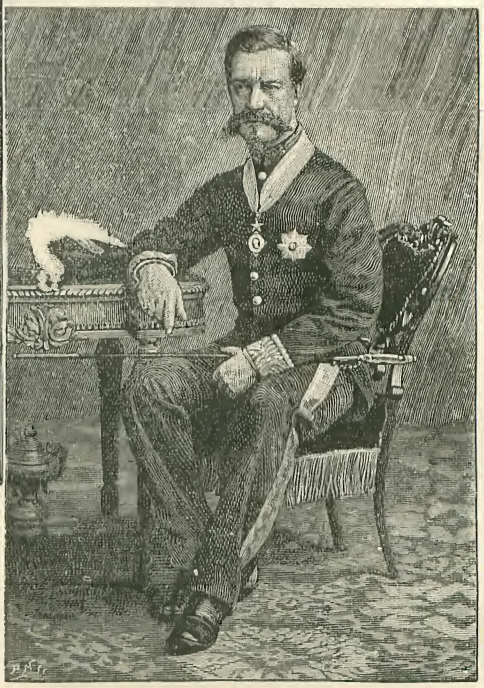
BORN 1826.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART., G.C.S.I., M.P., D.C.L. (Oxon), LL.D. (Cantab), of The Nash, Kempsey, near Worcester, entered the third class of the Bengal Civil Service in 1846. He was Secretary to Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, and eventually was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, and the Political Resident at Hyderabad. He was Foreign Secretary to the Governor-General, and Finance Minister



AGE 30.
*From a Photo. by Southwell Brothers, Baker Street, London.*

of India, from 1868 to 1874. In January, 1874, he was appointed to superintend the relief operations in the famine-stricken districts of Bengal. He became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in 1875; was created a Baronet in August, 1876; and



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 42. *[Bourne & Shepherd.*

was appointed Governor of the Presidency of Bombay in January, 1877, which office he held till March, 1880. He sits for the Kingston Division of Surrey.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

# *A Terrible New Year's Eve.*

By Kathleen Huddleston.

IN a little Belgian village not many miles from Brussels the winter sun shone brightly. It shone through the quaint old windows of a little, red-tiled cottage, and on the figure of a girl who stood in the centre of the kitchen reading a long, closely written letter. Over the blazing fire, where the "pot au feu" was simmering, bent an old woman, and the girl's voice came joyously to her as she stirred the savoury mess.

"My aunt, Paul has sent for me. At last he has got permanent work. It is nothing very great at present, but it may lead to better things, and the pay is enough, with what he has saved, to enable him to rent a little 'appartement.' If I can, he wants me, with our little Pierre, to catch the coach at 'Les Trois Frères' to-morrow. We should then reach Brussels by night and spend our New Year together."

"MY AUNT, PAUL HAS SENT FOR ME."

As Babette spoke, her cheeks all flushed with hope and joy, the eyes of both the women rested on a cradle that stood in the room. In this, baby Pierre, only a twelvemonth old, lay sleeping peacefully.

Then said the old woman, sadly, "I shall miss you, dearest, and the baby too. Still, it is only right you should go. Perhaps in the summer you may return for a bit. Time passes quickly. A year ago you were weeping over Paul's departure; and now, behold, you are going to join him, and lay in his arms the son he has never seen."

Babette nodded. She was between tears and smiles. There was grief, true and deep, at leaving the dear old aunt, who had been so good to her and to her child. There was joy at the thought of seeing again the brave young husband whom she had wedded in the little village church two years before, and from whom the parting had been so bitter, when he left her, just before the birth of their baby boy, to seek work in the Belgian capital.

But there was no time to waste. After the simple mid-day meal there were many things to be done, and all through the short winter day they were busy. There was a bundle of warm wraps to be put together for Babette to take with her. Her little trunk, with Pierre's cradle, and some odds and ends of furniture, would follow in a few days, when her aunt had collected and packed them all. Her little store of money

was counted over. Alas! it was very slender. She must travel quickly and cheaply if it was to last her till she reached Brussels.

"Jean's cart will take you as far as 'Les Trois Frères,'" said the old lady, cheerfully, after finding that counting the little heap of francs and half-francs over and over did not increase them. "That will save something. You can catch the coach that stops there at two, and by six you will be in Brussels. I pray the little one may not take cold."

Babette agreed to all her aunt suggested. Jean was a farmer of the village; well-to-do and good-natured. She knew he would gladly give her a seat in his waggon, which was going next day to "Les Trois Frères," an inn six miles from the village. The coach for Brussels stopped there twice a week, and when once she had taken her place in it, the worst of her journey would be over.

They went to rest early that night, and by eleven next morning the last good-bye had been said. Pretty Babette was seated by the side of Farmer Jean, with her baby boy, wrapped up in numerous shawls, clasped tightly to her, and the great Flemish horses were plodding, slowly but surely, towards "Les Trois Frères."

The day was not as bright as the preceding one. Snow had fallen during the night, and the sky looked heavy, as though there were more to come. Babette shivered, in spite of her long, warm cloak. The roads were freezing hard, but they managed to proceed for a mile or two, and then suddenly there came a sway and a lurch, for one of the horses had slipped and fallen on the snowy road, and the other was trying to free himself from his struggling companion by frantic kicks and plunges.

Farmer Jean had a man with him, and between them they got the poor animal up, while Babette stood in the cold highway, her baby peeping wonderingly from the folds of her cloak.

The horse was bruised and cut about the knees, but otherwise unhurt, so the men resumed their places; Babette climbed back to hers, and the heavy cart went jolting on. The farmer cracked his whip, and whenever the road grew worse he or his man got down and led the horses. In spite of this, their progress grew slower and slower.

"I don't like to say so," said the master, "but we've two more miles to go, and it is past one o'clock now. My girl, if the coach is gone, I'll get you back and drive you in again next time it passes."

"'CHEER UP, MY LASS,' HE SAID, KINDLY."

But Babette would not hear of this. Not to see Paul by nightfall! Not to be clasped in his arms, she and little Pierre together, in one warm embrace! Not to spend New

Year's Day with him! No! she would not think of it. And yet when, more than an hour later, they rolled into the yard of "Les Trois Frères," there was no sign of the Brussels coach. It had started half an hour before. "Les Trois Frères" was a quiet, homely inn, little used excepting when the coach stopped there. Babette, pale and trembling, got down and ran into the bar, where the landlord stood smiling behind a row of bright pewter taps.

"Am I too late for the coach?" she cried. "Has it gone?" And then, when the man told her she was indeed too late, all strength and energy left her, and she sank sobbing on the wooden bench by the door.

There were two other men in the room, who looked at her curiously; she was such a pretty girl, even in the midst of her grief. One was an old pedlar, with his well-filled pack on the floor beside him. He had a pleasant, homely face, and thin, bent figure. The other was a middle-sized, powerful fellow, clean shaven and beetle-browed, and dressed in shabby, ill-fitting garments. It was hard to tell what his rank in life might be. He stared once again at Babette, and then handed his glass to the host to be re-filled. The pedlar was the first to break the silence.

"Cheer up, my lass," he said, kindly; "I too have missed the coach, and I too must reach Brussels to-night. I have two thousand francs in notes and gold in my pocket-book, which are the savings of a lifetime, and I am going to pay them into the bank to-morrow. Then I shall give up my trade and start a little shop."

"I would not talk too much about them in the meantime, friend. In some countries it might be dangerous, but we are honest in Belgium."

It was the other man who spoke, and his voice, though rough, was not unpleasant. He paid the landlord, caught up his stick, and with a curt "Good-day" passed out of "Les Trois Frères."

"He, also, perhaps, is going to Brussels. He means to walk, and if he, why not I?" said the pedlar. He had come in cold and tired, and the landlord's good ale had made him slightly loquacious. "Yes, I shall try and walk. The roads are better walking than driving. It is not so very many miles, and most likely I shall be overtaken by some cart going the same way." And he rose as he spoke.

Babette rose also and caught him eagerly by the hand. "I will walk with you," she cried. "I am strong, well shod, and the fastest walker in our village. We can get to Brussels before dark, in spite of my having my boy to carry. Oh! bless you for thinking of it, for now I shall see Paul before the year is out."

Nor would she be dissuaded. Farmer Jean came in and said something about snow. "The sky was darkening for it already." But Babette was firm. The landlord's buxom wife came forth from an inner room and offered her a lodging for the night, and then, when she could not persuade her, helped her to wrap the baby up afresh, and finally made her place in her pocket a tiny flask of brandy, "in case," she said, "the snow should overtake them."

So they started. Babette had spoken the truth when she called herself a good walker. She was but twenty, and was both slight and active. The pedlar too, in spite of his bent form, got over the ground quickly. They had put four or five good miles between themselves and "Les Trois Frères" when the snow began to fall. It came down steadily in thick, heavy flakes. Babette drew her cloak yet closer round her boy and they plodded on, but walking became more and more difficult, and they grew both weary and cold. Suddenly, by the roadside, several yards ahead, they saw a man's figure. He was coming to meet them, and drew near rapidly, and then they recognised their friend in the shabby brown clothes, who had left the inn so shortly before them.

"I saw you coming," he explained, "so came to meet you. Madame"—with a bow to Babette, polite for one so uncouth-looking—"can go no further to-night; the storm will not pass off yet. I live not far from here with my mother and brothers, and if madame likes, we can all take shelter under my humble roof. It is but a poor place, but you will be welcome, and doubtless we can find two spare beds."

They could do nothing but thank him and accept his offer. Even Babette acknowledged that all hope of reaching Brussels was now over. The New Year would have dawned before she and her husband met.

The wind had risen and the snow, half turned to sleet, was now beating furiously into their faces. It was all they could do to keep their feet. They struggled on after their guide as best they could, till he turned out of the high road into a lane; and thankful were they when he stopped, and, pushing open a gate that creaked on rusty hinges, led them up a narrow, gravelled pathway to a small, bare house, flanked on either side by some dreary bushes of evergreens.

In answer to his peremptory knock, the door was opened by a man slighter and shorter than himself, but sufficiently like him to be known as his brother, and the travellers staggered in—the door, with a heavy crash, blowing to behind them.

Perhaps now for the first time it really struck Babette that she had been headstrong in persisting in her journey, and in trusting herself and child to the mercy of utter strangers so far from home. The same thought passed through the old pedlar's mind, but it was too late to retreat, so they silently followed their new host and his brother. They went down a passage and into a room, half-kitchen, half-parlour, snugly and even comfortably furnished.

Heavy wooden shutters dulled the noise of the boisterous gale outside. A thick red curtain hung over the door, and a cheery log fire burnt in the stove. A man and woman sat over it; the man, a tall, repulsive-looking creature, with unkempt hair and matted beard, his age apparently about fifty. The woman looked seventy or more. She too had once been tall, but now old age gave her a withered, witch-like appearance, in spite of her great height. She was dressed in limp, faded garments, with a tattered shawl crossed over her chest, and had a scared, miserable look in her bleared old eyes. There were a few words of explanation from the man who had come home, and then, in gruff but not unkindly tones, he bade Babette be seated, and told his mother to get some supper speedily. She spread a coarse cloth on the wooden table, and when all was ready, lifted a large black saucepan from the stove and turned out a smoking, savoury-looking stew. The youngest son produced a bottle containing the thin acid wine of the country, and another of spirits. As he set them on the table, Babette noticed that across one of his hands, which were much smaller and whiter than those of his brothers, there ran a dull red scar that looked as if he had had a bad cut there. Then they all sat down, excepting the old mother, who busied herself in waiting on them.

"It's the last good meal you'll get for some time, I'm thinking," she croaked, as she watched them devouring their supper, "unless you turn to and find more work than you've done lately. The landlord called for his rent again to-day and swore he would wait no longer, but turn us out if we did not pay in three days' time."

"Curse him!" muttered the man who had brought the strangers in, half under his breath; then aloud he added, "Shut up,

"A MAN AND WOMAN SAT OVER THE FIRE."

good mother; remember, we have visitors; and one a man of property, who will hardly sympathize with our poverty."

Babette looked up as he spoke, and intercepted a glance so strange and savage that passed between the brothers and then rested

on her friend the pedlar, that involuntarily she shuddered and turned pale.

The old man, however, did not appear to notice anything unsatisfactory in the appearance or manners of his hosts. He had eaten to his liking, and had allowed the grim-looking eldest brother to fill his glass again and again with "Genievre" till his face began to flush, and his eyes grew dazed and heavy. Babette felt more and more uneasy. Oh! to be back at "Les Trois Frères" again, or even out in the snowy road! Anything would be better than sitting in this lonely house, with those three forbidding faces glaring on her. She rose hastily and caught up her sleeping child. "I am very tired, good people," she said, timidly, "and I must start betimes in the morning. If I might go to bed now, I should be so thankful."

In answer to her request, the old woman lighted a candle, and Babette followed her upstairs into a small, low chamber. There was no superfluous furniture in it, but the little bed looked clean and inviting, and the curtains that hung in front of the tiny window were made of light, fresh-looking chintz. Facing the bed was a door, leading apparently into another room. Babette wondered if it was the one her friend the pedlar was to occupy, but she was not long left in doubt. The old woman wished her good-night and left her, and Babette, after hushing her boy to sleep again, had just sunk wearily into the one chair the room boasted, when she heard a slow, heavy step ascending, and knew the pedlar was coming to bed. He shut the outer door behind him, and began arranging his pack.

Babette could hear the pedlar moving backwards and forwards with uncertain, tired footsteps. There was no sound below, even the wind was hushed. She drew aside the curtains and looked out, and saw that the snow had ceased to fall, and lay thick and white on the ground.

Then there came a sudden presentiment upon her. A sense of danger, vague and undefined, seemed to surround her. It was all the more terrible on account of its vagueness. She did not know what she feared, yet the terror of something horrible was strong upon her.

She slipped off her boots, and stole gently up to the door that divided her room from the pedlar's.

"Sir," she whispered, "you are very, very tired, and will sleep heavily. I am so anxious, I don't know why; but forgive me and do trust me. Push your pocket-book that contains your money under the door. See—it does not fit tight! We don't know who the people of the house are: they may try to rob you. I will tie it up inside my baby's shawls, and will give it back to you as soon as we are out of this place. Oh, would to God that we had never entered it! Your money will be safe with me, and they will never think of looking for it here. Will you give it me?"

In answer to her pleadings, a shabby little leather book was pushed into her room. As she picked it up and proceeded to hide it securely away beneath the baby's many wrappings, the pedlar said, in a voice rendered hoarse and indistinct by the spirits he had partaken of in such unaccustomed quantities: "Here, my dear, take it. It will, I know, be safe with you. I feel so tired that I don't think a cannon would wake me to-night once I get to sleep." He groped his way to his bed, and flung himself down on it, dressed as he was. Soon Babette heard him snoring loudly and regularly, and then she took off her clothes, and rolling her cloak around her, lay down by the side of her child.

In after years, when she looked on that awful time, she often wondered how, feeling as she did that she was surrounded by so many unknown perils, she had ever closed her eyes. Perhaps the long walk and the excitement she had undergone accounted for the profound sleep into which she fell almost immediately, and from which she was aroused in the dead of night by a noise in the next room. It was neither snore nor cry. It was more like a long, shuddering gurgle, and then—silence! Frightful, terrible silence, broken at last by the sound of stealthy footsteps and hushed voices. Babette sunk down on her pillow again, her baby clutched in her arms. A voiceless prayer went up to Heaven for the child's safety and her own, for already she heard them approaching her door, and made sure her last hour was come. Through nearly closed eyelids she watched two of the men enter; the one who had brought them to the house and his elder brother. They were muttering curses, low but deep.

"To have risked so much for nothing!" whispered one. "Can she have it, or was the old fool jesting with us?"

"It's a jest that has cost him dear," answered the other, as he watched his brother search the girl's clothes and then slip his murderous hands beneath her pillow. He withdrew them empty.

"Shall we settle her?" he asked, "or let

her go? Is it not best to be on the safe side?"

But the smooth-shaven one said, decisively: "Let her alone; we have enough to answer for. See, she is sound asleep, and if not, it will be easy to find out before she reaches Brussels how much she knows. Let her be."

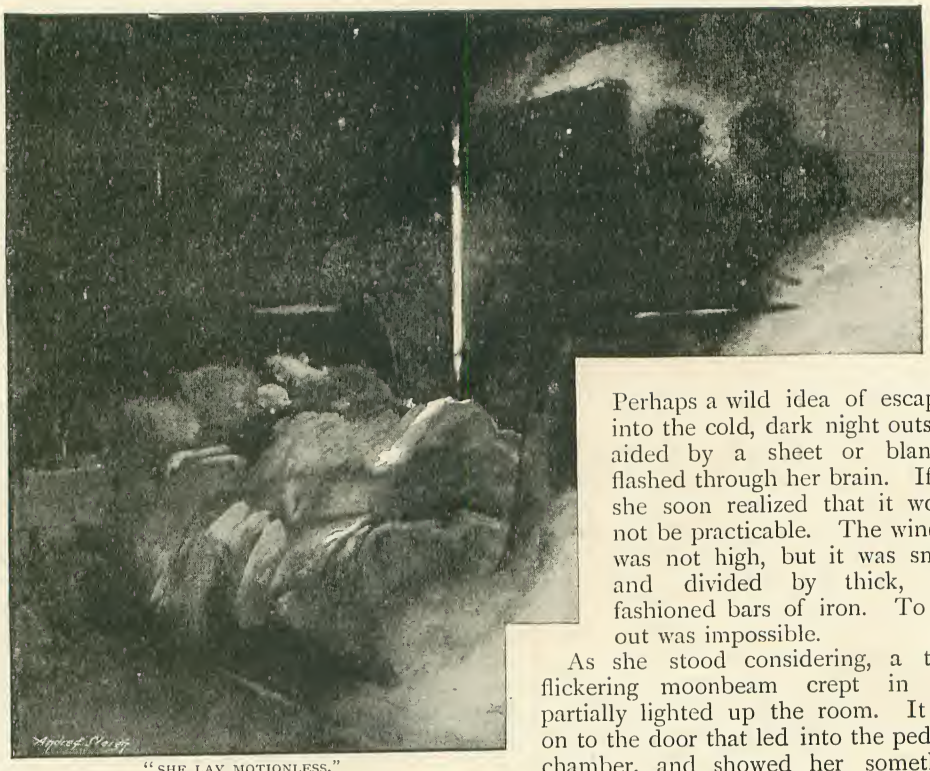
Babette lay like a log, stirring neither hand nor foot. In that awful moment, when her life or death was trembling in the balance, her mother love, that divine instinct implanted in every woman's breast, came to her and saved her. She knew that if she moved her baby's life was gone—her own she hardly cared about just then. But those little limbs that were nestling so soft and warm against her own, and that little flaxen head that was cuddled against her arm, for their sake she was brave.

So she lay motionless and listened, fearing that the men would hear even the quick, heavy throbs of her heart. But they did not. They searched quickly and systematically amongst all her clothing. They felt under her pillow again, but never thought of looking at the shawls of the baby who lay so peacefully by her side; and then at last they crept away and closed the door gently behind them.

The room was in utter darkness. For ages, as it seemed, Babette lay there, afraid to stir, and listening vainly for some sound; then she sat up, all white and trembling.

"My God!" she thought. "What awful thing has happened? Oh, give me strength and courage, for my baby's sake."

As an inspiration, there came to her the thought of the little bottle that the good-natured landlady of "Les Trois Frères" had given her. She felt in the pocket of her dress and drew it out, taking a long, deep draught of the fiery spirit. She had been on the verge of fainting, though she knew it not, and the brandy put new life into her. She listened for a long time and then gently—very gently—she crept out of bed and drew aside the little curtain from the window.



"SHE LAY MOTIONLESS."

Perhaps a wild idea of escaping into the cold, dark night outside, aided by a sheet or blanket, flashed through her brain. If so, she soon realized that it would not be practicable. The window was not high, but it was small, and divided by thick, old-fashioned bars of iron. To get out was impossible.

As she stood considering, a thin, flickering moonbeam crept in and partially lighted up the room. It fell on to the door that led into the pedlar's chamber, and showed her something dark and slimy that was flowing slowly—slowly from under it into her room. She did not cry out or fall senseless. She bent down and put her hand into it, and saw that it was blood—her poor old friend's life-blood—for she knew now beyond all doubt that he had been murdered for the sake of his supposed wealth.

"SHE STOOD CONSIDERING."

She knew she was helpless till morning. To get out of the house was impossible, for to do so she must pass down the stairs and through the room below, where probably they were either sleeping or watching. If she had courage and could only let them think she knew and suspected nothing, she might still escape. Surely they would not dare to murder her also, for they knew her husband would be expecting her next day, and would be looking for her if she did not come.

With another prayer, this time uttered shiveringly, for the soul of the pedlar, she nerved herself to get into bed again, and lay there till morning with her child against her heart; gazing with staring, sleepless eyes at the door which divided her from that awful room; keeping surely the most terrible vigil that ever woman kept.

At last the morning dawned, clear and bright. A frost had set in, and the roads were clean and hard, the sky was blue. If it had not been for that ghastly stain that had crept across the far end of her room, she might almost have thought that the events of the night had been but a fearful dream.

Her child awoke, fresh and smiling, and she could hear them stirring in the living room below. She felt that now, indeed, the hardest part of her task was still before her. On a little table by the side of her bed there was a small, cracked looking-glass. When she was dressed she looked into it and saw that it reflected a face death-like in its pallor, with burning lips and feverish eyes. She took the bottle from her pocket again and gulped down the rest of its contents. It sent a flush into her cheeks and steadied the sick trembling that was shaking her through and through.

Without stopping to think or look round again, she took up her boy and descended the stairs, and entered the room where they had supped on the previous night.

The old woman was its sole occupant now. She was bending over the fire frying something for breakfast, and the table in the centre of the room was prepared for the meal. She looked if possible more untidy and slovenly than when Babette had last seen her, and greeted the girl with a feeble smile. Then she poured her out a cup of coffee, and Babette had sat down and begun to sip it (for she knew she must make a pretence of breakfasting) when the eldest son came in. There was a very uneasy look upon his evil-looking face.

"How are you?" he asked, sullenly, as he sat down opposite her. "I hope, rested. Did you sleep well?"

Never afterwards did she know how she found courage to answer him as she did, quietly and firmly:—

"Yes, very well, thank you. But my friend—he must have over-slept himself—why is he not down?"

The old woman dropped a plate with a clatter and turned round. The man looked Babette straight in the face as he replied, and she met his glance with one just as steady.

"The pedlar is gone," he said, as he sugared his coffee carefully. "He paid his

bill and was off before seven. You will probably see him in Brussels, for he was going there."

"Yes," repeated Babette, "I shall very likely meet him in Brussels, but I don't even know his name. And I, too, good people, ought to be starting. The morning is fine, and walking will be easy." She drank down her coffee as she spoke and rose. "I cannot eat," she exclaimed, seeing that they both looked suspiciously at the thick slice of currant-bread, that lay untouched on her plate. "I think I am excited at the thought of seeing my husband again. It seems so long since we parted, and now we shall meet so soon."

In her own ears her voice sounded far away and unnatural, but they did not seem to notice anything strange in her. The old woman, with a meek "Thank you," took the humble payment she tendered, and they let her go; only the big, burly eldest son stood at the door and watched her as she went slowly down the little pathway and out through the creaking gate into the snowy road. She only looked back once, and then she saw that a dingy signboard hung in front of the house. The picture of what was meant for a cow, and had once been white, was depicted on it, and the words "A la Vache Blanche" were clumsily painted underneath. So the house was an inn, evidently, and as Babette read the words she dimly remembered having heard, long ago, that there was an inn of that name not far from Brussels. It was kept by some people named Marac, whose characters were anything but good, and who had been implicated in several robberies that had taken place some years before, although the utmost efforts of the police had failed to trace any crime directly home to them.

"Oh, heavens! Why did I not see that sign last night?" the girl thought, despairingly, as she trudged along the hard, frosty road. "It would have saved his life and perhaps my reason."

She sped along faster and faster, for the house was now quite out of sight. In the distance the way began to wind up-hill, and a stunted, leafless wood straggled along one side of the highway. Babette was just considering whether going through it would shorten her journey, when a woman, dressed in the ordinary peasant costume of the country, emerged from it and came towards her with quick, firm steps. She was tall and rather masculine looking. The black Flemish cloak she wore hung round her in straight, thick folds. She carried a market basket on one arm; a neat white cloth concealing the eggs and butter that probably lay underneath.

"Good-day," she said, in thick, guttural tones, as she reached Babette. "Are you on the way to Brussels?"

Babette made way for her to pass, somewhat shyly.

"Yes," she said, "and I am in haste; but the roads are heavy and I have my baby to carry."

As she answered, her eyes happened to fall on the stranger's right hand, which was ungloved and clasping the basket. And as she looked her heart seemed suddenly to quiver and stand still, for across that strong right hand there ran a deep red scar, precisely similar to the one she had noticed on the previous night on the hand of the youngest brother at the "Vache Blanche."

It did not take long for the whole horrible truth to flash across her. Doubtless they had felt insecure after their terrible deed, and the youngest Marac had been dispatched after her, disguised as a woman, with instructions to way-lay her by some shorter cut, in order to find out if she was really ignorant of the frightful way in which the pedlar had met his untimely end.

As these thoughts chased each other through her mind, she felt as if her great terror was slowly blanching her face, and her limbs began to tremble till she could hardly drag herself over the ground. But her baby's warm little heart, beating so closely against her own, once more gave her strength. She dropped her eyes so that she might no longer see that awful hand, and tottered on by the new-comer's side, striving to imagine that it was indeed only a harmless peasant woman who was walking by her, and trying to remember that every step was bringing her nearer to Brussels and protection. Her companion glanced at her curiously, and Babette shivered, for she fancied she saw suspicion in the look.

"You seem tired," she, or rather he, said, always speaking in the same low, thick tones. "Brussels is barely two miles off, and it is yet early, but perhaps you have not rested well. Where did you sleep?"

Too well did the girl know why that question was asked her, and now that her first sickening horror was over, her brave spirit nerved itself once more.

"I was journeying with a friend yesterday," she replied, "when the snow-storm overtook us. Luckily we met a man whose home lay in our road. He was very good, and took us there and gave us supper and beds."

The stranger laughed.

"A good Samaritan, indeed! And your friend? Where is he now? Did he find his hosts so hospitable that he was unable to tear himself away?"

"No," said Babette, gently, "he started early; before I came down he was far on his road. They were very good to me, and gave me coffee before I left. I am a poor woman, and could do but little to repay them. The two francs I gave them were almost my last."

This speech, uttered in such a soft, even voice—for Babette had schooled herself well by now—seemed to satisfy her companion, and they walked on side by side in silence for what seemed to the poor girl the longest hour she had ever passed.

At last, in the far distance there rose the spires and roofs of Brussels. The chiming of church bells came gaily towards them through the frosty air, and Babette knew that her terrible journey was well-nigh ended. At the entrance of the town the stranger stopped.

"Good-bye," she said, curtly; "I am late for the market, and must sell my eggs quickly or shall not get my price."

She turned down a side street and disappeared, and Babette felt her strength and mind both failing her now that she was out of danger. She staggered weakly into a big, dim church, by the door of which the parting happened to have taken place. Here she sank down in a heavy, death-like swoon in front of one of the side-altars, with her baby wailing fretfully at her breast. When she came to herself again she was seated in the sacristy, and her hair and face were wet with the water they had flung over her. By her side stood a black-robed, kindly-faced curé and two or three women, who were trying to force some wine down her throat. By degrees her strength came back, and she raised herself and asked piteously for her child. Then, when he was in her arms, she told her story.

Wonder, horror, and bewilderment all dawned in turns on her hearers' countenances, and it was not until she unpinned her baby's shawls and handed the shabby pocket-book to the priest that they were quite certain they had not to deal with some poor, wandering lunatic. But when the money had been looked at and replaced, then, indeed, they saw the necessity for prompt action. The curé caught up his hat, and, after whispering a few words to the women, hurried out of the sacristy.

"He is gone to the police," said one. "Poor child"—laying her hand caressingly on the girl's damp hair—"what hast thou not passed through! Mercifully the mass was not over, so we found thee at once. Lie still and rest. Give me but thy husband's name and address, and in one little half-hour he shall be by thy side."

And so he was, and then, when she had been examined by the chief of the police and

"GOOD-BYE."

sobbed out her story all over again, from the shelter of Paul's broad arms, she felt safe at last. She went peacefully home with her husband, and after a good night's rest in the little rooms he had taken for her, she was able to listen calmly when told next day of the capture of the whole Marac family. They had been taken red-handed in their guilt, for had not the pedlar's body been found in a disused cellar under their house?

He was brought to Brussels to be buried, but his name was never known, and his money was never claimed. Probably, as he had told Babette, he had been a friendless old man, wandering alone from place to place.

The police were generous. Half his money was given to the poor and the rest was handed to Babette, and helped to furnish her new home.

A simple stone cross now marks the unknown pedlar's grave; but flowers bloom there abundantly, and though nameless, he is not forgotten. Many a prayer is uttered for him both by Babette and her children, for the memory of that terrible New Year's Eve will never fade from her mind.

"SHE SANK DOWN IN A HEAVY, DEATH-LIKE SWOON."

# *Personal Reminiscences of Sir Andrew Clark.*

By E. H. Pitcairn.

WITH a heartfelt pang, hundreds read in an evening paper on October 20th of the serious illness of Sir Andrew Clark, so truly spoken of by George Eliot as "the beloved physician." Only the previous day he had presided at the Annual Harveian Oration as President of the College of Physicians.

He had more than one warning by severe attacks of illness, and by the recurrence of very painful symptoms, that he was overtaxing his strength, but they were unheeded. A patient once told him he had a horror of having a fit. "Put it away," said Sir Andrew; "I always do." There was only one person to whose fatigue and exhaustion he was indifferent—that was himself.

It is said that he always hoped to die in his carriage or consulting-room, and it was in the latter, while talking with a lady (the Hon. Miss Boscawen) about some charity, that he was seized with the illness which ended so fatally. In his case it is no morbid curiosity which makes thousands interested in every detail concerning him.

On one day as many as six hundred people, several of whom were quite poor patients, called to ask how he was, and daily inquiries from all parts, including the Royal Family were a proof how much he was respected. Very peacefully, on Monday, November 6th, about five o'clock, he passed away, and on the following Saturday, after a service at Westminster Abbey, he was buried at Essendon, near Camfield, the property he had so lately bought and where he spent his last holiday. The world has already been told how the English nation showed their respect for the President of the College of Physicians, and in him the profession he so dearly loved was honoured.

What was the reason of this demonstration of respect? Because individuals seem to have felt a sense of irreparable *loss*. Very many have the idea that there are few others with his gifts who would respond in the same way to their demand for sympathy and help; for Sir Andrew's interest in each patient was real. There was an attractive force about him, difficult to describe, and which only those who knew him could understand, for he was nothing if not original. It is impossible in this brief sketch to give an adequate portrait of a great personality and to tell the story of his life's work. I shall but try to mention some of his distinctive qualities and characteristics, illustrated by a few facts. Two or three real incidents sometimes give a better idea of a man's character than pages of generalities.

*From a Photo. by]* SIR ANDREW CLARK. *[Bassano.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE GRAVE IN ESSENDON CHURCHYARD. *[Mavor & Meredith.*

Sir Andrew was born at Aberdeen in October, 1826. His father died when he was seven years old, and his mother at his birth. To the end of his life he regretted never having known a mother's love. His childhood, spent with two uncles, does not seem to have been very happy, and he had no brother or sister. He was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and at the former place took his degree.

As a young man he gained first medals in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, materia medica, surgery, pathology, and practice of physic.

At twenty-two, in very delicate health, he entered the Royal Navy as assistant-surgeon, and was appointed to the hospital at Haslar. His subsequent medical career is pretty generally known. He obtained almost every possible honour, culminating in the Presidency of the College of Physicians for the lengthy term of six years.

Sir Andrew was devoted to the College. He made an excellent President, and a dignified, courteous, and just chairman. His successor will find it no easy task to fill his place.

He took an intense interest in all that concerned the welfare of the College, and gave many proofs of his affection, one of the last being a donation of £500 last year towards its redecoration. Not a great many laymen know the College by sight. It is a corner building in Trafalgar Square, the entrance facing Whitcomb Street. The meetings of the Fellows are held in the magnificent library, lined with 60,000 volumes, chiefly classics. Opening out of the library is the Censors' room, panelled with old oak, and hung with portraits of former Presidents, chiefly by old masters. At an examination the President sits at the end of the table with his back to the fireplace, the Registrar (Dr. Liveing) opposite, and the Censors on either side. In front of the President is a cushion with the Caduceus, the Mace, and the Golden Cane. It was in the library that Sir Andrew presided at the Harveian Oration the day before he was taken ill.

Sir Andrew could not be judged of by the surface. As Sir Joseph Phayres truly says: "I have known him intimately, and the more I knew him the more I respected and admired him." Those who knew him best loved him best. One has only to read how one leading man after another writes of him with enthusiastic appreciation (in the *Medical Journal*) to learn what his colleagues thought of his medical skill and personal character.

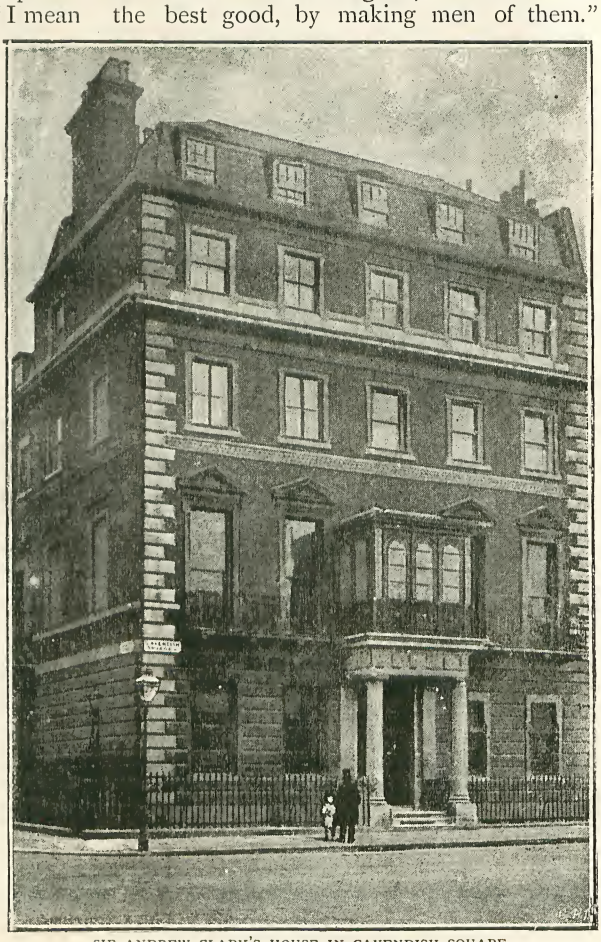
A bishop recently spoke of him as the truthful doctor; and a young girl, who from a small child had stayed with him, told me he would always correct himself if he had told an anecdote the least inaccurately; and one day this summer when walking round their

*From a Photo. by]* CAMFIELD HOUSE, ESSENDON. *[Mayor & Meredith.*

garden with him she said the caterpillars had eaten all their gooseberry trees; "I mean the gooseberry *leaves*," she added. Sir Andrew immediately said, "I am glad you are particular to say what is exactly true"; but, she added, there was always *something* to remember in everything he said. With regard to another point, a clergyman who knew Sir Andrew very intimately once told me that "No man of this century had a more keenly religious mind; he was so saturated with thoughts of God and so convinced that God had spoken to man. He was intensely religious, with a profound sense of the supernatural; he certainly was a great example to very busy men in the way he always managed to find time for church, and even when called away to a distance he would, if possible, go to a church near where he happened to be." In addition to these qualities, he was very just, sympathetic, and generous.

I have come across many friends who knew him well, and it is interesting to note that the same cardinal points seem to have struck everyone as the key-notes of his life. In almost identical words each one speaks of his strong faith, his strict veracity, and his intense devotion to duty. One of his old friends said to me the other day: "*Nothing* would tempt Clark away from what he thought right; his conscientiousness was unbounded."

His love of metaphysics, combined with a very high motive, made him naturally interested in the *whole* man—body, mind, and spirit. To quote the words of a well-known bishop: "It was his intrepid honesty which was so valuable a quality. In Sir Andrew Clark men felt that he wished to do them good, and to do them the best good, by making men of them."



SIR ANDREW CLARK'S HOUSE IN CAVENDISH SQUARE.
*From a Photograph by Mayor & Meredith.*

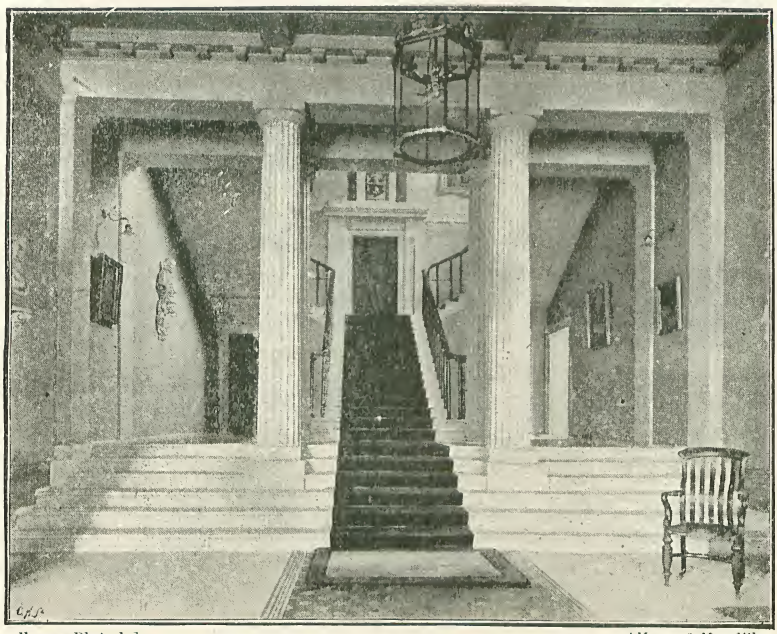
The bishop told me a characteristic anecdote illustrating this: "A clergyman complained to him of feeling low and depressed, unable to face his work, and tempted to rely on stimulants. Sir Andrew saw that the position was a perilous one, and that it was a crisis in the man's life. He dealt with the case, and forbade resort to stimulants, when the patient declared that he would be unequal to his work and ready to sink. 'Then,' said Sir Andrew, 'sink like a man!'" This is but one of many incidents showing his marvellous power in restraining his patients and raising them to a higher moral level. The writer could tell a far more wonderful story of the saving of a drunkard, body and soul, but it is too touching and sacred for publication. At the top of the wall of that well-known consulting-room (in which Sir Andrew is said to have seen 10,000 patients annually), immediately facing the chair where he always sat, are the words: "Glory to God."

With regard to his profession he was an enthusiast. He termed medicine "the metropolis of the kingdom of knowledge," and in one of his addresses to students, said: "You have chosen one of the noblest, the most important, and the most interesting of professions, but also the most arduous and the most self-denying, involving the largest sacrifices and the fewest rewards. He who is not prepared to find in its cultivation and exercise his chief recompense, has mistaken his calling and should retrace his steps."

He had an ideal, and he did his utmost to live up to it. His words in many instances did as much good as his medicine.

*From a Photo. by]* CENSORS' ROOM—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS. *[Mayor & Meredith.*

To explain what I mean I cannot do better than quote part of a letter received since Sir Andrew's death, from a delicate, hardworking clergyman, whom I have known some years. After speaking of Sir Andrew's painstaking kindness, "never seeming the least hurried," he says: "He had a wonderful way of inspiring one with confidence and readiness to face one's troubles. I remember his saying once, 'It is wonderful how we get *accustomed* to our troubles,' and at another time, while encouraging me to go on with work—reading for Orders: 'If one is to die, it is better to die doing something, than



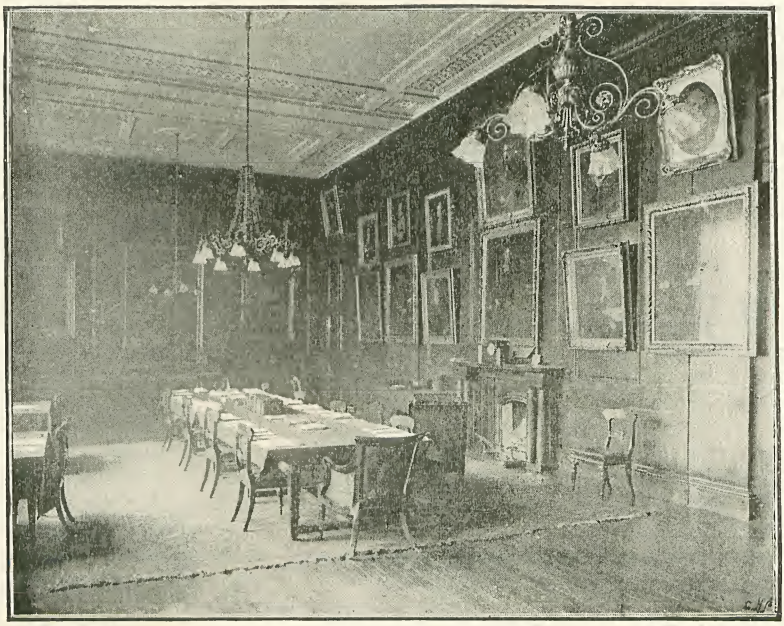
*From a Photo. by]* ENTRANCE HALL—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS. *[Mayor & Meredith.*

doing nothing.' I have often found that a help when feeling done-up and useless. In the old days when people used to go and see him without an appointment, I have often sat for hours in his dining-room, feeling so ill that I felt as if I should die before I saw him, but after having seen him I felt as if I had got a new lease of life. I was not at all hypochondriacal or fanciful, I think, but that was the moral effect of an interview with him. I believe he revolutionized the treatment of cases like mine, and that he, to a certain extent, experimented on me; at any rate, he treated me on philosophical principles, and told me often" (he went to him for twenty years) "that I had become much stronger than he had expected. He said to me several times: 'You are a wonderful man; you have saved many lives.'"

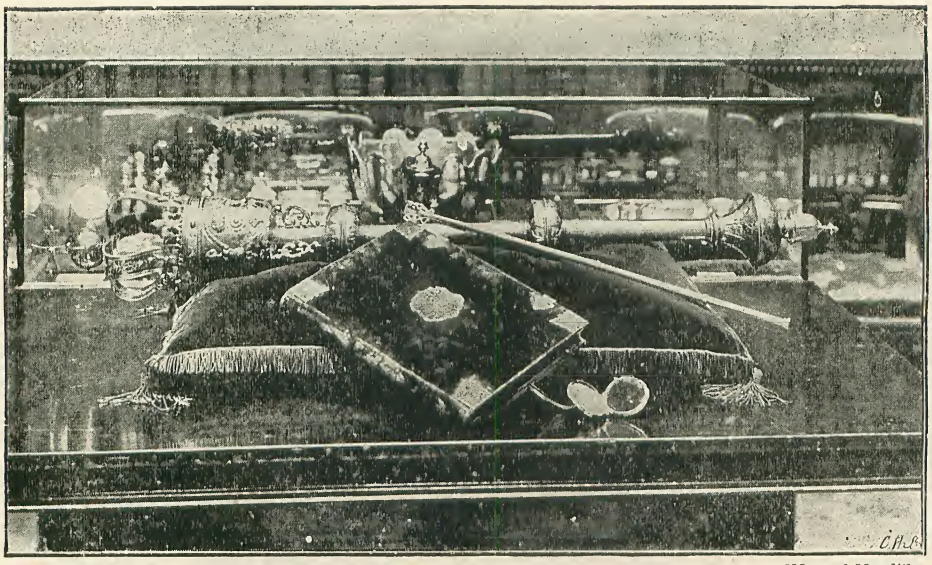
This my correspondent understood to mean the experiments had been successful.

"He once said that if I had died at that time, there was not a doctor in London would have approved of his treatment. He gave a description of my case some years ago, in a lecture—I think at Brighton — but of course without the name. The particular weakness was valvular disease of the heart, the consequence of rheumatic fever, and this treatment was founded on the principle that Nature always works towards compensation. He told me many years ago that that particular mischief was fully compensated for."

He loved his work and never tired of it.



*From a Photo. by]* THE READING-ROOM—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS. *[Mayor & Meredith.*



*From a Photo. by]* THE CADUCENS, MACE, BOOK, AND SEAL—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS. *[Mayor & Meredith.*

He often told the story how his first serious case, and encouraging cure, was himself. With severe hemorrhage of the lungs, he was told it would be at the risk of his life if he went on with his studies. A doctor, however, he made up his mind he would be, and that he would begin by making every effort to cure himself. With characteristic determination, he persisted in a strict regimen of diet and fresh air. "I determined," said Sir Andrew, "as far as my studies would allow me—for I never intended to give them up—to live in the fresh air, often studying out of doors; and in a short time I was so much better that I was able to take gentle exercise. I got well, and I may almost say I got over the trouble which threatened me." The lungs were healed, and a result which seemed inevitable avoided. He would often say he obtained his first appointment at the London Hospital chiefly out of pity, the authorities thinking he would not live six months, but he outlived almost every one of them.

No man could have kept on for fourteen and sixteen hours a day, as Sir Andrew did, without unbounded enthusiasm and an absorbing interest.

His enormous correspondence must have been the great tax. Most people are disinclined to write a dozen letters at the end of a hard day's work; but Sir Andrew often came home at eight o'clock with the knowledge that letters would occupy him until after midnight. His letters averaged sixty per day. These would be answered by return, except where minute directions were inclosed.

Only the other day, a friend of his told me, Sir Andrew came in the morning, a short time before he was taken ill, looking very tired and worried. On being asked the reason, he said he had not slept all night, for he went to see a patient three days before, and because he had not sent the table of directions, the patient wrote saying he would not try his treatment. "I never slept," said Sir Andrew, "thinking of the state of mind to which I had unavoidably reduced that poor patient."

In order to get through his work he had a light breakfast at 7.30, when he read his letters, which were opened for him. From eight until two or three he saw patients, his simple luncheon being taken in the consulting-room. He would then go to the hospital, College of Physicians, or some consultation; he had often after that to go to see someone at a distance, but he never worried a patient by seeming in a hurry, however much pressed for time.

He had a very strong sense of responsibility, and would never rest himself by staying the night if it were unnecessary. A rich patient in Devonshire once offered him a large sum to stay until the next morning. "I could do you no good," said Sir Andrew, "and my patients will want me to-morrow." Among his patients were almost all the great authors, philosophers, and intellectual men of the day. Longfellow, Tennyson, Huxley, Cardinal Manning, and numerous others were his warm friends. He always declared he caught many a cold in the ascetic Cardinal's "cold

house." An old pupil truly says Sir Andrew had the rare faculty of surveying the conditions and circumstances of each one, gathering them up, and clearly seeing what was best to do. Professor Sheridan Delapine says: "He was specially fond of quoting Sydenham's words: 'Tota ars medici est in observationibus.'"

After asking what was amiss and questioning them on what they told him, he would say: "Give me a plan of your day. What is your work? When do you take your meals? Of what do they consist? What time do you get up, and when do you go to bed?" Notwithstanding the keenness of his eye and natural intuition, which found out instantly far more than was told, he not only eagerly and attentively listened, but *remembered* what his patient said. Sir Henry Roscoe gave me a striking instance of this, and I cannot do better than quote his exact words:—

"I first made Sir Andrew's acquaintance about twenty years ago at Braemar, where he was spending the autumn, and, as was his kindly wont, had with him a young Manchester man, far gone in consumption, to whom he acted as friend, counsellor, and physician. In our frequent walks and talks, I confided in the eminent doctor that I had suffered from that frequent plague of sedentary men, the gout. 'Come and see me any morning in Cavendish Square before eight,' said he, 'and I will do what I can for you.' Many years slipped by; living then in Manchester, I never took advantage of the kind offer, and I never saw Sir Andrew until some eight years afterwards. I was calling on my old friend, Sir Joseph Whitworth, who at that time had rooms in Great George Street. As I came quickly out of the front door, Clark's carriage drove up, and almost before it stopped the Doctor 'bounced' out and we nearly ran against each other. In one 'instant-minute,' as our American friends say, he accosted me: 'Well! How's the gout?' He had no more idea of meeting me at that moment than of meeting the man in the moon, and yet, no sooner had he seen my face—which he had not looked upon for eight years—than the whole 'case' flashed upon him. Since that time I have often seen him, and I shall always retain not only a high opinion of his great gifts, but also an affectionate remembrance of his great-heartedness."

Literary people and brain-workers particularly interested him, and they found in the kind doctor a friend who understood them. He would advise all writing that involved thought to be done in the morning before luncheon. The evening might be spent in "taking in" or reading up the subject of a book or paper, but there must be no giving out. For brain-workers who were not strong, he insisted on meat in the middle of the day; he declared that for this class it was "physiologically wicked" even to have luncheon without.

To one who spoke of fatigue after a comparatively short walk, he replied: "Walk little, then. Many who work their brain are not up to much exercise. I hardly ever walk a mile myself; but that need not prevent men having plenty of fresh air."

Some people laugh at his rules for diet, etc., forgetting that these simple directions are based on deep knowledge of the human frame. Let them laugh. Many who have tried them know they have been different people in consequence. His incisive words —"My friend, you eat too much!" "My

*From a Photo. by]* THE LONDON HOSPITAL. *[Mayor & Meredith.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE HARRISON WARD—LONDON HOSPITAL. *[Mayor & Meredith.*

friend, you drink too much!" would not be appreciated by all; but Sir Andrew thought nearly all diseases were the outcome of the constant and apparently unimportant violation of the laws of health. Those who were hopelessly ill would always hear the truth from him, but he would leave no stone unturned to lessen their suffering. Many an incurable patient has he sent to a home from the London Hospital, and visited them afterwards. Only the other day I heard of patients he had sent to St. Elizabeth's, Great Ormond Street, where incurable patients are nursed and cared for until they die, and never left the hospital without leaving a guinea with one of the nuns. Sir Andrew had no stereotyped plan. It was not merely the disease, but the individual he treated. A friend told me he saved her aunt's life. She could not sleep, and Sir Andrew ordered them to give her breakfast at five, "for after tossing about all night she might sleep after having some food," and so it proved.

To others who might get well, he would say: "Fight for your life."

Twelve years ago a lady (whom I met lately) had hemorrhage of the lungs three times. She was told by seven doctors in the country that she "had not a week to live." She had young children, and determined to make a great effort to see Sir Andrew Clark. He prophesied she would get well, providing she at once left the damp climate where she was then living and made her permanent home at Malvern. A week after she had taken his remedies she walked up the Wrekin. From that day she saw Sir Andrew once every year, and looks upon herself as a monument of his skill.

"Die to live," was a favourite saying of Sir Andrew's. "In congenial work you will find life, strength, and happiness." This certainly was his own experience. Only in July last he said to the writer of this notice: "I never know what it is to feel well now, but work is the joy of my life."

He could, however, place strict limits as to how much a *patient* might work. It is well known how docile and obedient a patient he had in Mr. Gladstone. One evening, coming downstairs muffled up to avoid a worse cold, he was met by Sir Andrew with the greeting, "Where are you going?" "To the House," said Mr. Gladstone. "No, you are not," replied his friend; "you are going straight to bed!" and to bed he went. Sir Andrew also limited the time Mr. Gladstone should speak. On one occasion, however, notwithstanding the fact that the peremptory adviser was present, watch in hand, Mr. Gladstone, after throwing down the written speech as the

clock struck, went on for another half-hour!* This disobedience was the exception which proved the rule.

Mr. Gladstone was a friend for whom Sir Andrew had the highest respect and veneration, and hardly ever passed a day without going to see him. Shortly before he was taken ill he said: "For twenty years I have never heard Gladstone say an unkind or vituperative word of anyone."

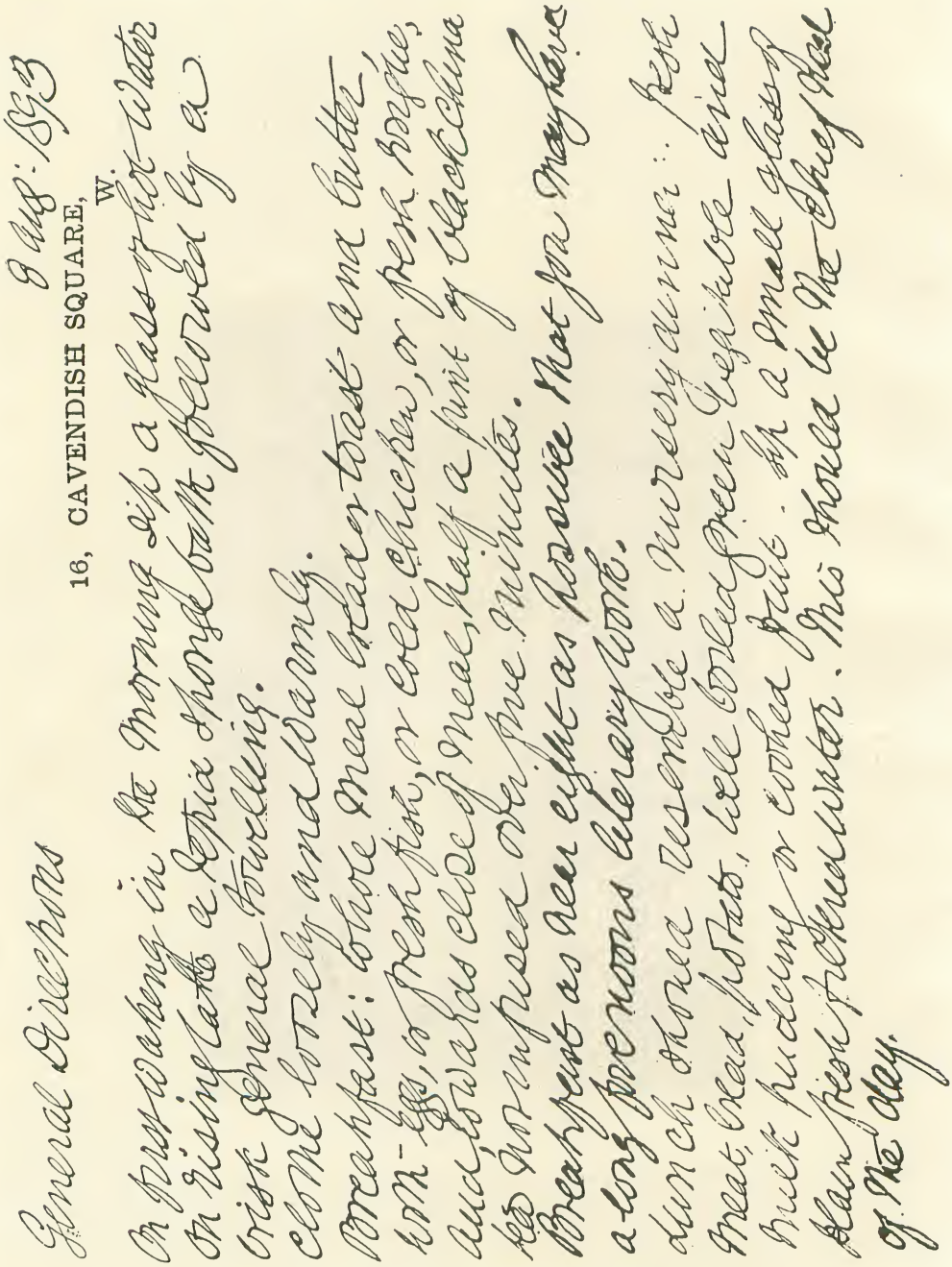
With respect to fees, he always took what was offered: sometimes he would receive £500 for a long journey, sometimes two guineas. The following is no doubt but one of many similar experiences. After a hard day's work he was urgently summoned to a place 120 miles from London. It was a very wet night. There was no carriage to meet him; no fly to be had. After walking a mile or two he arrived at a small farm, and found the daughter suffering from an attack of hysteria. Sir Andrew, with his usual kindness, did what he could and evidently gave satisfaction, for when he left the mother said: "Well, Sir Andrew, you have been so kind we must make it double," and handed him two guineas. He thanked them and said: "Good-bye."

NURSE HARRISON—LONDON HOSPITAL.
(The nurse who attended Sir Andrew Clark in his last illness.)
*From a Photograph by Mayor & Meredith.*

Sir Andrew would never hear of charging more than his usual fee because a person happened to be very rich. In a word, he was honest. On one occasion when going to see a patient in the south, the doctor who was to meet him in consultation met Sir Andrew at the station, told him they were rich, and quite prepared to pay a very high fee. But Sir Andrew replied: "I did not come from London," and naming the place where he was staying, said, "My fee is only a third of the sum you name." Sir Andrew was not indifferent to fees; on the contrary, he rather took a pride in telling how much he earned. He is said to have once received £5,000 for going to Cannes, the largest *medical* fee known. Some, however, have wondered who did pay him—so numerous were his non-paying patients. From Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy, sisters, nuns, and all engaged in any charitable work (unless rich men) he would never consent to receive a fee, at the same time making it felt that unwillingness to accept his advice "would deprive him of a pleasure"; and it was felt that this was literally true, and if anything the patients whom he saw "as a friend" were shown more consideration than others. "Come and see me next week," he said to one who demurred to the necessity for going again, knowing he would not accept a fee, "and I will arrange that you shall not be kept waiting."

The present Lord Tennyson writes: "We are among the many who are much indebted to Sir Andrew Clark. It was in a great measure owing to him that my father recovered from his dangerous attack of gout in 1888, when 'he was as near death as a man could be.' After this illness Sir Andrew

* The substance of this anecdote, which I quote from memory, appeared in the *Daily News*, and happened at Newcastle.




FACSIMILE OF A PRESCRIPTION WRITTEN BY SIR ANDREW CLARK.

paid us a visit, at Aldworth, in the summer of 1889. He told us that he had come in spite of a summons from the Shah, to which he had replied that the Shah's Hakim could not obey, as he had promised to visit his old friend—the old Poet. Sir Andrew added: 'This disobedience of your humble and devoted physician for the sake of his friend, the crowned King of Song, struck the crowned King of Kings so much that, so far from being offended, he took a noble view, and, as a mark of signal honour, sent me the Star of the Second Class of the Lion and Sun of Persia.'"

Sundays were often spent out of town, at Hawarden and elsewhere, and latterly at Camfield, the house so lately purchased. Both this and his town house were entirely furnished, as he wished each to be complete in itself.

Already at Essendon the example of his life was felt to be a power for good, as well as the kind interest he took in his poorer neighbours, inviting them up to his house, promising to give the men a dinner at Christmas, etc. Yet Sir Andrew was no "country gentleman"; his favourite recreation was books. On being asked: "Which way are we looking? In which direction is London?" he replied: "I don't know." "Don't you know how the house stands, or what soil it is built upon?" and again he had to plead ignorance.

SIR JAMES CLARK.
(Eldest son of Sir Andrew Clark.)
*From a Photograph by Wyrall, Aldershot.*

Nevertheless, his love of neatness made him notice if a place was in good order. One day, driving over to see some neighbours, after congratulating them on the well-kept garden, he was getting into the carriage, when he suddenly remembered he had not told the gardener how much pleased he was with the whole place, and with his usual courtesy insisted on going back to find him.

One of Sir Andrew's holidays was a trip to Canada, when he accompanied the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, on the former being appointed Governor-General there. This he did as a friend, and in no way in a medical capacity. He was most popular on the voyage out among the passengers, keeping the ship alive with jokes and amusing stories, and many called him "Merry Andrew." He was almost boyish in his keen enjoyment of a holiday. He was evidently devoted to music, and was delighted with the beautiful string band the Duke of Edinburgh brought on board at Halifax. In Canada, Sir Andrew was most warmly received and universally liked by everyone. Amongst others he made the acquaintance of Sir John Macdonald.

The Princess told me without doubt there was one predominating interest in his mind, and that the supernatural — whether at a British Association meeting, the College of Physicians, or speaking privately to his own friends. He realized the impossibility of explaining by scientific methods the supernatural. He would often say: "There is more in Heaven and earth than this world dreams of. Given the most *perfect* scientific methods, you will find beyond abysses which you are powerless to explore."

He had the greatest charm of mind, and, needless to say, was a delightful companion. His topics of conversation were extremely varied; he liked dialectics for talk and argument's sake, and enjoyed talking to those who had somewhat the same taste. Possibly for this reason he did not fully appreciate children, although they amused him, and he liked to understand their ideas. A friend of Sir Andrew's staying with him at the time told me the following characteristic anecdote: One afternoon during his autumn holiday in Scotland the footman came in to put coals on the fire, and a child (a relation) coughed vehemently. "Why do you cough so much?" said Sir Andrew. "To make James look at me," said the child. Sir Andrew was "solemnly interested," and afterwards took it as a parable of a woman's nature, which, speaking generally, he considered morally and ethically inferior to a man's. In his opinion very many women were wanting in the two great qualities — justice and truth — considering their own, their children's, or their husband's interests first rather than what was absolutely right.

One subject that interested him very much was heredity, and he had, of course, countless opportunities of studying it. "Temperance and morality," he would say, "are most distinctly transmitted, especially by the mother; but," said Sir Andrew, "in

spite of heredity, I am what I am by my own choice."

Sir Andrew was a great reader. Metaphysics, philosophy, and theology were his favourite subjects, especially the latter—he also occasionally read a good novel. Reading was his only relaxation, for it was one he could enjoy while driving or in the train. Dr. Russell, who was with him when going to attend the tercentenary of Dublin College, tells the story how Sir Andrew not only read but wrote hour after hour in the railway carriage, and, in addition, listened to the conversation. Dr. Russell Reynolds, Sir James Paget, Sir Dyce Duckworth, and Sir R. Quain were of the party, and the two latter joined Dr. Russell in remarking with him that it would ruin his eyesight. "I am using my eyes, not abusing them," replied Sir Andrew; "you cannot injure any organ by the exercise of it, but by the excess of exercise of it. I would not do it were I not accustomed to read and write without the smallest amount of mischief."

I much regret that lack of space prevents my describing the London Hospital as I should like. Of most hospitals Sir Andrew was a governor, but his great interest was the London, of which he and Lady Clark were both life governors.

While Sir Andrew was visiting physician he came regularly twice a week, as well as for consultation. He was interested in everything that concerned the patients, and always had a kind word for the nurses. One nurse in the Charlotte Ward (Sir Andrew Clark's) said he used literally to shovel out half-crowns at Christmas when he asked what the patients were going to do. Everyone speaks of the pecuniary sacrifice and strain his connection with the hospital involved. He endowed a medical tutorship, also scholarships for students. Students, nurses, etc., would eagerly listen to his informal expositions in the wards, as he invariably showed a grasp of the subject that was equally minute and comprehensive. "He would start from some particular point and work his way point by point down to the minutest detail, not bewildering by a multiplicity of facts, but keeping them all in order with perfect handling, until the framing of the whole thing stood out luminously clear to the dullest comprehension. An old pupil says his well-known authoritative manner was the result of a profound and laboriously acquired knowledge of his art, acquired by years of careful work in hospital wards and post-mortem rooms."—*Medical Journal.*

Happily there are two portraits of Sir Andrew. The last beautifully painted picture by Mr. Watts (which by the great kindness of the artist is allowed to be reproduced in this sketch) was only finished a few days before Sir Andrew was taken ill—for he could only sit from eight till nine a.m. It is one of the series Mr. Watts is so generously giving to the nation, and he "thinks it one of his best." Sir Andrew himself was delighted with it, saying in his hearty way to Mrs. Watts: "Why, it *thinks!*" The position in the picture by Frank Holl is unfortunate.

*From a Painting by]* SIR ANDREW CLARK. [*G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Very imperfectly I have described the varied work of a man of limitless energy, with an exceptionally keen appreciation of men and things. A great man has passed away, and we are poorer in consequence.

# *Beauties :—Children.*

*From a Photo. by Heath & Bradnee, Exeter.*

*From a Photo. by J. Hargreaves, Barrow-in-Furness.*

*From a Photo. by Medringtons, Ltd., Liverpool.*

*From a Photograph.*

Kathleen Keyse

Madge Erskine.

Dorothy Birch Done.

*From a Photo. by Allison & Allison, Belfast.*

*From a Photo. by Stanley Hurst, Wrexham.*

*From a Photo. by G. Rilsdale Cleare, Lower Clapton, N.E.*

*From a Photo. by J. W. Thomas, Colwyn Bay.*

*From a Photo. by Norman, May, & Co., Ltd., Malvern.*

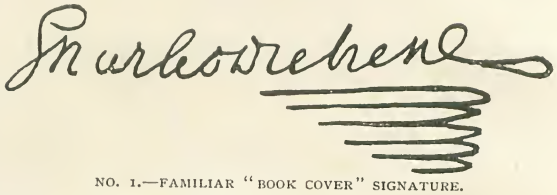
# *The Signatures of Charles Dickens (with Portraits).*

FROM 1825 TO 1870.

(Born 7th February, 1812; died 9th June, 1870.)

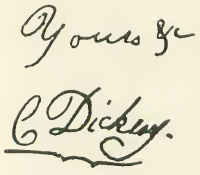
BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

"EVERYBODY knows what Dickens's signature is like"—says the reader who bases acquaintance with it upon the familiar, gold-impressed facsimile on the well-known red covers of his works—"a free, dashing signature, with an extensive and well-graduated flourish underneath." (No. 1.)



NO. 1.—FAMILIAR "BOOK COVER" SIGNATURE.

Aye! But have you ever seen an original Dickens-letter? Have you ever handled, not one, but hundreds of his documents—letters, franked envelopes, cheques signed by Dickens, cheques indorsed by him, legal agreements bearing his signature, and the original MSS. of his works? Owing to the kindness of owners and guardians of Dickens-letters, etc. I have been able to supplement the materials in my own collection by numerous facsimiles taken direct from a priceless store of Dickens-MSS. Here are some of the specimens. We will glance over them, and in doing so will view them, not merely as signatures, but also as permanently-recorded tracings of Dickens's nerve muscular action—of his *gesture*. The expressive play of his facial muscles has gone, the varying inflections of voice have gone, but we still possess the self-registered and characteristic tracings of Charles Dickens's hand-gesture.

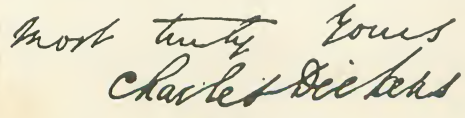


NO. 2.—WRITTEN IN 1825.

In No. 1 we have the signature of Dickens as he wrote it when aged forty-five to fifty; in No. 2 there is the boy's signature at the age of thirteen, written to a school-fellow. This youthful signature shows the existence in embryo form of the "flourish" so commonly associated with Dickens's signature. It is interesting to note that the receiver of this early letter has stated that its schoolboy writer had "more than usual flow of spirits, held his head more erect than lads ordinarily do," and that "there was a general smartness about him." We shall perhaps see that the direct emphasis of so many of Charles Dickens's signatures which is given by his "flourish" may be fitly associated with certain characteristics of the man himself. We may also note that high spirits and vigorous nervous energy are productive of redundant nerve-muscular activity in any direction—hand-gesture included.

Let us look at some other early signatures. Hitherto they have been stowed away in various collections, and they are almost unknown.

The next facsimile, No. 3, is remarkable as being

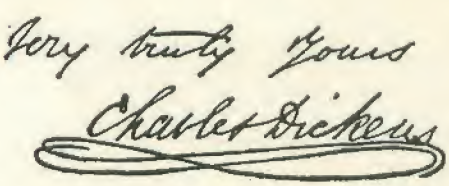


NO. 3.—WRITTEN IN 1830.

almost the only full signature out of hundreds I have seen which lacks the flourish; this specimen is also worth notice, owing to the "droop" of every word

AGE 18.
*From a Miniature by Mrs. Janet Barrow.*

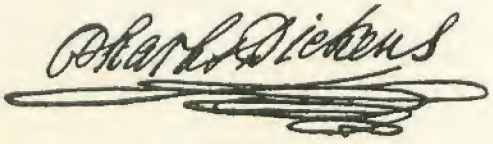
below the horizontal level from which each starts—a little piece of nerve-muscular evidence of mental or physical depression, which may be tested by anyone who cares to examine his own handwriting produced under conditions which diminish bodily vigour or mental *élan.*



NO. 4.—WRITTEN IN 1831.

The writing of No. 4 is very like that of No. 3; the easy curves below the signature are cleverly made, and while they indicate much energy, they also point to a useful confidence in self, owing to the deliberate way of accentuating the most personal part of a letter—its signature.

No. 5 is the facsimile of a signature to a letter which was written in the Library of the British Museum to "My dear Knolle"; the letter ends: "Believe me (in haste), yours most truly." At this time—1832—Dickens was a newspaper reporter, and it is curious to notice that in spite of "haste" he yet managed to execute this complex movement underneath the signature. Its force and energy are great, but we shall see even more pronounced developments of this flourish before it takes the moderated and graceful form of confident and assured power.

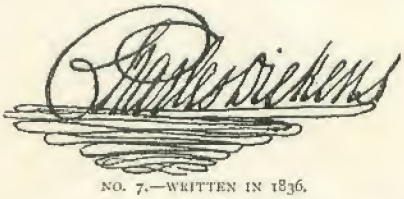


NO. 5.—WRITTEN IN 1832.

There is still more force and "go" about No. 6: it was written on "Wednesday night, past 12," and also in haste. Dickens was reporting for the *Morning Chronicle*, and was just starting on a journey, but yet there are here two separate flourishes; one begins under the *s* of *Charles* and ends under the *C* of that name; the other starts under the capital *D* and finishes below the *n* of *Dickens*.

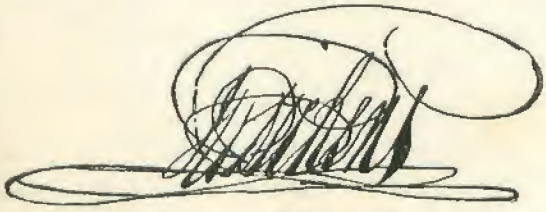
NO. 6.—WRITTEN IN 1833 OR 1834.

The intricacy of the next facsimile, No. 7, is an ugly but a very active piece of movement. This group of curves is equal to about a two-feet length of pen-stroke, a fact which indicates an extraordinary amount of personal energy. Dickens was then writing his "Sketches by Boz," and this ungraceful elaboration of his signature was probably accompanied by a growing sense of his own capacity and power. During the time-interval



NO. 7.—WRITTEN IN 1836.

AGE 23.
*From a Miniature by Miss R. E. Drummond.*

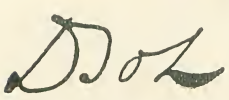


NO. 8.—WRITTEN OCT. 1, 1836.

between the signatures shown in Nos. 7 and 8, the first number of the "Pickwick Papers" was published—March, 1836—and Charles Dickens married Catherine Hogarth on the 2nd of April in that year. The original of a very different facsimile (No. 9) was written as a receipt in the account-book of Messrs. Chapman and Hall for an advance of £5.

NO. 9.—WRITTEN IN 1837.

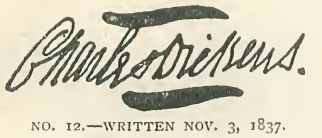
The six facsimiles numbered 9 to 15 deserve special notice. The originals were all written in the year 1837, and I have purposely shown them because their extraordinary variations entirely negative the popular idea about the uniformity of Dickens's handwriting, and because these mobile hand-gestures are a striking illustration of the mobility and great sensibility to impressions which were prominent features in Charles Dickens's nature.



NO. 10.—WRITTEN IN 1837.

NO. 11.—WRITTEN NOV. 3, 1837.

Common observation show us that a man whose mind is specially receptive of impressions from persons and things around him, and whose sensibility is very quick, can scarcely fail to show much variation in his own forms of outward expression—such, for example, as facial "play," voice-inflections, hand-gestures, and so on. Notice the originality in the position of the flourishes shown in No. 9, and compare the ungraceful movement of it with the much more dignified and pleasing flourishes in some of the later signatures. A whimsical origin-



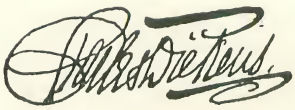
NO. 12.—WRITTEN NOV. 3, 1837.

ality of mind comes out also in the curious "B" of "Boz" (No. 10).

The next pair—Nos. 11 and 12—are interesting. No. 11 shows the signature squeezed in at the bottom of a page; the flourish was attempted, and accompanied by the words: "No room for the flouish," the *r* of

AGE 25.
*From a Drawing by H. K. Browne.*

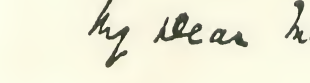
NO. 13.—WRITTEN NOV. 18, 1837
*(Taken from the Legal Agreement re "Pickwick.")*

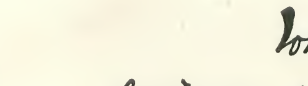


NO. 14.—WRITTEN IN 1837.

*flourish* being omitted. No. 12 was written on the envelope of the same letter.

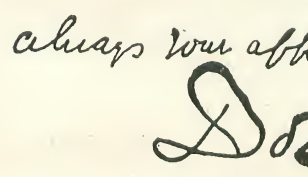
No. 13 is a copy of a very famous signature: the original is on a great parchment called "Deed of License Assignment and Covenants respecting a Work called 'The Pickwick Papers,'" and which, after a preamble, contains the words: "Whereas the said Charles Dickens is the Author of a Book or Work intituled 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' which has been recently printed and published in twenty parts or numbers," etc. It is probable that the fact of the seal being placed between *Charles* and *Dickens* prevented the flourish which almost invariably accom-





NO. 15.—WRITTEN MARCH 12, 1841.
(*Announcing the Death of "Raven," a prominent character in "Barnaby Rudge."*

panied his signatures on business documents; the marked enlargement of this signature takes the place of the flourish, and shows an unconscious emphasis of the *ego*. It would be almost unreasonable for us to expect that

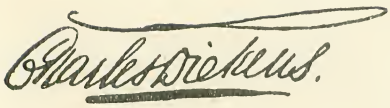


NO. 16.—WRITTEN IN 1841.

so impressionable a man, who was also feeling his power and fame, could abstain from showing outward signs of his own consciousness of abnormal success. Yet, in the private letters of Dickens, the simple "C. D." is very frequent: a few examples of it are given in this article, and their present number in no way represents the numerical relation of these simple signatures to the more "showy" ones. It may at once be said that this point of difference is alike interesting to the student of gesture and to the student of Dickens's character. He was certainly a very able man of business, and the wording of his "business" letters fully bears out the idea conveyed by his "business" signature—so to speak—that Dickens was fully aware of his own powers, and that, quite fairly, he did not omit to impress the fact upon other people when he thought fit. Both the wording and the signature of many of his private letters are simple and unostentatious to a high degree. This curious fact, which is now

AGE 29.
*From a Drawing by Alfred Count D'Orsay.*

AGE 30.
*From a Portrait-Bust by H. Dexter*



NO. 17.—WRITTEN IN 1841.

illustrated by Charles Dickens's own hand-gesture, ought to be remembered when people talk about Dickens's "conceit" and "love of show." My explanation is, I think, both logical and true.

No. 14 closes this series for the year 1837. It shows a quaint and pretty signature on a wrapper.

No. 15 shows part of a very humorous and famous letter announcing the death of the raven which figures in "Barnaby Rudge." Notice the curious originality of form shown in the capital *Y* and *R*. The wording of this letter is also quaintly original, and the sensitive mind of this man again caused his nerve-muscular

AGE ABOUT 30.
*From a Drawing by R. J. Lane, A.E.*

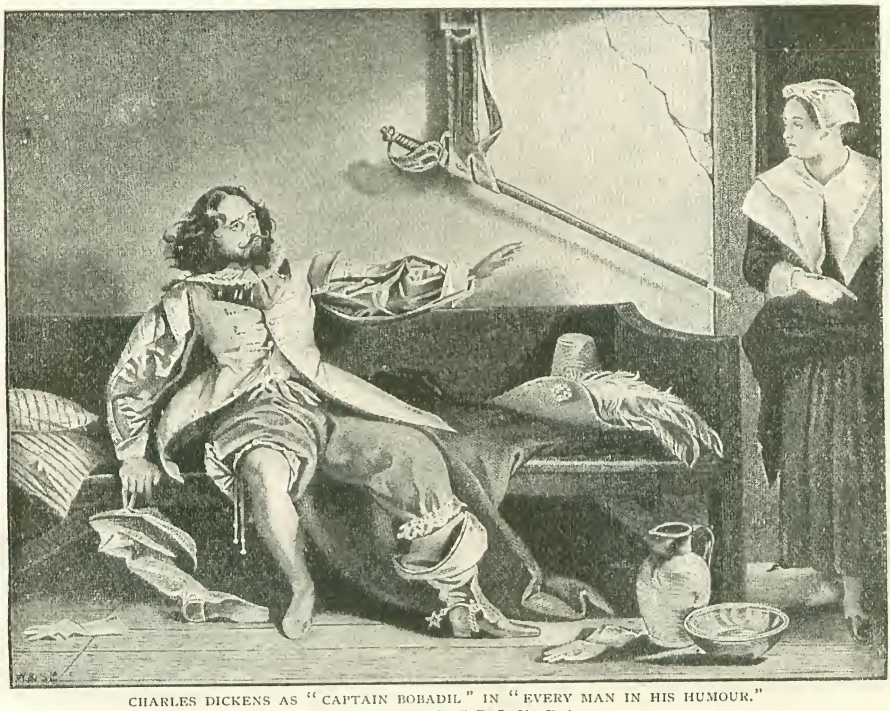
NO. 18.—WRITTEN IN 1843.

action—his gesture—to harmonize with his mood. Points of this kind, which the handwriting of Dickens

NO. 19.—WRITTEN IN 1845.

illustrates so well, have a deeper meaning for the observant than for the casual reader of a magazine article; they indicate that these little human acts, which have been so long overlooked by intelligent men, do really give us valuable data for the study of mind by means of written-gesture.

CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES," 1844.
*From the original Sketch by Daniel Maclise, R.A.*



CHARLES DICKENS AS "CAPTAIN BOBADIL" IN "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."
*From a Painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A.*

In No. 16 we see another and very original form of the "Boz" signature. No. 17 has a curious stroke of activity above the signature. No. 18 is a fine, strong signature.

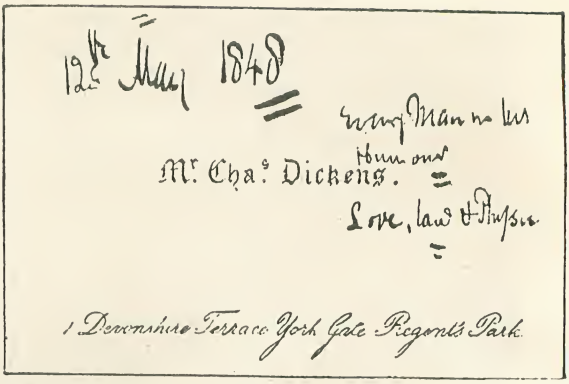
CHARLES DICKENS AS "SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM" IN "USED UP," 1850.
*From a Painting by Augustus Egg, R.A.*

CHARLES DICKENS IN HIS STUDY, 1854.
*From the Picture by E. M. Ward, R.A.*

No. 19 is remarkably vigorous and active. The well-controlled activity and energy of the signatures are now strongly marked. No. 20 explains itself; the curious *P* of *Pass* is worth notice.

AGE 44.
*From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.*

No. 21 is a stray illustration of clever and gracefully-executed movements which abound in Dickens's letters.



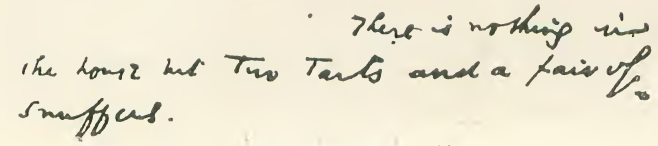
NO. 20.—WRITTEN MAY 12, 1848.
(PASS TO THE STAGE.)

NO. 21.—WRITTEN JULY 22, 1854.

See, in No. 22, how illness disturbed the fine action of this splendid organism; but illness did not prevent attention to detail—the dot is placed after the *D*.

NO. 22.—WRITTEN WHEN ILL,
OCT. 29, 1859.

When on a reading tour, Dickens wrote at Bideford the letter from which No. 23 has been copied. After writing that he could get nothing to eat or drink at the small inn, he wrote the sentence



NO. 23.—WRITTEN NOV. 1, 1860.

AGE 47.
*From an Oil Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.*

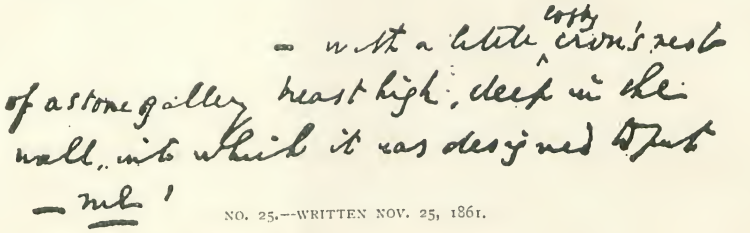
facsimiled. The exaggeration of the words is matched by the use of two capital *T*'s in place of two small *t*'s. The letter continues: "The landlady is playing cribbage with the landlord

DICKENS AS "RICHARD WARDOUR" IN "THE FROZEN DEEP."

in the next room (behind a thin partition), and they seem quite comfortable." No. 24 is another

NO. 24.—WRITTEN JAN. 17, 1861.

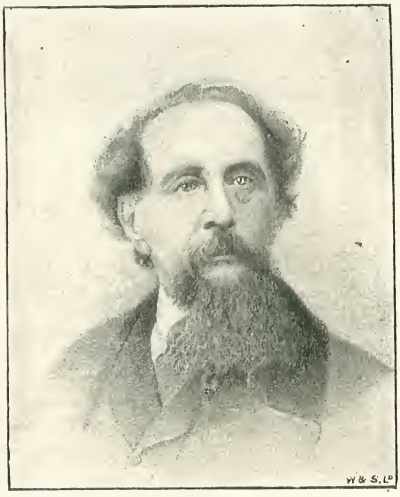
instance of the variation which, in fact, obtained up to the very day before death. No. 25 was written at Berwick-on-Tweed; it is an



NO. 25.—WRITTEN NOV. 25, 1861.

amusing letter, and states how the local agents wanted to put the famous reader into "a little lofty crow's nest," and how "I instantly struck, of course, and said I would either read in a room attached to this house . . . . or not at all. Terrified local

AGE 49.
*From a Photograph.*



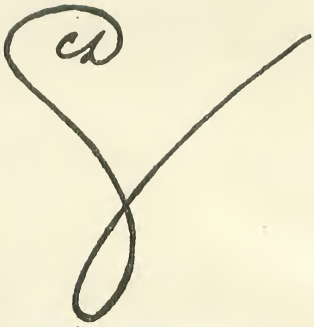
AGE 51.
*From a Photo. by Alphonse Maze, Paris.*

DICKENS IN HIS BASKET CARRIAGE.
*From a Photo. by Mason.*

CHARLES DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS, 1865.
*From a Photograph by R. H. Mason.*

agents glowered, but fell prostrate." By the way, notice, in No. 25, the emphasis of gesture on the *me*.

No. 26 is written in one con-

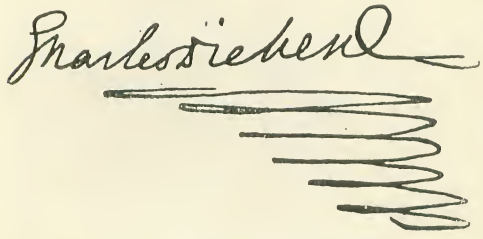


NO. 26.—WRITTEN FEB. 3, 1864.

tinuous stroke with a noticeably good management of the curves. The graceful imagination of this is very striking.

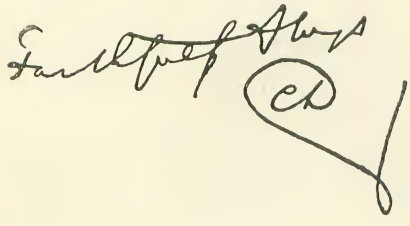
No. 27 shows the endorsement on a cheque.

But we near the end. Doctors had detected the signs of breaking up, which are not less plain in the written-gesture, and had strenuously urged Dickens to stop the incessant strain caused by his public readings. The stimulus of facing an appreciative audience would spur him on time after time, and then, late at night, he would write affectionate letters giving details of "the house," etc., but which are painful to see if one



NO. 27.—WRITTEN JUNE 7, 1866.

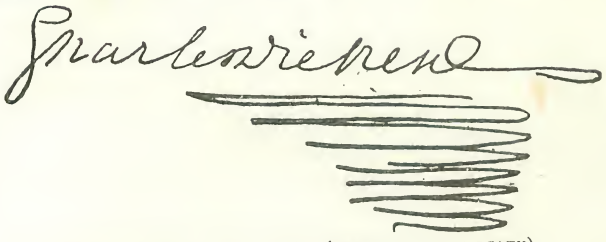
notices the constant droop of the words and of the lines across the page. Contrast the writing in No. 28, broken and agitated, with



NO. 28.—WRITTEN JUNE 6, 1870 (THREE DAYS BEFORE DEATH).

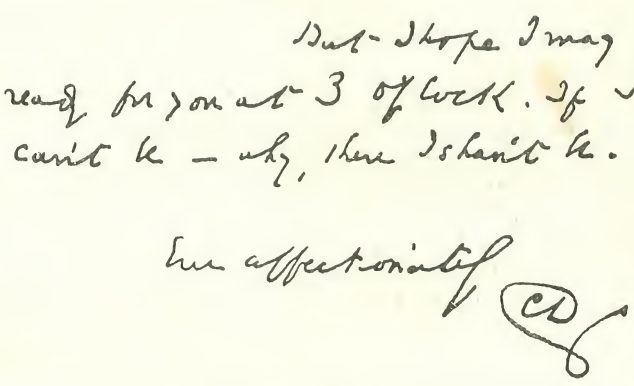
AGE 56.
*From a Photograph by Gurney, New York.*

some of the earlier specimens I have shown you. This was written three days before death. The wording of the letter from which No. 29 has been copied tells no tale of weakness, but the gesture which clothes the words is tell-tale. The words, and the lines of words, run downward across the paper, and No. 29 is very suggestive of serious trouble—and it is specially suggestive to those who have studied this form of gesture: look, for example, at the ill-managed flourish.



NO. 29.—WRITTEN JUNE 8, 1870 (ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH).

Now comes a facsimile taken from the last letter written by Charles Dickens. It has been given elsewhere, but, not satisfied with the facsimile I saw, I obtained permission to take this direct from the letter in the British Museum. This was written an hour or so before the fatal seizure. Every word droops below the level from which each starts, each line of writing descends across the



NO. 30.—WRITTEN JUNE 8, 1870 (ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH).
*From the last letter written by Charles Dickens.*

page, the simple *C. D.* is very shaky, and the whole letter is broken and weak. Charles Dickens was not "ready" at "3 o'clock"—he died at ten minutes past six p.m. And so ends this too scanty notice of a great man's written-gesture.

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NOTE.—Considerations of space and of the avoidance of technicalities have prevented a really full account of the written-gesture of Charles Dickens; scanty as the foregoing account is, the illustrations it contains could not have been supplied by any one collector of Charles Dickens's letters. I express my sincere gratitude to the many persons who have enabled me to give these illustrations, and only regret that one collector refused my request for the loan of some very early and interesting letters.

J. H. S.

# The Mirror.

George By Tyapy.

IT has always been said that the Japanese are the French of the Orient. Be that as it may, it is very clear that in certain traits which characterize the French, there is no resemblance whatever between the people of those two nations.

Almost as soon as a French baby (a girl, be it understood) is born, its first instinct is to stretch out its tiny hands for a mirror, in which to admire its beautiful little face and its graceful movements. This natural, and we may say inborn, taste grows with the child's growth, and ere the fair girl has reached her seventeenth year, her ideal of perfect bliss is to find herself in a room with mirrors on every side. There is indeed a room in the Palace of Versailles which is the elysium of the Frenchwoman. It is a long room with looking-glasses from ceiling to floor, and the said floor is polished so that it reflects, at any rate, the shadow of the feet.

Now, in the little Japanese village of Yowcuski a looking-glass was an unheard-of thing, and girls did not even know what they looked like, except on hearing the description which their lovers gave them of their personal

"HE PICKED UP ONE DAY IN THE STREET A SMALL POCKET HAND-MIRROR."

beauty (which description, by-the-bye, was sometimes slightly biased, according as the lover was more or less devoted).

Now it happened that a young Japanese, whose daily work was to pull along those light carriages such as were seen at the last Paris Exhibition, picked up one day in the street a small pocket hand-mirror, probably dropped by some English lady tourist on her travels in that part of the world.

It was, of course, the first time in his life that Kiki-Tsum had ever gazed on such a thing. He looked carefully at it, and to his intense astonishment saw the image of a brown face, with dark, intelligent eyes, and a look of awestruck wonderment expressed on its features.

Kiki-Tsum dropped on his knees, and gazing earnestly at the object he held in his hand, he whispered, "It is my sainted father. How could his portrait have come here? Is it, perhaps, a warning of some kind for me?"

He carefully folded the precious treasure up in his handkerchief, and put it in the large pocket of his loose blouse. When he went home that night he hid it away carefully in a vase which was scarcely ever touched, as he did not know of any safer place in which to deposit it. He said nothing of the adventure to his young wife, for, as he said to himself, "Women are curious, and then, too, *sometimes* they are given to talking," and Kiki-Tsum felt that it was too reverent a matter to be discussed by neighbours, this finding of his dead father's portrait in the street.

For some days Kiki-Tsum was in a great state of excitement. He was thinking of the portrait all the time, and at intervals he would leave his work and suddenly appear at home to take a furtive look at his treasure.

Now, in Japan, as in other countries, mysterious actions and irregular proceedings of all kinds have to be explained to a wife. Lili-Tsee did not understand why her husband kept appearing at all hours of the day. Certainly he kissed her every time he came in like this. At first she was satisfied with his explanation when he told her that he only ran in for a minute to see her pretty face. She thought it was really quite natural on his part, but when day after day he appeared, and always with the same solemn expression on his face, she began to wonder in her heart of hearts whether he was telling her the whole truth. And so Lili-Tsee fell to watching her husband's movements, and she noticed that he never went away until he had been alone in the little room at the back of the house.

"ALWAYS WITH THE SAME SOLEMN EXPRESSION."

Now the Japanese women are as persevering as any others when there is a mystery to be discovered, and so Lili-Tsee set herself to discover this mystery. She hunted day after day to see if she could find some trace of anything in that little room which was at all unusual, but she found nothing.

One day, however, she happened to come in suddenly and saw her husband replacing the long blue vase in which she kept her rose leaves in order to dry them. He made some excuse about its not looking very steady, and appeared to be just setting it right, and Lili-Tsee pretended there was nothing out of

the common in his putting the vase straight. The moment he had gone out of the house, though, she was up on a stool like lightning, and in a moment she had fished the looking-glass out of the vase. She took it carefully in her hand, wondering whatever it could be, but when she looked in it the terrible truth was clear. What was it she saw?

Why, the portrait of a woman, and she had believed that Kiki-Tsum was so good, and so fond, and so true.

Her grief was at first too deep for any words. She just sat down on the floor with the terrible portrait in her lap, and rocked herself backwards and forwards. This, then, was why her husband came home so many times in the day. It was to look at the portrait of the woman she had just seen.

Suddenly a fit of anger seized her, and she gazed at the glass again. The same face looked at her, but she wondered how her husband could admire such a face, so wicked did the dark eyes look: there was an expression in them that she certainly had not seen the first time she had looked at it, and it terrified her so much that she made up her mind not to look at it again.

"WHAT WAS IT SHE SAW?"

She had no heart, however, for anything, and did not even make any attempt to prepare a meal for her husband. She just went on sitting there on the floor, nursing the portrait, and at the same time her wrath. When later on Kiki-Tsum arrived, he was surprised to find nothing ready for their evening meal, and no wife. He walked through to the other rooms, and was not long left in ignorance of the cause of the unusual state of things.

"So this is the love you professed for me! This is the way in which you treat me, before we have even been married a year!"

"What do you mean, Lili-Tsee?" asked her husband, in consternation, thinking that his poor wife had taken leave of her senses.

"What do I mean? What do you mean? I should think. The idea of your keeping portraits in my rose-leaf vase. Here, take it and treasure it, for I do not want it, the wicked, wicked woman!" and here poor Lili-Tsee burst out crying.

"I cannot understand," said her bewildered husband.

"Oh, you can't?" she said, laughing hysterically. "I can, though, well enough. You like that hideous, villainous-looking woman better than your own true wife. I would say nothing if she were at any rate beautiful; but she has a vile face, a hideous face, and looks wicked and murderous, and everything that is bad!"

"Lili-Tsee, what do you mean?" asked her husband, getting exasperated in his turn. "That portrait is the living image of my poor dead father. I found it in the street the other day, and put it in your vase for safety."

Lili-Tsee's eyes flashed with indignation at this apparently barefaced lie.

"Hear him!" she almost screamed. "He wants to tell me now that I do not know a woman's face from a man's."

Kiki-Tsum was wild with indignation, and a quarrel began in good earnest. The street-door was a little way open, and the loud, angry words attracted the notice of a *bonze* (one of the Japanese priests) who happened to be passing.

"My children," he said, putting his head in at the door, "why this unseemly anger, why this dispute?"

"Father," said Kiki-Tsum, "my wife is mad."

"All women are so, my son, more or less," interrupted the holy *bonze*. "You were wrong to expect perfection, and must abide by your bargain now. It is no use getting angry, all wives are trials."

"But what she says is a lie."

"It is not, father," exclaimed Lili-Tsee. "My husband has the portrait of a woman, and I found it hidden in my rose-leaf vase."

"I swear that I have no portrait but that of my poor dead father," explained the aggrieved husband.

"My children, my children," said the holy *bonze*, majestically, "show me the portraits."

"Here it is; there is only one, but it is one too many," said Lili-Tsee, sarcastically.

The *bonze* took the glass and looked at it earnestly. He then bowed low before it, and in an altered tone said: "My children, settle your quarrel and live peaceably together. You are both in the wrong. This portrait is that of a saintly and venerable *bonze*. I know not how you could mistake so holy a face. I must take it from you and place it amongst the precious relics of our church."

So saying, the *bonze* lifted his hands to bless the husband and wife, and then went slowly away, carrying with him the glass which had wrought such mischief.

# *Handcuffs.*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY INSPECTOR MAURICE MOSER,

*Late of the Criminal Investigation Department, Great Scotland Yard.*

THE ordinary connection of ideas between handcuffs and policemen does not need very acute mental powers to grasp, but there is a further connection, a philological one, which is only evident at first sight to those who have made a small acquaintance with the science of words.

The word "handcuff" is a popular corruption of the Anglo-Saxon "handcop," *i.e.*, that which "cops" or "catches" the hands.

Now, one of the most common of the many slang expressions used by their special enemies towards the police is "Copper"—*i.e.*, he who cops the offending member. Strange as it may seem, handcuffs are by no means the invention of these times, which insist on making the life of a prisoner so devoid of the picturesque and romantic.

We must go back, past the dark ages, past the stirring times of Greek and Roman antiquity, till we come to those blissful mythological ages when every tree and every stream was the home of some kindly god.

In those olden days there dwelt in the Carpathian Sea a wily old deity, known by the name of Proteus, possessing the gift of prophecy, the fruits of which he selfishly denied to mankind.

Even if those who wished to consult him were so fortunate as to find him, all their efforts to force him to exert his gifts of prophecy were useless, for he was endowed with the power of changing himself into all things, and he eluded their grasp by becoming a flame of fire or a drop of water. There was one thing, however, against which all the miracles of Proteus were of no avail, and of this Aristæus was aware.

So Aristæus came, as Virgil tells us, from a distant land to consult the famous prophet. He found him on the sea-shore among his seals, basking in the afternoon sun. Quick as thought he fitted handcuffs on him, and all struggles and devices were now of no avail. Such was then the efficacy of handcuffs even on the persons of the immortal gods.

Having established this remote and honourable antiquity, we are not surprised at the appearance of handcuffs in the fourth century B.C., when the soldiers of a conquering Greek army found among the baggage of the routed Carthaginians several chariots full of handcuffs, which had been held ready in confident anticipation of a great victory and a multitude of prisoners.

The nearest approach to a mention that we find after that is in the Book of Psalms: "To bind their kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron." But in the Greek, the Latin, Wickliffe's, and Anglo-Saxon Bible we invariably find a word of which handcuffs is the only real translation. It is also interesting to note that in the Anglo-Saxon version the kings are bound in "footcops" and the nobles in "handcops."

In the early Saxon times, therefore, we find our instrument is familiar to all and in general use, as it has continued to be to this day. But during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there is no instance of the use of the word "handcop"; its place is taken by "swivel manacle" and "shackbolt," the latter word being often used by Elizabethan authors.

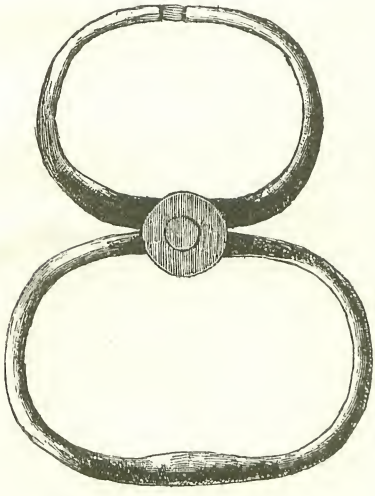
Handcuffs, like other things, have improved with time. Up to 1850 there were two kinds in general use in England. One of the forms, most common in the earlier part of this century, went under the name of the "Figure 8." This instrument does not allow the prisoner even that small amount of liberty which is granted by its modern counterpart. It was chiefly used for refractory prisoners who resorted to violence, for it had the advantage of keeping the hands in a fixed position, either before or on the back of the body. The pain it inflicted made it partake of the nature of a punishment rather than merely a preventive against resistance or attack. It was a punishment, too, which was universally dreaded by prisoners of all kinds, for there is no more unbearable pain than that of having a limb immovably confined.

The other kind of form known as the "Flexible" (No. 1) resembled in general

NO. 1.—THE "FLEXIBLE."

outlines the handcuffs used every day by detectives.

Contrivances, chiefly the result of American ingenuity, for the rapid and effectual securing



NO. 2.—THE "SNAP."

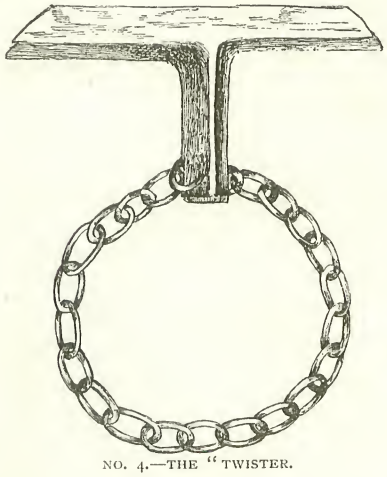
of prisoners have not been wanting, and among them the "Snap," the "Nippers" (No. 3) and the "Twister" must be mentioned.

The "Snap" (No. 2) is the one which used to be the most approved of. It consists of two loops, of which the smaller is slipped on the wrists of the person to be arrested, the bars are then closed with a snap, and the larger loop is held by the officer. The manner in which the "Twister" (No. 4) was used savours very much of the brutal, and, indeed, the injuries it inflicted on those who were misguided enough to struggle when in its grasp caused its abolition in Great Britain.

Its simplicity and its efficacy, together with the cruelty, have recommended it for use in

NO. 3.—"NIPPERS."

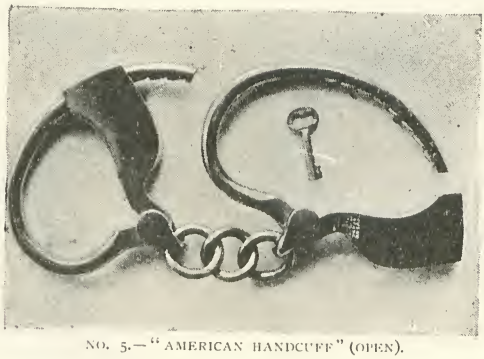
those wild parts of South America where the upholder of the laws literally travels with his life in his hands. It consists of a chain with handles at each end; the chain is put round the wrists, the handles brought together and twisted round until the chain grips



NO. 4.—THE "TWISTER.

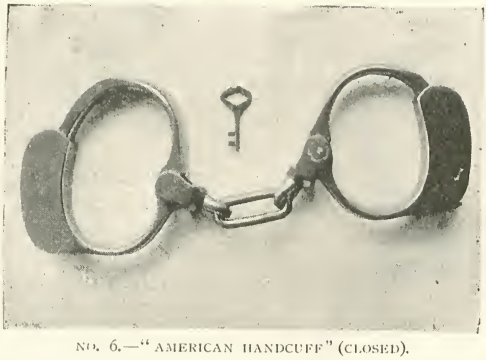
firmly. The torture inflicted by inhuman or inconsiderate officers can easily be imagined. When we see the comparative facility with which the detective slips the

handcuffs on the villain in the last act of Adelphi dramas, we are apt to be misled as to the difficulty which police officers meet with in the execution of one of the most arduous parts of their duty.



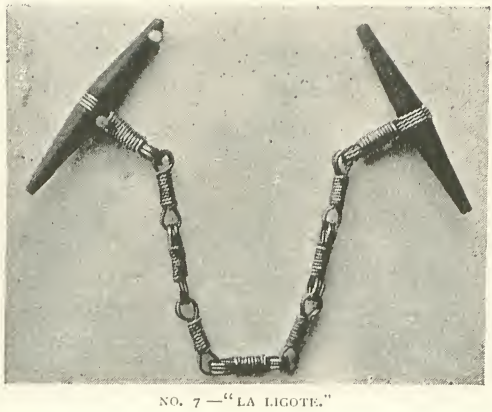
NO. 5.—"AMERICAN HANDCUFF" (OPEN).

The English handcuffs (No. 1) are heavy, unwieldy, awkward machines, which at the best of times, and under the most favourable circumstances, are extremely difficult of application. They weigh over a pound, and have to be unlocked with a key in a manner not greatly differing from the operation of winding up the average eight-day clock, and fastened on to the prisoner's wrists, how, the fates and good luck only know. This lengthy, difficult, and particularly disagreeable operation, with a prisoner struggling and fighting, is to a degree almost incredible. The prisoner practically has to be overpowered or to submit before he can be finally and certainly secured.



NO. 6.—"AMERICAN HANDCUFF" (CLOSED).

Even when handcuffed, we present to a clever and muscular ruffian one of the most formidable weapons of offence he could possibly possess, as he can, and frequently does, inflict the deadliest blows upon his captor. Another great drawback is the fact that these handcuffs do not fit all wrists, and often the officer is nonplussed by having a pair of handcuffs which are too small or too large; and when the latter is the case, and the prisoner gets the "bracelets" in his hands instead of on his wrists, he is then in possession of a knuckle-duster from which the bravest would not care to receive a blow.



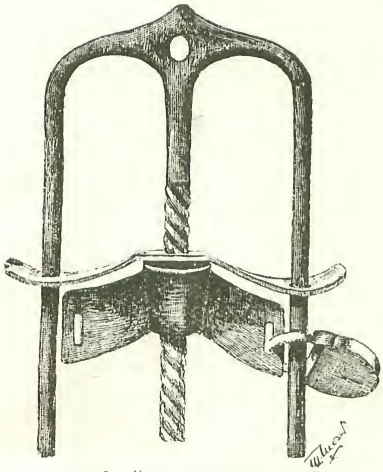
NO. 7.—"LA LIGOTE."

On the occasion of my arresting one of the Russian rouble note forgers, a ruffian who would not hesitate to stick at anything, I had provided myself with several sized pairs of handcuffs, and it was not until I had obtained the very much needed assistance that I was able to find the suitable "darbies" for his wrists. We managed to force him into a four-wheeler to take him to the police-station, when he again renewed his efforts and savagely attacked me, lifting his ironed wrists and bringing them down heavily on my head, completely crushing my bowler hat.

As the English handcuffs have only been formed for criminals who submitted quietly to necessity, it was considered expedient to find an instrument applicable to all cases. The perfected article comes from America (Nos. 5 and 6), and, being lighter, less clumsy, and more easily concealed, finds general favour among the officers of Scotland Yard. In fact, such are its advantages that we must presume that it differs considerably from the Anglo-Saxon "Handcop" and the somewhat primitive article used upon the unwilling prophet of the Carpathian Sea. This and the older kind, to which some of the more conservative of our detectives still adhere, are the only handcuffs used in England.

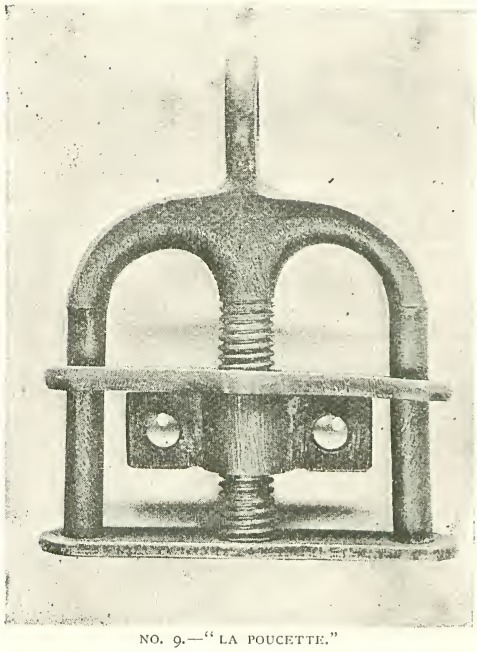
The ingenious detective of France, where crime and all

its appurtenances have reached such a state of perfection, is not without his means of securing his man (No. 7). It is called "La Ligote" or "Le Cabriolet." There



NO. 8.—"MEXICAN HANDCUFF."

are two kinds: one is composed of several steel piano strings, and the other of whip-cords twined together, and they are used much in the same way as the "Twister."

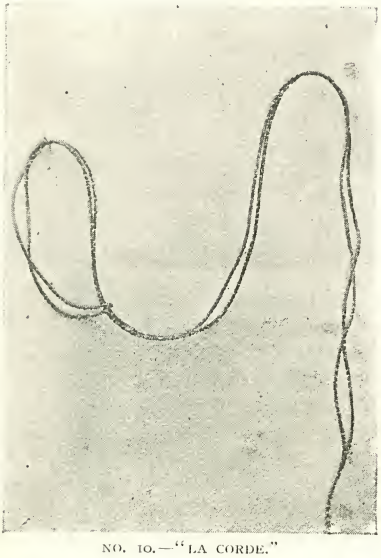


NO. 9.—"LA POUCETTE."

Any attempt to escape is quickly ended by the pain to which the officer who holds the instrument can inflict by a mere turn of his hand. One wrist only is under control, but as the slightest sign of a struggle is met by an infliction of torture, the French system is more effective than the English.

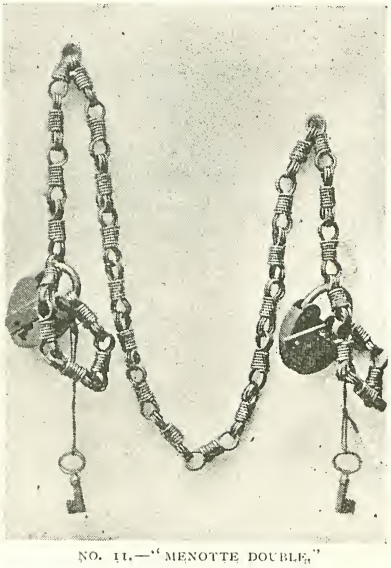
The Mexican handcuff (Nos. 8 and 9) is a cumbersome and awkward article, quite worthy of the retrograde country of its origin.

No. 10 shows an effective method of handcuffing in emergencies. The officer takes a piece of whipcord and makes a double



NO. 10.—"LA CORDE."

running knot; he ties one noose round the wrist of the prisoner, whose hand is then placed in his trousers pocket, the cord is lashed round the body like a belt, and brought back and slipped through the noose



NO. 11.—"MENOTTE DOUBLE."

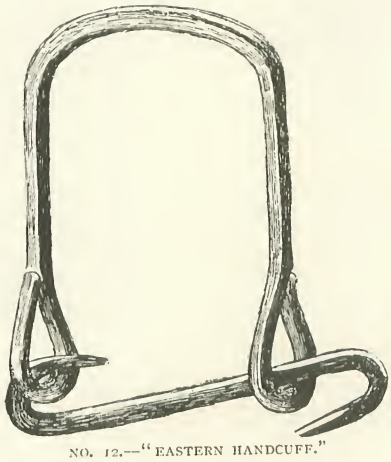
again. The prisoner when thus secured suffers no inconvenience as long as he leaves his hand in his pocket, but any attempt to remove it would cause a deal of suffering.

No. 11 is another handcuff of foreign make, and is merely used when a raid is about to be made, as it allows to a certain extent the use of the hands. It is useful for prisoners who are being conveyed by sea.

No. 12 is mostly used in Eastern Europe.

My personal experience of handcuffs is small, because I dislike them, for in addition to their clumsiness, I know that when I have laid my hands upon my man, it will be difficult for him to escape.

My intimate knowledge of all kinds of criminals in all kinds of plights justifies me in saying that when they see the game is up they do not attempt resistance. The only trouble I have had has been with desperadoes and old offenders, men who have once tasted prison-life and have a horror of returning to captivity.



NO. 12.—"EASTERN HANDCUFF."

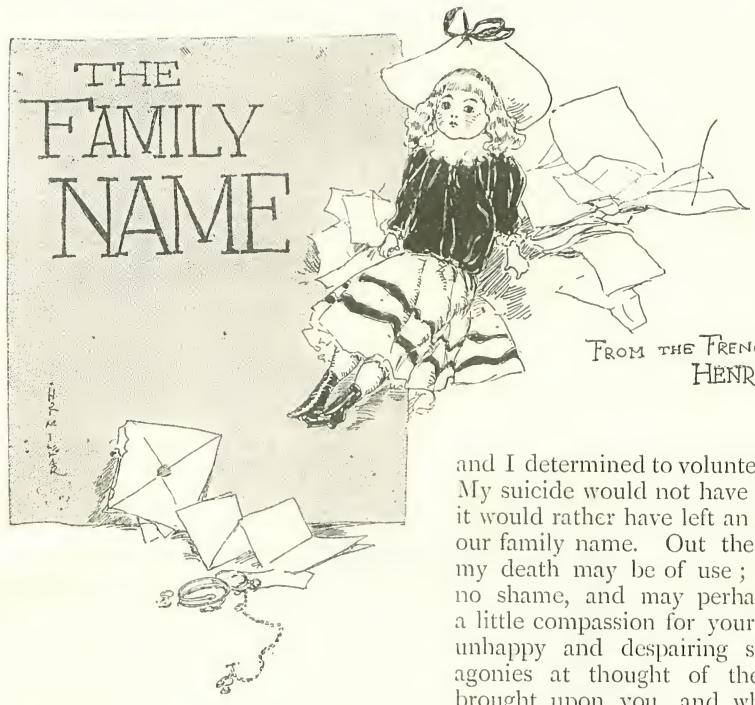
Expert thieves have been known to open handcuffs without a key, by means of knocking the part containing the spring on a stone or hard substance. It will be remembered that when the notorious criminal "Charles Peace" was being taken to London by train, he contrived, although handcuffed, to make his escape through the carriage window. When he was captured it was noticed that he had freed one of his hands.

I was once bringing from Leith an Austrian sailor who was charged with ripping open his mate, and as I considered that I had a disagreeable character to deal with, I handcuffed him. Naturally, he found the confinement irksome, and on our journey he repeatedly implored me to take them off, promising that he would make no attempt to escape. The sincerity of his manner touched me and I released him, very fortunately for myself, for I was taken ill before reaching London, and, strange as it may appear, was nursed most tenderly by the man who had ripped a fellow mate.

In Belgium the use of handcuffs by police officers is entirely forbidden. Prisoners are handcuffed only on being brought before the *Juge d'Instruction* or *Procureur du Roi*, and when crossing from court to court. Women are never handcuffed in England, but on the Continent it is not an uncommon occurrence.

Regarding handcuffs generally, in my opinion not one of the inventions I have mentioned now in use is sufficiently easy of application. What every officer in the detective force feels he wants is a light, portable instrument by means of which he can unaided secure his man, however cunning and however powerful he may be. I myself suggest an application which would grip the criminal tightly across the back, imprisoning the arms just above the elbow joints. Such an instrument would cause him no unnecessary pain, while relieving officers from that part of their duty which is particularly obnoxious to them, viz., having a prolonged struggle with low and savage ruffians.

I cannot refrain from relating a piquant little anecdote told to me by a French colleague, who had occasion to make an arrest, and came unexpectedly on his man. Unfortunately he was unprovided with handcuffs and was somewhat at a disadvantage, but being a quick-witted fellow, he bethought himself of an effectual expedient. Taking out his knife he severed the prisoner's buttons which were attached to his braces, thus giving the man occupation for his hands and preventing a rapid flight. I am indebted to M. Goron, Chief of the Detective Department in Paris, and other colleagues for some of the specimens here reproduced by me.




FROM THE FRENCH OF
HENRI MALIN

I.

ONE afternoon, Mons. Sauvallier received from his younger son—a lieutenant in garrison at Versailles—the following letter :—

"Versailles, May 25, 1883.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

"A terrible catastrophe has befallen me, one which will be a blow to you also. I am writing about it, because I dare not face you ; I deserve never to see you again !

"Led astray by a companion, I have been gambling on the Bourse, and am involved in yesterday's crash, in which so many fortunes have been suddenly swamped.

"I scarcely dare to tell you how much I have lost. Yet I *must* do so, for the honour of the Sauvalliers is concerned. Alas ! you will be all but ruined !

"I owe the sum of four hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs. Oh ! what a miserable wretch I am !

"When I found that the smash was inevitable I went mad, and entered my room with the intention of putting an end to my wretched existence. But more sober thoughts prevailed ; I changed my mind. I had heard that officers were being recruited for Tonquin, and I determined to volunteer for this service. My suicide would not have bettered matters ; it would rather have left an added blot upon our family name. Out there, at all events, my death may be of use ; it will cause you no shame, and may perhaps move you to a little compassion for your guilty, but most unhappy and despairing son, who suffers agonies at thought of the trouble he has brought upon you, and who now bids you an eternal farewell !

"CAMILLE SAUVALLIER."

Mons. Sauvallier, who had been a widower for several years past, was one of the most respected business-men of Paris, the owner of a foundry, a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, and an officer of the Legion of Honour. He had two sons : Camille, the lieutenant ; and Auguste, an artist of some originality, who was the husband of a charming wife, and the father of a little six-year-old maiden named Andrée. Mons. Sauvallier had always deterred his sons from embarking in trade. He had shrunk from exposing them to the ups and downs of business life, its trying fluctuations, its frequent cruel mischances. He had arranged that at his death his estate should be realized ; he did not wish the business to be sold outright, in case it should pass into the hands of strangers who might sully the hitherto unblemished name of Sauvallier.

And now, in spite of all his precautions, a disaster greater than any he had dreamed of had overwhelmed him.

Leaning back wearily in his arm-chair, with haggard eyes he re-read his son's letter, in order to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Yes ! It was too true ! Camille

had ruined, perhaps dishonoured, him! It seemed as though the objects that surrounded him—the very walls and furniture—were no longer the same! As one staggering beneath a too heavy burden, he rose with difficulty, his limbs stiff, yet his whole frame agitated; then he sank back into his chair, with two big tears flowing down his cheeks.

By hook or by crook he *must* procure the sum, and the debt should be paid to-morrow. It would be a difficult task. The wealth of the manufacturer consists of material and merchandise. Would so hurried a realization yield the necessary amount? He could not tell. Again, when this debt was paid, would he be able to fulfil his engagements? Bankruptcy stared him in the face. A Sauvallier bankrupt? An officer of the Legion of Honour, a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, insolvent? Never! He would die first!

But before it came to that, he would try every expedient: he would strain every nerve.

So all night long the poor man planned and calculated, and in the morning, with heavy heart, proceeded to put his plans into effect.

"HE ROSE WITH DIFFICULTY."

He visited his numerous friends and told them of his trouble, which elicited much sympathy. In order to help, some made large purchases of him, paying ready money, others advanced or lent him money. All day until the evening he was running about Paris collecting cheques, bank-notes, and orders.

In the evening, as he sat down to ascertain the result of the day's efforts, Auguste came in with his wife and Andrée. To help his father, the artist had parted with some of his pictures at a sacrifice, and he now brought the sum thus gained.

Andrée, unconscious of the trouble of her elders, began to play with her "Jéanne," a doll nearly as big as herself, which her grandfather had given her some time previously, and which she loved, she said, "as her own daughter."

But the child soon observed the sadness of her parents and her dear grandfather, and she looked with earnest, inquiring gaze from one to the other, trying to discover what was amiss. She saw her father lay down his pocket-book, she watched her mother place upon the table her bracelets, necklaces, earrings, and rings, while Mons. Sauvallier thanked them with tears in his eyes. With a very thoughtful, serious expression on her little face, the child turned towards her doll, embraced it with the emotional fervour of a last adieu, then carried it to her grandfather, saying, in sweet, resigned tones: "Take it, grandpapa! You can sell her, too."

Mons. Sauvallier wept upon the neck of his little granddaughter, murmuring: "You also, my angel? Oh, that miserable boy!"

## II.

Thus Camille's debt was paid, and the honour of the Sauvalliers was saved. But the father's fortune had gone!

He was able, however, to retain his business. He said to himself that he must work still, in spite of his threescore years; that he must labour incessantly, with the anxious ardour of those beginning life with nothing to rely upon save their own exertions.

"HE NOW BROUGHT THE SUM THUS GAINED."

He reduced his expenses, gave up his own house and went to live with his son, sold his carriage and horses, discharged his servants, and stinted himself in every possible way. Auguste became his designer, Auguste's wife his clerk. Each accepted his or her share of the burden bravely and uncomplainingly, as an important duty which must at any cost be accomplished.

The conduct of this old man, so jealous for his name, so upright, so courageous in misfortune, excited profound sympathy. All who knew him pitied him; orders flowed in, and soon a quite exceptional activity pervaded the establishment from basement to roof, inspiring Mons. Sauvallier with a little hope. But one persistent fear disturbed his sleep, and troubled his waking hours. It was that some day he might hear that Camille had been gambling again, and was once more in debt. He had forbidden all mention of his erring son, but the thought of him was ever present, and lay like an incubus upon his heart.

One year passed, then another. The foundry still flourished; work positively raged therein. It had no rest; it also, as though endowed with a conscience, did its duty nobly. Its furnaces glowed like ardent eyes; its mighty puffing and snorting shook the ground; the molten metal, red and fuming, flowed from its crucibles like blood from its body. At an early hour of the morning was heard its piercing summons to the work-people, and all the night long its glare illuminated the sky.

## III.

THE campaign of Tonquin was in full swing. In the midst of an unknown country, harassed by innumerable difficulties, the French soldiers were contending painfully with an irrepressible, ever-rallying foe. The smallest success served to excite the popular patriotism, and all awaited impatiently the tidings of a decisive victory.

One morning, Auguste, looking very pale, entered his father's office, and handed him a newspaper. There, amongst "Latest intelligence," Mons. Sauvallier read the following:—

"From the camp entrenched at Dong-Song, February 12th, 1885.—To-day, Captain Sauvallier attacked the enemy with extreme vigour, fought all the day against considerable forces, and captured successively three redoubts. In attacking the last of the three, his soldiers, overpowered by numbers, were about to retreat; but, although seriously wounded in the head and thigh, the gallant officer, borne by two men, succeeded in rallying his company and leading them on to the assault. His conduct was admirable, but his condition is hopeless. I have attached the

cross to his breast. This brilliant feat of arms will enable me to enter Lang-Son to-morrow.—General Brière de l'Isle."

Sauvallier was on every lip. Camille's portrait appeared in the shop-windows; the illustrated journals depicted him before the redoubt,

'LEADING THEM ON TO THE ASSAULT."

Upon reading these words, Mons. Sauvallier felt a strange emotion, in which anguish mingled with joy. For a moment he was silent; then he said to his son, "You think that it is he? He is, then, a captain?"

He read the despatch again, then murmured softly: "The cross! Condition hopeless!" And a tear rolled down his cheek.

Two hours later the family received a formal intimation of Camille's deed and state from the Minister of War, and on the following day all the journals were praising Captain Sauvallier, son of the respected founder, of Grenelle. And now they gave details. Camille, it appeared, had been nominated captain a few months back. Throughout the campaign he had distinguished himself by his imperturbable coolness under fire, and reckless scorn of the death which he seemed to seek.

His act of heroic energy stirred the enthusiasm of Press and populace, and the name of carried upon the shoulders of two men, his sword pointed towards the enemy, encouraging his soldiers by his voice, gesture, and look, his forehead bound with a handkerchief, and his face bleeding.

Mons. Sauvallier could not go out of doors without seeing his son's presentment. From the news-stalls of the boulevards, the corners of the streets, the publishers' shop-fronts, a ubiquitous Camille watched him pass, and seemed to follow him with his eyes. Almost at each step the father received congratulations, while complimentary letters and cards covered his table to overflowing. But, alas! the telegrams which he received daily from Tonquin left him little hope that he should ever again behold in the flesh this dear son, of whom now he was so proud.

One morning, three months later, Mons. Sauvallier was at work in his office, when the door opened softly, and disclosed Andrée's curly head. The little one seemed in high

spirits, her eyes sparkled with glee. "See, grandfather, here he is!" she said, and led into the room Captain Sauvallier.

Auguste and his wife followed the pair. Mons. Sauvallier, taken completely by surprise, rose quickly from his chair, then stood motionless, overcome by his emotion. He saw before him Camille, with the scar upon his forehead, and the cross upon his breast—Camille, the hero of the hour, who had shed such lustre upon the family name!

Timid and embarrassed, like a child who has been guilty of a fault, Camille stood with bowed head, and when he saw how much his father had aged, he knew that it was his conduct which had wrought the sad change, and his contrition was deepened tenfold.

"HERE HE IS!"

But as he was about to throw himself at his father's feet, Mons. Sauvallier, with a sudden movement, clasped him to his breast, exclaiming, in a voice full of tears, "No, Camille! in my arms! in my arms!"

Father and son, locked together in closest embrace, mingled their sobs, while Auguste and his wife, looking on, wept in sympathy.

The silence was broken by Andrée. The child had vanished for a moment, but speedily reappeared, fondling her precious doll, which, it is needless to say, had not been sold. Holding it out to the captain, she said in her liveliest manner: "Here is Jéanne, uncle! You remember her? Give her a kiss directly! Don't you think that she has grown?"

# Major Microbe.

"I'VE been in the show business now going on for forty-three years," said the Doorkeeper, "and I haven't yet found a Dwarf with human feelings. I can't understand why it is, but there ain't the least manner of doubt that a Dwarf is the meanest object in creation. Take General Bacillus, the Dwarf I have with me now. He is well made, for a Dwarf, and when he does his poses plastic, such as 'Ajax Defying the Lightning,' or 'Samson Carrying off Delilah by the Hair,' and all the rest of those Scripture tablows, he is as pretty as a picture, provided, of course, you don't get too near him. He is healthy, and has a good appetite, and he draws a good salary, and has no one except himself to look after. And yet that Dwarf ain't happy! On the contrary, he is the most discontented, cantankerous, malicious little wretch that was ever admitted into a Moral Family Show. And he ain't much worse than an ordinary Dwarf. Now, the other Freaks, as a rule, are contented so long as they draw well and don't fall in love.

"The Living Skeleton knows that he can't expect to live long—most of them die at about thirty-five—but, for all that, he is happy and contented. 'A short life and a merry one is what I goes in for,' he often says to me, and he seems to think that his life is a merry one, though I can't myself see where the merriment comes in. So with all the rest of my people. They all seem to enjoy themselves except the Dwarf. My own belief is that the organ of happiness has got to be pretty big to get its work in, and that there ain't room in a Dwarf's head for it to work.

"I had a Dwarf with me once—Major Microbe is what we called him on the bills, where he was advertised as the 'Smallest Man in the World,' which, of course, he wasn't; but, then, every Dwarf is always advertised that way. It's a custom of the profession, and we don't consider it to be lying, any more than a President considers the tough statements lying that he makes in his annual message. A showman and a politician must be allowed a little liberty of statement, or they couldn't carry on their business. Well, as I was saying, thishyer Major Microbe was in my show a matter of ten years ago, when we were in Cincinnati, and he was about as vicious as they make them. The Giant, who was a good seven-footer, working up to seven and a half feet, as an engineer might say, with the help of his boots and helmet, was the exact opposite of the Dwarf in disposition. He was altogether too good-tempered, for he was always trying to play practical jokes on the other Freaks. He did this without any notion of annoying them, but it was injudicious; he being, like all other Giants, weak and brittle.

"What do I mean by brittle? Why, I mean brittle and nothing else. It's a good United States word, I reckon. Thishyer Giant's bones weren't made of the proper materials, and they were always liable to break. He had to take the greatest care of himself, and to avoid arguing on politics or religion or anything like that, for a kick on the shins would be sure to break one of his legs, which would lay him on the shelf for a couple of months. As for his arms, he was for ever breaking one or two of them, but that didn't so much matter, for he could go on the stage with his arm in splints and a sling, and the public always supposed that he was representing a heroic soldier who had just returned from the battle-field.

"One day the Giant put up a job on the Dwarf that afterwards got them both into

serious trouble. The Giant was loafing around the place after dinner, and he found the Dwarf asleep on a bench. What does he do but cover him up with a rug and then go

"HE FOUND THE DWARF ASLEEP ON A BENCH."

off in search of the Fat Woman, who was a sure enough Fat Woman, and weighed in private life four hundred and nineteen pounds. The Giant was popular with the sex, and the Fat Woman was glad to accept his invitation to come with him and listen to a scheme that he pretended to have for increasing the attractions of Fat Women. He led her up to where the Dwarf was asleep on the bench and invited her to sit down, saying that he had arranged a cushion for her to make her comfortable. Of course she sat down, and sat down pretty solid, too, directly on the Dwarf. The Dwarf yelled as if he had room for the voice of two full-grown men, and the Fat Woman, as soon as she felt something squirming under her, thought that one of the boa constrictors had got loose, and that she had sat down on it. So naturally she fainted away. I came running in with one of my men as soon as I heard the outcries, and after a while we managed to pry up the Fat Woman with a couple of cart-rungs and get the Dwarf out from under her, after which she came to in due time and got over her fright. But the Dwarf was a good deal flattened out by the pressure, and I was afraid at first that his ribs had been stove in. It turned out in the end that he was not seriously injured; but he was in the worst rage against the Giant that you can imagine, and would have killed him then and there if he had been able to do it.

"I knew well enough that in course of time the Dwarf would get square with the Giant, no matter how long it might take and how much it might cost. He was as revengeful as a Red Indian. I warned the Giant that he must keep a sharp look-out, or the Dwarf would do him a mischief; but he said 'he calculated he was big enough to take care of himself, and that he wasn't afraid of no two-foot Dwarf that ever breathed.' Of course, this sounded brave, but my own belief is that the Giant was pretty badly frightened. I noticed that he never allowed himself to be alone with the Dwarf, and was always careful to mind where he stepped, so as not to get tripped up by strings stretched across the path, or anything of that sort. The Dwarf pretended that he had forgotten the whole business, and was as friendly with the Giant as he had ever been; but I knew him well enough to know that he never forgot anything, and was only waiting for a chance.

"Pretty soon little accidents began to happen to the Giant. One day he would

find that his helmet, which was made of pasteboard, had fallen into a tub of water, and gone to everlasting jelly. This would oblige him to show himself bare-headed, which took off several inches from his professional height. Another day his boots would be in the tub, and he wouldn't be able to get them on. I've seen him go on the stage in a general's uniform with carpet slippers and no hat, which everyone knew must be contrary to the regulations of the Arabian army, in which he was supposed to hold his commission.

"HIS HELMET HAD FALLEN INTO A TUB OF WATER."

"One night his bedstead broke down under him, and he came very near breaking a leg or so. In the morning he found out that someone had sawed a leg of the bedstead nearly all the way through, and, of course, he knew that the Dwarf had done it. But you couldn't prove anything against the Dwarf. He would always swear that he never had any hand in the accidents, and there was never any evidence against him that anybody could get hold of. I didn't mind what games he played on the Giant as long as the Giant wasn't made to break anything that would lay him on the shelf, and I told the Dwarf that I was the last man to interfere with any man's innocent amusements, but that in case the Giant happened to break a leg, I should go out of the Giant and Dwarf business at once. But that didn't scare him a particle. He knew that he was worth his salary in any Dime Museum in America, and more than that, he had money enough laid up in the bank to live on, assuming, of course, that he could draw it out before the cashier should bolt to Canada with it. So he was as independent as you please, and told me that if I chose to hold him responsible for other people's legs he couldn't help it, and had nothing to say about it.

"At that time I had a Female Samson. She wasn't the Combined Female Contortionist and Strongest Woman in the World that is in my show at present, but she was in about the same line of business. These Strong Women are all genuine, you understand. You can embellish them a little on the handbills, and you can announce that the cannon that the Strong Woman fires from her shoulder weighs a hundred or two pounds more than it actually weighs; but unless a Strong Woman is really strong and no mistake, she might as well try to pass herself off as a Living Skeleton or a Two-Headed Girl at once. The fact is, the great majority of Freaks are genuine, and the business is a thoroughly honest one at bottom. Why, if you told the exact truth in the handbills about every Freak in my show, barring the Tattooed Girl and the Wild Man, they would still constitute a good drawing attraction in any intelligent community.

"This Female Samson was a good sort of woman in her way, though she was a little rough and a bit what you might call masculine in her ways. She didn't like the Dwarf, and he didn't like her.

"The Freaks were all at supper one night when the Dwarf said something insulting to the Female Samson. He sat right opposite to her, and she just reached across the table and pulled him over to her by his collar. Then she stretched him across her lap and laid into him with her slipper till he howled as if he was a small boy who had gone in swimming on Sunday and his mother had just found it out. It

"SHE PULLED HIM OVER TO HER BY HIS COLLAR."

wasn't so much the slipper that hurt him, though the Female Samson put all her muscle into the operation, but it was the disgrace of the thing; and when you remember that the Dwarf was forty-two years old, you can understand that he felt that the woman had taken a liberty with him. However, the next day he seemed to have forgotten all about it, and when the Giant reminded him of the circumstance, which he did every little while, the Dwarf would grin and say that we must let the women do what they liked, for they were a superior sort of being.

"One of the Female Samson's best feats was done in company with the Dwarf and the Giant. She had a horizontal bar fixed on the stage, about ten feet above the floor. On this bar she used to swing head downwards, just hooking her knees around it, as all the trapeze artists do. It looks sort of uncomfortable, but it is nothing when you are used to it. I had a trapeze chap once who would often go to sleep that way in hot weather. He said that all the blood in his body went into his head, and that made him feel sleepy, while it cooled off his body and legs. There's no accounting for tastes, but as for me, give me a good bed where I can stretch out, and I'll never ask to sleep on a trapeze bar.

"As I was saying, the Female Samson would swing on this bar, and then she would take the Dwarf's belt in her teeth and hold him in that way for five minutes. There was a swivel in the belt, so that the Dwarf would spin round while she was holding him, which he didn't like much, but which pleased the public. After she had swung the Dwarf she would do the same act with the Giant. She had to be very careful not to drop the Giant, for he was terribly afraid of breaking a leg, being, as I have said, particularly brittle; but she always said that he was as safe in her teeth as he would be if he was lying in his bed.

"It must have been about a fortnight after the Dwarf was sat on by the Fat Woman, and a week or more after he had been corrected in public by the Female Samson, that we had an unusually large evening audience, and everybody was in excellent spirits. The Female Samson had swung the Dwarf in her teeth, and after she had let go of him he had climbed up on a chair just behind her, and stood with his arms stretched out over her and the Giant as if he was saying 'Bless you, my children,' which was a regular part of the act, and never failed to bring him a round of applause, and induce people to say, 'What a jolly little chap that Dwarf is!' When the Female Samson had got a good grip of the Giant's belt, and had raised him

about five feet from the floor, the Dwarf leaned a little bit forward and ran a pin into the Female Samson's ankle, or thereabouts. Nobody saw him do it, but it was easy to prove it on him afterwards, for he dropped the pin on the floor when he had finally got through with it, and everybody recognised it as one of his scarf-pins.

"The woman would naturally have shrieked when she felt the pin, but she had her mouth full of the Giant, and she couldn't do more than mumble a little in a half-smothered sort of way. The Dwarf paid no attention to that, but gave her another eye-opener with the pin. It went in about an inch, judging from what the Female Samson said when she described her sufferings, and it must have hurt her pretty bad; but she was full of pluck and bound to carry out her performance to the end. She stood three or four more prods, and then, not being able to stand it any longer without expressing her feelings in some way, she unhooked one leg and fetched the Dwarf a kick on the side of the head that reminded him that it was about time for him to get into his own room and lock the door, and convinced him that there ain't a bit of exaggeration in the tough stories that they tell about the kicking powers of an army mule. The kick sent the Dwarf clean across the platform, and the people, not understanding the situation, began to cry 'Shame.' Whether this flurried the Female Samson or not, or whether she lost her balance entirely on account of having unhooked one leg, I don't know. What I do know is that she slipped off the bar, and she and the Giant struck the floor with a crash that would have broken planks, if it had not been that the platform was built expressly to stand the strain of the Fat Woman.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if she had just dropped the Giant, and hung on to the bar herself. In that case he would probably have broken his left leg and arm and collar bone, just as he did break them, but his ribs would have been all right. As it was, the Female Samson's head came down just in the centre of him, and stove in about three-fourths of his ribs. She wasn't hurt at all, for, being a woman, and falling on her head, there was nothing for her to break, and the Giant was so soft that falling on him didn't even give her a headache. When some volunteers from the audience had picked up the Giant and put him on a stretcher and carried him to the hospital, where the doctors did their best to mend him, the Female Samson had a chance to explain, and the finding of a long scarf-pin on the platform,

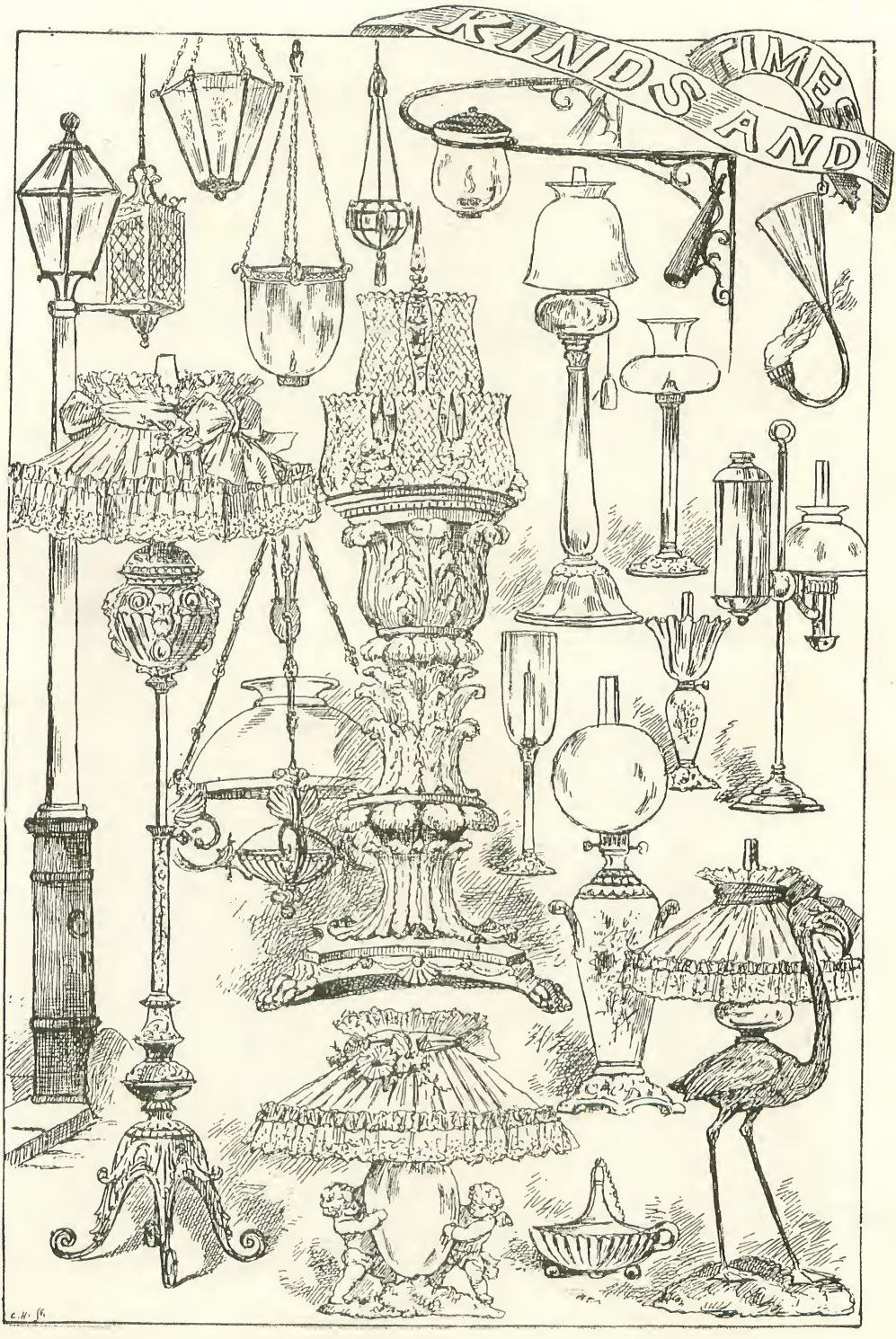
"IT TOOK FOUR MEN AND A POLICEMAN TO HOLD HER.

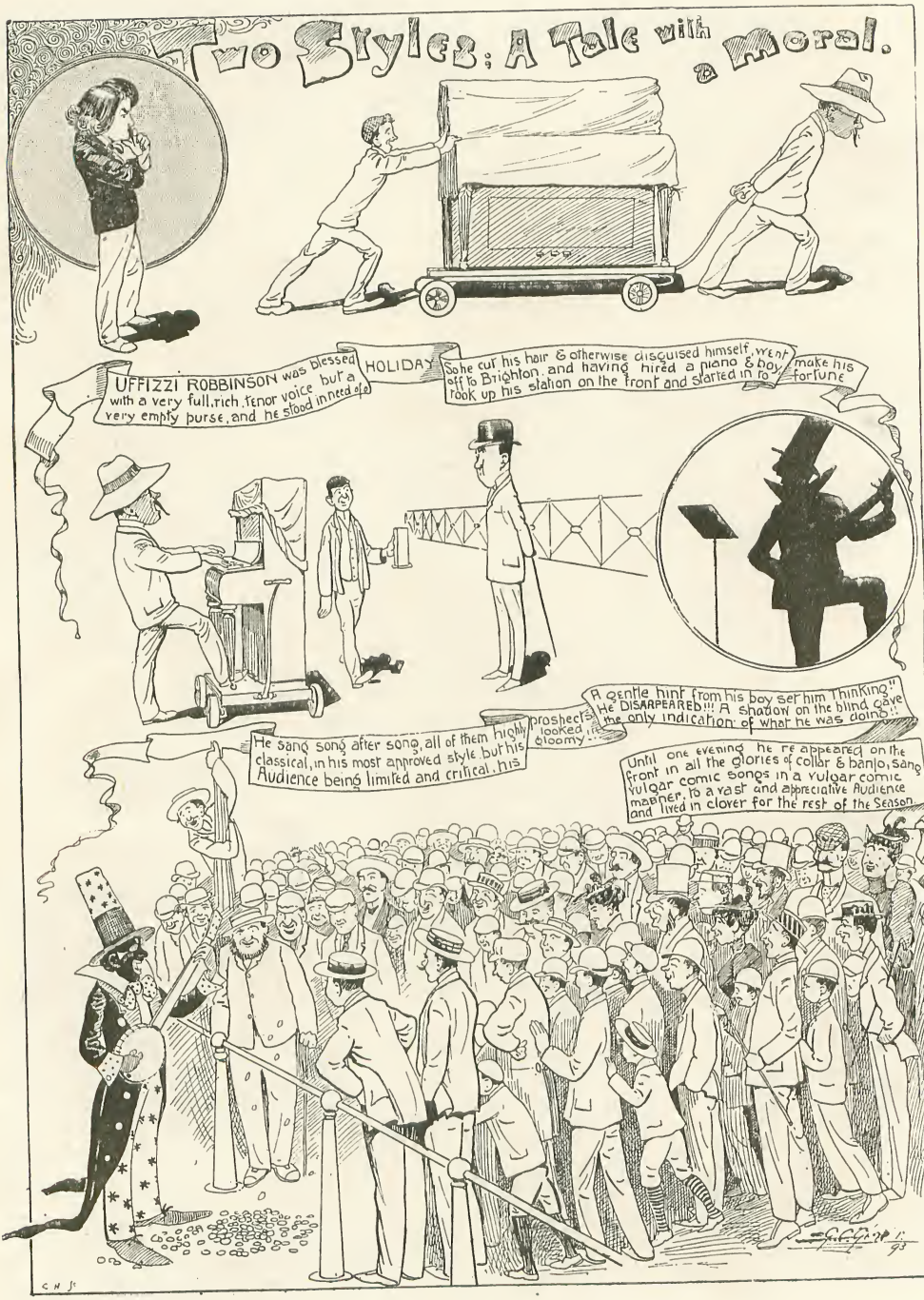
just under the bar, was evidence that she had told the truth, and corroborated the red stain on her stocking.

"It took four men and a policeman to hold her, and get her locked up in her room, she was that set on tearing the Dwarf into small pieces, and she'd have done it too, if she could have got at him. He had sense enough to see the situation, and to discharge himself without waiting for me to discharge him. He ran away in the course of the night, and I never saw him again. I don't think he ever went into another Dime Museum, and I have heard that he got a situation as inspector of gas meters, which is very probable, considering what a malicious little rascal he was. Well, we have to deal with all sorts of people in our business, and I suppose it's the same with you, though you haven't mentioned what your business is. But you take my advice and steer clear of Dwarfs. There ain't a man living that can do anything with them except with a club, and no man likes to take a club to anything as small as a Dwarf."

W. L. ALDEN.

LAMPS OF ALL


KINDS AND TIMES


Two Styles; A Tale with a Moral.
UFFIZZI ROBBINSON was blessed with a very full, rich tenor voice but a very empty purse, and he stood in need of a HOLIDAY
So he cut his hair & otherwise disguised himself, went off to Brighton, and having hired a piano & boy took up his station on the front and started in to make his fortune
He sang song after song, all of them highly classical, in his most approved style but his Audience being limited and critical, his prospects looked gloomy.
A gentle hint from his boy set him thinking "He DISAPPEARED!!! A shadow on the blind gave the only indication of what he was doing."
Until one evening he re appeared on the Front in all the glories of collar & banjo, sang Vulgar comic songs in a vulgar comic manner, to a vast and appreciative Audience and lived in clover for the rest of the Season.

"SHE WAS CLUTCHING THE FATAL TELEGRAM."

(*See page* 116.)

# BETWEEN THE ACTS

TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH
OF M. BLOWITZ.

IT was in 1870, when war had just been declared.

MacMahon had received orders to cross the frontier, and strike a decided blow against the combined armies of North and South Germany.

In Paris, as indeed throughout the whole of France, everyone was in a state of feverish anxiety; but in the gay capital, the Parisians endeavoured to make the days of suspense pass more quickly by *fêting* the expected victory.

One could hear the clinking of glasses at the out-door restaurants, the music of the *cafés-chantants*, and the carriages filed incessantly along the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées.

The theatres, too, were well patronized, particularly one on the Boulevards a certain evening when Mlle. Jeanne de Bolney was to make her *début*.

The papers had foretold a most brilliant success for the beautiful young actress, who was so marvellously gifted, and who would no doubt become the star of the season. She had chosen for her *début* "La Dame aux Camélias," which was at that time in the height of its popularity, and the author himself had said that the rôle of *Marguerite* might have been written for this talented young actress, so admirably did it suit her in every respect. From the very first act it was quite evident that her beauty and her talent had not been overrated.

The sight of her even had won all hearts. A faultless figure, a delicate, refined face, with lips which were at once proud and tender, eyes of deep blue with the most frank expression, a perfectly shaped head, and a carriage which would have done honour to any queen.

At the sight of this exquisite creature a murmur of approbation ran through the house and interrupted, for a few seconds, the dialogue.

At the end of each scene the ovations increased, and after the second act there was a perfect explosion of applause. Among those who were most delighted at Jeanne's triumph was a young man who belonged to the theatre —Louis Belcourt. It was through his influence that she had succeeded in making her *début*, for the manager of this theatre always preferred pupils from the Conservatoire.

Louis had known and loved Jeanne from boyhood, and there was something infinitely noble and touching in this devoted yet hopeless love. It was, indeed, of a kind rarely seen in any man, for it had not blinded

him, and he could see and admire the good qualities of his rival—the man to whom Jeanne had given all her love.

It had been very romantic, the engagement of the beautiful young actress. A short time before, at the Longchamps races, she had been glancing at the grand stand, where Napoleon III. and the ladies of the Court were seated, when suddenly she became aware of two handsome dark eyes fixed upon her. She looked away, but, as though fascinated, a few minutes later she glanced again at the place behind the Court ladies, and she saw a military-looking man, whose face was bronzed by the southern sun, and who had risen from his seat and was gazing earnestly at her, as though he too were fascinated by some spell.

Not long after, Roger de Morfeuille, officer in the Emperor's regiment, had discovered who Jeanne was. It was an extraordinary engagement; no word of the future had been spoken between them. Roger knew that he would have to leave, for war had been declared, and that until the result of that war should be known he could promise nothing. The subject of the future was not even broached between them. Jeanne knew only that their path in life must be together; she felt that it must be so, and there was no need for words. Only when the terrible parting came, when Roger had to leave to join his regiment, he slipped a ring he always wore on to her finger and took from hers one for himself, and still no words were spoken as to the future.

After the second act of the "Dame aux Camélias," when the curtain had been lowered for the sixth time, and Jeanne had for the sixth time answered to the enthusiastic recalls, she went slowly up to her room. She felt overwhelmed; perhaps it was the excess of happiness at her good fortune which weighed on her like this. Roger knew that it was the day of her *début;* she felt certain that, even amid the smoke of the battlefield, he would not forget it. She hardly dared own it even to herself, but all day she had expected some little souvenir from him, some sign or word of sympathy; for was she not too fighting a battle, one of those battles which decided the life of individuals just as much as his did that of nations? On opening her dressing-room door a flash of mingled triumph, love, and pride came over her as she caught sight of a telegram on her table.

She closed her door quickly, not noticing that Louis Belcourt was following her quietly along the corridor.

Suddenly, through the thick doors and curtains, in the silence of the empty corridor, Belcourt heard a fearful cry. It was so wild and passionate that a shiver ran through him. He opened the door and was just in time to catch Jeanne in his arms. She was livid with horror, and was clutching the fatal telegram in her hands.

Just as he was wondering what to do for the best, Jeanne's pallor gave way to a rush of colour to her cheeks. She read the telegram to him: "We have been defeated at Woerth. They are taking me to a house near by. Amputation probable. Pray for me. My love, darling.—ROGER." Belcourt glanced at the telegram and saw that it was unintelligible, but a kind of alphabet on the table showed him that it had been written by signs agreed upon.

He stood as though thunderstruck. Suddenly Jeanne put on a hat and threw a long brown cloak over her stage dress.

"What are you going to do?" he exclaimed.

"I am going to Roger!"

"But, in Heaven's name, Jeanne, stay a little while. The curtain will be going up. Think what you are doing. You will be ruined—you will spoil your whole life. Wait till to-morrow!"

"Listen," said Jeanne, in a clear, decided tone. "It is now a quarter to ten. I know there is a train from the Gare de l'Est at eleven, for I have sent my letters by a friend of Roger's who is going by it. If you prevent my going by that train, you see this dagger; well, I will kill myself with it!"

Louis stepped back, dazed and horror-struck. Jeanne opened the door, went quickly out by a back door, and Louis followed her, watched her hail a cab, and drive away.

When Belcourt re-entered the theatre he found everyone behind the scenes in a terrible state of excitement.

Mlle. de Bolney could not be found. The house was impatient, and the manager desperate. He was sending for the police that she might be found and arrested. Suddenly Belcourt, at the idea of the possible fatal consequences of Jeanne's flight, determined on a bold move.

He stepped up to one of his friends who had been taking part in the play, whispered to him, and appeared to be begging him to consent to what he asked.

Finally the friend yielded, opened the door and walked towards the stage. Then Belcourt,

pushing away the director and stage manager who attempted to stop him, gave the signal to lift the curtain, and appeared himself before the house. A deep silence ensued.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Belcourt, "Mlle. de Bolney has received a telegram announcing that there has been a disaster on the German frontier and our army has sustained a defeat. She is overwhelmed by the news, and we must ask you to have patience until she feels able to continue her rôle."

A dismal silence followed these words. Belcourt's friend now stepped forward and executed the order he had received:—

"We, too, are surely as good patriots as Mademoiselle de Bolney! Surely the play ought not to be finished before a French audience, who have just heard that our army is defeated!"

Cries of "*Bravo!*" were heard, and, unanimously, the whole house rose and prepared to leave the theatre.

Belcourt had saved the honour of Jeanne and of the theatre.

The rumour of the defeat of Reichshoffen, which the Government was keeping secret, was soon spread abroad in Paris by the spectators who had heard it from Belcourt, and the news caused a fearful calm in the gay capital.

Belcourt had been congratulated by all the authorities of the theatre on his happy idea, but just as he was preparing to leave the theatre that same night he was seized by a police official and conducted to the Mazas prison on a charge of "having divulged a State secret," a crime always punished at least by hard labour, and, in time of war, by death.

"SHE IS OVERWHELMED BY THE NEWS."

For more than a month Belcourt had been in Mazas prison, with nothing to look forward to but dishonour or death. He had been questioned over and over again as to how he had discovered the secret, but in vain; nothing could induce him to give any details, for he did not know whether Jeanne would forgive him for having said so much as he had. The next day sentence was to be passed upon him.

Successive defeats had embittered the minds of his judges, and it was pretty sure that he had little chance of getting off without paying the full penalty of his *crime*. Belcourt was thinking sadly of his hopeless love for Jeanne, which had caused him to act as he had done in order to save her, when suddenly the door of his cell opened and the porter announced: "Madame the Countess de Morfeuille." It was Jeanne herself, dressed in the deepest mourning.

Her beautiful hair had some silvery threads, her face was cold and severe as marble, her beautiful mouth was rigid, her eyes seemed to be gazing at some invisible object, and she had a deathly pallor—such as one sees on the faces of those who have received some mortal wound.

It was pathetic to see so fair and so young a girl in such hopeless despair, and Belcourt was deeply touched by it.

"You are free, Louis," she said, gently but sadly. "The Empress herself has asked

for your release. Thank you so much, my friend, for all you did for me. I came directly I heard of your imprisonment. My

gently hinted that she was too young to go through the rest of her life alone, she had answered, decidedly :—

"'YOU ARE FREE, LOUIS,' SHE SAID."

husband had only just been brought home and buried at Morfeuille."

Very soon after, Jeanne returned to her husband's stately home, that she might visit daily the tomb of him she had so dearly loved, and who had married her on his death-bed.

When Louis had tried to console her and

"Do not ever speak to me of anyone else. I will live and die the widow of Roger, and will certainly never be anyone else's wife."

It was thus that a great artiste was lost to the French stage, but the memory of that *début* will never be lost to any of those who witnessed it.

# *Crimes and Criminals.*

## No. I.—Dynamite and Dynamiters.

IT is not intended that the series of articles we propose publishing in these pages under the above title should in any way give rise to alarm, or be an incentive to disturbed and restless nights. On the other hand, a better knowledge of how crimes are concocted and ultimately carried into effect may, perhaps, provide a course of much-needed lessons usually omitted in one's early education. It is said that the public seldom trouble to protect themselves, and for a very good reason, they don't know how; and it is only by becoming on a more familiar footing with the manners and customs of those enterprising individuals who seek to shatter anything between our nerves and our residences, either by relieving us of our purse or planting a dangerous species of explosive at our front doors, that we are the better able to take care of ourselves, our relatives, and our belongings—ourselves, perhaps, for choice.

At New Scotland Yard a large apartment is devoted to the exhibit of ten thousand and one records of crime, in the shape of the actual weapons, and what not, associated with particularly notorious, and, in some instances, almost historic, deeds. A visit to this place is the finest and most complete nerve-tester in the world! The authorities at New Scotland Yard have kindly placed this room and its contents at our disposal; and each of the separate cases, which severally contain exhibits of some distinctive branch of punishable offences, requires a chapter to itself. The most recently arrived exhibit is one which, at the present time, possesses a peculiar interest. In the centre of the room is a glass case, which provides a resting-place for mementos of the more important outrages and attempts and suspicious cases of discoveries of explosives which have called for the attention of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives for the last fifteen or twenty years—Colonel V. D. Majendie, C.B., H.M. Chief Inspector of Explosives, and Colonel A. Ford; whilst Dr. Dupré has throughout been associated with these gentlemen as chemical expert. As an expert in explosives, no name is better known than that of Colonel Majendie, a man in the prime of life, of indomitable energy and immovable disposition; who may be singled out as being engaged in the two extremes of business and pleasure. His business: dynamite, gunpowder, and all the kindred blasting operatives; his pleasure: the "Children of Paules," as the choir boys of St. Paul's Cathedral used to be designated. In his room at the Home Office slabs of American dynamite, infernal machines, and detonators; in his rooms at home walls covered with portraits of these tuneful youngsters, many of them in the whitest of white surplices; while the drawers of his desk are brimming over with youthful letters from the past and present choristers of the great Cathedral. Colonel Majendie never destroys a dynamite relic — or a child's letter. Both are too precious.

COLONEL MAJENDIE.
*From a Photo. by Webber, Canterbury.*

Such is Colonel Majendie, the sworn enemy of dynamiters; and it was in company with him that the writer visited New Scotland Yard and examined, one by one, the contents of the case already referred to, and associated them with the various

incidents in which they were designed to play—and, in some instances, succeeded in playing—so prominent a part.

It may be said that the more serious attempts to devote dynamite to the very reverse purpose from what it was intended for commenced in 1881, when, on the 14th January of that year, an attempt was made to blow up the barracks at Salford. Very little damage was done to the barracks, but a lad was killed and another injured. In all the subsequent attempts to destroy life and property, only one other death has occurred. On the Christmas Eve of 1892, an infernal machine exploded outside the Detective Office in Exchange Court, Dublin Castle, when a detective officer was killed (Fig. 1). Without including minor explosions, the numbers of important dynamitic efforts from the year 1881 to 1892 are as follows :—In 1881, 9 attempts ; 1882, 5 ; 1883, 10 ; 1884, 12 ; 1885, 8 ; 1886, 4 ; 1887, 15 ; 1888, 2 ; 1889, 3 ; 1890, 5 ; 1891, 6 ; and in 1892, 7 outrages. It is not necessary to say that the initial explosion at Salford, in 1881, greatly alarmed the public. Anything found of a suspicious character was at once associated with dynamite, and the earliest relic treasured at New Scotland Yard is a strange-looking object which was found in a tram-car, and owing to the excited state of the mind of the British public at that time, was immediately put down as an infernal machine. There is, however, some reason to believe that it was nothing more than a model for a new idea in babies' feeding-bottles (Fig. 2). Its inventor never put in a claim for it, but it still remains at "The Yard" for anybody who can justify his or her claim to its possession. By its side is an imitation piece of coal—(Fig. 3)—a most deadly weapon when used, for it is intended to be filled with explosive and thrown in the stoke-hole of vessels, in the hope that the stoker may shovel it into the furnace with some of the other fuel. Another relic of this year is one of four machines which were found on the 2nd July at Liverpool in the *Bavaria* (Fig. 4), six other infernal machines having been found in the *Malta* two days previously. They were discovered in barrels of cement. They contained lignin-dynamite, with a very cheap clock arrangement for firing it. The machines

FIG. 1.—EXPLOSION AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

FIG. 2.—"BABY'S BOTTLE?"

FIG. 3.—EXPLOSIVE COAL.

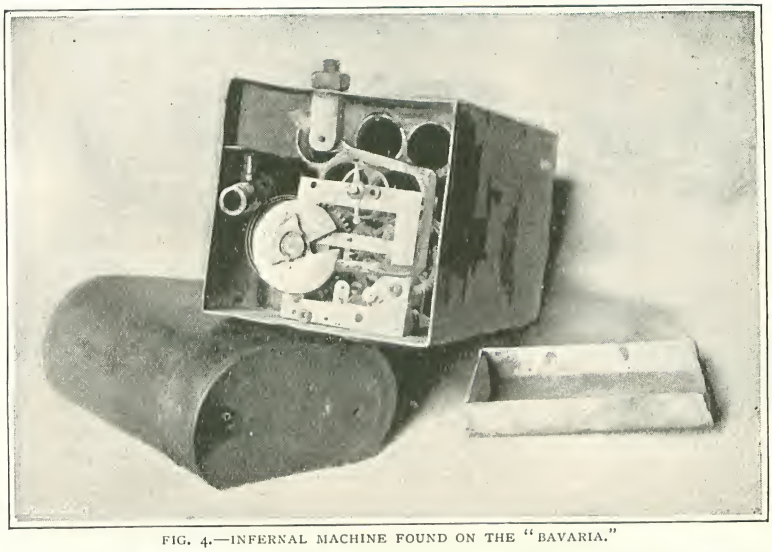


FIG. 4.—INFERNAL MACHINE FOUND ON THE "BAVARIA."

catalogue. A most ingenious contrivance also in this part of the collection is a tin can, made in two compartments (Fig. 7). It was used for conveying contraband gunpowder to Egypt. It is so made that when it is probed by the Customs' officials to see what it contains, the probe used comes out covered with oil.

A few samples of a not particularly choice proper were in leaden boxes about nine inches long by four inches square. A second machine of the 1881 period is of the clockwork pattern (Fig. 5), and is controlled by a small knife, which falls at the set time, cutting a string, releasing a spring which falls on a percussion cap, and so brings about an explosion.

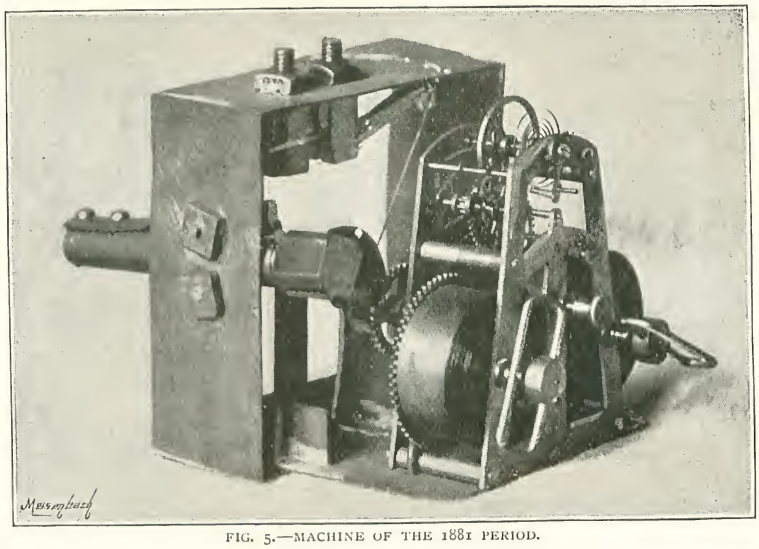


FIG. 5.—MACHINE OF THE 1881 PERIOD.

An 1882 relic is a most interesting one, and its surrounding companions are equally curious. Here is the revolver with which O'Donnell shot Carey (Fig. 6). It is of an American pattern, and marked 147A in the brand of cigars are also shown (Fig. 8). A gentleman who has no great love for you, and who fully appreciates the weakness of human

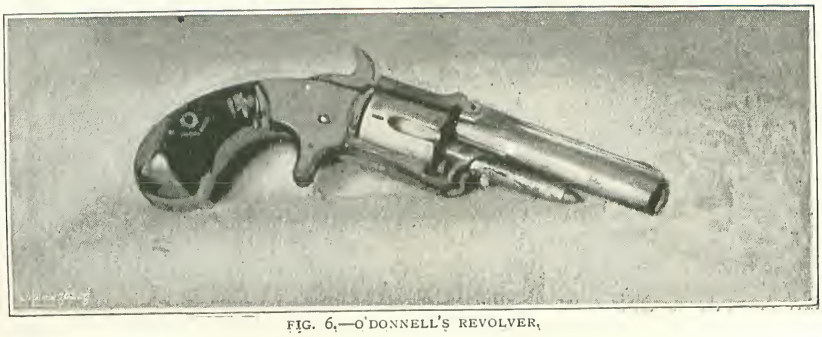


FIG. 6.—O'DONNELL'S REVOLVER.

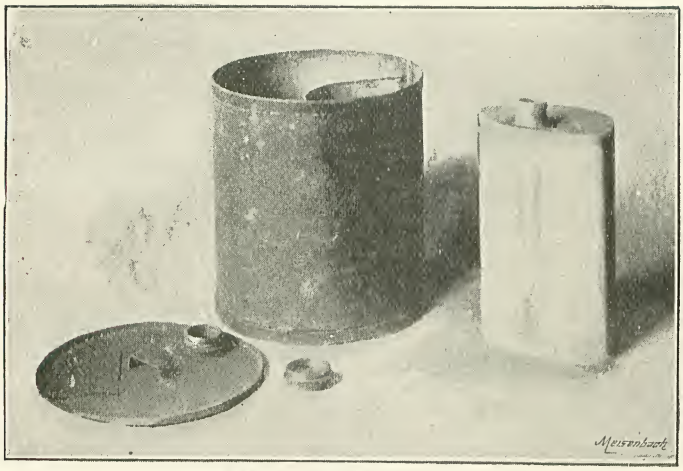


FIG. 7.—CANISTER FOR SMUGGLING GUNPOWDER.

nature of the male persuasion in seldom refusing a cigar, offers you one out of his case :—

"Something very choice, sir, I assure you,"

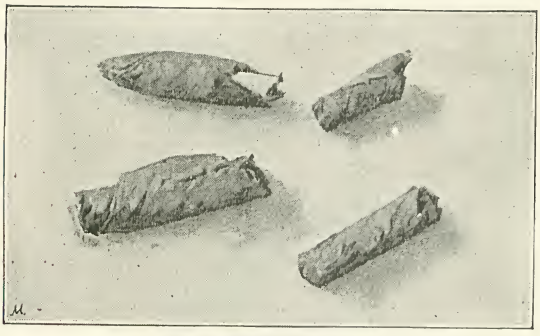


FIG. 8.—EXPLOSIVE CIGARS.

he says. He is a perfect stranger to you, but—well, a cigar's a cigar, and you accept his kind offer. The benevolent cigar proprietor sees you light up, and you puff away in peace. He is suddenly called away. The cigar explodes! It contains an explosive, which is wrapped up in a piece of blue paper, and is placed about half-way down the cigar.

But the most interesting relic of 1882 is a little canister very much resembling a diminutive milk can (Fig. 9). It is supposed to contain dynamite, and has never been opened since its receipt at the House of Commons in that year, addressed to Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary for Ireland.

It was not, however, until 1883 that the authorities were fully aroused. The Explosives Act of 1875 had controlled all substances of this nature; but it was not designed to control the criminal use of explosives, although it is true that certain clauses were found available to some extent. But the Act of 1883 was passed by the House of Commons in a single sitting—a most important and far-reaching Act, which deals with every possible phase of the question of explosives. No wonder this Act was passed.

Before the New Year of 1883 was many days old a series of attempts was made which, together with the two subsequent years, afforded more trouble and anxiety to Colonel Majendie and his colleagues than any trio of years since these more serious efforts were made. Glasgow was the scene of operations, and on the night and morning of the 20th and 21st January three explosions occurred, in all of which lignin-dynamite was used. The first was at Tradeston Gasworks on the 20th, the remainder at Possil Bridge and at Buchanan Street Station on the 21st. No lives were lost, though considerable damage was done. Photographs are of the greatest possible use to the expert when engaged in making his experiments, in order to find out the probable cause of any explosion, and through the courtesy of Colonel Majendie, we are enabled to show a number of these.

The picture of the explosion at the Glasgow Gasworks was taken in the interior of a holder, and shows the perforations of the plates by projected débris on the side of the holder opposite to

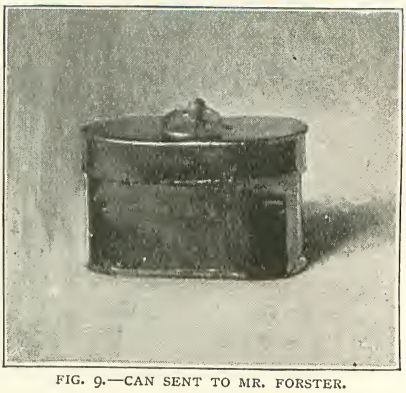


FIG. 9.—CAN SENT TO MR. FORSTER.

that on which the explosion occurred (Fig. 10). It is fortunate that the perpetrators of this deed—ten persons were convicted—possessed but a very crude knowledge of the best method of blowing up a gasworks. They adopted the same method as at the siege of Paris, but not with the effect desired. There is a common belief that it is an easy matter to blow up a gasworks; but the only condition in which a holder is really dangerous is *when it is empty*. If the holder is full of gas there is no air present—and gas must have air mixed with it if it is to assist the explosion. In this case the dynamite was applied, but it only blew great holes in the gasometer, the gas was consumed, and part of Glasgow was for some time in darkness. In the Possil Road Canal Bridge incident—the idea being to let the water out and do no end of damage—a miserable failure was the result. The detonator did not go off!

FIG. 10.—THE GLASGOW EXPLOSION—INSIDE THE GASHOLDER.

Colonel Majendie tells a good story in connection with the Glasgow affair. He went to Scotland in a great hurry, only taking one suit of clothes. After spending a considerable time in the gasholder, his clothes—not to put too fine a point upon it—smelt. Indeed, the next morning at breakfast Sir John Hawkshaw comforted him with the assurance that he "smelt like a rat out of a hole!"

When paying his bill in company with the engineer, one of the restaurant assistants turned to a companion and exclaimed:—

"Good gracious, Jessie, there's a dreadful escape of gas!"

"Then here goes for the escape of the engineer," cried that gentleman, rushing out of the place.

The Glasgow occurrences were followed up by two explosions on the 15th March—one outside a window at the *Times* office, and another causing considerable damage at the Local Government Board Office, Whitehall (Fig. 11). The explosion at the *Times* was abortive, and Colonel Majendie found the stuff used, together with a tube. This tube was a silent witness. It was ascertained that it was similar to that used in the Glasgow explosion, and of a similar pattern to those found on the men who were convicted.

Now came a very serious business; in Colonel Majendie's opinion, the most serious he ever had to deal with. It created the greatest possible excitement at the time. This was the discovery at Birmingham, on the 5th April, 1883, of a factory of nitro-glycerine, and of a large amount of the same substance brought thence to London. It is due to the Birmingham police to state here that they kept their heads magnificently, laid their traps with consummate skill, and communicated with the authorities at the Home Office just at the right moment. Some of the nitro-glycerine found its way to London, the Birmingham police actually travelling up to the Metropolis with a man whose luggage consisted of a pair of fishing stockings, containing some 70lb. of this terrible explosive agent! He was arrested, the explosive was lodged at a special magazine near Woolwich, and subsequently made into dynamite and then destroyed.

Whitehead and his accomplices had opened premises as a stationer's shop. Colonel Majendie, in company with Dr. Dupré, found that at the back they were carrying on a

FIG. 11.—EXPLOSION AT LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICE.

snug little business in the manufacture of the most deadly explosive. In a copper was a quantity of sulphuric acid, with nitro-glycerine floating on the top. The experts carefully skimmed the nitro-glycerine off, when they were faced with a still more serious trouble. In another room they discovered a large number of carboys, one of which contained no less than 170lb. of nitro-glycerine. It was by no means pure, and the question arose, What was to be done? Colonel Majendie and Dr. Dupré were forced to go down to Liverpool that night to give evidence. The nitro-glycerine they dared not remove as it was. If it were left it might possibly explode—while if the discovery were announced it would cause a fearful scare.

It was decided to get a large quantity of ice and pack it round the explosive in order to keep it as cold as possible. So with this terrible load on their minds the experts left for Liverpool, and returned to find that they had done the right thing. They had kept down the temperature sufficiently to ensure the safety of the nitro-glycerine. With the aid of kieselguhr—an infusorial earth of a very porous character and the inert ingredient of dynamite, and considered by Mr. Alfred Nobel the best vehicle to use as an absorbent of nitro-glycerine — the experts caused the nitro-glycerine to be made into dynamite. It was conveyed to an isolated site near Birmingham, spread out on a tract of land, burnt, and so got rid of.

The occupier of the "stationer's" shop and others were subsequently convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

October of 1883 brought about two explosions — both on the Metropolitan Railway. The first of these occurred between Charing Cross and Westminster, fortunately resulting in no personal or serious structural injury. That, however, on the same night at Praed Street resulted in three carriages being practically smashed, whilst sixty-two persons were injured by the broken glass and *débris*. An important discovery was made on the 16th January, 1884, of some slabs of Atlas Powder of American make in Primrose Hill Tunnel, and it is surmised that these were thrown away by a conspirator as being of no use for the moment, seeing that it is probable that everything was cut and dried for the somewhat alarming events which occurred in the following month—a quartette of attempted outrages at four London stations, one of which was tolerably successful. On the 26th February, 1884, an explosion occurred in the cloak-room of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway at Victoria Station (Fig. 12); whilst on the 27th February, 28th February, and 1st March, discoveries of bags containing Atlas Powder, with clockwork and detonators, were made at Charing Cross, Paddington, and Ludgate Hill stations respectively.

In all these cases the clock was used—and that here reproduced is the one found at Paddington—which was left in various cloak-rooms in a portmanteau. The authorities were for the moment at a loss to discover how the explosion occurred, until the police communicated the fact that a portmanteau had been seized at Charing Cross Station.

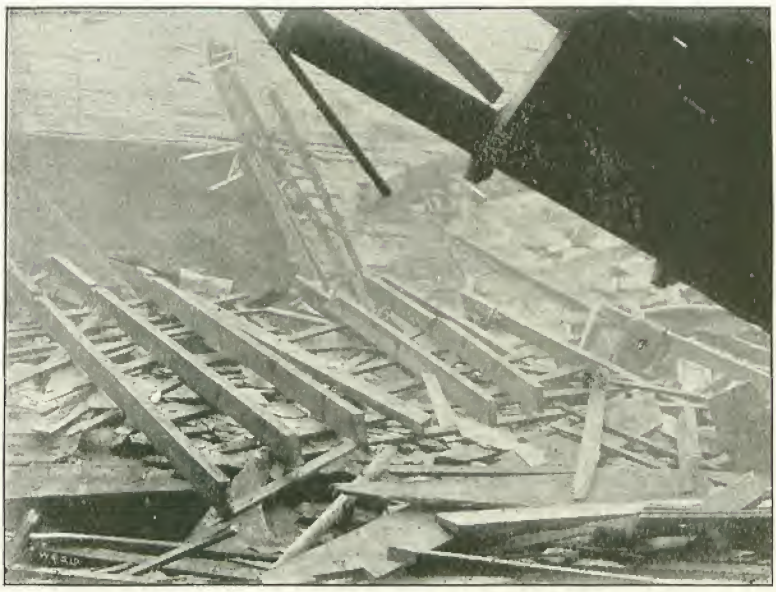


FIG. 12.—EXPLOSION IN CLOAK ROOM AT VICTORIA STATION.

The following extract from the official report will be read with interest, seeing that it also describes how an infernal machine of the clockwork pattern works :—

"The portmanteau, which had been deposited between 7 and 9 p.m. on Monday, the 25th February, was fastened with two straps and was not locked. On being opened it was found to contain some packages or slabs of a peculiar description, and the searcher at once reported the matter to the police, who rightly concluded that the slabs were probably an explosive of the dynamite order. The police caused the portmanteau to be at once conveyed to the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and a telegram was sent requesting our attendance.

"An examination of the portmanteau showed that it contained (in addition to one or two rather worthless articles of clothing) forty-five slabs of the material which had excited suspicion. They consisted each of a paraffined paper packet 6in. by 3in. by ½in. (thick), containing a substance which proved to be a description of lignin-dynamite not used or licensed for use in or importation into this country, but largely manufactured and employed for industrial purposes in America. Each packet had the words 'Atlas Powder A' printed on it, and was open at one end, and weighed rather under half a pound. The packets were carefully packed into one side or compartment of the portmanteau and surrounding what proved to be a box of tinned iron, measuring 6in. by 5in. by 5in., and having the exterior lacquered yellow. The box had a hinged lid, and the junction of the lid and box was roughly luted with a material of the character of cobbler's wax.

"We proceeded to remove the box and to open it with suitable precautions. In the interior was a circular American alarum clock, face uppermost, and with the alarum bell removed. The clock subsequently proved to be one made by the Ansonia Clock Company of New York, and of the pattern designated by them 'Peep of Day.' These clocks can be readily purchased retail in London for 10s., or even less. On taking out the clock and turning it over we found that the metal back had been removed, and that a small nickel-plated vest-pocket pistol (the woodwork of the stock of which had been removed) was fastened by means of copper wire to the movement, and the winding handle of the clock had been turned down and so fixed (also by copper wire) that when the alarum ran down one end of the handle, as it travelled round, would impinge upon the trigger and fire the pistol. This, in fact, had actually been accomplished so far as the impact of the winder and trigger was concerned, the trigger had been pulled, and the hammer of the pistol was resting upon the copper rim-fire cartridge with which the pistol was loaded, and which, on being extracted, proved to have missed fire. The alarum was set to run off at 12 (at which hour the pistol hammer had presumably fallen); the clock itself had stopped at about 4.14.

"Opposite to the muzzle of the pistol, inside the tin box and resting against it, was the greater portion of one of the slabs of 'Atlas Powder,' into which, immediately opposite to the pistol's mouth, were embedded seven powerful detonators, mouths outer-

most, and by way of further insuring the action of the machine a piece of ordinary quick-match had been bent into several of the detonators, which, on examination, proved to contain an exceptionally heavy charge (over 13 grains) of fulminate of mercury and chlorate of potash.

"This slab was intended to act as the primer, and its function would be to produce (through the agency of the detonators) an initial explosion by means of which the mass of dynamite with which the tin box was surrounded would be exploded.

"It may be interesting to note that the use of a clockwork apparatus as a means of effecting a deferred explosion is no novelty. Thus the idea was applied in the infernal machines which were surreptitiously imported into Liverpool from America in 1881, and Thomas's machine, which exploded with such terrible effect at Bremerhaven on December 11, 1875, was fired by a similar agency. There exists also in the Museum of Artillery at the Rotunda, Woolwich, a model of a clockwork apparatus attached to a flint lock for firing a submarine mine or torpedo, which was designed by Sir William Congreve, probably in the early part of the present century. But the particular combination adopted in the present instance is, so far as our knowledge goes, original."

After Colonel Majendie had seen this clock he was enabled to attach a special significance to a piece of metal which he found in the *débris* at Victoria Station, and which proved to be a particle of steel spring. This is an admirable example of the usefulness of the magnet, which is always employed when searching *débris*. It is a curious fact that the Charing Cross clock went off, that the trigger of the pistol was released, but the cartridge had not exploded. On dissecting the cartridge, it was found that the fulminate had been omitted from the particular part of the rim on which the trigger had fallen. At Paddington the hammer had also fallen, but the cartridge did not go off. Upon testing a score of these cartridges nine went off at once, six did not explode until the vital part was touched by the trigger, and five refused to explode at all.

A still more remarkable circumstance associated with the Paddington discovery must be recorded. When the clock was found it was ticking away merrily (Fig. 13). The dynamite had not exploded owing to the fact that the winder had caught against a little knob which failed to release it.

Colonel Ford expressed a desire to take the clock home with him to show it to his wife. On his way, the jolting of the cab was sufficient to partially release the winder, and the hammer of the pistol descended during the night. Of course, the cartridge and dynamite had been previously removed by the Inspectors.

Before referring at length to the next important event in the history of dynamiters for the year 1884, we would remind the reader that we have only dealt in detail with two types of infernal machine: the clock system, which may be set in advance to act some hours later; and the burning fuse, which was employed in some of the earlier explosions alluded to. The infernal machine found at Cork and preserved at New Scotland Yard shows this method of working very clearly (Fig. 14). It is a wooden box about a foot square and separated

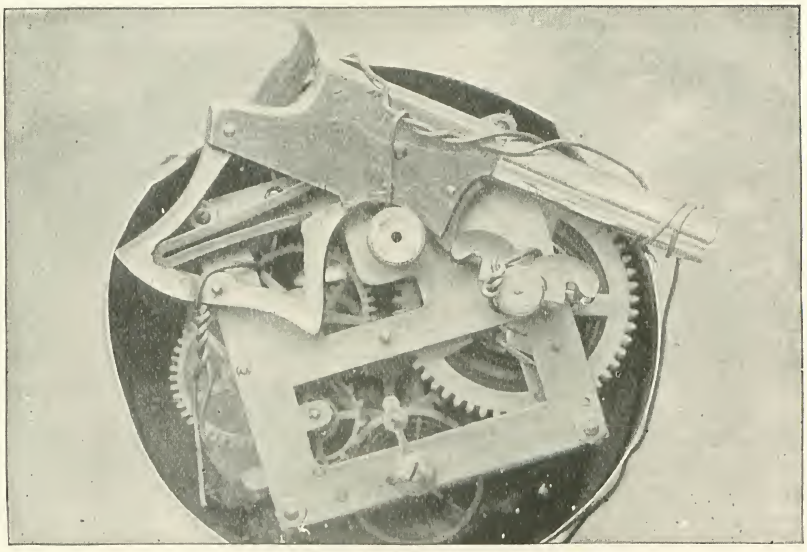


FIG. 13.—CLOCKWORK MACHINE FOUND AT PADDINGTON.

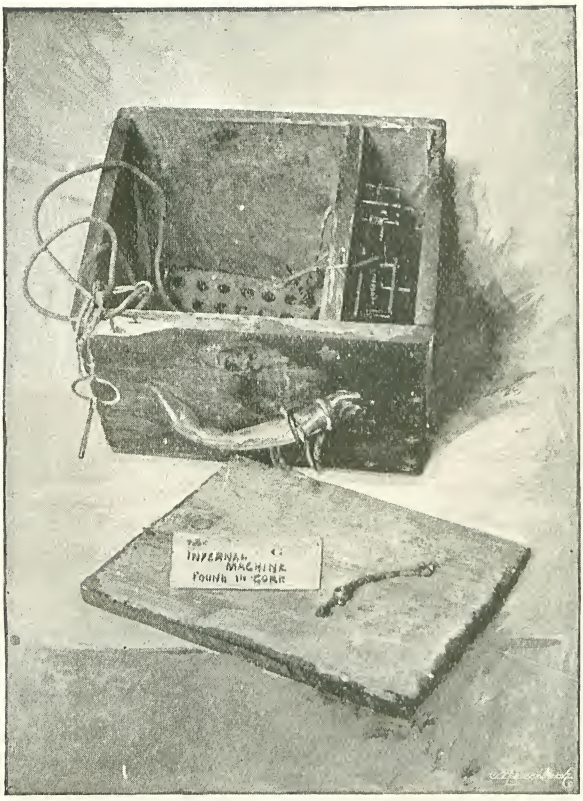



FIG. 14.—INFERNAL MACHINE FOUND AT CORK.

into divisions. One compartment is fitted with clockwork, to which a fuse is attached and which passes through to the other part of the box filled with gunpowder. This box would hold about 8lb. of powder. When the lid is removed the clockwork starts, the fuse is fired, and the gunpowder explodes. A fuse is a series of strands of hemp with a column of gunpowder running through. There are many varieties, and every manufacturer has a special mark on the fuse he makes, so that the authorities can always trace it. We lit a fuse and found that it burnt at the rate of a yard a minute; it can, therefore, easily be adjusted to any time required.

We now, however, come to the most deadly of all weapons used by dynamiters—the bomb, which explodes instantly on falling. These bombs—as the shrapnel shell, used in artillery—can only be designed for one purpose, the destruction of human life: they are essentially man-killing infernal machines. On April 11th, 1884, three metal bombs, containing dynamite, were found in the possession of Daly, at Birkenhead, who was subsequently sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The old-fashioned bomb was of a shape resembling an egg, with nipples like gun nipples and percussion caps. It was weighted at one end to insure its falling on the point intended. The Barcelona bomb was spherical, but similarly fitted with nipples. This is the Orsini type.

But the Daly bomb was a far more delicate piece of mechanism. Inside the bomb was a little bottle containing sulphuric acid with a small piece of lead, so that when the bomb was thrown the weight of the lead caused the bottle to break and the acid came in contact with a composition, which immediately ignited. This ignition fired a detonator, which in turn fired the dynamite. Although the various moves in the interior of the Daly bomb were many, yet we were assured by Colonel Majendie that in some experiments he made, from the moment the bomb struck the ground to its explosion there was no appreciable interval of time. The deadly wrecking powers of this bomb were proved by Colonel Majendie at the trial of Daly. The Colonel took a bomb and exploded it in an iron room, which is used for testing shells at Woolwich. A dozen dummy wooden figures—of the size of living men—were placed round the apartment. The bomb was exploded by electricity, and the twelve figures received no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight wounds!

The relics of the Daly case, at New Scotland Yard, are amongst the most treasured of such items in the possession of the police. Some of them are reproduced here. There is the bomb (Fig. 15), and a very formidable weapon it appears, though it would easily fit into in an overcoat pocket; the written instruc-

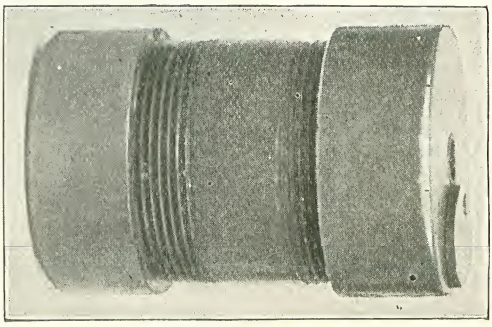


FIG. 15.—THE DALY BOMB.

tions found on Daly are fairly legible (Fig. 16), though in the case of one or two words the sulphuric acid has partially obliterated several of the letters. However, its intention is sufficiently intelligible. Furthermore, there are set out a number of pieces of metal—any of which would

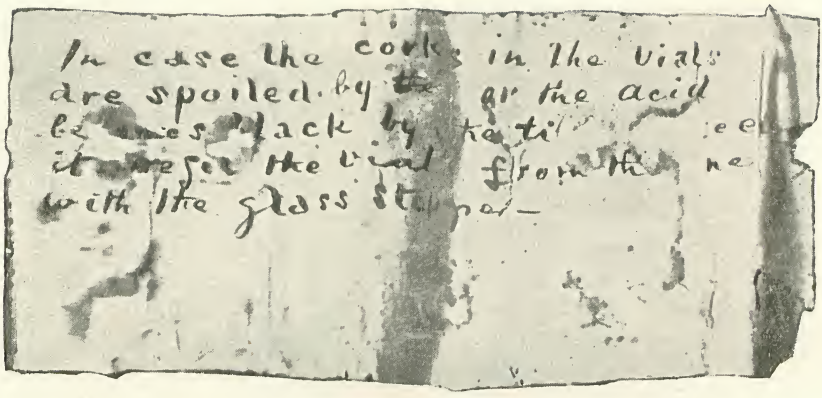



FIG. 16.—DALY'S INSTRUCTIONS.

FIG. 17.—PIECES TAKEN OUT OF DUMMY FIGURES.

be capable of killing a man—which were extracted from some of the dummy figures experimented on at Woolwich (Fig. 17).

It should be stated that Daly, at his trial, suggested that these bombs might be used for killing fish.

"Yes," said Colonel Majendie pointing to those found on Daly; "but nobody would care to fish with those."

In this same year — 1884 — no fewer than three explosions occurred on the night of the 30th May, whilst on the same evening a bag was found in Trafalgar Square containing Atlas Powder, with fuse and detonators. The first was at the Junior Carlton Club, St. James's Square, where about fourteen persons were injured. The second—which occurred about fifteen seconds after that at the Junior Carlton—at the residence of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, St. James's Square (Fig. 18), which the perpetrators evidently mistook for a part of the Intelligence Office. It is probable that the

FIG. 18.—SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S—EXTERIOR.

FIG. 19.—SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S—MORNING ROOM.

charge used was thrown over the area railings, but it accidentally lodged in a window recess of the morning-room, where the most serious effects of the explosion were felt, although the windows of the house were much shattered. As the official report states :—

"Although a party were assembled in the morning-room at the time the explosion occurred, they fortunately escaped injury with the exception of one lady, who had her hand slightly cut by some broken glass. This remarkable escape (as it must appear to anyone who had an opportunity of examining the room before the *débris* had been disturbed, or who has seen the photographs of this room) can only be attributed to the fact that the party did not happen to be seated directly opposite to the window under which the explosion occurred, but rather in the other part of the room, where they were to some extent sheltered from the effects (Fig. 19). Two servants who were standing on the front doorstep were also injured, one of them somewhat severely, making a total, so far as is known, of three persons injured by this explosion."

The third explosion of this eventful night took place at 9.20 p.m., at Old Scotland Yard. The charge was placed outside a room used by some of the detective staff. The explosion brought down a portion of the building, doing considerable damage to some carriages standing there at the time

FIG. 20.—EXPLOSION AT SCOTLAND YARD.

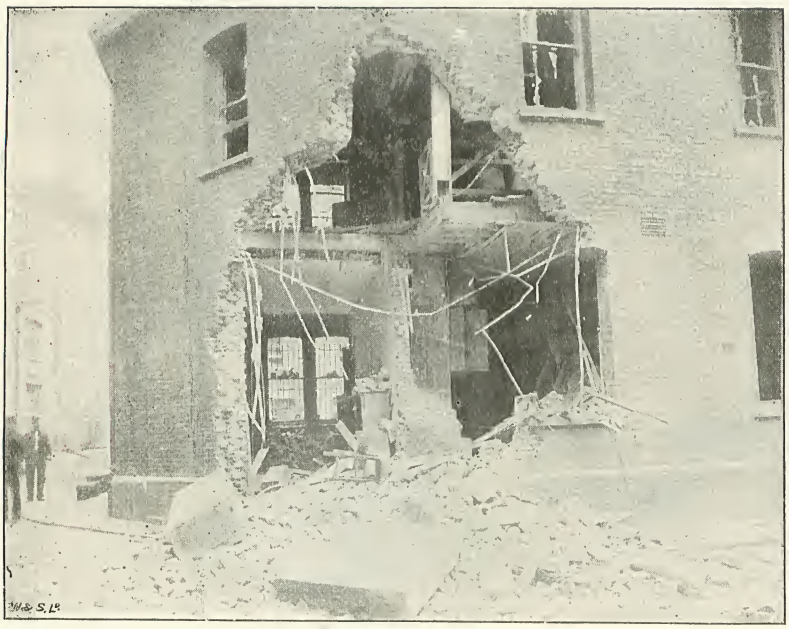


FIG. 21.—EXPLOSION AT SCOTLAND YARD.

and to neighbouring buildings, and injuring several persons (Figs. 20 and 21).

The last explosion of 1884 was on December 13th, and took the form of a considerable charge of dynamite or other nitro-compound under London Bridge. Very little damage was done, but there is no reasonable doubt that the perpetrators of this deed were themselves killed, and Colonel Majendie found what he believed to be the remains of a human being who was blown up with the boat employed in the transaction. Curiously enough, just previous to this outrage, circumstances led the authorities to believe that some of the bridges which span the Thames required special protection, and Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives was directed to visit them, and advise as to the precautions to be taken. Colonel Majendie found that London Bridge contained certain gully holes which were used for the purpose of draining out water. These gully holes possessed peculiar advantages for the secretion of an infernal machine. Accordingly, upon Colonel Majendie's recommendation, strong iron bars were placed over these holes, so that it was impossible to place the dynamite in the required position. The would-be perpetrators—and there were three of them—bungled so much that, as has already been hinted, little damage was done save to themselves. The facsimile of the bent bars and hooks (Fig. 22), much reduced, will give a good idea of the force of the explosive used on this occasion, and some idea of what the effects upon the bridge would have been if the bars had not been affixed and the charge had acted within the gully hole.

The last of the three bad years was 1885, in which year a brass tube or fuse for firing nitro-glycerine compound was found at Liverpool (Fig. 23): a very ingenious contrivance (here reproduced), in which sulphuric acid is used, the time at which the acid will act being governed by the number of folds

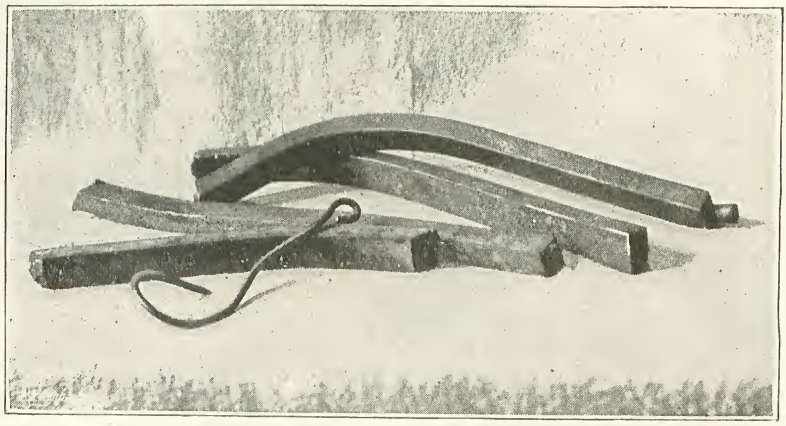


FIG. 22.—RELICS OF LONDON BRIDGE EXPLOSION.

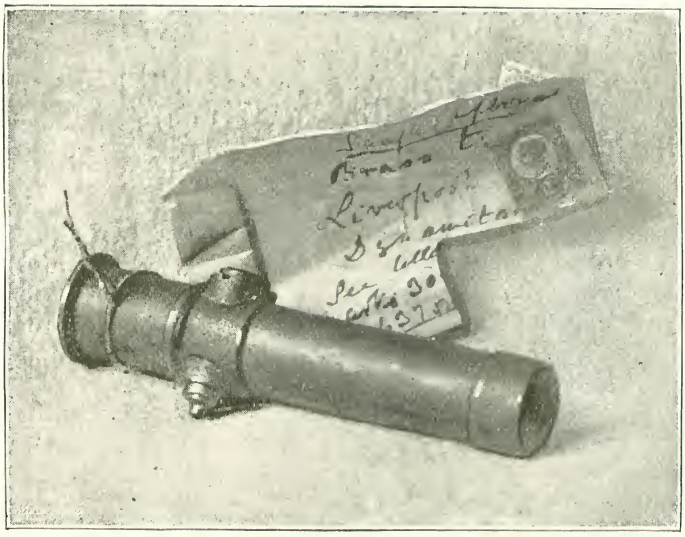


FIG. 23.—BRASS TUBE CONTAINING NITRO-GLYCERINE, FOUND AT LIVERPOOL.

of paper stuffed round the hole allowing the fluid to escape through, and so firing a detonator in conjunction with the explosive proper. Similar tubes had undoubtedly been used at Glasgow, at the Local Government Board Explosion, and at the *Times* office.

Again came a trio of events. On the 24th January, 1885, an explosion occurred at the Tower of London, doing serious damage—scattering the stands of arms and playing great havoc with other implements of warfare. Great was the wreckage in the old Banqueting Hall (Fig. 24). There is every reason for the belief that the man who introduced the explosive did so in an apron fitted with pockets and worn under his great-coat. On the same night a charge of Atlas Powder, similar to that used at the Tower, created no small havoc in Westminster Hall; while the third explosion was the well-remembered event at the House of Commons. Fortunately, the House was not sitting at the time. The Strangers' and Peers' Galleries were severely injured, and to give an idea of the wreckage, the Estimates of the following year provided a sum of £6,125 for repair of damage done to the House of Commons, and £2,500 for Westminster Hall. Two men were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

We give a reproduction of the Salisbury infernal machine discovered in this year—a machine of exceptionally rough make (Fig. 25). A series of minor events had taken place in Wiltshire and Hampshire, which caused the police some trouble for a couple of years. They were not believed to be of any political significance, but done simply out of pure mischief. Still, this sort of fun does not pay, as the two ringleaders found when they were sentenced at the Salisbury Assizes to twelve and two months' hard labour respectively.

The year 1886 was fairly clear; but 1887 brought about the discovery of a conspiracy between Callan and Harkins to commit an outrage by means of dynamite.

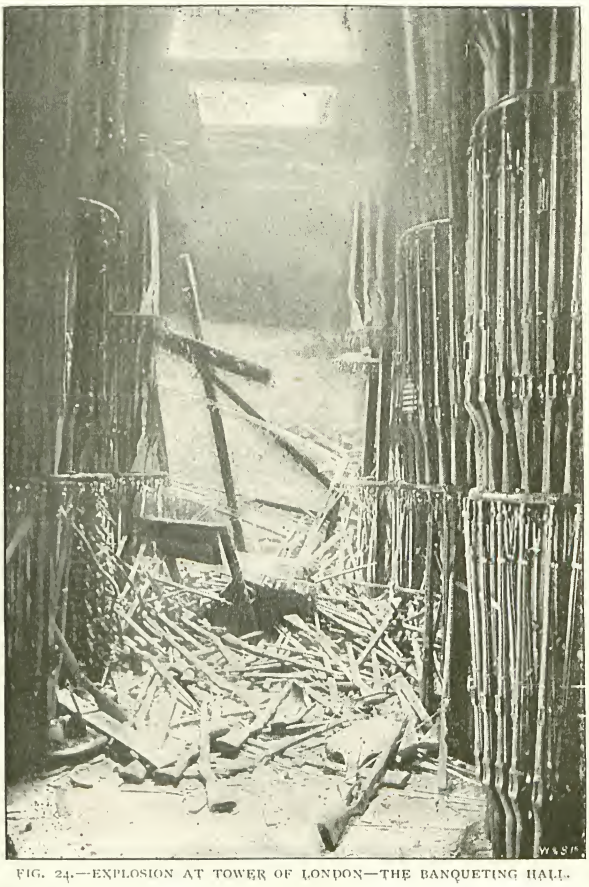


FIG. 24.—EXPLOSION AT TOWER OF LONDON—THE BANQUETING HALL.

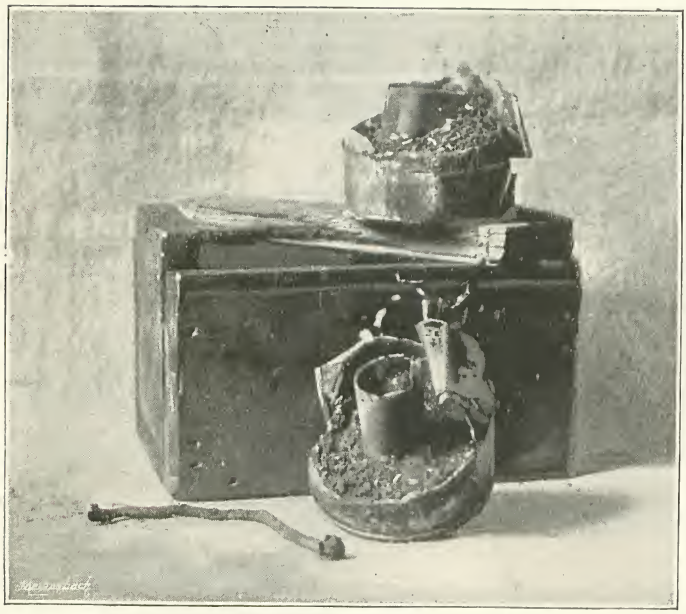


FIG. 25.—THE SALISBURY INFERNAL MACHINE.

The police found at 24, Brixton Road, some 28lb. of explosive in the dust-bin and garden, which had been left as a legacy to Callan. Callan's empty portmanteau—also left him by the same person who bequeathed him the dynamite, a man named Cohen—condemned him, for on a microscopical examination by Dr. Dupré and the Government Inspectors, the tell-tale kieselguhr was found.

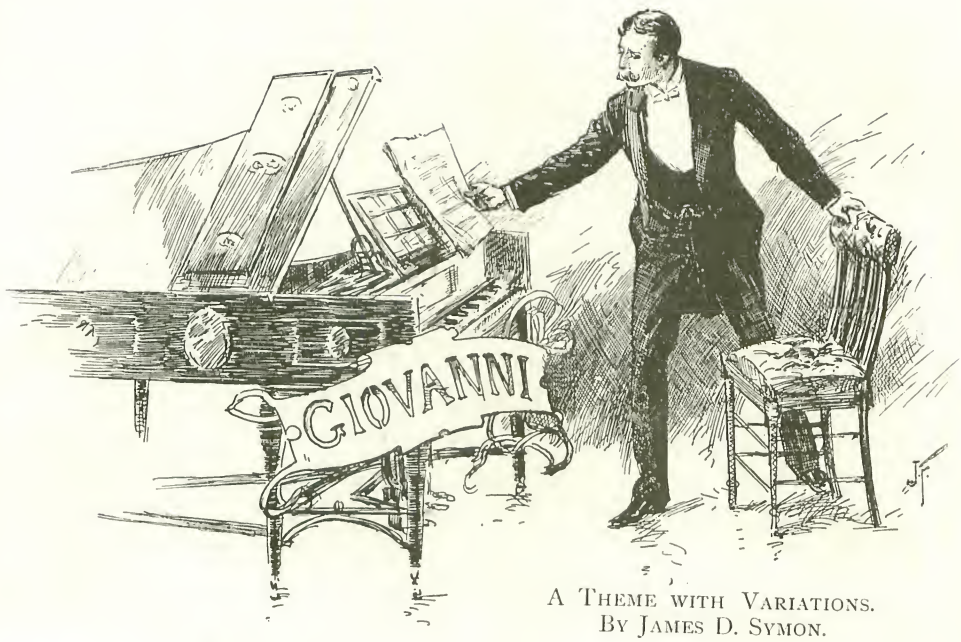
There was little of serious moment in 1888. The most important event of this kind in 1889 was on November 18th, when an effort was made to blow up the police and bailiffs engaged in carrying out evictions on Lord Clanricarde's estate in Co. Galway. The charge was intended to be exploded under the ground, and 25lb. of powder was to be used. The mine was to be actuated by opening a door. As the officials entered the door having a string connecting it with the machine in use—the mine would be exploded. Happily, it failed to go off. The infernal machine used on this occasion was of a type to be found amongst the accompanying illustrations—showing a knife and string, the knife cutting the cord and releasing the trigger of a small pistol, which was designed to fire the necessary detonator.

There is little to note in the two following years until 1892, when March 24th brought about the conviction of persons at Walsall who were in possession of explosives which could only be used for a wrongful purpose. The sample of bombs shown (Fig. 26) was photographed from those which convicted the prisoners, and which are now at New Scotland Yard.

On Christmas Eve, 1892, an infernal machine exploded outside the Detective Office, Exchange Court, Dublin, which resulted in the death of poor Sinnott. As he was proceeding to the office he saw a parcel. It is probable that he examined it—not kicking it, but handling it—for one of his fingers was blown into an upper window. Only a very small charge was used—about a pound—but it did some damage and cost a life.

The last two events of any importance at the time of writing were the explosion at the Four Courts, Dublin, in May, 1893, which Colonel Ford investigated, and considered very similar to that of the previous Christmas Eve; and that at the Aldboro' Barracks, Dublin, towards the end of last November.

FIG. 26.—THE WALSALL BOMBS.




A Theme with Variations.
By James D. Symon.

I.

"NOTHING more to-night, thank you, Robert; I shall require nothing more, except to be left alone."

"Very well, sir."

The old servitor withdrew, and Arthur Dalziel threw himself into his lounging chair with a weary look in his eyes. For a long time he gazed into the fire, muttering now and then between his teeth: "If—yet, no, it is impossible, impossible! Yes, Arthur, my boy, you'd have to give it all up, lands, position, prospect of a title—that London life you love so much—and go back to dreary Scotch law. But you're a fool to think of such things, a confounded fool!"

He rose, and going to a side table poured out a glass of wine, which he drained hastily.

The wine seemed to relieve him of his disturbing thoughts. He glanced more cheerfully round his luxurious sanctum—half library, half music-room—and strolled up to the piano, where he stood carelessly fingering the keys.

One or two chance chords evidently awoke some old memories of half-forgotten melody, for he turned to a canterbury and searched among the heterogeneous mass of music it contained. Music is somehow always hard to find, but at length Dalziel drew out a single leaf of faded manuscript, which he set on the stand and, seating himself, began to play.

It was a wonderful melody, so simple, yet so full and thrilling in its harmonies. The player's face grew softer as he touched the keys, and he looked almost youthful again in spite of his worn appearance. It was not age, however, that had grizzled Arthur Dalziel's hair. He was but two-and-thirty, though he looked like forty-five. Again and again he played the melody, and an unwonted moisture gathered in his cold grey eyes. The music seemed to affect him strangely. Pausing for a little, while his fingers rested caressingly on the keys, he sighed: "Poor Jack! Poor Jack! Would that I knew—would that I knew! Still, would it make me any happier to know? And then—perhaps it might mean ruin—it's better as it is."

Once more he played over the fragment, scarcely glancing now at the music, for what we have once known is easily learned again. The wind howled in strange unison with the plaintive air, but was it merely the wind that made the musician start and drop his hands nervelessly on his knees?

"No, no," he exclaimed, "you are an imaginative, nervous fool! That air is known to yourself alone of living men—it is impossible—impossible——"

Some sort of fascination seemed to chain him to the instrument. Mechanically his fingers sought the keys, and the self-same air came trembling from the strings. He seemed scarcely to believe, however, that his former fancy (whatever it was) had been all

imagination, for he struck the opening chords softly, and with the air of one who listens for a response he is but half certain of receiving. Clear above the notes of the piano, above the wild piping of the wintry gale, rose the wail of a violin. Very gently and tenderly Dalziel continued to play, but his face was ashen pale, for the mysterious performer out there in the storm answered him note for note.

"Strange," he muttered, as the strain ended; "but, ghost or no ghost, I'll test him with the unwritten part." He sprang up and turned out the gas. Then flinging open the window, heedless how the gusts of night-wind scattered his papers about the room, he seated himself once more at the instrument, and dashed into a variation on the same theme. Curiosity had taken the place of fear, and his playing was bold and clear.

Again the violin rang out, and in perfect accord the intricate variation was rendered. Dalziel suddenly abandoned the air and dropped into an accompaniment, but the player held on undismayed to the end. It was a weird but exquisite performance.

"Marvellous! Correct to the minutest particular!" Dalziel cried. "I shall fathom this, come what may."

He went to the window and peered into the square, where the gas lamps shivered in the blast and threw an uncertain glimmer, that was not light, on the deserted pavement.

No living soul was to be seen, but a voice came out of the darkness: a child's pleading voice:—

"Please, sir, don't be angry; but *do*, please, play that accompaniment again. From the beginning this time, please; I'd like to remember it all. Just once, please, sir, and then I'll go away."

"Who are you?"

"Giovanni."

"Some clever Italian brat. Heard me once or twice, I suppose, and picked up the air," Dalziel thought; "but then, that variation! I must sift this, as I said, whatever is the upshot."

"Would you like to come in, Giovanni?" he said presently, as he began to make out the dim outline of a form huddling against the railings; "you must be cold out there."

"Come in *there*, to the firelight and the piano? Oh, it would be like Heaven!"

"I don't know about that," Dalziel muttered, adding, however, in cheery tones, "Yes, Giovanni, come in here—go up the steps and I'll open the door for you. He's got a pretty dash of an Italian accent, this mysterious little Giovanni," he continued, as he stepped into the hall, "I'd like to see him, at any rate."

He opened the hall door and the warm light streamed out upon the steps, out upon a pallid little face and a heap of shabby clothes lying there motionless. Dalziel stooped over the pitiful little bundle, and gently disengaged a violin from the nerveless hands. Swiftly laying the instrument on the hall table, he returned and bore the child to the sofa in the study. He re-lighted the gas and rang the bell.

Robert appeared. Accustomed as he was to "master's fads," he seemed to receive a severe shock at the sight which presented itself; but none of Arthur Dalziel's servants, even the oldest and trustiest, dared ask any questions, so Robert awaited orders in silence.

"Send Mrs. Johnson here, Robert."

The ancient butler obeyed.

"Mrs. Johnson, here's a little street-

"DALZIEL STOOPED OVER THE PITIFUL LITTLE BUNDLE."

musician that's been taken ill just outside. Help me to restore him."

"Bless him, he's a bonny little man," was all the worthy housekeeper dared to say. "We'll soon bring him to, sir. Some brandy, sir, so. Now you're better, aren't you, you poor little dear? You're nigh frozen; and hungry, too, I believe. You're hungry, aren't you, now?" she cried, as the child's eyes quivered wonderingly open.

"*So* hungry!"

"Well, you'll have some supper soon," interposed Dalziel. "Get him something hot, Mrs. Johnson. You just lie still, young man, till it comes, and don't talk. I'll play to you till your supper's ready, if you promise to hold your tongue."

He resumed his place at the instrument and played anything and everything that occurred to him, while Giovanni lay back on the sofa in quiet enjoyment of the music. His eyes grew very large and bright as the player proceeded, and once or twice his lips moved as though he would say something, but remembering the injunction to keep silent, he invariably checked himself.

So the two new friends passed the time until the supper appeared. The child ate eagerly, but with evident self-restraint, and Dalziel noted with the instinctive satisfaction of a gentleman that Giovanni was not at all ill-bred.

When the supper had at length disappeared Giovanni said: "May I speak now?"

"Certainly."

"Please, where is my violin?"

"All safe and sound, my man; I'll fetch it for you."

Dalziel stepped out and returned with the instrument. The child clasped it eagerly, ran his thumb lightly over the strings, and glancing up at Dalziel, said, mechanically, "'A,' please."

His companion, thoroughly determined to humour and observe the strange child, struck the required note. In a second or two Giovanni had brought his instrument to perfect tune. Then he looked up and hesitated.

"Well, my man, what is it?" queried Dalziel.

"That tune again—do, please, play it, sir: the one I heard out in the square before I grew so dizzy."

Dalziel at first seemed reluctant to comply, but the child's pleading eyes overcame him, so he turned round to the piano and struck the opening chords.

Giovanni crept over to his side and began to play, hesitatingly at first, but gradually gaining strength as the spell of the music possessed him. Dalziel looked from time to time at the boy's pathetic face with a questioning, almost frightened glance, but played steadily to the end.

"Thank you so much, sir," said Giovanni, when they had finished.

"You are a wonderful player, child. Who taught you?"

"Mother," he replied; then he burst into tears, crying, "Oh! I must go—I must go; poor mother will be wearied to death for me. I am selfish to stay, but I was so happy with the lovely music that I'd forgotten her. I must go; poor mother is so ill."

He moved towards the door.

"Come back, Giovanni; you can't go out in the rain. Tell me where mother lives and I'll go to see her at once, and let her know you're safe."

With difficulty he persuaded the child to stay indoors, and taking the address Giovanni gave him he left the house, first directing Mrs. Johnson to put his *protégé* to bed.

Ere he had gone half way on his mission the worn-out little brain had for a season forgotten its troubles in sleep.

## II.

ARTHUR DALZIEL took his way to 5, Sparrow Alley, the address Giovanni had given him, and after sundry ineffectual attempts, succeeded in discovering it. The house was a wretched, tumble-down tenement in a shabby quarter, one of those quarters that seem never far removed from fashionable neighbourhoods, as if set there by Providence to keep the children of fortune ever in mind of the seamy side of life.

The visitor was admitted by a dirty old woman, half idiotic with sleep and gin combined, who conducted him to the room where "the furrin laidy" lived, mumbling the while maudlin compliments to Dalziel with unmistakable intent.

In a miserable den, upon a still more miserable bed, Arthur Dalziel found the wreck of a lovely woman. He was a novice at visitation of the sick, but a glance showed him that the end could not be far away. The patient was speechless, but as he approached her, her eyes dwelt on him with a yearning, pleading look which his rapid intuitions interpreted rightly.

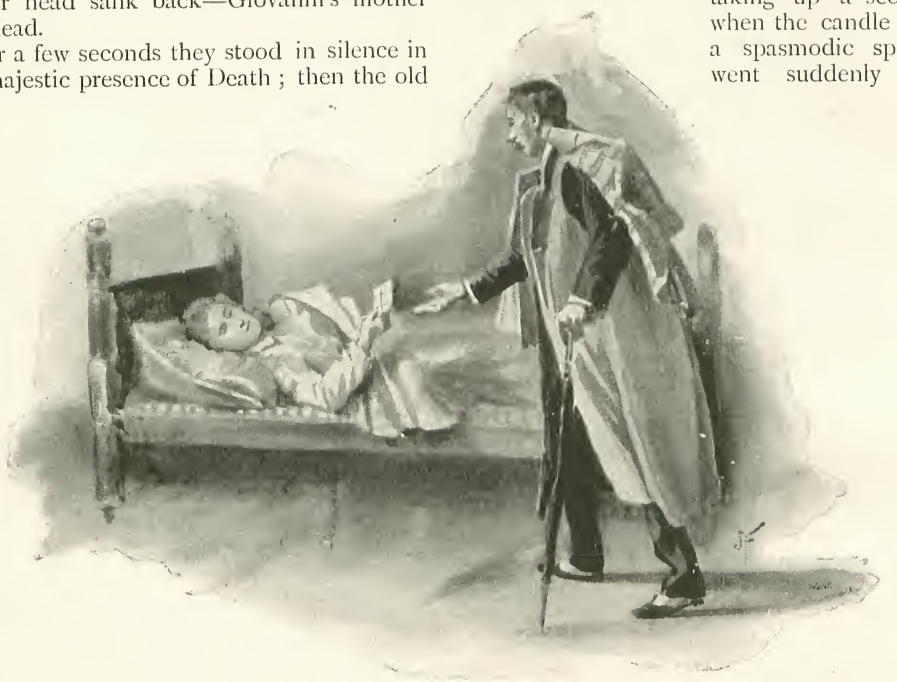
"Your little boy, your Giovanni, is safe," he said, "and will be well cared for always."

The worn but still lovely face lighted up with a gleam of satisfaction as her mute lips

strove to thank him. Feebly she drew a sealed packet from beneath the pillow and gave it into Dalziel's hand. After another effort she contrived to whisper, "This will tell all. You are good, kind; so like *him*, too. My love to Giovannino—oh, so dark, so cold——"

Her head sank back—Giovanni's mother was dead.

For a few seconds they stood in silence in the majestic presence of Death; then the old woman broke into tipsy lamentations while her eyes wandered greedily over the room.



"SHE GAVE IT INTO DALZIEL'S HAND."

"Hold your peace, woman," Dalziel cried, irritably, for the contrast between the sweet, pure image of the dead and the vileness of his companion jarred harshly on his delicate sensibilities. "Here," he continued, thrusting a coin into her dirt-grimed palm, "fetch the key of this room, quick!"

"It's in the door, sir," muttered the other, sulkily, as she clutched the money.

"Leave me, then," said Dalziel; "I'll see to everything."

The old woman grumblingly retired.

The room was lighted by a single guttering candle, now almost burned to its socket. There was light enough to show the visitor that beyond a small leather travelling-box the place seemed to contain nothing belonging to its late occupant. The box was unlocked, so he opened it and drew out a dressing-case, which he looked at narrowly with a sort of trembling curiosity. He attempted to open it, but it resisted his efforts. Then he bethought him of the sealed packet, which he opened and examined. It contained several papers, which he glanced at hurriedly. As he read, his face grew ashen pale and his hands shook violently. He perused one paper and was taking up a second, when the candle with a spasmodic sputter went suddenly out. Through the dingy window, for a single moment, one clear star shone between a rift in the driving storm-clouds. By its faint light he groped for the door, and was quitting the apartment when he suddenly bethought himself and returned to the table for the papers and the dressing-case. He then left the room, the door of which he locked, and pocketing the key he sought the congenial companionship of the tempestuous night.

One afternoon Dalziel and Giovanni stood by a humble grave. The child scarcely realized his loss, and clung to his new protector's hand with passionate intensity. When all was over, as they turned slowly away, Giovanni said:—

"Shall I really always stay with you?"

"Yes, always."

"And learn to be a great musician?"

"Certainly, if you work very hard."

"I *shall* work very hard, then, to please

you and——" he paused and sobbed violently.

"And whom, Giovanni?"

"And mother. She will know, will she not?"

But Dalziel gave no answer.

The same night Dalziel had another fit of musing. It followed a lengthened perusal of the papers he had brought away with him from the chamber of death. One paper, however, was missing. He had left it behind the night before and could obtain no trace of it. The landlord denied having entered the room overnight with a pass-key, but Dalziel did not believe him, though strangely enough he instituted no inquiry regarding the missing document.

"It is as well," he said to himself; "it is as well it should go. Nothing can come of it, and when the boy is of age justice shall be done. Till then, things are best as they are." Then he took up the faded scrap of music and locked it into the secret drawer of his writing-desk, again muttering: "Nothing can come of it. It's quite meaningless to an outsider; no, nothing *can* come of it. Arthur Dalziel, your position is secure; besides, you're his proper guardian in any case—his legal guardian."

"SO FORTUNATE, YOU KNOW."

## III.

Lord Alison was dying. Society knew it, and was languidly interested in the fact. One fact, however, afforded it far greater interest and satisfaction. That fact was the succession to the title. Everyone said the heir was a lucky fellow; and if everyone was poorer than the heir would be, he uttered the words enviously. If, however, he had greater possessions, he affected to be condescendingly glad at the luck of the lucky fellow in question.

"So fortunate, you know, my dear," said the afternoon tea consumers; "Arthur Dalziel may propose at last with good hope of success. Lady Hester could never refuse; besides, her father would never permit her to."

So they settled it in Society.

But Society, though generally infallible in its deliverances on such nice points, had a few rude shocks in store for it in this instance.

Lady Hester Trenoweth did not love Arthur Dalziel, but she loved Arthur Dalziel's ward, a young violinist who had begun to create quite a *furore* in the fashionable world. In fact, Giovanni had become the rage, and though some said it was preposterous that a young man in his position should adopt music as a profession, they were nasty, old-fashioned creatures who knew nothing of the nobility of a life lived for the sake of art. That is quite a modern notion, by the way, so these ancient gossips must be pardoned. They did not know of Lady Hester's appalling preference, or their venom would have been seventy times more virulent. They did not know of Lady Hester's preference, and consequently they permitted themselves to talk freely in Giovanni's hearing of the projected match between her and his guardian, dwelling on Dalziel's well-known attachment and the barrier that his lack of a title had placed upon the union.

Giovanni heard, turned slightly pale, and tuned his instrument for the next number on the programme. A string broke with a harsh snap. He had overstrained it. "Never mind," he said, "*it* can be easily replaced." No one observed the emphasis on the *it*. Perhaps excitement caused the accentuation of the monosyllable.

In another part of the room Arthur Dalziel, slightly older-looking, but handsomer, stood talking with Lord Trenoweth.

"The boy plays marvellously," said the old peer; "he's a credit to you, Dalziel."

"He'll make his bread by it, easily, if need be," returned Dalziel.

"You have not decided, then, whether he's to come right out as a professional or not?"

"Not quite; but it's more than likely he will."

"Most providential he has the gift. He'd have been a sad burden to you otherwise. You picked him up most romantically, I remember——"

"Telegram for Mr. Dalziel," said a waiter.

Arthur glanced at it hastily and handed it to Lord Trenoweth.

The old lord read it carefully. Then he shook hands warmly with his companion, saying, in an undertone: "She's yours, my lord; she's yours."

Thereupon Dalziel quietly withdrew, and Society heard from Lord Trenoweth that Lord Alison was dead. Society smiled and awaited further developments, feeling quite certain what these would be, and, for once in a way, grievously miscalculating.

Giovanni would be twenty-one the next day, the day on which Dalziel had determined that justice should be done; but that night Giovanni and he each attended a funeral. Neither funeral was Lord Alison's. Dalziel interred, dry-eyed, an old, good resolution; Giovanni buried, with one or two bitter tears, his young heart's first love.

"I owe him everything I have," said the young man; "it is little that I should sacrifice something for his sake. Doubtless she cares nothing for me, the humble artist. I shall try to be happy in my benefactor's happiness."

"He can easily win fortune and a name with his music," Dalziel told himself; "he has nothing to lose, and he owes me his training. Besides, I cannot give her up. She *must* accept me. No woman in her senses could do otherwise. Justice—faugh! it's all on my side."

Such were the dirges at the two funerals.

Courtesy to Lord Alison's memory demanded the postponement for a time of the celebration of Giovanni's coming of age, so that birthday of his was a somewhat dull one. He said he would go out of town for a little. Dalziel consented, and his ward left early in the morning.

Among the letters at breakfast-time Dalziel observed one for Giovanni—a dirty, greasy, plebeian-looking thing. He turned it over curiously and then, scarcely knowing what he did, opened and read it. It contained an offer to restore to Giovanni, for a consideration, a document that would disclose the mystery of his origin. Dalziel did not hesitate what course to take. He arranged an interview with the unknown correspondent, and in a few hours was put in possession of the lost paper.

Giovanni's chances of justice were small enough now. Blind to Lady Hester's indifference, Dalziel persisted in his wooing, and Lord Trenoweth was only too proud to countenance a match with the new Lord Alison. At last the girl yielded to her father's commands and her admirer's entreaties. She fancied it was the common lot of women to be sacrificed so; then, too, Giovanni had spoken no word of hope to her. She would submit and do her duty. Society smiled very sagely over the engagement, and said: "I told you so; she is too sensible a girl to resist long."

The time of mourning was over. Lord Alison was to give a very select musical evening. It still wanted some weeks to the wedding. Giovanni, Lord Alison's nephew ("though he's not his nephew, really," said the knowing world), was to play twice. His second piece on the programme was left without a name. "He will improvise, most likely," said the writers of Society gossip, and they whetted their pencils for praise.

That blank number was intended as a surprise for Alison. Since the night when Giovanni was found on the doorstep, he had never seen the scrap of old MS. music from which his protector had played the air that brought them together. Dalziel declared he had lost it, and though seemingly shy of mentioning the fragment, would sometimes regret that he could not properly recollect it.

Giovanni recollected it perfectly, however, and had been familiar with it since ever he could remember, though how or where he had learned it he could not say. Latterly he had a dim suspicion that Dalziel must have composed it, and was consequently shy of speaking about it. His memory was marvellous, and he had written in full the piano part that his benefactor had played to him so long ago. Lady Hester was to be his accompanist, so he took her into his confidence, fancying, poor boy, that she would be delighted at the surprise in store for her betrothed. She gave him a look that he could not understand, and murmured

something about the subtle spell of old melodies. Giovanni, for answer, took up his instrument and the practising proceeded. Loyalty to his friend made him purse his lips very tight that afternoon. It was their last meeting before the concert—before the wedding, in fact. They had been boy and girl friends, and such ties always get a wrench when marriage comes to one or other and leaves one stranded. It is a wrench where there has been nothing but friendship; where love is, it is a very rending of the heart-strings. Giovanni at length rose to go.

"Good-bye, Hester; it's the last time I may call you so."

"Good-bye, Giovanni."

"GOOD-BYE, HESTER."

They would meet again in the crowded saloons of Lord Alison's mansion, but this was to be their true farewell. Something in her tones, in her look, thrilled the young man. He gazed into her eyes and read her heart.

"Hester!"

"Giovanni!"

"But I must not," she said, at length; "I have promised to marry Lord Alison."

"And, Hester, it's a strange request; but you must promise me to marry no one but Lord Alison!"

"I know what you mean, Giovanni; I fear it must be so, now that my word is pledged. Oh, if we had only discovered sooner!"

"We meet again at the concert. Good-bye, Hester!"

"Good-bye, Giovannino, good-bye!"

## IV.

THE nameless piece was a brilliant success. The critics said the pathos was wonderful. Both performers seemed to have but one soul between them, as in truth they really had. Lord Alison sat like one petrified as the music ebbed and flowed, but only Giovanni noted that he did not join in the applause that followed. It cut him to the quick, this negligence; and when the guests clamoured for an encore he selected a different piece, greatly to their disgust.

After all the company had gone and that curious dreariness that invariably invades the scene of a recent merry-making spread through the rooms, Lord Alison, pale to the very lips, called Giovanni into the study.

"Take a cigar, boy, and settle yourself to hear a story," he said, as he closed the door.

Giovanni obeyed, and sank into the corner of the very sofa he had occupied the first time he entered the house.

After a pause the elder man told a strange tale that was also a confession. He told how his brother Jack, his big brother Jack, the poet and musician, had vanished in Italy long years before. Rumour said he had married a singer whose beauty had captivated him, and that he feared to return lest his uncle, Lord Alison, should disinherit him. As time went on, Arthur was recognised as the next-of-kin, and on succeeding to his father's property had quitted Scotch law and come to London, where he soon found the gay life of an heir-presumptive to a great title indispensable to his happiness. Now and then the dread of his brother's return painted black spots on his sun, but he strove to erase them, and generally succeeded.

Then came the strange evening when he

played his brother's composition, a relic of college days, and was answered from outside by an unseen player. From the first he had no doubt who the child was; and the packet given him by the dying woman confirmed his suspicion, as well as the worn little dressing-case which he remembered perfectly. He resolved to reveal all when Giovanni should come of age, but the fair face of Hester Trenoweth came between them. Then, when the dread of the missing document was removed, he persuaded himself to sacrifice conscience to passion. His resolution was increased ten-fold by the knowledge that Lady Hester loved Giovanni. Arthur's keen eye had detected her secret. He almost hated them both when the truth became plain to him. "Boy," he exclaimed, at length, "I've foully wronged you; but Jack's dead voice spoke again to-night in his melody. It led you to me, it made me resolve to shelter you (perchance it helped to rob me of her); but to-night it preached repentance. Take Hester and be happy. I can claim a younger brother's portion, and I have my profession to return to, though a selfish life has blunted that weapon I fear. Boy, say you don't hate me!"

Giovanni's warm Italian blood drove him to a demonstration impossible to an Englishman.

"Uncle Arthur, *I* hate you? Never! Oh, I've robbed you sorely, I fear! It's a poor return for what you've done for me. Though you've erred, you've more than atoned for your error, which has done me no great harm, and you shall *never* leave me, *never*." The men embraced silently, and Arthur Dalziel's face wore a new strange softness, like that it wore on the night he found Giovanni.

Old Lord Trenoweth had hard work to relish the explanations Dalziel favoured him with next day. When, however, Dalziel mentioned the true state of things between Hester and Giovanni, and insisted on his consenting to their wedding, he seemed infinitely relieved. He summoned Hester and gently told her that, as he had heard of her love for Giovanni, he would no longer insist on her engagement to Alison.

"But," she quivered out, "I've pledged my word to marry Lord Alison."

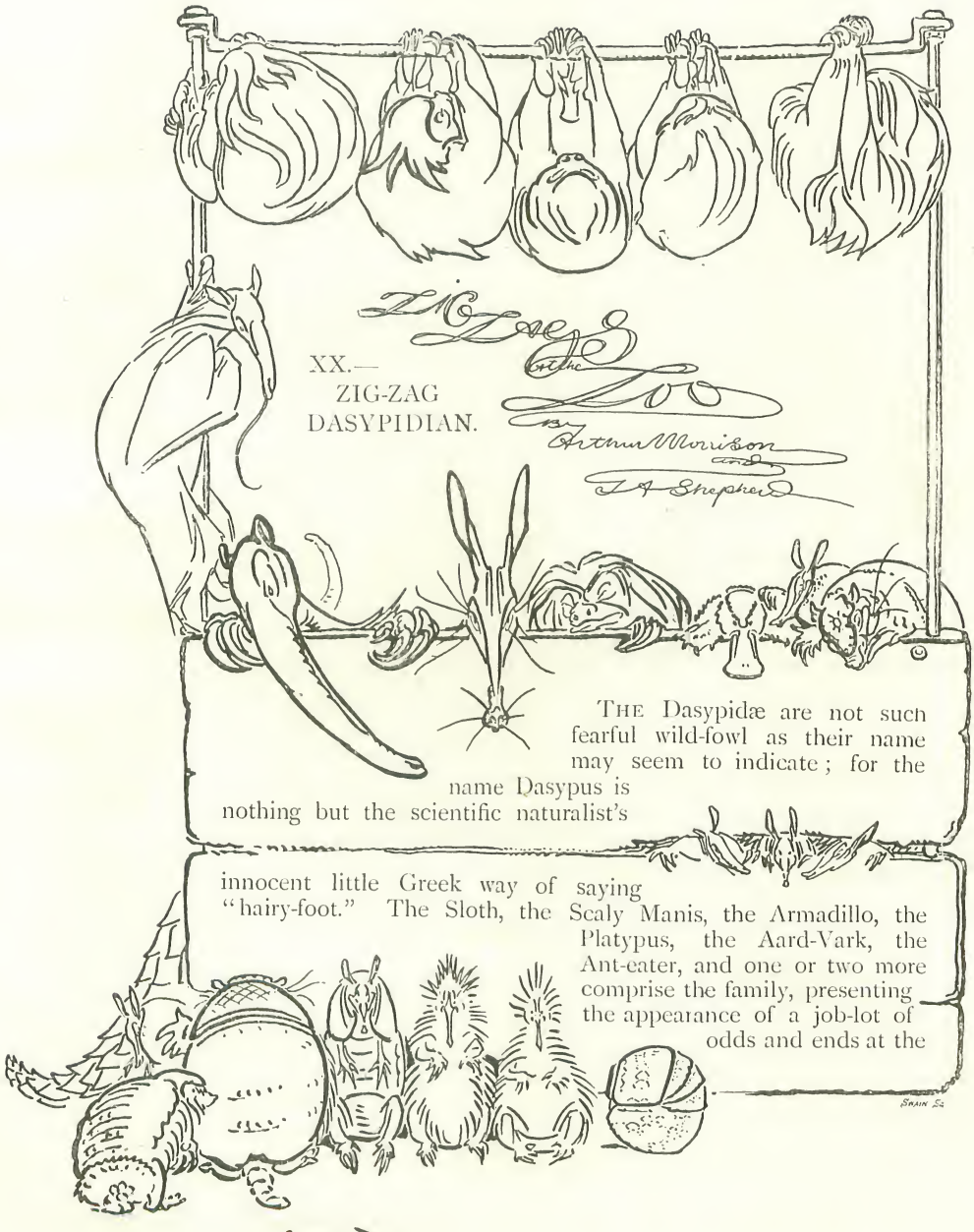
"And so you shall," said her father. "Giovanni is Lord Alison. There has been a great discovery."

But Hester never knew how long ago that discovery had taken place. Neither did Society, who, after the first shock, smiled benignant acquiescence, and said, "To think of its being all through that little theme with variations that Giovanni wrote from memory! Delightfully romantic!"

"I HATE YOU? NEVER!"

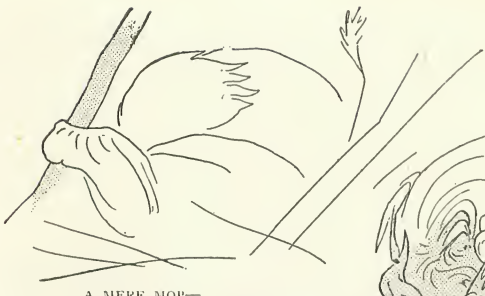
"Oh! Uncle Arthur, you're too, too kind to us," Hester said later in the day.

But Dalziel was silent.

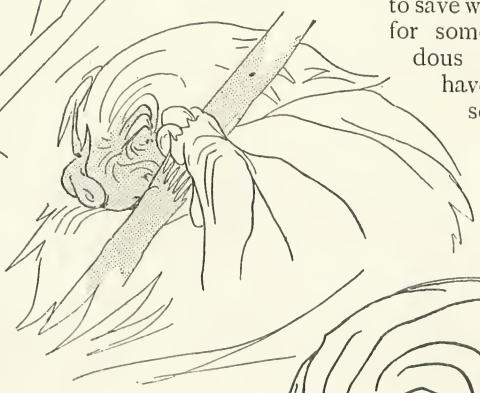



XX.—
ZIG-ZAG
DASYPIDIAN.

THE Dasypidæ are not such fearful wild-fowl as their name may seem to indicate; for the name Dasypus is nothing but the scientific naturalist's innocent little Greek way of saying "hairy-foot." The Sloth, the Scaly Manis, the Armadillo, the Platypus, the Aard-Vark, the Ant-eater, and one or two more comprise the family, presenting the appearance of a job-lot of odds and ends at the



A MERE MOP—



WHICH—

REVEALS—

ITSELF—

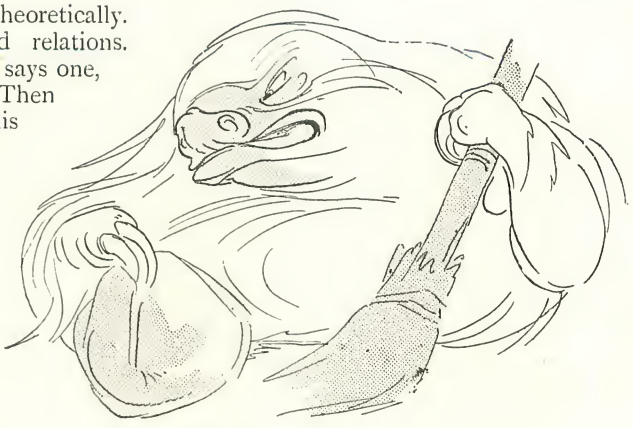
GRADUALLY.

tail of an auctioneer's catalogue. Not only is the family of a job-lot nature, but each individual seems a sort of haphazard assemblage of odd parts made up together to save wasting the pieces; for some have tremendous tails, and some have almost none; some have armour and some have hair; one has an odd beak, apparently discarded by a duck as awkwardly shaped; some have two toes only on a foot, some three, some four, and some five—just as luck might have it in the scramble, so to speak; they only agree in being all very hard up for teeth.

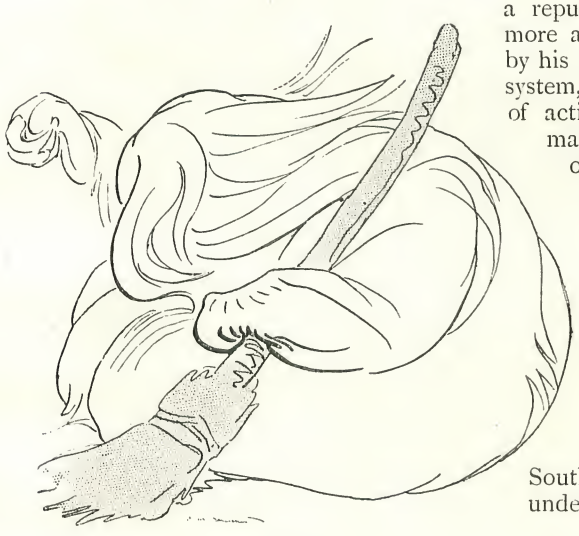
The sloth is an admirable creature in many respects. Chiefly, he has a glorious gift of inaction—a thing too little esteemed and insufficiently cultivated in these times. If it is sweet to do nothing, as we have it on the unimpeachable authority of a proverb, therefore it must be actually noble to do nothing on scientific principles, as does the sloth. The objectionably moral and energetic class of philosopher is always ready to enlist the ant, the bee, and similarly absurdly busy creatures as practical sermons on his side; and that the indolent philosopher has never retaliated with the sloth is due merely to the fact that he

*is* indolent, practically as well as theoretically. Yet the sloth has well-esteemed relations. Consider other proverbs. "Sloth," says one, "is the mother of necessity." Then another. "Necessity," says this second, "is the mother of invention." Whence it plainly follows that sloth is invention's grandmother—although nobody would think it to look at the sloth here, in house number forty-seven.

Now there are persons who attempt to deprive the sloth of the credit due to his laziness by explaining that his limbs are not adapted for use on the ground. This is a fact, although it is mean to use it to discredit so fine a reputation. The sloth is indeed a deal more active when he is hanging upside down by his toes—but then that is all a part of his system, since it is plain that his greatest state of activity is merely one of suspended animation. It is only when he is in a state of suspense that the sloth is really happy, and this is only one aspect of the topsy-turviness of his entire nature. Hanging horizontally, head and tail downward, is his normal position in society, and this is apt to lead to a belief among the unthinking that he must have lived long in Australia and there become thoroughly used to holding on to the world in his usual attitude; but his actual home is Central and South America — not altogether "down under," but merely on the slope.



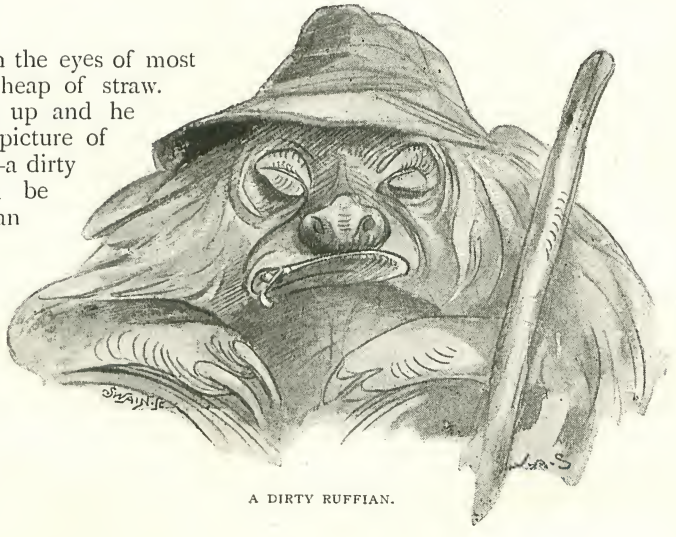
"WOT? NOT A COPPER?"



"GURN! I'LL—"

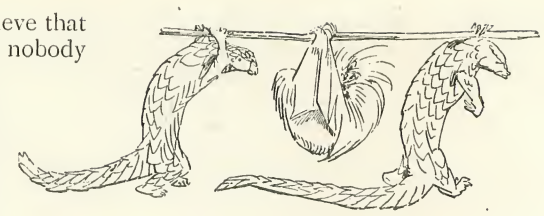
The sloth in this place is, in the eyes of most visitors, a mere mop in a heap of straw. Let but the keeper stir him up and he reveals himself gradually, the picture of a ragged, rascally mendicant—a dirty ruffian whose vocation can be nothing more laborious than extorting coppers on pretence of sweeping a crossing. A little more stirring, and he will reach for his perch and invert himself, to think things over. To him the floor is inconvenient, for it is his ceiling; anybody's ceiling is inconvenient to crawl about on.

When one knows that the



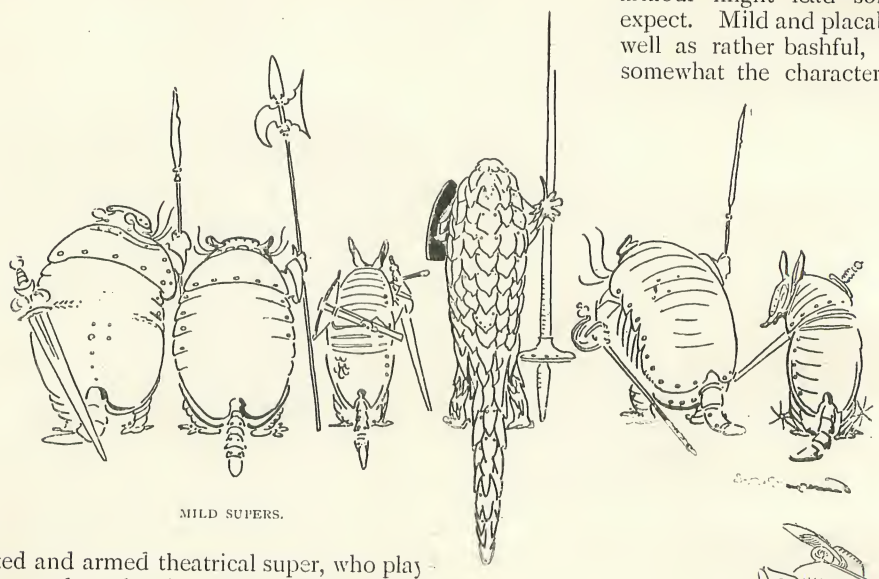
A DIRTY RUFFIAN.

sloth never drinks, one is prepared to believe that he persistently refuses to stand; but then nobody can stand anything, even drinks, on a ceiling. If by any chance he finds himself on the ceiling (which, as I have said, is his word for floor), he can only hook his claws wherever he sees a hole, and drag himself. He is the poorest of all the Dasypidæ in the matter of tail, and was also unfortunate in the allotment of toes, only wearing two on each fore-foot. Which disposes of the sloth.



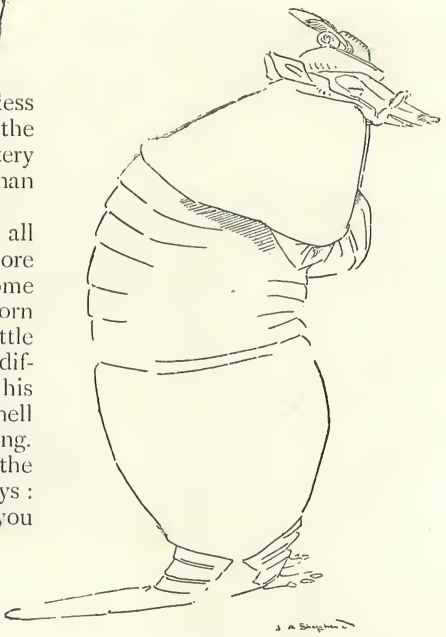
DISPOSED OF.

Of the Dasypidæ there are only, beside the sloth, various armadillos and an ant-eater in this place. The armadillo is a placid creature, with none of the warlike disposition that its armour might lead some to expect. Mild and placable, as well as rather bashful, it has somewhat the character of a beplated and armed theatrical super, who plays the flute and teaches in a Sunday-school when off duty. It is susceptible to cold, too, and regardless of any heroism of appearance in face of a chill in the air. Withal the armadillo is indifferent alike to flattery and abuse: you can no more hurt his feelings than his back.

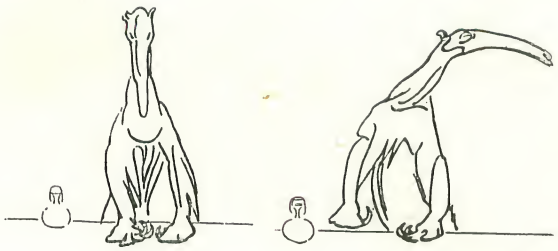


MILD SUPERS.

There are several sorts of armadillo here, but all are equally indifferent to criticism. Nothing is more impervious to criticism (or anything else, if you come to that) than an armadillo. He should have been born a minor poet. An oyster appears to care very little for what is said of him, but a good deal of his indifference is assumed; you often catch him opening his shell to listen. The armadillo won't open his shell for anything—figuratively as well as literally speaking. If a raging mad jaguar prances up to an armadillo, the armadillo curls up quietly with an expression that says: "Really, you excite yourself overmuch; I suppose you want to gnaw me. If you expect to *eat* me, after your length of experience, you must be—well, rather a fool, if I may say so. I shall go to sleep," which he does, while the jaguar ruins his teeth. Naturalists have marvelled at the fact that



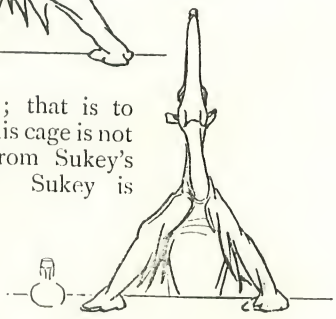
A CHILLY PERSON.



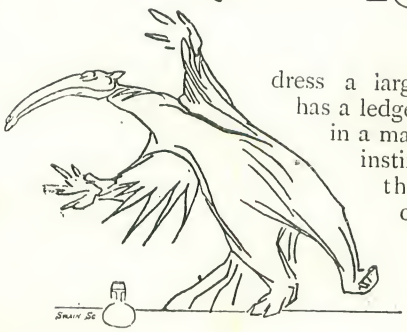
native Paraguayans find whether an armadillo is at home by poking a stick into his burrow, when (if he is) out comes a swarm of mosquitoes. "What," they ask, wonderingly, "can mosquitoes want with an armadillo, when other things not quite so hopeless are near at hand for biting?"

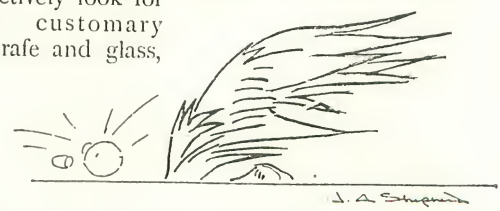
But it is probably a mosquito championship meeting.

The sloth, sluggard as he is, has not gone to the ant, but to the ant-

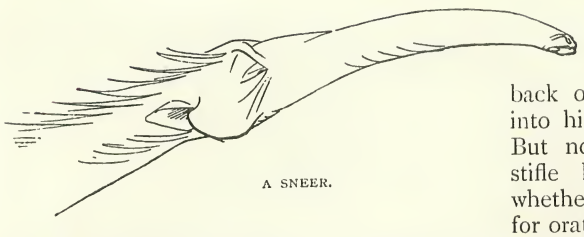


eater; that is to say, his cage is not far from Sukey's here. Sukey is not a wise person. Nobody anxious to be an orator with so little talent for it can be wise. When first you enter the room you observe that Sukey is anxious to address a large meeting. She has a ledge before her, on which she rests her fore-knuckles in a manner so extremely suggestive of a lecture that you instinctively look for the customary carafe and glass,



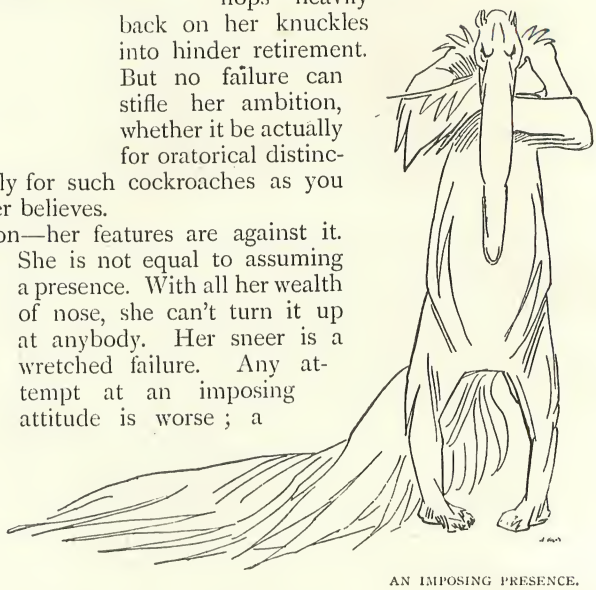


and feel perplexed at their absence. Regardless of this disadvantage, Sukey will turn this way and that, and thump alternately with one fist and the other, and even, in the excitement of her eloquence, bounce bodily upon the ledge before her, as one has heard of a gymnastic American divine doing in his pulpit. This will



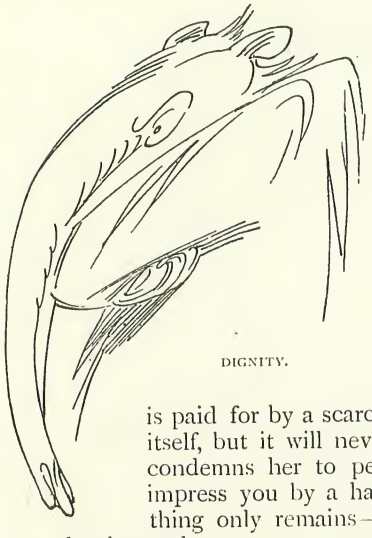
A SNEER.

the voiceless Sukey do till public indifference disgusts her, and she flops heavily back on her knuckles into hinder retirement. But no failure can stifle her ambition, whether it be actually for oratorical distinction, as appearances indicate, or only for such cockroaches as you may choose to offer her, as the keeper believes.



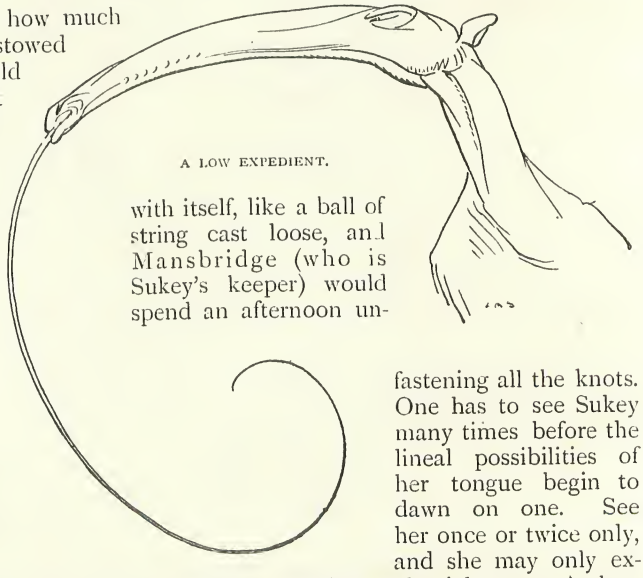
AN IMPOSING PRESENCE.

Sukey is not an impressive person—her features are against it. She is not equal to assuming a presence. With all her wealth of nose, she can't turn it up at anybody. Her sneer is a wretched failure. Any attempt at an imposing attitude is worse; a large nose of a sort is often a noble feature of itself; but a nose like this! . . . . Sukey's extravagance in nose is paid for by a scarcity of mouth. Her small mouth may be a loveliness in itself, but it will never allow Sukey a sneer or a smile—let alone a laugh; it condemns her to perpetual prunes and prism. So that Sukey may neither impress you by a haughty presence, nor sneer at you, nor laugh at you; one thing only remains—and it is a low expedient—she *can* put out her tongue at you—by the yard.



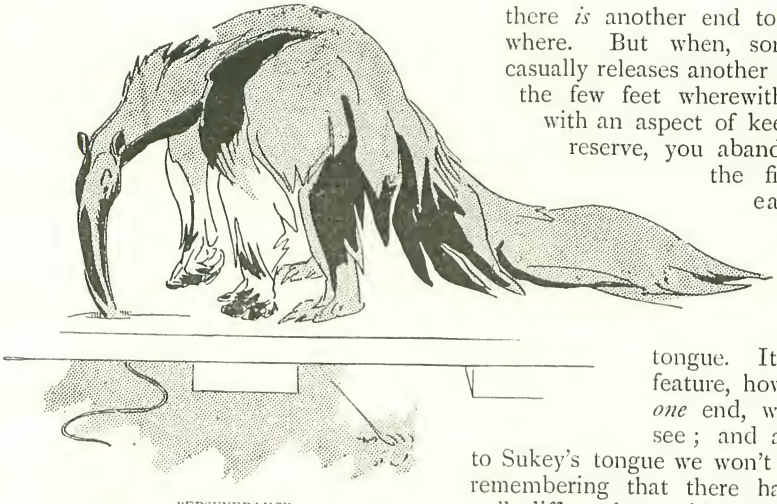
DIGNITY.

I have often speculated as to how much of this tongue Sukey really has stowed away inside her, and what would happen if she let it all out at once. It would probably get entangled with everything and with itself, like a ball of string cast loose, and Mansbridge (who is Sukey's keeper) would spend an afternoon unfastening all the knots. One has to see Sukey many times before the lineal possibilities of her tongue begin to dawn on one. See her once or twice only, and she may only exhibit a mere foot or so of it—possibly only eight or ten inches. Another time she will let out a foot or eighteen inches more, and you are rather surprised; still, your belief is unshaken that



A LOW EXPEDIENT.

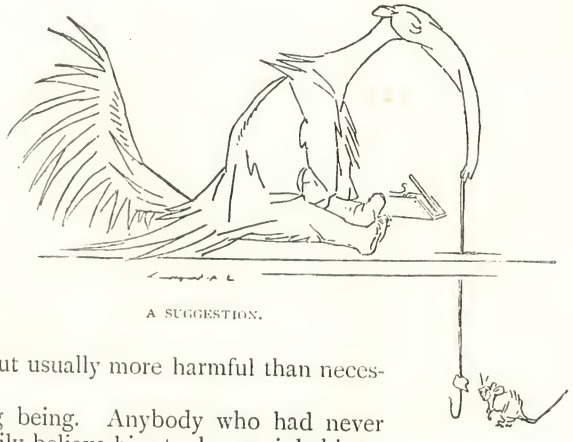
A LAUGH.



PERSEVERANCE.

there *is* another end to that tongue somewhere. But when, some time later, she casually releases another yard or two, beyond the few feet wherewith you are familiar, with an aspect of keeping miles more in reserve, you abandon the doctrine of the finiteness of things earthly as mere scientific superstition. Plainly, I don't believe there is any other end to Sukey's tongue. It has the redeeming feature, however, of possessing *one* end, which anybody may see; and as there is an end to Sukey's tongue we won't be too hard on her, remembering that there have been Sukeys—well, differently provided for.

Sukey's tongue is a sticky thing, and she waves it about with a view of eating any unfortunate insect that may adhere to it, on the catch-'em-alive-oh principle. Her chiefest tit-bit is a cockroach, and, as you will perceive from her manner as you make her acquaintance, it is a firm article of Sukey's belief that visitors carry these interesting insects about with them, in large quantities. When one remembers how comparatively unfashionable this practice is, one can understand that Sukey largely lives the life of a disappointed creature. By way of a great feast, she will sometimes be given a mouse; and she fishes perseveringly through such odd cracks and holes as she may find, in hopes of providing such a feast for herself. I respectfully suggest baiting the end of her tongue with a piece of cheese. As it is, I fear her catch of mice is scarcely sufficient to warrant the importation of the ant-eater as a substitute for the harmless necessary (but usually more harmful than necessary) Tom-cat of the garden-wall.



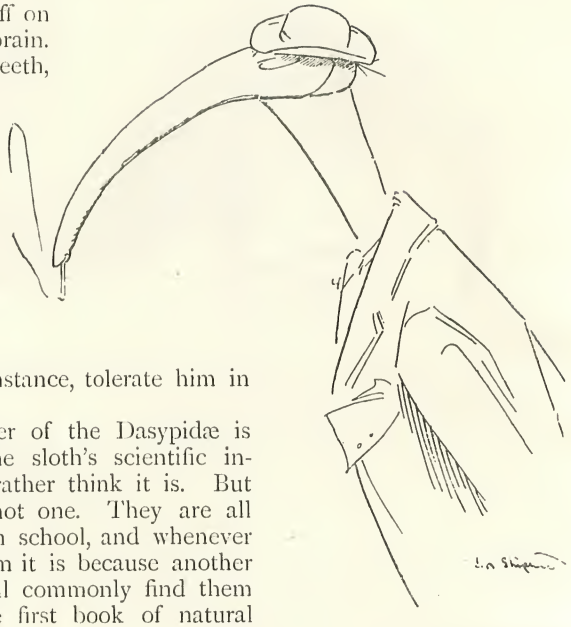
A SUGGESTION.

The ant-eater is not a prepossessing being. Anybody who had never before seen or heard of him would readily believe him to be an inhabitant of the moon. He looks the sort of animal one would invent in a nightmare; his comparatively sober colours and his bushy tail save him from being an absolute unearthly horror. Conceive, if you can, a pink ant-eater with blue spots and a forked tail!

Neither is the ant-eater very wise; nothing with so much tongue is very wise; and the ant-

ON THE GARDEN WALL.

eater uses up so much of its head-stuff on its nose that nothing is left for the brain. The ant-eater never cuts his wisdom teeth, because he never has any teeth at all. Really the ant-eater scarcely seems a respectable character considered altogether. An animal with more than a foot of slender nose, expressly used for poking into other people's concerns (the ants'), an immeasurable tongue, no use for a tooth-brush, and an irregular longing for cockroaches for lunch—well, *is* such an animal quite respectable? Would you, for instance, tolerate him in your club?



NOT VERY WISE.

The only fairly respectable member of the Dasypidæ is the armadillo—unless you count the sloth's scientific indolence a claim to respectability; I rather think it is. But none of the Dasypidæ are clever—not one. They are all in the lowest form of the mammalian school, and whenever one is not at the bottom of the form it is because another already occupies the place. You will commonly find them placed last of the mammalia in the first book of natural history you look at.

THE LOWEST FORM.

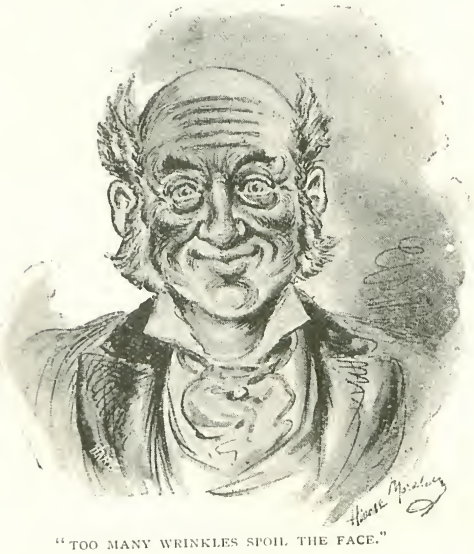
# *Actors' Make-Up.*

THE art of making-up is one which every actor cultivates most assiduously. He can convey as much by his countenance as he can by the words which so glibly roll off his tongue. An extra wrinkle about the eye will whisper of anything between a diabolical murder and a hungry interior; a highly-coloured nose may either betray a tendency to a too frequent falling down in adoration of Bacchus, or the excessive colour may act as a silent reminder of a "cobd it de head" and the advisability of an immediate application of a small bottle of glycerine. All well and good. But some of our actors are beginning to play pranks with their faces, and are forgetting that they possess a canvas which needs as delicate touching with the colours as that on the easel of a Royal Academician. There is a positive danger of "the Villain at the Vic"

"THE VILLAIN AT THE VIC."

making a successful re-appearance again—that estimable individual whose corkscrew curls were as black as his deeds; whose every glance told that "ber-lud, ber-lud, nothing but ber-lud, and let it be cer-r-rimson at that, my lor-rd!" would satisfy. You remember him. But it is not intended that these pages should either by word from pen or picture from pencil libel the face of any actor breathing. It is only desirable that the disciples of Thespis should be warned against overdoing their stage faces. There is really no need for it. They are not at Sadler's Wells to-day.

I remember one old actor at Sadler's Wells in the good old days. He used to boast that he had played several hundreds of parts during the last fifteen years, and had made one wig do for every character! He would flour it, tie it with a ribbon bow, and, lo! he had a George III. He would red-ochre it for a carroty cranium of a comic countryman, and he admitted once to black-leading it. His make-up was equally in keeping with his head-gear. He burnt a cork for making moustaches and eyebrows, he utilized the white-washed walls for powder, and scraped the red-brick flooring with his pocket-knife to gain a little colour for his cheeks. And even then he used to wonder how it was he could never get his face clean! Though it is to be hoped that no modern actor will ever have to stoop so low as the floor for his rouge, yet there seems to be rising up in our midst a generation of actors who altogether misunderstand the use of brush and pencil. Glance at this worthy fellow, for instance. Doubtless he is endowed with the best of intentions, but he has made his face resemble a sweep's, and the five-barred gate he has put on his forehead would not disgrace the entrance to a highly respectable turnip field.



"TOO MANY WRINKLES SPOIL THE FACE."

Now, he will enter like that, and would probably feel hurt if somebody were to cry out from the gallery that it would be as well if *some* actors were to let the audience see their faces for a change occasionally. The cultivation of wrinkles—on the stage, of course—is a positive art.

"Must put plenty of lines on the face," says the actor; "I'm playing an old man to-night." But there is no necessity to wrinkle the face like badly-straightened-out forked lightning; there is no need to lay down a new line on your countenance such as a debilitated luggage train would scorn. The effect, from the front, of the lines laid down about the vicinity of the eyes appears like a huge pair of goggles without the connecting link across the bridge of the nose.

Then there is "the old man from the country." His wrinkles

"THE FUNNY COUNTRYMAN."

are nothing more or less than wicked. He is not content with resembling a cross between Paul Pry and a Drury Lane clown — he pitchforks the paint on, increases the size of his mouth by "bringing up" the corners to insure a perpetual smile, wears a wig which even a Joey Grimaldi would shudder at, dresses as no countryman ever dressed, and wears a huge sunflower from his back garden. Your old stage hand, when called upon to play a countryman, will tell you that there is nothing to equal a level colouring all over the face, with a little rouge on the cheeks, and the immediate neighbourhood of the eyes touched up to balance the effect. Our country friend is almost as

"'COLOURING' IT."

wicked in his make-up as the individual who still pins his faith to the hare's foot—now almost obsolete—and grins at himself in the glass, and considers an admirable effect is obtained by "rouging" a somewhat prominent nasal organ.

Your Dutchman is a funny fellow. Make-up: flaxen wig and fat cheeks. There are several ways of obtaining this necessary rotundity of

"DUTCH."

the cheeks. Padded pieces may be joined on to the other parts of the face with spirit-gum and coloured to match. I believe Mr. W. S. Penley adopted this course—and a very capital idea it was—when presenting his admirably amusing *Father Pelican* in "Falka." But there is considerable risk in resorting to another course which has of late become popular. Figs are inserted in the mouth on either side. The effect may be all right, but, I repeat, the risk is great. In a pantomime recently played the audience were considerably surprised to see the fat boy's cheeks suddenly collapse. The actor—who was particularly fond of these highly delectable articles—having, through some cause unknown, had to rush on the stage without his evening meal, suddenly became terribly hungry, and quite forgetful of the consequences, ate his own cheeks off. The pad, or coloured wool delicately joined with gum, is therefore to be recommended.

Nothing like a good eye—an eagle eye.

"BELIEVES IN A GOOD EYE."

Hence the camel's hair brush is called into requisition, and our theatrical friend plays at latitude and longitude all over his face. The wrinkle on the stage is a distinctive art, and to become on familiar terms with it is very necessary. The camel's hair brush has been superseded by lining pencils, which can be obtained in any colour. They possess the great advantage—being made of grease—of giving a wrinkle that will not wash off with perspiration. The "wash off" is after the play is over, when the wise resort to vaseline or cold cream, with a wash in warm water afterwards. The gentleman who plunges his head well wrinkled into a basin of water

"A NICE WASH."

before vaselining or cold creaming presents a sorry sight.

But, for really beautiful eyes, some ladies may be recommended. The fair performer has to play the juvenile part in a light comedy, has to be loved by the nice-looking young man who crowns himself with golden locks. Hence she goes in for a contrast—a strong contrast.

"'CROWNING' HIMSELF."

"Love!" she murmurs to herself—"love has eyes," and she immediately proceeds to "Two lovely black!"

A line under the eye will give it prominence. Too much prominence is not a desirable thing, especially about one's features.

"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."

But the "juvenile" lady does not stop at black-eyeing. The lips have to be made to look kissable, so they are reddened to a delicately puckered-up appearance. The grand finale is a fair wig, in total rebellion to the two lovely black!

Then we have "the old head on young shoulders"—the young man who makes up his face as "the doctor" really very well, but forgets all about his legs. His half-bald wig is joined to a nicety; his eyebrows gummed on most artistically; the wrinkles are wonderfully, but not fearfully, made. A good figure-head! But his walk is that of a "two-year-old"; the cut of his clothes, the shape of his collar, are those of a fashionable dandy. He stopped short at making-up his head. He should have continued the process all over.

The ways of producing whiskers, beards, or moustaches are of three kinds. They can be made by sewing hair on thin silk gauze, which fits the part of the face it is intended to decorate, and stuck on with spirit gum, or they can be made out of crêpe hair—a plaited, imitation hair — which, in deft fingers, may be made into

"OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS."

shape. These, too, are held on to the face with spirit gum. The last method is to paint the hair on. The latter course is not recommended.

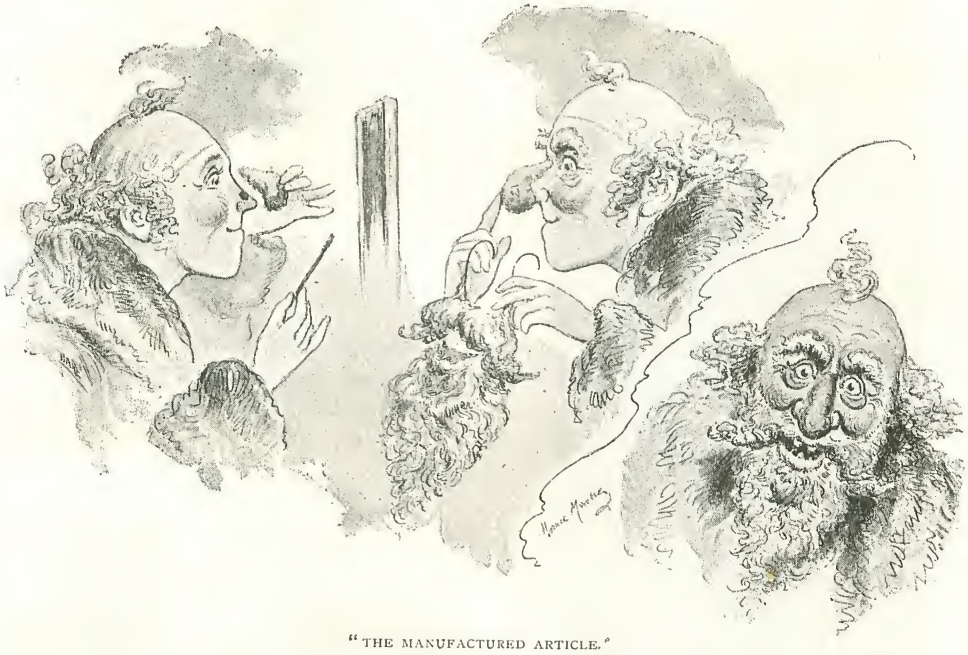
I remember once hearing a capital gag at

"THAT'S THE WAY TO GROW A MOUSTACHE, MY BOY."

the Gaiety Theatre on this whisker-spirit-gum question. I believe it was by Mr. E. W. Royce, and it was during the burlesque days of Edward Terry and Nelly Farren. Royce's moustache came off; he was supposed to have been driven on to the scene in a conveyance. He picked it up and proceeded to stick it on again, quietly remarking :—

"Dear me! I really must be moulting;
Unless it is the carriage jolting!"

One of the most effective make-ups on the stage is that of the Jew—and the really marvellous change which may be obtained in three moves is well illustrated in this character. The face prepared and painted, the wig joined to the forehead with grease paint, the actor proceeds to put on his nose, again finding the spirit gum handy. Such stage noses are invariably made of wool, coloured to suit the complexion. The beard —which for such characters as these is always a ready-made one—is fastened to the face by means of wire over the ears. He shrugs his shoulders, opens his eyes, leers, and—there is the complete manufactured article.



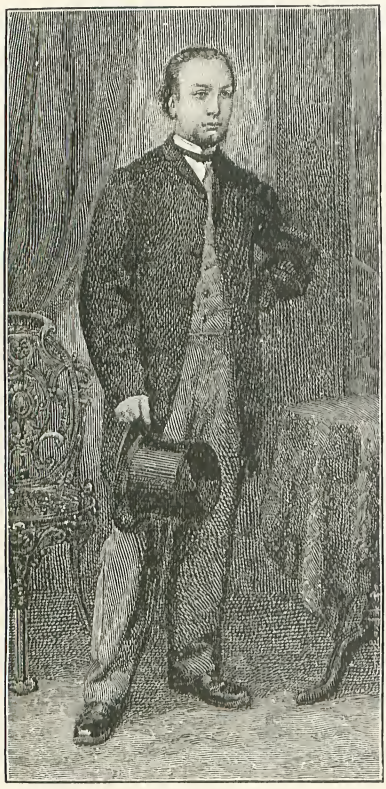
"THE MANUFACTURED ARTICLE."

*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

## DR. MACKENZIE.

BORN 1847.

DOCTOR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, was born at Edinburgh, and sent to Germany at the early age of ten to study under Ulrich Edward Stein. Four years later he entered the dual orchestra

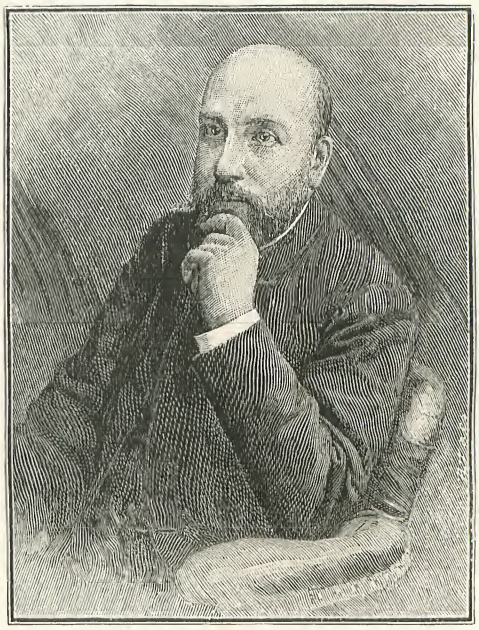


AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by P. Thompson, Edinburgh.*

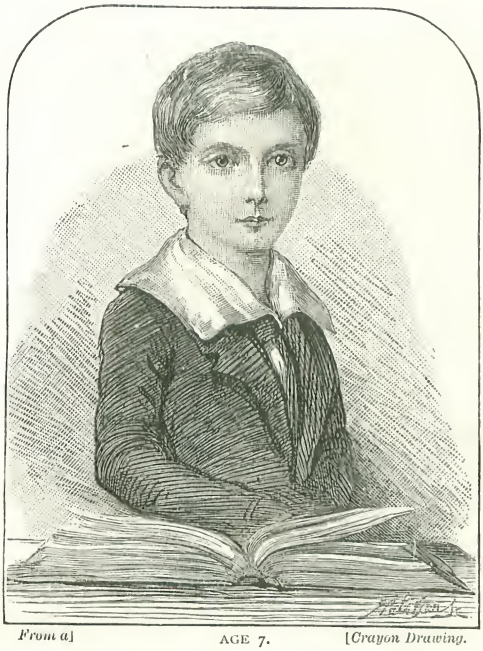
at Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, and remained in Germany till 1862, when he came to London to study the violin under M. Sainton. The same year he was elected King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music. The composition which made him famous was his opera, "Colomba," based upon Mérimée's celebrated story. This was produced with great success by the Carl Rosa Company

AGE 35.
*From a Photo. by P. Thompson, Edinburgh.*

at Drury Lane in 1884. His subsequent and most noted works are his second opera, "The Troubadour"; "The Story of Sayid," and in 1890 "Ravenswood" was successfully produced at the Lyceum. He was elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in February, 1888, in succession to the late Sir George Macfarren.



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Window & Grove, Baker Street.*



*From a]* AGE 7. [*Crayon Drawing.*

## THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

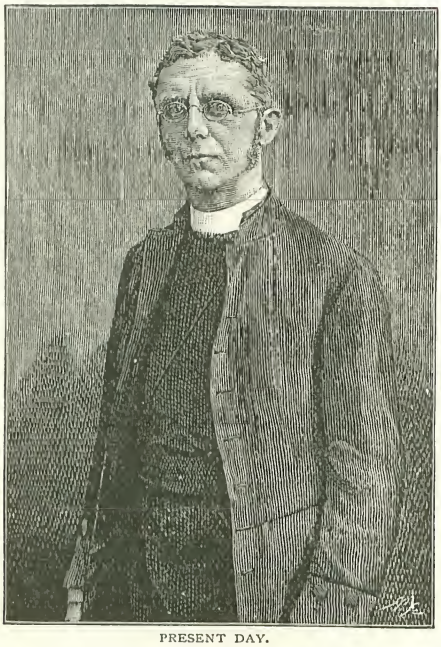
BORN 1839.

THE HON. AUGUSTUS LEGGE, Bishop of Lichfield, is the fourth son of William, fourth Earl of Dartmouth. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Eton, and later on to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. He was ordained in 1864, his first curacy being at Handsworth, Birmingham. In 1879 he succeeded his uncle, the Hon. Henry Legge, in the important benefice of St. Mary's,

AGE 23.
*From a Photo. by Bayard & Bertall, Paris.*

Lewisham. He was made Bishop in September, 1891.

*From a]* AGE 19. [*Drawing.*



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.*

## HENRIK IBSEN.

BORN 1828.

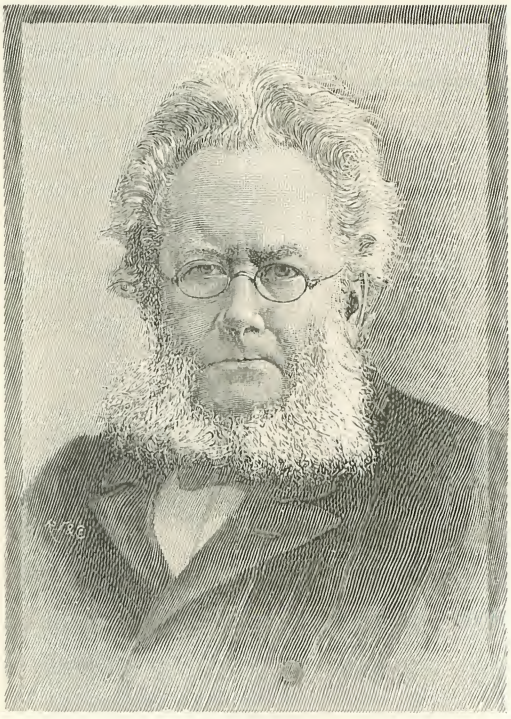
HENRIK IBSEN, the eminent Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien. He is of German descent and speaks German with fluency; but he has never written anything in that language. He at first studied medicine, but soon abandoned that profession for literature. Under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, he published in 1850 "Catilina," a drama in three acts. In the same year he entered the University, where, in conjunction with others,

*From a]* AGE 37. *[Print.*

he founded a literary journal, in the columns of which appeared his first satire, "Nora et Dukkehjem." Through the influence of Ole Bull, the violinist, he became director of the theatre at Bergen, and in 1857 went to Christiania, where several of his plays were produced with great success. For some time he lived in Rome, and in 1866 obtained from the Storthing a pension. His best known works are: "Fru Inger til Oesteraad," 1857; "Haer Maendene paa Helgeland," 1858; "Brandt," 1866; "Peer Gynt," 1867; "Keiser og Galelaeer," 1875; and a volume of poems, "Lyriske Digte," 1871. "The Pillars of Society," 1877, contains, perhaps, the best embodiment of his social philosophy. Other works of his

AGE 43.
*From a Photo. by Budtz, Muller & Co., Kjobenhavn.*

are: "Ghosts," 1881; "A Social Enemy," 1882; "The Wild Duck," 1884; "Hedda Gabler," 1890; "The Master Builder," 1893.



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Jos. Albert, Munich.*

AGE 4.
*From a Drawing.*

## LADY BURTON.

LADY ISABEL BURTON was born in London on the 20th of March, 1831, and married Sir Richard Burton, whose fame was due to no small extent to the assistance he received from her ability and wifely devotion. Lady Burton is a

AGE 21.
*From a Painting by Desanges.*

woman of great capacity, boundless energy, and immense force of character. Her recent book, "The Life of Sir Richard Burton," has brought her name prominently before the public. No one could have executed this work better than she who had followed him

AGE 45.
*From a Photograph.*

wherever his duty called; who had helped him with many of his works, and had taken part in all his undertakings. Lady Burton now lives a retired life, but always warmly welcomes the old friends of her husband.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

## ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

BORN 1824.

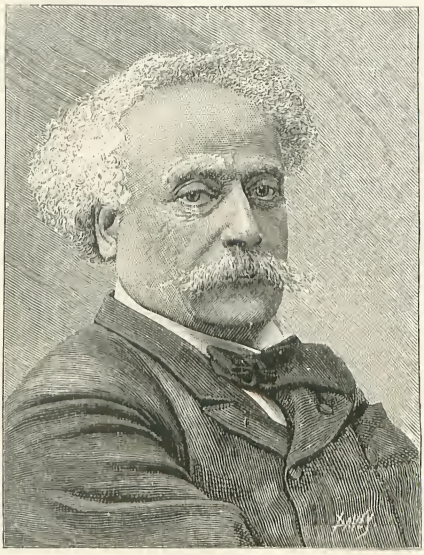
ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the younger son of the late Alexandre Davy Dumas, novelist and dramatic writer, was born in Paris, and received his education in the Collège Bourbon. Following, at a very early age, in the footsteps of his renowned father, he published, at seventeen, a collection of poems, "Les Péchés de Jeunesse." He failed, however, to attract particular notice until he made one of his tales the groundwork for a drama called "La Dame aux Camélias," which became one of the best-known productions of the day. Dumas has enjoyed the satisfaction of finding himself the founder of a new school: for imitators rapidly succeeded without, however,

*From a]* AGE 32. *[Drawing.*

being able to disturb his supremacy in this new line of art. He has the power of constructing a telling story, and his dialogue is well turned and pointed, displaying much shrewd observation of character. A comedy from his pen, entitled "Les Idées de Madame Aubray," was produced at Paris early in 1867. His "Visite de Noces" and "La Princesse Georges" were brought out at the Gymnase Dramatique in 1871. In 1872 he published a pamphlet called "L'Homme-Femme." It repeated the thesis of his novel, "L'Affaire Clémenceau," and a dramatic version of it was produced at the Gymnase in 1873 under the title of "La Femme de Claude." M. Dumas was

*From a]* AGE 40. *[Photograph.*

installed as a Member of the French Academy, February 11th, 1875. He has published many works since, among which, "Joseph Balsamo," "Les Femmes qui tuent et les Femmes qui votent," "La Princesse de Bagdad," "Denise," and "Francillon" are well known.



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Eug. Pirou, Paris.*

# *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.*

*By the Authors of* "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## VIII.—"TEN YEARS' OBLIVION."

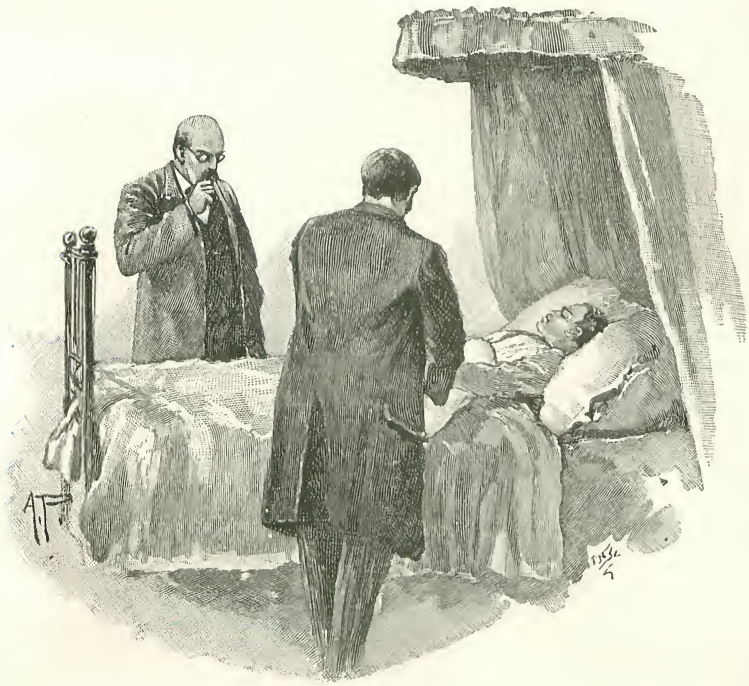
IN the spring of 1890 I was asked to see a patient at Croydon with another doctor in consultation. In this stage of the illness it was only an ordinary case of somewhat severe typhoid fever, but the interest lies in the succeeding stages, when complete recovery seems to have taken place. I have noticed this remarkable illness in my case-book as an instance of perhaps the most extraordinary psychological condition which has occurred in my practice, or I might say in that of any other man.

The patient was a young barrister; he had a wife and three children. The wife was a pretty, rather nervous-looking woman. On the day when I went to see her husband, in consultation with the family doctor, I could not help noticing the intensely anxious expression of her face, and how her lips moved silently as she followed my words. The illness was severe, but I did not consider it as specially dangerous, and had, therefore, only encouraging opinions to give her.

I saw Mainwaring again at the end of the week. He was then much better, and I was able to communicate the cheerful tidings to his wife that he was practically out of danger. He was a man of about three-and-thirty years of age, tall, and rather gaunt in appearance, with deep-set grey eyes, and a big, massive brow. I have often noticed his peculiar style of face and head as belonging to the legal profession. I could quite believe that he was an astute and clever special pleader. Abbott, the family doctor, told me that he was a common-law barrister, and I could well understand his using eloquent words when he pleaded the case of an unfortunate client.

I did not visit him again, but Abbott wrote to tell me that he had made an excellent recovery without hitch or relapse. Under these circumstances his case had almost passed from my memory, when the following startling incident occurred.

I came home one evening prepared to hurry out again to see a sick patient, when my servant informed me that a lady was waiting in the consulting-room to see me.



"IN CONSULTATION."

"Did not you tell her that I am not in the habit of seeing patients at this hour?" I asked.

"I did, sir," replied the man, "but she would not leave. She says she will wait your convenience; but, whatever happens, she must have an interview with you to-night."

"I had better go and see her, and find out what she wants," I murmured to myself.

I crossed the hall with some impatience, for I had several most anxious cases on hand, and entered my consult-

ing-room. A slight, girlish figure was seated partly with her back to me. She sprang up when the door opened, and I was confronted by the anxious and pleading face of Mrs. Mainwaring.

"You have come at last," she said, with a deep sigh. "That is a blessed relief. I have waited for you here because I want to ask your advice. I am in terrible anxiety about my husband."

"Your husband?" I replied. "But I understood Dr. Abbott to say that he had recovered perfectly. He said he had ordered him for a month to the seaside, and then hoped that he might resume his professional work."

"It was so," she replied. "My husband had a quick recovery. I am told that most typhoid fever patients take a long time to regain their strength, but in his case this was not so. After the worst was over, he seemed to get better by strides and bounds. A fortnight ago Dr. Abbott ordered him to the seaside. I had a fancy for Dover, and thought of going there. I had even written about lodgings, when my husband suddenly told me that he did not wish to go to the seaside, and would prefer spending a fortnight amongst his old haunts at Cambridge. We went there. We—we were very happy. I left the children at home. It seemed something like our honeymoon over again. Yesterday morning I received a letter telling me that my eldest child was not well. I hurried back to Croydon to see her, telling my husband that I would rejoin him to-day. My child's illness turned out to be a trivial one, and I went back to Cambridge by an early train this morning."

Here Mrs. Mainwaring paused and pressed her hand to her heart. Her face, excessively pale before, now turned almost ghastly. She had seated herself; she now stood up, the further to emphasize her words.

"When I reached our lodgings," she said, "my landlady met me with the astounding intelligence that Mr. Mainwaring had packed up all his belongings and had left Cambridge for London by the express train that morning.

"This news surprised me, but at first I heard it calmly enough. I believed that Edward had grown weary of his own society, was anxious about our little Nancy, and had hurried home. My landlady, however, looked so mysterious that I felt certain she had something further to say.

"'Come in, madam, do come in,' she said. 'Perhaps you think your good gentleman has gone home.'

"'I am sure he has,' I said. 'Can you get me a messenger? I will send a telegram at once and find out. If Mr. Mainwaring has gone home, he ought to have arrived by now.'

"My landlady was quite silent for a minute, then she said, gravely :—

"'Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mr. Mainwaring behaved in a very singular way before he left my house.'

"There was something in the woman's manner which impressed me even more than her words. I felt my heart beginning to sink. I followed her into the little sitting-room where my husband and I had spent some happy hours, and begged of her to explain herself.

"She did so without a moment's hesitation.

"'It all happened early this morning,' she said. 'I brought up breakfast as usual. Mr. Mainwaring was standing by one of the open windows.

"'I am going to town,' he said, 'by the express. I shall pack my things immediately. Bring me my bill.'

"'I was leaving the room to prepare it, when he shouted to me.

"'How is it those things have got into the room?' he said. 'Take them away.'

"'What things do you mean, sir?'

"'Those woman's things,' he said, very crossly. 'That work-basket, and that white shawl.'

"'Why, sir,' I said, staring at him, 'those things belong to your good lady.'

"'He looked me full in the face and then burst out laughing.

"'You must be mad,' he said; 'I dislike unseasonable jokes.'

"'He then went into his bedroom and slammed the door noisily behind him. Half an hour later he had paid the bill, ordered a cab, and gone off with his luggage. He left all your things behind him, madam. Mr. Mainwaring was collected and quiet enough, and seemed quite the gentleman except when he spoke of you; still I don't like the look of affairs at all.'

"I listened to my landlady," continued poor Mrs. Mainwaring, "while she told me this strange and most perplexing story. Then I glanced round the room for confirmation of her words. Yes, my husband and all his belongings had vanished, but my work-basket, my new hat, my mantle, my writing-case, and one or two little garments which I was making for the children, were still scattered about the drawing-room.

"I went into the bedroom and saw the

"TAKE THEM AWAY."

clothes I had left behind me, flung into a heap in a corner of the room.

"While I was looking at them in a state of mind almost impossible to describe, my landlady tapped at the door and brought me a note.

"'Under the circumstances, madam,' she said, 'you may like to see this letter. I have just found it, stamped and directed as you see, on the davenport in the drawing-room. I think it is in Mr. Mainwaring's writing.'

"I took it from her and looked at it eagerly. It was addressed in my husband's writing to a Don of the college (Trinity) where he had taken his degree. I did not hesitate to open it. Here it is, Dr. Halifax; you may like to read it. It may possibly help you to throw some light on this awful mystery."

Mrs. Mainwaring gave me the note as she spoke. It contained the following words:—

"My Dear Sir,—I much regret having missed you when I called yesterday afternoon to say good-bye. I must take the present opportunity of thanking you for your kindness to me during the whole of my University career. I leave Cambridge by an early train this morning, or would call again to say farewell in person. I hope to call to see you on the first occasion when I revisit Cambridge.

"Yours sincerely,
"Ed. Mainwaring."

I read the letter twice, and then returned it without comment to the wife.

"Will you redirect it and post it?" I said, after a pause.

She answered me almost in a whisper.

"The strange thing about that letter is this," she said. "It is addressed to a dead person. Mr. Grainger, Edward's old tutor, has been dead for many years. My husband felt his death keenly when it occurred. He has many times told me of the personal interest Mr. Grainger took in him. Have you no comment to make with regard to this letter, Dr. Halifax?"

"I shall have plenty to say in a moment," I answered. "That letter will give us a very important clue to our future actions, but now to proceed: Have you nothing further to tell me?"

"Yes; after reading the letter, I rushed to the nearest telegraph office and sent a telegram with a prepaid reply to my home. I waited with what patience I could for the answer, which came within an hour and a half. My husband had not returned to Stanley Villa. I then took the next train to town, and went back to Croydon on the chance of his having arrived there during the day. He had not done so. Dr. Abbott happens to be away, so I have come to you. Can you give me advice? Will you help me in any way?"

"Yes, of course, I will help you," I said. "Pray sit down." She had been standing with her hands clasped tightly together during the greater part of our interview. "Your story is a very strange one," I continued, "and I will give it and you my best attention in a moment. I must run away first, however, to give some instructions with regard to one of my patients, then I shall be at your service."

She sank into a chair when I told her to sit down. She was trembling all over. Her nerves were strung to a high pitch. I went into the hall, thought for a moment, then, putting on my hat, went out. As I was leaving the house, I told my servant to take a tray with wine and other refreshments into the consulting-room. Then I went a few doors off to see a brother physician. I told him I had a peculiar case to attend to, and asked him to see after my patients until the following day. I then went back to Mrs. Mainwaring; she had not touched the wine nor the biscuits which the servant had brought her.

"Come," I said, "this will never do. You must have this glass of wine immediately and one or two of these biscuits. You will be able to think much better and, consequently, to find your husband sooner if you take some necessary nourishment. Come, that is better."

I poured out a glass of port wine and gave it to her. She took it in her small, trembling hand and raised it to her lips, spilling the wine terribly as she did so.

"You will do better now," I said.

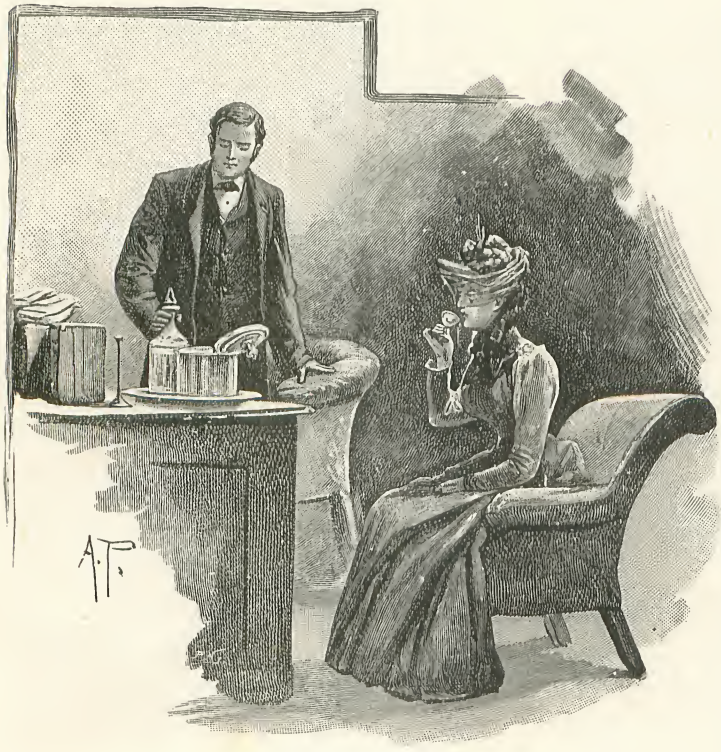
"Oh, it doesn't matter about me," she exclaimed, with impatience; "you have not told me what you think of my story. What possible reason can there be to account for my husband's most strange conduct?"

"I cannot give you a reason yet," I said. "My impression is that Mr. Mainwaring's mind is not quite right for the time being. Remember, I say for the time being. Typhoid is a very grave and terrible disease. Your husband suffered from an exceptionally serious attack. His apparently rapid recovery may have induced him to do more than he really had strength to undertake. If this were so, many strange symptoms might exhibit themselves. I can tell you more particulars with regard to the exact nature of his malady after I have seen him. The thing now is to try and find him. Before we begin our search, however, I should like to ask you a few questions of a practical nature. How old is your husband?"

"Nearly thirty-three."

"He took his degree at Cambridge, did he not?"

"Yes—just ten years ago. We talked much of it during the happy fortnight we spent there. We visited all his old haunts. He was a Trinity man, and loved his college with an enthusiasm I have seen in few. I never saw anyone happier than he was during the last fortnight. His spirits were gay. He seemed scarcely to know fatigue. He was always hunting up old friends."



"SHE RAISED IT TO HER LIPS."

"Were there many of the men of his time at Cambridge?"

"No—that was the sad thing. He has been unfortunate with regard to his friends. He made many, for he was popular and had a sympathetic manner which attracted people, but some had gone abroad and several had died. There was a Mr. Leigh in particular. He had been much attached to him in the old days. But he only heard of his death when we went to Cambridge, for he had completely lost sight of him for a

long time. This news saddened him for a little."

"When did he hear of Leigh's death?"

"The day before yesterday. The Dean of his college told him. He was visibly affected for the time, and talked of him to me all the evening. He told me several incidents with regard to a foreign tour they had taken together."

"Indeed! And he seemed depressed while he spoke?"

"Only just for a time."

"When did your husband and Mr. Leigh go abroad?"

Mrs. Mainwaring thought for a moment.

"It was just after Edward had taken his degree," she said. "He mentioned that fact also when he talked over matters the evening before last."

"From what part of England did Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Leigh start on their foreign tour?"

"I think it must have been from Dover. Yes, I remember now; Edward said that Mr. Leigh arranged to meet him at Dover. He failed to keep his first appointment, and Edward had to remain at Dover waiting for him for twenty-four hours."

I thought over this piece of information for some time. The story was altogether puzzling; the queer thing about it being not so much the fact of Mainwaring's brain having gone wrong as the strange form his aberration seemed to have taken. It was too evidently the fact that he was either possessed by an active dislike to his wife, or had forgotten her existence.

After some anxious thought I asked Mrs. Mainwaring one or two more questions.

"Did you notice anything peculiar in your husband the last evening and night you spent together?"

"Nothing whatever," she replied. "My dear husband was just his old self. His depression about Walter Leigh soon passed away, and he spoke cheerfully about his own prospects and said how exceptionally lucky he considered himself to be able to resume his professional work so soon after such a severe illness. The evening post, too, brought him a letter, which cheered him a good deal. It was from a solicitor in large practice, offering him the brief of a very important case which was to come on in the criminal courts. Edward was highly delighted at the thought of this work, which meant large fees, badly needed by us just at present. Early the next morning the post brought us the news about Nancy's illness. My husband wished to go with me to Croydon, but I dissuaded him. I did not consider him strong enough, notwithstanding his boasted return to health, for this fatigue. He saw me off at the station, however, and promised to meet me there the following morning, if the child were well enough for me to return."

"Were you surprised when you did not see him?"

"I was, for he is the sort of man who always keeps any engagement he makes."

"A few more questions, Mrs. Mainwaring; and first, how long have you been married?"

"Six years," she said, looking up with a faint blush on her white face, "and Nancy will be five in a week."

"You never happened to meet this Walter Leigh?"

"Never."

"Did your husband ever speak of him to you until two days ago?"

"It is strange, but he never did. He is, as a rule, a very busy man—much occupied with a growing practice."

"Did you happen to know any of his college friends?"

"No."

"You were not in any way connected with that part of his life?"

"No; we never met until, at least, three years after my husband left Cambridge."

"Thank you," I said. "I do not think I have anything further to ask you."

"But what do you mean to do?" she asked. "We can't sit here quietly and allow my unhappy husband to roam the country. He *must* be found, and at once. He—he may have——" Her lips trembled, she lowered her eyes.

"No," I said. "He has not committed suicide. Rest easy on that point. From what you tell me of your husband I feel inclined to think—of course, I may be wrong—but I feel strongly inclined to think that he is at Dover at the present moment."

"What can you possibly mean?"

"What I say. It is quite within the region of probability that he may be at Dover, waiting for his friend Walter Leigh to join him."

When I said this Mrs. Mainwaring looked at me as if she thought I, too, had taken leave of my senses. I took no notice of her expressive face.

"I am prepared to go with you to Dover," I said. "Shall we start at once?"

She looked dubious and terribly anxious.

"It seems waste of time," she said, after a pause.

"I do not think so," I answered. "Your husband was in a weak state, notwithstanding his boasted strength. From what you tell me, he evidently exerted himself more than was wise while at Cambridge. By doing so, he strained a weakened frame. The brain forms the highest part of that frame, Mrs. Mainwaring, the highest and also the most easily put out of order. Your husband exerted his body too much, and excited his brain by old memories and the regrets which must come to a man when he visits the scene of vanished friendships. You say that Mr. Mainwaring was visibly affected when he heard of his great friend's death?"

"He was, he was. He turned white when the Dean told him. The death was tragic, too. Walter Leigh was killed on an Alpine expedition. The marvellous thing was how the news never reached my husband before. This can only be accounted for by the fact that he spent the year of Mr. Leigh's death in America."

"All this confirms my theory," I continued, "that your husband's brain, long weakened by serious illness, suddenly gave way. Brain derangement, as we know, takes all kinds of unexpected forms. I believe that the form it has taken in Mainwaring's case is this. He has forgotten the recent years of his life and has gone back again to his old college days. His letter to the Don of Trinity College who has so long been dead confirms this theory. His strange conduct with regard to you, Mrs. Mainwaring, further strengthens it. I feel almost certain that I am right in these impressions. They are sufficiently strong to make me anxious to visit Dover immediately. Now, shall I go alone, or will you come with me?"

"Of course I'll come with you," she answered.

She rose and began to draw on her gloves.

It was late June now, and the day had been a hot one. The twilight had faded into night when I assisted Mrs. Mainwaring into a hansom and directed the driver to take us to Victoria Station.

"I ASSISTED MRS. MAINWARING INTO A HANSOM.

We caught our train by a minute or two, and in process of time found ourselves at Dover. During the journey Mrs. Mainwaring scarcely uttered a word. She had drawn her veil over her face and sat huddled up in a corner of the carriage, as if she were turned into stone. I saw that she was partly stunned by the shock, and I felt anxious about her, as well as her husband.

When we arrived at Dover, she drew up her veil and said, impulsively:—

"What do you mean to do?"

"Before I do anything I must ask you another question," I replied. "Have you any idea what your husband's habits were ten years ago? Was he extravagant or careful?

For instance, on arriving at Dover, would he be likely to go to a good hotel?"

"He would go to the best," she answered. "He is not careful of money now, and I am sure he never could have been in the past."

"Then, if my surmise is correct," I said, "we are most likely to find him at the Lord Warden Hotel, which is, of course, the best in the town. Anyhow, it is worth while to go there first to make inquiries about him."

"Very well," she replied, in a submissive, hopeless kind of voice.

She had yielded herself up to my directions, but up to the present moment I had failed to inspire her with any faith in the success of my mission. She was evidently oppressed with the fear that Mainwaring had committed suicide, and seemed to think my conjecture about him impossible.

As we were walking to the hotel, she said, suddenly:—

"If my husband is really out of his mind, we are ruined from a worldly point of view."

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied. "Have you no private means?"

"No," she answered. "My husband had his profession, and he was doing good work as a barrister. But there is no profession in the world which requires greater brain power than his. We have nothing to live on except what my husband earns."

"In case Mr. Mainwaring cannot earn money for a time, have you no relations who will help you?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"We have no relations who will help us," she said. "It is true that my husband's father is still living—he is an old man, a clergyman. He has a small parish, and with difficulty makes both ends meet. It would be impossible to expect assistance from him." She sighed heavily as she spoke. Then she continued, with a naïveté which touched me: "Even at this terrible moment I cannot help thinking of the children, and of how they will suffer if our worst fears are fulfilled."

"Well," I said, in a cheerful tone, "we must hope for the best. The first thing is to find your husband. After that we must consider what is best to be done for him."

"Oh, can anything be done?" she asked, in a tone of supplication.

"We will see," I replied.

We arrived at the hotel and made inquiries. The name of Mainwaring was not in the visitors' book.

"That is nothing," I said, turning to Mrs. Mainwaring; "will you please describe your husband to the manager?"

She did so, entering into a minute and faithful description.

"A tall gentleman, broadly made, with a slight stoop," repeated the manager after her. "He wears glasses, does he not, madam?"

"Sometimes, not always," she replied.

"Has he a *pince-nez* which he puts on whenever he wants to ask a question?" continued the manager.

Mrs. Mainwaring turned crimson.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "then he *is* here! Dr. Halifax, you are right."

The manager asked further questions.

"A great many gentlemen wear glasses," he said. "I should like to be quite certain that madam's husband is really one of the visitors before I disturb any of them. The hour is late too, close on eleven o'clock, and a good many of the guests have gone to their rooms. About what age is the gentleman whom you want to find, madam?"

"He looks nearly forty," she replied at once, "although he is not in reality nearly so old. His hair is dark and slightly tinged with grey."

The manager called one of the waiters and spoke a few words to him. He then returned to us.

"I think," he said, "that there is a gentleman here who answers to madam's description, but I cannot find his name. Through an oversight it has not been entered in the visitors' book. The hotel is very full this evening. The gentleman who answers to your description," he continued, looking at Mrs. Mainwaring, "is occupying No. 39. Do you think you would know him by his boots?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"Then they are probably at this moment outside his door. I will have them fetched, and you can look at them. Will you have the goodness to step inside the office, Mrs. Mainwaring, and you too, please, sir?"

I gave the manager my card, and told him that I was Mrs. Mainwaring's medical adviser. He motioned us to chairs, and in a short time a waiter appeared with a pair of boots on a tray.

"I have just taken these from outside the door of No. 39," he said, holding them up for inspection.

A glance told me that they belonged to a large, but well-shaped foot. Mrs. Mainwaring rushed forward, gave utterance to a rejoicing cry, and picked them up.

"These are undoubtedly Edward's boots," she exclaimed. "Yes, he is here. Thank the merciful God we have found him!"

"The gentleman has been in his room for some little time," exclaimed a waiter who had now come upon the scene. "Would madam like me to announce her arrival?"

"No," she said, turning very pale. "I will go to him without being announced. Will you come with me, Dr. Halifax?"

We went upstairs, and the chambermaid conducted us to the door of No. 39. We knocked. The door was locked from within, but our summons was immediately answered by the approach of a manly step. The door was flung open and Mainwaring, with a Baedeker's guide in his hand, stood before us.

Mrs. Mainwaring rushed to him and impulsively endeavoured to throw her arms round his neck. He started back in astonishment which was not feigned.

"May I ask?" he said, looking at me, his eyes darkening with anger, "to what I am indebted for this—this most extraordinary intrusion?"

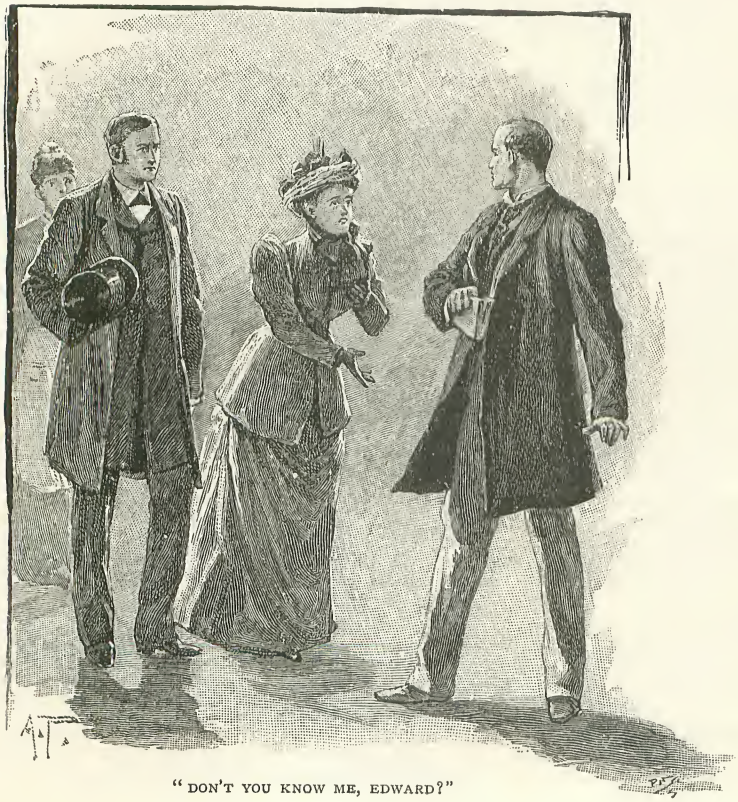
"Don't you know me, Edward?" sobbed the poor girl. "I am your wife."

"You must be mad," he said. He looked at her with a blank stare of undisguised astonishment and even disgust. "I have not the pleasure of this lady's acquaintance," he said, addressing me in an icy tone.

"You don't know me?" she panted. "Oh, surely that must be impossible. I am your wife, Edward. Look at me again, and you will remember me. I am Nancy's mother—pretty Nancy, with her curling hair; you know how fond you are of Nancy. Don't you remember Nancy, and Bob, and baby?—I am their mother. Dear, dear Edward, look at me again and you will know me. Look at me hard—I am your wife—your own most loving wife."

Notwithstanding her agitation, Mrs. Mainwaring had been quiet and self-restrained up to this moment. The intensity of her passion now seemed to transform her. She flung aside her travelling hat and jacket. She was desperate, and despair gave to her sudden beauty.

In all my experience of the sad things of life, I seldom saw more terrible pathos than that which now shone out of the eyes and trembled round the lips of this poor young woman. She was so absorbed in trying to get her husband to recognise her that she forgot my presence and that of the amazed chambermaid who, devoured with curiosity, lingered near.



"DON'T YOU KNOW ME, EDWARD?"

"Edward," she said again, going up to her husband, "it is impossible that you can have forgotten me. I am your wife. I have been your wife for six years."

"Good Lord, madam!" he exclaimed, bursting into a terrible laugh. "If you were my wife six years ago, I must have married you when I was a boy. I had not left school six years ago. I am only twenty-three at the present moment. Do you mean to maintain that I married you when I was a lad of seventeen?"

"Edward, dear Edward, don't you know me?" she kept on pleading.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. She dropped suddenly on her knees, and taking one of her husband's hands tried to raise it to her lips. Her manner, her words, her attitude, pathetic to us who stood by as witnesses, had a most irritating effect upon Mainwaring.

"Get up," he said. "This is all a plant. But however long you choose to carry this game on, you won't get anything out of me. I must ask you, madam, to leave my room immediately. I do not even know your name. I never saw you before. Will you, sir," he added, turning fiercely to me, "have the goodness to remove this lady immediately from my bedroom?"

Mrs. Mainwaring staggered to her feet. The cold sarcasm of the words of denial stung her to the quick. She approached the door, but before she could reach it she turned faint and would have fallen had I not caught her and placed her in a chair.

"This is all some diabolical scheme to ruin a respectable man," said Mainwaring. "Will you favour me with your name, sir?" he added, turning to me.

"Halifax," I answered. "I am a doctor. I attended you as a consulting physician in your late severe illness."

"Heavens, what next?" he exclaimed. "I never had a day of serious illness in my life."

"I think, Mrs. Mainwaring, we had better leave him for the present," I said. "I will speak to the manager——"

Before I could add another word Mainwaring interrupted me hotly.

"Let it be clearly understood," he said, "that I forbid that woman to be called by my name. I will see this matter through myself. I have known of such things before. This is a scheme to ruin the character of an honourable man. But I shall take immediate care to nip it in the bud. Is that a chambermaid in the passage? Come here, please. Have the goodness to ask the manager to come to this room immediately. Do not go, madam, nor you either, sir, until I speak to the manager."

Mainwaring flung the Baedeker which he had been studying on a table. We heard some doors opened and some feet hurrying in our direction. Doubtless the chambermaid who had disappeared on Mainwaring's errand had already spread the news of our extraordinary story. When I heard people approaching I took the liberty to close the door of the room.

"What are you doing that for, sir?" exclaimed Mainwaring, whose face was now almost purple with excitement.

"Pray don't speak so loud," I replied, putting as much force and command into my voice as I possibly could. "I presume you do not wish the servants of the hotel to become acquainted with your private affairs."

He glanced at me savagely, but did not say anything further. A moment later the manager's knock was heard. I opened the door to him. He came in, looking anxious and disturbed, and asked why he had been sent for.

Mainwaring began to speak in an excited voice.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to ask you to see that this man and woman leave the hotel immediately. They have forced their way into my room and have endeavoured to perpetrate a most disgraceful hoax upon me. This lady, whom I never saw before, has had the audacity to claim me as her husband. I wish you to understand clearly that both these people are impostors. They must leave this hotel immediately if you wish it to retain its character for respectability."

The manager looked puzzled, as well he might. Mainwaring, although he showed symptoms of strong excitement, must have appeared perfectly sane to an ordinary observer. Poor Mrs. Mainwaring, white and trembling, stood up and looked at me to defend her.

"This is a very extraordinary story," I said to the manager. "I will give you my version of it in another room."

"Come," I said, turning to Mrs. Mainwaring. She put her hand into mine and I led her into the passage.

The instant we left the room Mainwaring shut and locked the door.

"That unfortunate gentleman is insane," I said to the manager of the hotel. "He must be watched, and on no account allowed to leave his bedroom without being followed."

"That is all very well, sir," replied the man, "but I must have very good evidence of the truth of your statements before I can allow any pressure to be put on the gentleman who occupies No. 39. This is a very queer story, and Mr. Mainwaring showed no signs of insanity before you came. But, insane or not, it isn't to be supposed that he wouldn't know his own wife."

"Take us into a private room and let me explain matters to you," I said.

The man did so.

"On your peril," I continued, "I must request you to set someone to watch that

door. I am a medical man, and you cannot trifle with my requests with impunity. That gentleman is in a dangerous state, and he must be closely watched."

"Very well, sir," replied the manager, in a more civil tone, "I'll tell the night porter to keep an eye on the door."

He left us for a moment, but quickly returned.

"Now, sir," he said. "I hope you'll have the goodness to explain matters a little, for, to say the least, it's a queer story."

"IT S A QUEER STORY."

"It is," I replied, "a very tragic one—the only explanation possible is that the unfortunate gentleman whom we have just left has become insane. I am a medical man. You can see my name in the 'Medical Directory' if you look for it. I am well known in the profession. The gentleman in No. 39 has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Until this morning he was apparently on the road to recovery. A fortnight ago he went with his wife to Cambridge to pay a short visit. They left their children at Croydon. Yesterday morning Mrs. Mainwaring heard of the illness of her eldest child and went to Croydon to see her, leaving her husband behind her at Cambridge. When she returned to Cambridge this morning he had vanished, leaving no trace behind him. We conjectured that he had come to Dover, and followed him here."

"I remember the gentleman now quite well," said the manager. "He came here quite early to-day and asked for a good bedroom, which he said he might want for a night or even two, as he was obliged to stay here until a friend joined him."

"Did he happen to tell you the name of the friend?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, I remember the name quite well. Mr. Mainwaring said that Mr. Leigh might arrive at any moment, and that when he did he was to be shown immediately to his room."

When the manager mentioned Leigh's name Mrs. Mainwaring broke the silence which she had maintained until now.

"Walter Leigh is dead," she exclaimed.

"Good Lord, dead!" cried the manager. "Was it sudden, madam? Does the — does Mr. Mainwaring know?"

"Walter Leigh is dead," she continued. "He has been dead for many years. But ten years ago my husband stayed at this hotel and waited for Walter Leigh to join him. He had to wait here for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time Mr. Leigh arrived, and they took the next boat to Calais."

"Have you the books of the hotel of ten years back?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir."

"Would you mind looking them up? It is important for all our sakes to substantiate the truth of this lady's words. Have you any idea, Mrs. Mainwaring, about what month your husband and Mr. Leigh went to the Continent?"

"Just after their degree examination," she replied. "They took their degrees together —that would be about this time of year."

"June ten years back," commented the manager. He seemed much impressed now,

and his manner showed me how greatly he was interested.

"I will go downstairs immediately and examine the books," he said.

He returned in about ten minutes with a bewildered face.

"You are right, madam," he exclaimed; "but the good Lord only knows what it all means. I hunted up the visitors' book of ten years back, and there were the two names entered in the book as plain as you please: Edward Mainwaring, Walter Leigh. Mr. Leigh occupied No. 25 and Mr. Mainwaring the room next to it, No. 26. Now, what does all this mean?"

"That Mr. Mainwaring has forgotten ten years of his life," I answered, promptly. "He must be carefully watched during the night. Can you give Mrs. Mainwaring a bedroom? I shall also sleep at the hotel."

The manager was now only too anxious to attend to our requirements. Mrs. Mainwaring was conducted to a room on the next floor and I occupied the bedroom next Mainwaring's, which happened to be empty.

Nothing occurred during the night, which was spent by me in anxious and wakeful conjecture.

At an early hour the next morning I joined Mrs. Mainwaring. One glance at her face showed me through what terrible suffering she had been passing. I told her without preamble what I considered the best and only thing to do.

"I have thought carefully over your husband's case," I said. "There is to my mind not the least doubt what has occurred. For some extraordinary reason Mr. Mainwaring has forgotten ten years of his life. His memory doubtless carries him accurately up to the date of his Cambridge degree. He remembers going to Dover, and is now under the impression that he is waiting for his friend, Mr. Leigh, to join him at this hotel. Whether he will ever recover the ten years which he has lost is impossible at the present moment to say. What I should advise now is this: Let someone whom Mr. Mainwaring knew intimately ten years ago come and see him, and tell him as simply and as forcibly as possible what has occurred. He may or may not believe this person's statement. I am inclined to hope, however, that he will bring his common-sense to bear on the matter, and will not doubt what he is told; but of course I may be wrong. Anyhow, this, in my opinion, is the only thing to try. Has your husband any intimate friend whom he knew well ten years back?"

"There is his father," she replied at once.

"Good. He could not possibly see a person more likely to influence him. I think you said that his father was a clergyman—better and better—he is probably an excellent man, in whose word his son would place unbounded confidence. Does he live far away?"

"It so happens," she answered, a faint smile filling her eyes, "that my father-in-law's rectory is not far from here. His parish is close to Canterbury."

"Give me the address, and I will telegraph immediately," I said.

She supplied me with it, and I quickly prepared a telegram, which was to bring the elder Mainwaring to his son's assistance. I was writing my telegram in the hall of the hotel when Mainwaring came downstairs. He looked full at his wife and me, but did not vouchsafe us the smallest sign of recognition. He entered the coffee-room, and I saw him sit down at a small table and order breakfast.

I whispered to the wife to take no notice. The poor woman's eyes were full of tears and she was trembling excessively, but she had the courage to do what I told her.

She and I entered the coffee-room a few moments later. We had breakfast together. Mrs. Mainwaring sat with her back to her husband, but I faced him and watched him anxiously while I ate. He had called for a daily paper and began to read it. I watched his face and saw that the contents of the paper puzzled him a good deal. He passed his hand across his forehead, took off his *pince-nez* and rubbed it, finally flung the paper on the ground and strode out of the room.

At this moment a waiter brought me a telegram. I opened it. It was not in reply to the one I had sent to Mainwaring's father, but was from a patient in town. Its character was so urgent and unexpected that I was forced to attend to it at once. It was necessary for me to catch the next train to London. I told Mrs. Mainwaring what had occurred, expressed great regret at being forced to leave her under such trying circumstances, assured her that I did not anticipate any fresh development of Mainwaring's illness, begged of her to keep out of his way as much as possible, and to wait as patiently as she could for her father-in-law's arrival. I then gave some hasty directions to the manager of the hotel and left for London. I promised to return to Dover, if possible, that evening.

My patient in town, however, was far too ill to make it advisable for me to leave him.

"THE CONTENTS OF THE PAPER PUZZLED HIM."

I could not go to Dover again that day. In the evening I received a telegram from Mrs. Mainwaring to say that her father-in-law had arrived, that her husband had received him with affection, but that otherwise his condition remained absolutely unaltered.

I wired back naming an early hour on the following day for my visit to Dover, and then tried to put these anxious circumstances out of my head.

I had just breakfasted on the following day and was preparing to start on my journey, when my servant brought me a card. I took it up and read the name with amazement: Edward Mainwaring.

"Where is the gentleman?" I asked of the servant.

"I have shown him into the consulting-room, sir."

"Did not you say that I was just going out?"

"Yes," replied the man, "but he said he was sure when you saw his card that you would see him at once."

"What aged person is he?" I asked.

"Middle-aged, I should say, sir. He is a tall gentleman, with a slight stoop. When he looked at me he put on his *pince-nez*."

A startled exclamation passed my lips. What strange new development of Mainwaring's disease had brought him to seek advice voluntarily from me?

I rose at once and went to the consulting-room. My patient was standing by one of the windows, but when he heard my step he turned and walked towards me.

"I have come, Dr. Halifax," he said, "to apologize for my rude behaviour towards you last night. Under the strange circumstances, I hope you will forgive me."

"I forgive you a thousand times," I replied in a hearty voice. "I cannot tell you with what inexpressible relief I see that you have already recovered your memory. Pray accept my warmest congratulations."

"Congratulations!" repeated the poor fellow, with a grim smile, "for what? I have not recovered my memory. At the present moment I am an instance of the man who lives by faith."

"What can you mean?" I said, much puzzled in my turn by his words.

"What I say," he replied. "I live by faith. My father, whom I have always revered and loved as the best of men, has made a strange statement to me—his statement confirms the story you and—" here he hesitated slightly—"and the lady you brought with you the other evening told me. I believe my father—therefore I believe you. This is a very strong act of faith. Were I asked to describe what I alone know about myself, I should say that I am at the present moment twenty-three years of age, that I have just finished a successful academic career at Trinity College, Cambridge; I mean to become a barrister and am about to read for the law, but before entering on a somewhat severe course of study I propose to go abroad with my special friend, Walter Leigh. This is exactly how matters appear to me at the present moment. With regard to my past, I can give you chapter and verse for almost every event which has occurred to me since I was a young child. My boyhood, my school days, in especial my recent life at Cambridge, are accurately remembered by me to the smallest detail. That, as far as I can tell, is my history. I am a young man with bright prospects just beginning life. I am told, however, by one

whose word I cannot doubt, that I have a further history of grave importance. I am married—I have a wife and three children. I have a house at Croydon, where I have lived for over six years. I am a common-law barrister, and am rising in my profession. I have just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, during which time you visited me twice in consultation with another doctor. My father tells me of all these things, and because he is my father I believe him; but, as a matter of fact, I remember nothing whatever of this important period of my existence. That poor girl whom I treated so harshly in your presence is in reality my wife. My father says so, and I believe his word, but I have not the most remote remembrance of ever seeing my wife before. When did I woo her? When did I marry her? What was her name before she took mine? I remember nothing. All is an absolute and complete blank. In short, ten years, the most important ten years of a man's life, have been wiped out of mine. Am I insane?"

"Not in the ordinary sense," I replied; "but there is no doubt that something has gone wrong with a certain portion of your brain."

Mainwaring sank into a chair while I was speaking; now he sprang up and walked across the room.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaimed, turning abruptly and facing me. "Then it is true. What reason is left to me almost reels before the astounding fact. It is absolutely true that my youth is over. As far as I am aware I never spent it. I never used it, but it is gone. I have a wife whom I do not love. I have children whom I care nothing whatever about. I have a profession about which I know nothing. I cannot give legal advice. I cannot accept briefs.

"My father tells me that I am a married man and a barrister. You tell me the same. I am bound to believe you both. I do believe you. All that you say is doubtless true. I am surely in the most horrible position that man ever found himself in. I am a husband, a father, a professional man. I do not remember my wife. I should not recognise my own children; and what is perhaps worst of all, from a practical point of view, I have completely lost all knowledge of my profession—I cannot therefore earn a single penny for the support of my family. I have come here to-day, Dr. Halifax, to ask you if anything can be done *to give me back my ten years!* Can you do anything for my relief? I am willing to undergo any risk. I am willing to submit to any suffering which can give me back the time that has slipped into oblivion."

"I must think carefully over your case," I said. "I need not say that it is of the deepest interest. I cannot tell you how glad I am that you have come to me as you have done. If you had chosen to doubt your father's word, it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have helped you. As it is——"

"MAINWARING SANK INTO A CHAIR."

"I live by faith, as I said just now," repeated Mainwaring. "What is your thought with regard to my condition?"

"Your condition is strange indeed," I replied. "I cannot explain it better than by comparing the brain to the cylinder of a phonograph. The nerve cells, which can be counted by thousands of millions, represent the cylinder. When certain sensations are conveyed to these cells they are imprinted on them like the impressions made by the needle on the cylinder of the phonograph. Even years afterwards the same series of

events or sounds are thus reproduced. *You have lost your cylinder for ten years.* What I have to do is to try by some means to give it back to you again. But before I say anything further, let me ask you a question or two. You say you feel like a young man of twenty-three about to enjoy a well-earned holiday. This is equivalent to announcing the fact that you feel in perfect health."

"I certainly feel perfectly well in body," replied Mainwaring. "My mind is naturally much disturbed and upset, but I have neither ache nor pain, except——" Here he paused.

"The word 'except' points to some slight discomfort, surely?" I replied, with eagerness. "Pray tell me exactly what you feel. Any clue, however slight, is most important."

"I have a certain numbness of my right fore-arm and hand, but this is really not worth mentioning. I am absolutely strong and well. I *feel* twenty-three." He sighed heavily as he spoke, and sinking into a chair, looked fixedly at me. "What do you consider the cause of my extraordinary condition?" he asked, abruptly.

"The cause," I replied, "is either the plugging of an artery or the rupture of a small vessel in your brain. Thanks to the valuable researches of eminent men who have made the localization of cerebral functions the work of their lives, I am able to tell pretty readily in what portion of your brain the mischief lies."

"How?" asked Mainwaring, starting forward in his chair and gazing at me with eyes of devouring interest.

"You yourself have given me the clue," I answered, with a smile. "You tell me you have a distinct feeling of numbness in your right fore-arm and hand. We know that some of the highest cerebral centres are closely connected with the centres of the nerves of that limb. I can picture to myself—though, of course, I may be wrong—the exact spot where this lesion has taken place. It is certainly most important that something definite should be done to restore your memory and all it entails."

"Then you will do that something?" exclaimed Mainwaring. "You cannot hesitate. You will not lose a moment in giving me the relief which I earnestly crave for."

"I should like to consult Dr. Oliphant, the great brain specialist," I replied.

Mainwaring sprang again to his feet.

"No," he said, "that I cannot permit. He may say nothing can be done, and then you may have scruples with regard to the right of exposing my life to a certain risk. I will permit no consultation. If you know what is the matter with me, you can give me relief without seeking for further assistance. Do you think I value life under existing circumstances? Not that!" He flipped some imaginary substance away from him as he spoke with his finger and thumb. "I put myself absolutely into your hands, Dr. Halifax," he said, making an effort to restrain himself. "You say that an artery is plugged in my brain, or that there is the rupture of a small blood-vessel. You can surely do something to remove the obstruction?"

"Yes," I said, "I can perform a certain operation, which I will shortly explain to you. I know you are a brave man; I do not, therefore, hesitate to tell you that the operation is of a very serious nature, also that there is a possibility of my being wrong with regard to the localization of the injury."

"There is also a possibility of your being right," retorted Mainwaring. "I will accept the risk. I wish the operation to be performed."

"I should certainly like to consult Dr. Oliphant," I repeated.

"You cannot do so against my express wish. I insist on the operation being performed, even at the risk of life—can I say more?"

"You certainly cannot," I answered. I looked fixedly at him. He was a fine fellow. Intelligence, resolve, endurance, were manifest in his expressive eyes and strong, masculine features.

"I am inclined to believe that I shall be successful," I said, rising and speaking with enthusiasm. "I will agree to do what you wish, and we will leave the results in the Highest Hands. The operation is doubtless a very grave one, but you are a man temperate in all things. You have also abundantly proved that you have a good constitution. With extreme care your life may not be even endangered. In that case you will be, at *the worst*, only as you are now. At the best you will be yourself once again. If what I think is the case, I can, by the operation which I propose, remove the obstruction which now cuts off from a portion of your brain the necessary life blood which alone can assure its working. In short, I can restore your brain to its normal state. I propose to open the cranial cavity at the exact spot where I think the mischief is."

"Good," replied Mainwaring; "I leave myself in your hands. How soon can you put me right?"

"I must see your wife and your father."

"Will you return with me now to Dover?"

"No," I answered. "You are so far yourself that you do not need me to accompany you. Take the next train to Dover. Tell your father and wife what you have resolved to do. I will take lodgings for you in a quiet street near this, and will perform the operation to-morrow."

A moment or two later Mainwaring left me.

The die was practically now cast. I was going to experiment, and in a daring manner. It was possible that the result might lead to fatal consequences. I knew this possibility; nevertheless, I scarcely feared that it would arise. I had explained everything clearly to Mainwaring—he was willing to accept the risk. If his wife and father were also willing, I would perform the operation on the following day.

That afternoon I took comfortable rooms for my patient in a street adjoining that in which I lived. I also engaged an excellent surgical nurse, in whom I could place perfect confidence. There was then nothing more to do except to await the arrival of the Mainwarings.

Mrs. Mainwaring and her father-in-law arrived at the rooms which I had taken for them, late that evening. They sent me a message at once to say they would be glad to see me, and I hurried to pay them a visit.

Mrs. Mainwaring looked pale—her face was haggard—her eyes disturbed and restless. She came impulsively to meet me, and clasped one of my hands in both of hers.

"Edward has told me what you propose to do," she exclaimed, "and I am willing—I am abundantly willing that he should run this great risk."

Her words almost surprised me. I looked from her to her father-in-law, who now held out his hand.

"I have often heard of you, Dr. Halifax," he said, with a courteous, old-fashioned gesture. "I think you know some special friends of mine. I may say that I place absolute confidence in your skill, and am willing to put my son's life in your hands."

I looked attentively from one face to the other.

"I am glad you both give your consent," I replied. "I should not perform the operation, which I trust will relieve Mr. Mainwaring, without your mutual sanction. I must tell you plainly, however, that although I am willing to do it, it is accompanied by grave risk, and I do not believe another doctor in London would attempt it."

"You mean that Edward may die?" said the wife in a low voice.

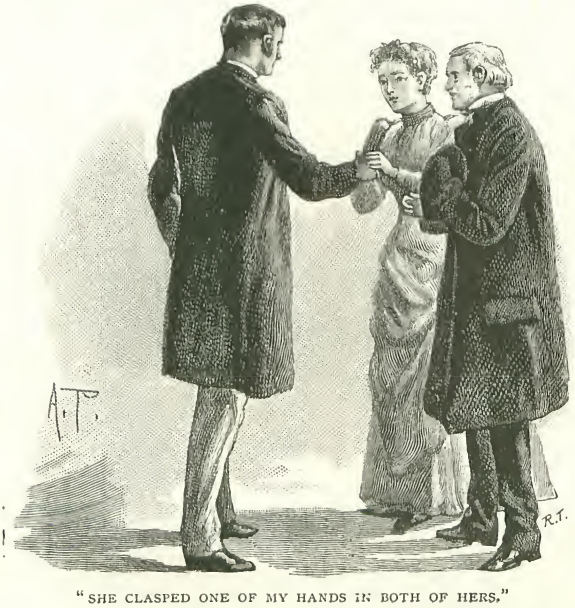
I looked her full in the eyes.

"There is a possibility," I said.

"But I do not think he will," she said, a wonderful light leaping into her face. "I am a woman—a woman does not always reason, but she strongly believes in instincts—my instinct tells me that you will save my husband, and in short give him back to me as he was before. At the worst, even at the worst——" here she turned ghastly pale, "he would *know* me in another world. I could endure to be parted with him on those conditions. I cannot—I cannot endure the present state of things."

Her composure suddenly gave way, she sobbed aloud.

"There is nothing more to be said," I remarked, after a brief pause. "I have all your consents, and have made full arrangements to perform the operation to-morrow morning. A clever surgeon, whom I know well, will assist me, and an excellent trained nurse will arrive at an early hour to get the patient ready for our visit. By the way, where is your husband, Mrs. Mainwaring?"



"SHE CLASPED ONE OF MY HANDS IN BOTH OF HERS."

She had dried her eyes by this time.

"He is in the house," she said,

"but he does not wish to see you again until the moment when you can give him relief."

I said a few more words, and soon afterwards took my leave.

Early the next morning, accompanied by a surgeon and an anæsthetist on whose assistance I could depend, I arrived at Queen Anne's Street. We were shown at once to the room where my patient waited for me. He was sitting in a chair near the window. The nurse was standing in the background, having made all necessary preparations.

"Here you are," he said, rising and greeting me with a cheerful smile, "and here am I, and there is a Providence over us. Now, the sooner you put things right the better."

His courage delighted me. I was also much relieved to find that neither his wife nor father was present.

"With the help of God, I believe I shall put you right," I said, in a tone of assurance, which I absolutely felt.

An hour and a half later I went into the sitting-room, where Mainwaring's father and wife were anxiously waiting for my verdict.

"The operation is well over," I exclaimed, "and my patient is at present sound asleep. When he awakens the moment will have arrived when we must prove whether I have done anything for him or not. Will you have the courage to come into the room with me, Mrs. Mainwaring? I should like him to see you when he opens his eyes. If he recognises you, I shall know that I have been successful."

To my surprise she shrank back.

"No," she said, "the ordeal is too terrible. Failure means too much agony. I cannot endure it; I am not strong enough."

"Then what is to be done?" I asked.

"In any case, Mainwaring will know his father. His knowledge of *you* is the test which I require to tell me whether I have succeeded or failed."

She smiled faintly and left the room. In a moment she returned, holding by the hand a beautiful little girl of five years of age. She had a wealth of red-gold hair falling almost to her waist; her large eyes were like sapphires.

"This is Nancy," said the mother, "her father's pet and idol. I sent for her this morning. When my husband awakens, take her into the room—she is not shy. If her father recognises her, all is well."

"Very well," I replied.

All that day I watched by Mainwaring; in the evening I came for Nancy. "Come," I said. The child looked at me with her grave eyes—she was perfectly calm and self-possessed. I lifted her in my arms and left the room with her.

I entered the bedroom where my patient lay. The child's arms encircled my neck. My heart was beating quickly, anxiously. Little Nancy looked at me in surprise.

"Is father ill?" she asked.

Mainwaring's eyes were open. I put the child on the floor.

"Go and speak to him," I said.

She ran up to the bed.

"Are you ill, dad?" she repeated, in a clear, high voice.

"Halloa, Nan!" he said, smiling at her.

He stretched out one of his hands. The child caught it and covered it with kisses.

"Send your mother to me, my sweet Nan," he said, after a pause.

Then I knew that Mainwaring had got back his ten years.

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## No. XXX.—MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

IT is late in the day to refer to Mr. Edward Lloyd as possessing the right to the position of our leading British tenor—indeed, it might be said to that of one of the first tenors in the world. Mr. Lloyd has won his way to this position simply by the earnest sincerity which has characterized everything he has undertaken—added, of course, to great natural gifts. Since eleven years of age he has always been a working man, and has laboured with a set purpose always before him. His heart and soul are as much in a simple little ballad as in an operatic selection. The public have felt this, and have not been slow in letting it be known. He is, in many ways, a remarkable man. If there is anyone who is prone to be spoiled by a community ever ready to pamper a popular individual, it is a tenor. But from what I have seen—and my opportunities have been peculiar ones—of Mr. Edward Lloyd, he impressed me as being a man who sets his face against all flattery, no matter how honestly it may be deserved. There is absolutely nothing professional about him. In a word, he is about as perfect a specimen of an Englishman as one would wish to meet, and as one who loves his home and its associations, may be held up as a model man. Of medium height and stalwart appearance, with a countenance which is a happy hunting ground for smiles, you no sooner feel the grip of his hand than you know you have met a man brimming over with good nature, honest intention, and unadulterated sincerity.

*From a Photo. by]* MR. EDWARD LLOYD. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Previous to the interview proper we made a hurried trip to Brighton, where for three or four months every year Mr. Lloyd, together with his family, migrates, and where he has a pretty little house within a stone-throw of Mr. Edmund Yates's. Its blue tile window-boxes are full of the greenest of evergreens, and flowers are working out their own notions of decorative art everywhere. Here the walls are given up to a magnificent collection of hunting pictures. The dining-room has many exquisite bronzes, and passing by an old grandfather's clock in the hall—picked up in a Devonshire cottage one holiday time, and in which, to the methodical tick, tick, tick, of the works, a ship keeps time on some linen waves—a peep into the drawing-room reveals many a portrait of professional brothers and sisters—Santley, Maybrick, Antoinette Sterling, Lady Hallé, etc., with a number of water-colours by Danby, Enoch, and Prout.

I have already referred to Mr. Lloyd's homely disposition, and this may be the better understood when it is mentioned that on the occasion of my long chat with him at his beautiful house at Tulse Hill, after my visit to Brighton, the day was positively converted into a holiday. The two youngest boys, Ramon Richard and Cecil Edward, had a day's leave from Sidcup College. Mr. Edward Turner Lloyd, the eldest son, and a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, was there.

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM—BRIGHTON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Miss Mary Louisa Lloyd sang many a delightful ballad to us, and Mrs. Lloyd herself, together with her husband and Mr. N. Vert, an old friend of the family, made up a very happy party. So, together with this merry company, I explored the house and grounds of Hassendean.

The early months of winter had by no means robbed the garden of a thousand beauties. Flowers which help to brighten the dark and cold months of the year were bravely holding up their heads above the soil, and the trio of tennis-courts looked in perfect condition. Mr. Lloyd and all the members of his family are enthusiastic tennis players, and it is no difficult matter for one to picture the pleasant little parties which gather on the grass and revel in the five o'clock teas set out impromptu in the cosy arbours.

There is a pause in our journey at the steps which lead to the interior of Hassendean, a photographic pause for the purpose of a family group. Even "Ruff," a fine Persian cat, who a minute ago had been engaged in chasing an innocent sparrow, was called into requisition to face the camera as being an important representative of the domestic pets of the house. However, as soon as we got indoors again it was apparent that pussy could only lay claim to a certain share of favours bestowed.

A voice proceeded from the kitchen; it was the parrot, who had been sent down below in order to be in close proximity to the kitchen fire, owing to a temporary indisposition. Still, its much-to-be-regretted sickness in no way interfered with its powers of

*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM—BRIGHTON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

speech. Then, as we stayed for a moment in the conservatory—where, in the midst of the palms and ferns, a fine statuette of "A Dancing Girl," by J. Lawler, who sculptured one of the sides of the Albert Memorial, stands in a conspicuous position—a little canary suddenly bursts into song as Mr. Lloyd encourages it by running his fingers along the wires of its cage. This same little canary played a conspicuous part after lunch, when we repaired to the conservatory, of which more anon.

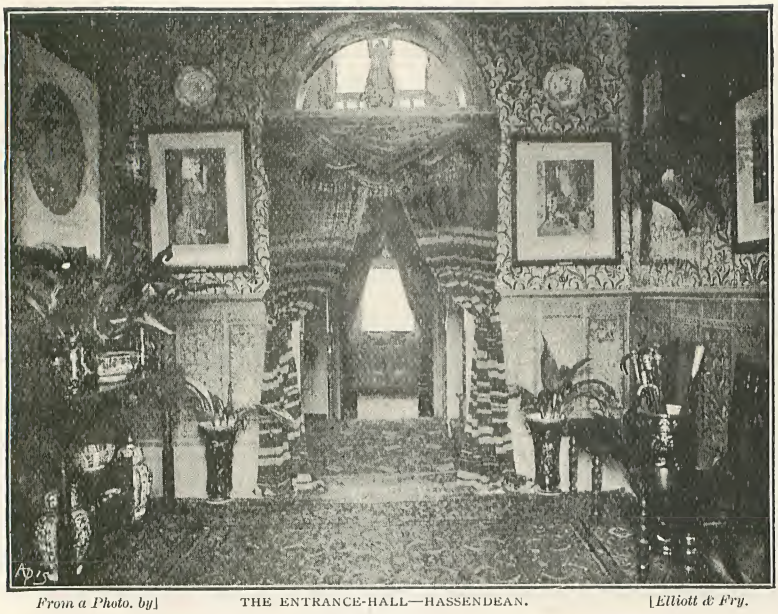
The entrance-hall of Hassendean—on the front door of which hangs a lucky horseshoe—is given up to some admirable examples of engraving—after Millais, Gainsborough, and Burton Barber; whilst the staircase leading to Mr. Lloyd's own particular sanctum, in addition to providing hanging space for many pictures of musical celebrities, has an artistic selection of Doré's works.

Mr. Lloyd's own room chiefly contains family pictures. On the mantelpiece are his children; by the window his father, and close by a reproduction of the stained glass window erected to the memory of the great tenor's mother at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. The dining-room looks out on a great expanse of lawn, studded with fir trees, and contains some grand canvases by Ogilvie Reid, Knupp, Hughes, Ladelle, Danby, Cobbett, Hans Poch, of Munich, and J. Stark.

Mr. Lloyd points out with pardonable pride five drawings by Rossetti, which hang in the drawing-room; he is a hearty admirer of this brilliant artist's work. The cabinets in this apartment are full of the choicest of Dresden china and enamelled silver ware, and a prominent position is given to a Russian silver cigarette case inscribed: "Presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh to Edward Lloyd, October, 1884." The motto on it is in Russian, and its translation reads: "Carry about, don't lose, frequently remember."

The presentments of the features of musical friends are numerous, and, as Mr. Lloyd takes up a picture of the late Barry Sullivan as *Hamlet*, he remembers that he was the last friend to see him when he was drawn out on to the balcony of his house at Brighton, just before he died. When we remember Mr. Lloyd's profession, one may be permitted to refer to the music-room as being the most used apartment in Hassendean. It is really a magnificent room, which the famous tenor had expressly built for himself; its proportions are perfect, its acoustic properties everything to be desired. There are two floors to this room at a distance of 4ft. apart. This realizes an admirable sounding-board.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Lloyd, in reply to my question, "I practise here; but I fear that the



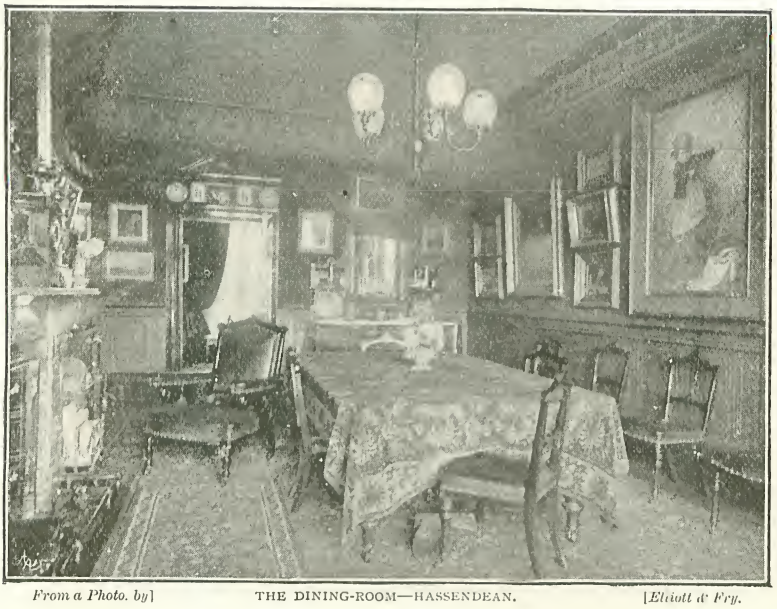
*From a Photo. by]* THE ENTRANCE-HALL—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

public little realize what practice means. I am never satisfied, though I invariably practise a new work every morning for two or three months. I first give my attention to the notes, then study the real meaning of the words. You then begin to see the beauty of the work and gain a knowledge of the composer's idea. Not until a work is learnt thoroughly do you begin to realize its countless gems, and the more I 'live' with the written genius of great composers, the greater pleasure do I find in their beauties."

The music-room has a grand ceiling. Its walls are incrusted with crimson, with a fresco of black oak. The engravings are after Millais, Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, Luke Fildes, Orchardson, Leader, and Rosa Bonheur. The blue china, which is set out on the great mantelboard, once belonged to Rossetti, and the grand piano was made by Schidemeyer, of Stuttgart.

After lunch, I not only listened to the fine tones of the Schidemeyer—but something more. It was a most charming *entr'acte* to our chat together. We were all sitting in the conservatory, and Dick, the canary, was trilling some of his purest notes. At an almost unnoticed sign from her mother, Miss Lloyd quietly left her chair and was followed by her elder brother; the opening bars of a delightful song of Spain were played, and then the voice of Miss Lloyd was heard in all its girlish sweetness. The little canary remained silent until the finish of the song, then it burst out again; once more came a chord from the piano—a familiar chord—"Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," and I listened to the magnificent voice of our great tenor. He probably never sang with greater expression or intenser feeling than he did that afternoon at Hassendean. The two young lads from Sidcup rested their

*From a Photo. by]* THE STUDY—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*



*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

heads on their hands, leant forward so that they might not miss a note, and made frantic efforts to outrival the applause of perhaps one of the smallest audiences Mr. Edward Lloyd has ever sung to in his life. When he had finished, Mrs. Lloyd quietly leant across to me very happily, and said: "I haven't heard my husband sing that song for more than fifteen years!"

So we settled down for our talk—and the story of a career which has been one long ascent to the very top rung of the ladder was told very modestly, with a constant genuinely kindly reference to others running through the whole. There is nothing self-assertive about Mr. Lloyd — he remains steadily the same all the time; watching for opportunities to praise his brother and sister artists, though it be at his own expense. When he speaks of others he endeavours to impress upon you that he *means* it; when he must needs speak of himself he does so with a merry laugh and hurries up to get it over. His heart is perfectly open. He is not a "coddled up" individual; he never did and never will believe in it. He never muffles his throat up in a huge silk scarf, but believes in the low collar and "weathering it." The only time he muffled his neck he caught a fearful cold. His advice is: "Breathe through the nose, and not through the mouth, when coming out of a hot room. Don't wrap up; whilst an egg beaten in a very little whisky and water will be found an excellent stamina.

"I was born on 7th March, 1845," he said. "My mother was a daughter of John Larkin Hopkins, who was a professor of music in the Royal household of George IV., and held the position of bandmaster of the Scotch Fusilier Guards for thirty-nine years. He was a fine, stalwart man, of immense

*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE MUSIC-ROOM—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

strength, and lived to the ripe age of eighty-two. My mother, who was one of seventeen children, inherited much of my grandfather's talent. She was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and gained the King's Scholarship for her pianoforte playing at the age of seventeen. My father was Richard Lloyd, whose good tenor voice gained for him a vicar choralship in Westminster Abbey. I have a vivid recollection of him, for I think I was his pet child ; I know that I had all I wanted. I was only five when he died, and my mother, with the utmost devotion, took me in hand with five other brothers and sisters. She held a very influential musical post at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, where she remained for fourteen years ; her health gave way, however, and she returned to London. You have seen in my room upstairs a picture of the memorial window which those who knew and loved her caused to be placed in the Great Hall, Cheltenham College."

Little Edward, however, lived in London with an aunt, and Mr. Lloyd has the happiest recollections of the many letters which his mother wrote, always asking for news of her boy. It was happy news, indeed, when the mother heard that her little seven-year-old son had joined Westminster Abbey as a chorister under James Turle, the Abbey organist, who had not been slow in recognising the great gift of a beautiful voice which had been bestowed upon the youth. He took him under his special care, and to-day the great tenor never tires of bearing testimony to the patience of his first master, who seemed never to weary in instructing him in the art of which he was so accomplished a master.

"They were very happy days at the Abbey," continued Mr. Lloyd. "I served as a probationer for twelve months, and was then entered as a full chorister. After a few years, I became one of the first four, until at last I was promoted to head boy. As a chorister I sang at the funeral of the eminent engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, and wore the old-fashioned black scarf and black gloves. Even in those early days I got quite a number of engagements ; we used to be paid three or four guineas for the week's singing at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, but when I became one of the chosen four boys, Mr. Turle, who had the musical arrangements associated with big City dinners, frequently selected me to sing at a guinea and sometimes two guineas a night at the banquets given by such City companies as the Ironmongers', Merchant Taylors', Goldsmiths', Vintners', etc., where boys in those days always sang the soprano parts in the glees and part-songs. The Dean, however, put a stop to it on account of our health, as it kept us out very late ; still, Dean Trench was always very kind to us, and in the evenings would frequently invite us to the Deanery to play at bob-apple. You know the game ! An apple is suspended on a string and is set in motion, your hands are tied behind your back, and you try to

bite the apple. The Dean was as merry as any of us, and revelled in securing as big an apple as possible."

"And did you ever bite the apple, Mr. Lloyd?" I asked.

"No," he replied, merrily; "my mouth was not large enough! I must not forget Dr. Wordsworth, who was a canon in my time at the Cathedral. My great recollection of him is that, when he was in office as canon, he used to preach for an hour, and sometimes longer. It was the privilege of a senior boy to repair to his house in the cloisters, and, together with his companion choristers, to stand round a table and be catechized for one hour after the service. In those early days, I fear that I did not appreciate this privilege!

"I sang at the wedding of the Princess Royal, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. I sat in the gallery, and in my memory can almost hear now Mr. Harper, the great trumpeter, 'heralding' the wedding party. I met many choir boys who have since become famous. In those early days Sir John Stainer was then a senior boy at St. Paul's, and we frequently met at the rooms of the old Madrigal Society, in Lyle Street—let to them by the Royal Society of Musicians—where, for our singing, we were rewarded with a glass of port, a buttered biscuit, and two shillings. The two shillings were invariably spent before I got home. I also met Sir Arthur Sullivan and Alfred Cellier at cricket. The boys of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's and Westminster frequently tried their powers with the bat and ball against one another; Sullivan was my elder. Cellier was always the life and soul of the game of cricket: a thorough good fellow, although he did bowl me out once.

"Still, I am happy to place on record the important historical fact that the Westminster boys invariably won."

Although Mr. Lloyd's voice may be said to have never really broken, at fifteen years of age he left the Abbey and went to a school in Southwark, where, after remaining for twelve months, he went to his mother's, at Cheltenham. He had said good-bye to the choristers' stalls at Westminster, well educated in the music of the great Church writers. He was on enviably familiar terms with such old masters as Gibbons, Blow, Boyce, and Purcell, a foundation for all that was to follow after. At his mother's suggestion he learnt the violin, and she, who herself had studied the piano under Mrs. Anderson, the music-mistress of the Queen, gave him lessons in pianoforte playing. However, although the young lad took kindly to the bow, he couldn't settle down to the piano. He remained in Cheltenham until twenty, when he returned to London to his aunt's.

"I sang at a church at Belsize Park," said Mr. Lloyd, "and received thirty pounds a year. I did the solo singing, and was regarded as a light tenor, never thinking for a moment that I should develop into anything particular. But I was always endeavouring to improve myself. When I was twenty-one, as luck would have it, my uncle, Dr. John Larkin Hopkins, organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, came on a visit to my aunt, and my mother, who was also up from Cheltenham on a little holiday, asked my uncle if he would hear me sing. He did so. I sang"—and here Mr. Lloyd gave the opening lines of "You and I":—

*From a]* MR. LLOYD'S FATHER. *[Painting.*

'Tis years since we parted, you and I,
In the sweet summer time long ago.

"He was very delighted, and turned to me and said, 'We have an opening in the choir at Trinity College: will you come and fill the post until there is a trial for it?' I was in the seventh heaven; the position was worth £120 per year; it realized all my hopes. I went to Cambridge; the music I had to sing—I was a good reader—came like A, B, C to me. I seemed to please the Fellows. After I had been there three months they thought

there ought to be a trial for the post. There were then two tenor vacancies, as Mr. Kerr Gedge was leaving to fill an important position in London. How well I remember the morning of the trial. The trial was fixed for ten o'clock. However, I got up at four, as I was too excited to sleep, told the landlady to have a thick steak ready for me at eight, and went for a long walk. I shall never forget that four hours' stroll; I remembered that there were seven or eight other competitors. I felt terribly anxious and nervous, but by the time I got back again to my lodgings and settled down to my breakfast, I had determined to go in and win. I felt on that morning just the same as I do now when about to fulfil any engagement I may have on hand: anxious, fearfully anxious.

"At that trial I sang 'If with all your hearts,' from 'Elijah,' and read some music given to us, and came out first.

"At Cambridge I met the lady who afterwards became my wife. It was at the opera. 'Faust' was the work, with Blanche Cole as *Marguerite*. Her future husband, Sydney Naylor, conducted, and, by-the-bye, he was a Temple boy with me. We were almost engaged from that night, and I should like to say that, although Mrs. Lloyd is not a musician, from that day to this she has influenced my life. It was her wish that I should not sing in opera. And I have never regretted not doing so. Indeed, I have only made one appearance in costume in my life—it was at a private house at Hampstead. Here is a portrait of myself in the character. My part necessitated me carrying on certain papers, which in my excitement I left outside. I was asked for them; I felt in my pocket; pocket was empty. 'Dear me!' I said, 'I must have dropped them on the stairs as I came up'; so I made my exit and brought them back."

MR. LLOYD'S MOTHER.
*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.*

Still, Mr. Lloyd's dramatic instincts must have been of a very high order—for the late Carl Rosa, who chanced to be present, immediately offered him an engagement. Later on Carl Rosa tried his utmost to induce him to sing in "Tannhauser," when the impresario was producing this work at Her Majesty's Theatre, saying at the same time, "I vill gif you a blank cheque to fill up!" This offer was again refused, and Rosa always would have it that the great tenor had missed his chance of going on the stage!

Mr. Lloyd remained twelve months at Cambridge, when he joined the choir at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, Mr. Barnby (now Sir Joseph Barnby) being the choir-master and organist, and was shortly after appointed "A gentleman at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's."

"That," said Mr. Lloyd, "was really the beginning of my career. I was then engaged for the Gloucester Festival, to sing in Bach's 'Passion Music.' It was my first important engagement and my first big audience. There were 2,000 people present. It did me a lot of good. I was very nervous, and my nervousness gave birth to *feeling*. A cold singer is no good! Dr. Wesley conducted this festival. There are many capital stories told about him. He was a somewhat eccentric old gentleman, very forgetful at times, and a most enthusiastic fisherman. He was once out with his rod and line fishing in a piece of water, when a keeper approached him and told him it was private.

"'Oh, is it?' he said. 'My name's Wesley.'

"'I don't care,' said the keeper, 'what your name is; you can't fish here without an order.'

"'All right,' said Wesley; 'you take in my name to your master and I'll follow you.'

"The keeper consented: his employer expressed his regret at the occurrence, and said he would be charmed if the doctor remained to lunch, and they sat down together. After lunch the host turned to the

doctor and said he would be very delighted if he would play a selection on the organ. A very fine instrument was in the hall, and the doctor, nothing loth, sat down and played for half an hour. The music over, Wesley returned to his fishing, fished to sundown, and then went home. The next day the owner of the organ and the lake was surprised to receive a letter from Wesley asking for ten guineas for his services on the organ. Wesley was even more surprised when he had in reply a letter as follows: 'My charge for a day's fishing is twenty guineas, so if you will kindly forward ten guineas, that will make us quits.'

MR. LLOYD'S ONLY APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

"On another occasion Wesley was conducting an overture, and was so wrapped up in his thoughts of fishing that he kept on beating time after the overture was finished. One of the principal violins whispered to him that they had done.

"'Impossible!' rejoined Wesley. 'I've got twelve bars more.'

"One can only conclude from this that during the twelve bars the worthy doctor had held his bâton still in the act of catching a fish, and when he rose it again to continue beating time he was landing it."

From the time Mr. Lloyd appeared at the Gloucester Festival the active part of his career may be said to have commenced. He has been engaged in all the principal festivals from that time, and created the tenor parts in all the most important modern works: "The Martyr of Antioch," by Sullivan; Parry's "Judith"; Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" and "The Dream of Jubal"; Cowen's "Rose Maiden" and "The Water Lily"; Stanford's "Maeldune," and Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and amongst foreign, Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" and Dvoràk's "Spectre's Bride." He created the tenor part in Gounod's "Redemption" at Birmingham Festival, and at the following festival the tenor in the same composer's "Mors et Vita." At Gounod's request he was invited—an invitation he accepted—to sing in Gounod's latter work at Brussels and Paris under his direction.

At Brussels Mr. Lloyd was presented to the Queen of the Belgians.

His work at all the principal concerts is well known, and ever since the first night he sang in oratorio at the Albert Hall, under Sir Joseph Barnby, he has always been a permanent member of the artists engaged by Sir Joseph, whom, together with Sir Charles Hallé, Mr. Lloyd regards as having done as much for music as any two artists in England. He has been to America on no fewer than four occasions; the first of which was at the Cincinnati Festival, for which he received £1,350 for five performances in that city. Once every year the State Concerts at Buckingham Palace claim him.

I asked Mr. Lloyd if he considered that oratorios still held their place in the esteem of the public against the lighter and less pretentious musical themes which have of late been so prominent.

He replied: "Oratorios still hold their old power over the public; such standard works as the 'Messiah,' the 'Stabat Mater,' 'Elijah,' and the 'Hymn of Praise' can never die: they are the support and the backbone of the festivals. Such works are so great and so magnificent that they are as fresh to the people to-day, though the hearers may have heard them fifty times, as they will be to the next generation. They are the true heirlooms of all music lovers.

"Go out into the 'West.' In Chicago, where we sang the 'Messiah' twice, there were over 5,000 people at each performance; but if you want to really understand how these glorious works are loved and revered, go into the Black Country, on the occasion of a big musical gathering, and watch the masses come in with their music scores under their arms. I have seen the galleries crowded with miners, who drink in every

note, and applaud in the right places, too. These great works are the property of the people: they come to them, and regard the listening to them as a devotional duty."

It is very well known that Mr. Lloyd has never disappointed the public except through severe illness; he has been in three railway accidents, but such severe upsets as these have never deterred him from proceeding in the even tenor of his ways. He positively snaps his fingers at fogs, and has sung in a hall when the place has been full of this speciality of our particular climate which is so distressing to folk in general and vocalists in particular.

The only occasion on which a fog was a real annoyance was one night when, on leaving the Albert Hall after a Patti concert, the fog was so thick that in thin shoes and a dress suit he had to take a lamp from his carriage, and whilst his coachman led the horse, he had to light the way. Mr. Lloyd fortunately possessed a good bump of locality; still he did not reach Tulse Hill till half-past one in the morning.

He has smoked from an early age, and has never found it affect his voice; still he would not advise young singers to take a pattern from Mario, who he has been given to understand has smoked as many as thirty cigars a day. He is inundated with songs, and it may be a consolation to budding composers to know that the thoughtful tenor always returns unaccepted scores when stamps are inclosed. He admits to one personal mishap with his music when singing Blumenthal's beautiful melody, "The Message." It was an old copy, and a page having become detached, was economically sewn in. Unfortunately, it was not discovered until Mr. Lloyd was in the midst of the song that the sheet had been sewn in upside down.

Mr. Lloyd is famed for his punctuality at all his engagements. "And for a very good reason, too," he said, when I reminded him of this. "It was during my first tour with Mme. Liebhart, and Christian, the bass, suffered with me. We had travelled from Dublin all day, and arrived at our destination where we were to sing in the evening. Feeling very tired, I lay down after dinner for a rest before the concert; Christian did the same. We both fell fast asleep. We were to open the concert at eight o'clock in the duet "Love and War." At five minutes past eight, a man came rushing in to say the audience were waiting for our duet. We flew to the hall, and had to go on a quarter of an hour late. I could scarcely breathe and could barely get through my share in the duet. But it was a quarter of an hour with a moral—ever since then I have always been present a quarter of an hour before going on."

So the day passed happily at Hassendean, and the time came to say good-night. As I was leaving, Mr. Lloyd put his hand on young Ramon's head and said, good-naturedly, "Now, would you like to see something of what I used to do when I was about his age, and was rewarded with anything from buttered biscuits to a guinea?"

I need hardly say I assured him I should be delighted.

"Then meet me next Saturday at five-thirty at St. James's Hall, when we will have dinner at the Round, Catch, and Cannon Club and listen to some of their glees."

Saturday came, and we met again at the Round, Catch, and Cannon Club—the oldest glee club in the country, being now more than eighty years old. Dinner over—in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Lloyd and myself sat Sir Benjamin Baker, Mr. W. Horsley, R.A., Signor Randegger, Mr. N. Vert, and Dr. Scott, Mr. Lloyd's medical man—books of glees were brought round and we sat and listened to the sweetest of themes, most admirably rendered. No one is more attentive than Edward Lloyd—no one more hearty in his approval.

"'Tis Morn" is the first glee, and Mr. Lloyd reminds me he has sung it many a time. A selection of T. Cooke's follows, and we listen to the stirring—

> Strike, strike the lyre! Let music tell
> The blessings spring shall scatter round.
> Fragrance shall float along the gale,
> And opening flow'rets paint the ground.

How pure and sweet sounds "By Celia's Arbour." Not a note is lost by those whose happiness it is to listen—

> Tell her they are not drops of night,
> But tears of sorrow shed by me;

and whilst it is being sung I cannot help noticing a white-headed gentleman opposite me who rests his head on one hand, so that his face can barely be seen, and bends over the glee-book, and never moves except once, to look up in reverent thought. It is W. Horsley, the Royal Academician. Yet another is sung—an ode for five voices. The painter still keeps his head bowed. I looked at the open book before me and read: "Composed by W. Horsley, 19th February, 1776."

Then Mr. Horsley tells us how well he remembers his father writing "By Celia's Arbour."

"I remember how Mendelssohn used to come," he said, "and sit for hours in the summer evenings in the house where I have lived for the last seventy years. He said that my father's compositions were the most perfect of their kind he had ever heard. He took some copies of 'Celia's Arbour' home with him, and soon after wrote to my father to say that he had heard the glee sung amongst the villagers by *forty voices!*"

Then Mr. Lloyd joins in:—

"I once heard your father's glee, 'By Celia's Arbour,' sung by a few of the Leeds Chorus, in Worcester, during the Festival. They had gathered together in the bar of the hotel where I was staying. I had gone to bed and was awakened out of my sleep, and I thought I had never heard it sung to such perfection, the voices were so well balanced.

"There, there you are," said Mr. Lloyd, "that's what I mean. I was something like that in the buttered biscuit days, and when I sang at the Princess Royal's wedding."

A bright-faced little lad had stepped up to join the elder members in a glee for five voices. He wore an Eton suit. The piece selected was a sonnet by Lord Mornington:—

O, Bird of Eve! whose love-sick notes,
I hear across the dale,
Who nightly to the moon and me
Dost tell thy hapless tale!

The lad's voice was as true as the trill of the bird of which he sang, and this time it was the great tenor who sat and—thought, of those happy Westminster days, of those bewildering banquets at which he used to sing, of the glasses of port, the palatable biscuits, the useful two-shilling pieces. Perhaps he thought of more.

The lad sang again and again, until at twenty past nine o'clock, ten minutes before dispersing, the chairman gave out the number of the last glee, and Edward Lloyd shared my book as we listened to S. Webbe's beautiful music set to—

Rise, my joy, sweet mirth attend,
I'm resolved to be thy friend;
Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,
He's with Thetis gone to bed:
Tho' he will not on me shine,
Still there's brightness in the wine;
From Bacchus I'll such lustre borrow,
My face shall be a sun to-morrow!

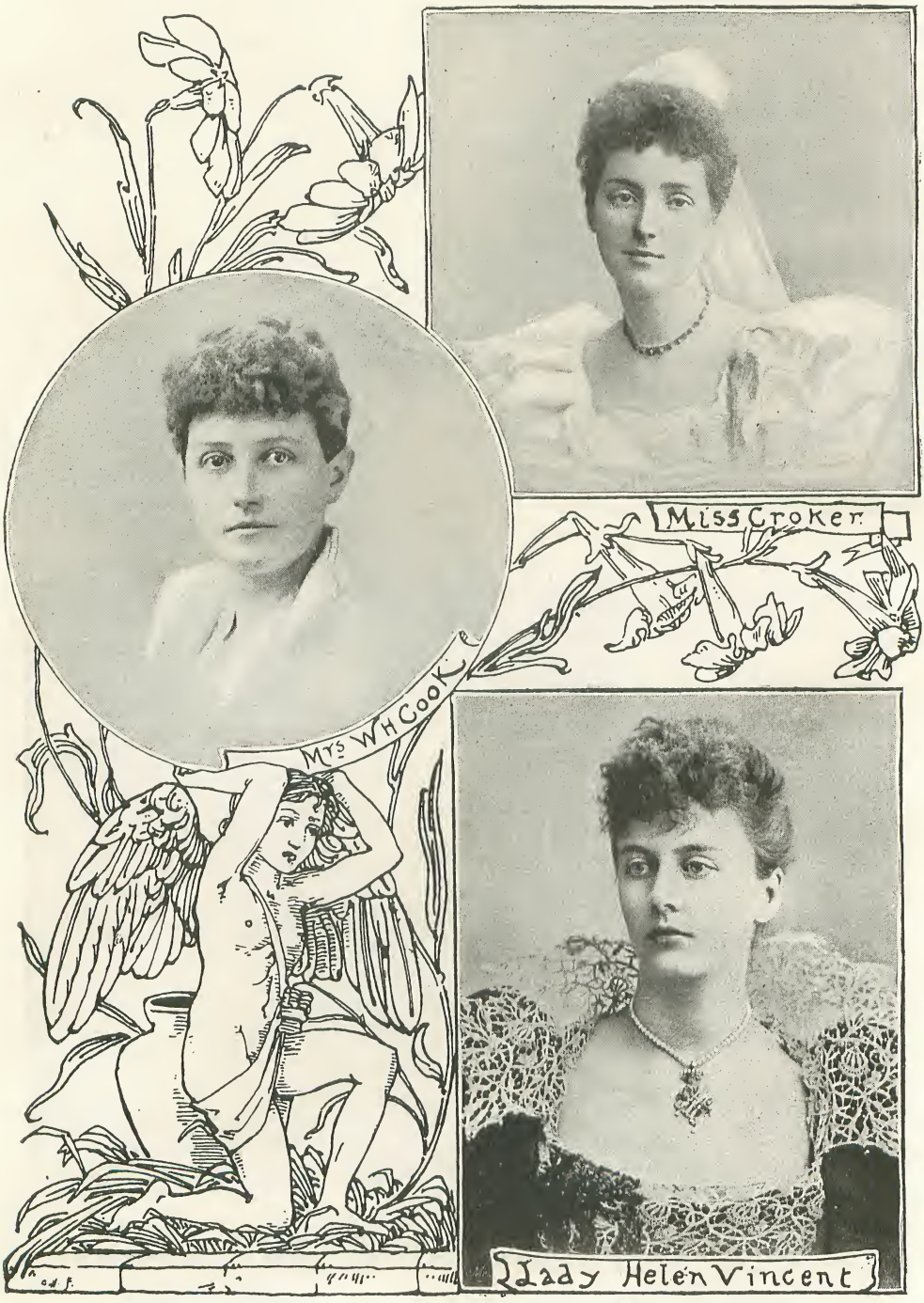
HARRY HOW.

*From a Photo. by]* A FAMILY GROUP. *[Elliott & Fry.*

NOTE.—In the Illustrated Interview with Sir George Lewis in our December issue, page 655, the following paragraph occurs: "Sir George prosecuted in a number of bank failures, the result of the Joint Stock Act of 1862. In addition to Overend and Gurney's, there were Barnett's Bank of Liverpool, the Unity Bank," etc., etc. The words "Barnett's Bank" should read "Barned's Bank." We much regret the mistake, which makes it seem that we referred to the well-known and old-established firm of Messrs. Barnett & Co., of South Castle Street, Liverpool.

# *Beauties.*

*From a Photo. by Chancellor,*
*55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.*




*From a Photo. by W. Duffus,*
*26, Queen Street, Huddersfield.*

*From a Photo. by Chancellor,*
*55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.*

*From a Photo. by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.*

*From a Photo. by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.*

*From a Photo. by W. & A. H. Fry, 68, East Street, Brighton.*

*From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

*From a Photo. by W. Bradnee, 46, Fleet Street, Torquay.*

*From a Photo. by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street.*

# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

## XII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. G. AND MR. D.

THERE is a general impression from observation of Mr. Gladstone's manner in the House of Commons and its precincts that his head is kept so high in the empyrean of State affairs that he takes no note of men and things on a lower level. His ordinary habits in connection with persons on and off the Treasury Bench are certainly diametrically opposed to those of Lord Beaconsfield when he was still in the House of Commons. On the Treasury Bench Mr. Disraeli was wont to sit impassive, with arms folded and head bent forward, not without suspicion in the minds of those at a distance that he slept. Nearer observation would show that he was particularly wide awake. His eyes (with the exception of his hands, the last feature in his personal appearance to grow old) were ever alert and watchful, more particularly of right hon. gentlemen on the bench opposite. He rarely spoke to colleagues on either side of him, making an exception in favour of the late Lord Barrington. But it was only in dull times, in the dinner-hour or after, that he thus thawed. Even at such times he was rather a listener than a converser. Lord Barrington lived much in society and at the clubs. It was probably gossip from these quarters which he retailed for the edification of his chief, whose wrinkled face was often softened by a smile as Lord Barrington whispered in his ear.

Mr. Gladstone, on the Treasury Bench, is constantly in a state of irrepressible energy. He converses eagerly with the colleague sitting on his right or left, driving home with emphatic gestures his arguments or assertions. In quieter mood he makes a running commentary on the speech that is going forward, his observations, I have been told, being refreshingly pungent and often droll. His deep, rich voice carries far. Occasionally it crosses the table, and the right honourable gentleman on his legs at the moment is embarrassed or encouraged by what he cannot help overhearing.

A WARY JUDGE.

Occasionally the Premier seems to be asleep, but it is not safe to assume as a matter of course that, because his eyes are closed and his head resting on the back of the bench, he is lapped in slumber. There is an eminent judge on the Bench whose lapses into somnolency are part of the ordered proceedings of every case that comes before him. For many terms he baffled the observation of the smartest junior, as of the most keen-sighted leader. He had his sleep, but instead of awaking with a more or less guilty start, and ostentatiously perusing his notes as others used, he, when he woke, scrupulously preserved exactly the same position and attitude as when he truly slept. Closely following for a few moments the argument of the learned gentleman who had lulled him to sleep, he, softly opening his eyes, and not otherwise moving, interposed a remark pertinent to the argument. For a long time this device baffled the Bar. But it was discovered at last, and is to-day of no avail.

"ASLEEP OR AWAKE?"

Mr. Gladstone has no occasion for the exercise of this ingenuity. He may, without reproach, snatch his forty winks when he will, none daring to make him afraid. He admits that, "at my time of life," he finds a long and prosy speech irresistible, often enriching him between questions and

"FORTY WINKS."

the dinner-hour with the dower of a quiet nap.

IN THE DIVISION LOBBY.

This contrast of demeanour on the Treasury Bench as between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone was equally marked in the division lobby. The passage through the division lobby, which sometimes occupies a quarter of an hour, is for Mr. Gladstone an opportunity for continuing his work.

It was one of the most dramatic incidents on the historic night in June, 1885, when his Ministry fell that, engaged in writing a letter when the House was cleared for the particular division, he carried his letter-pad with him, sat down at a table in one of the recesses of the lobby, and went on writing as, at another tragic time of waiting, Madame Defarge went on knitting. It was his letter to the Queen recording the incidents of the night. Returning to the Treasury Bench, Mr. Gladstone, still Premier, placed the pad on his knee and quietly continued the writing, looking up with a glance of interested inquiry when the shout of exultation, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, following on the announcement of the figures, told him that he might incidentally mention to Her Majesty that the Government had been defeated by a majority of twelve.

"SEEING NOBODY."

A LOST VOTE.

On the very few occasions when Mr. Gladstone visits the inner lobby on his way to and from the Whips' room, he strides through the groups of members with stiffened back and head erect, apparently seeing nobody. This is a habit, certainly not discourteously meant, which cost him a valuable friend, and made for the Liberal party one of its bitterest and most effective enemies. Twenty years ago there entered the House of Commons in the prime of life a man who early proved the potentiality of his becoming one of its brightest ornaments. A Radical by conviction, instinct, and habits dating from boyhood, he had raised in an important district the drooping flag of Liberalism, and amid the disaster that attended it at the General Election of 1874, had carried nearly every seat in his own county.

There were other reasons why he might have looked for warm welcome from the Liberal chief on entering the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone had a few years earlier, at another crisis in the fortunes of the party, been a guest at his father's house, and was indebted to him for substantial assistance in carrying the General Election of 1868. A singularly sensitive, retiring man, the new member felt disposed to shrink from the effusive reception that would naturally await him when he settled in London within the circuit of personal communication with Mr. Gladstone. He was in his place below the gangway on the Opposition side for weeks through the Session of 1874. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, was not then in constant attendance, but he not infrequently looked in, and was at least within morning-call distance of the new member. They met for the first time in the quiet corridor skirting the Library, and Mr. Gladstone, his head in the air, passed his young friend, son of an old friend, without sign of recognition.

It was, of course, a mere accident, an undesigned oversight, certainly not enough to shape a man's political career. I do not say that alone it did it, but I have personal knowledge of the fact that it rankled deeply, and was the beginning of the end that wrecked a great career and has cost the Liberal party dearly.

MR. DISRAELI AND DR. O'LEARY.

There is a well-known story of close upon this date which illustrates Mr. Disraeli's manner in analogous circumstances. In the Parliament of 1874 there was a gentleman named Dr. O'Leary—William Haggarty O'Leary, member for Drogheda. The Doctor was a very small man, with gestures many sizes too big for him, and a voice that on occasion could emulate the volume of Major O'Gorman's. He was fierce withal, as one of his colleagues will remember. One night in the Session of 1875, when the Coercion Bill was under discussion, Dr. O'Leary was put up to move the adjournment. In those halcyon days it was possible for a member to recommend such a motion in a speech of any length to which he felt equal. Dr. O'Leary was proceeding apace when, his eye alighting on the immobile face of the noble lord who was then Mr. Dodson, he alluded to him as "the right hon. gentleman the Financial Secretary to the Treasury." A compatriot touched Dr. O'Leary's arm and reminded him that Mr. Dodson was no longer in office. "The *late* right hon. gentleman, then," retorted Dr. O'Leary, turning a blazing countenance on his interrupter.

It was pending the division on the third reading of the Empress of India Bill that Mr. Disraeli won over this irate Irishman. The Premier was anxious to have the third reading carried by a rattling majority, and spared no pains to gain doubtful votes. One night in a division on another Bill he came upon Dr. O'Leary in the Ministerial lobby, a place the then budding Parnellite party fitfully resorted to. Dizzy walked a few paces behind the member for Drogheda. Quickening his pace, he laid a hand on his shoulder and said: "My dear Doctor, you gave me quite a start. When I saw you I thought for a moment it was my old friend Tom Moore."

From that day the delighted Doctor's vote was unreservedly at the disposal of his eminent and discriminating friend.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Mr. Disraeli, while Leader of the House of Commons, turned the necessary idle moments of the division lobby to better account than finishing up his correspondence. In the winter months he used to station himself at a fire in one of the recesses, standing with coat-tails uplifted, in an attitude which showed that, though of Oriental lineage, he had a British substratum. As the throng of members trooped towards the wicket, Dizzy, keenly watching them, would signal one out and genially converse with him for a few moments. Those thus favoured were generally members who had recently made a speech, and were gratified for the rest of their lives by a timely compliment. Others—those in the Conservative ranks much rarer—were men reported by the Whips to be showing a tendency towards restiveness, whom a few genial words brought back to the fold.

"BEFORE THE FIRE."

MR. GLADSTONE'S HAT AND STICK.

In a recent number, talking of hat customs in the House of Commons, I observed that there are not many members of the present Parliament who have seen Mr. Gladstone seated on either Front Bench with his hat on. An exception was mentioned with respect to the Session of 1875, when, having retired from the leadership and looking in occasionally to see how things were getting on under Lord Hartington, he was accustomed to sit at the remote end of the Treasury Bench wearing his hat and carrying stick and gloves.

An esteemed correspondent, whose knowledge of Parliament is extensive and peculiar, writes: "There was a time when Mr. Gladstone most ostentatiously and designedly wore his hat after the year you mention. It was when, during the Bradlaugh scenes, he left the leadership, with the responsibility of persecuting Bradlaugh, to Stafford Northcote. He brought stick and hat into the House, and put the latter on during Northcote's proceedings, as much as to say, 'Well, as you have the House with you, carry your tyrannical procedure through yourself. I am not in it.' I think all this must be in your Parliament books."

I do not think it is; but I remember the episode very well, and the embarrassment into which the unexpected attitude plunged good Sir Stafford Northcote. The situation was remarkable, and, I believe, unparalleled. Mr. Gladstone had just been returned to power by a majority that exceeded a hundred.

The Conservative forces were shattered. Even with a Liberal majority, which at its birth always contains within itself the seeds of disintegration, it appeared probable that at least the first Session of the new Parliament would run its course before revolt manifested itself. It turned out otherwise. A resolution, moved by Mr. Labouchere, and supported from the Treasury Bench, giving Mr. Bradlaugh permission to make affirmation and so take his seat, was thrown out by a majority of 275 against 230.

It was after this Mr. Gladstone temporarily abrogated his position as Leader of the House, bringing in hat and stick in token thereof. When, on the next day, Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself, made straight for the table, and was subsequently heard at the bar, the Premier came in, not only with hat and stick in hand, but wearing his gloves. All eyes were turned upon him, when Mr. Bradlaugh, having finished his speech, withdrew at the Speaker's bidding. But he did not move, and then and thereafter, during the Session, Sir Stafford Northcote took the lead in whatever proceedings ensued on the lively action of Mr. Bradlaugh.

"WITH HAT AND STICK."

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

What Sir Stafford thought of the duty thrust upon him by the action of keener spirits below the gangway was suspected at the time. Years afterwards, disclosure was made in a letter written by his second son, Sir Stafford Northcote, and published by the *Daily News* in December last. When in 1886 the Conservatives returned to power, Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been furiously fought all through the life of the former Parliament, was permitted quietly to take his seat. Later, a motion was made by Dr. Hunter to expunge from the journals of the House the resolution declaring him incompetent to sit. This was an awkward position for a Government which included within its ranks men who had been most active in resistance to Mr. Bradlaugh's attempts to take his seat. After the debate had gone forward for an hour or two, the present Sir Stafford Northcote rose from the bench immediately behind Ministers, and urged that with slight amendment the resolution should be accepted.

I remember well the scene, above all the startled manner in which Mr. W. H. Smith, then Leader of the House, turned round to regard this interposition from so unexpected a quarter. The House instinctively felt that it settled the matter. If a member habitually so unobtrusive as Sir Stafford Northcote felt compelled to interpose and support an amendment, which, however regarded, was a vote of censure on the conduct of the Conservative party through the Parliament of 1880, feeling in the Conservative ranks must be strong indeed. A Government who showed a disinclination to accept the resolution would find themselves in a tight place if they persisted. What course would Mr. W. H. Smith take?

Looking at his honest, ingenuous face, it was easy to read his thoughts. Startled at first by the appearance on the scene of the member for Exeter, he sat with head half turned watching and listening intently. Gradually conviction dawned upon him. It was Sir Stafford Northcote's revered father who had officially led the opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh. Now, whilst the son spoke, there seemed to come a voice from the grave pleading that enough had been done to vindicate Christianity and Constitutionalism, urging that the House of Commons would do well to perform a gracious and generous act and sooth Mr. Bradlaugh's last moments (he was that very night lying on his death-bed) with news that the obnoxious resolution had been erased. All this was glowingly written on Mr. Smith's face as Sir Stafford Northcote spoke, and when he followed everyone was prepared for the statement of acquiescence made on these lines. There was nothing more to be said, and without a division it was agreed to strike out the resolution from the journals of the House.

THE ARTFULNESS OF OLD MORALITY.

Sir Stafford Northcote's letter, dated from the House of Commons, 13th November, 1893, throws a flood of light on this historic episode and, incidentally, upon the methods of management of the

homely, innocent-looking gentleman who led the House of Commons from 1886 to his lamented death in the autumn of 1891. "Shortly after the debate on Dr. Hunter's motion began," Sir Stafford writes, "Mr. Smith asked me to come into his private room, and asked me what I thought of the motion. I replied that I did not see how the Government could accept it as it stood, as it conveyed a censure on the Conservative party for their action in the past; but that if this part of the motion were dropped, I thought that the rest of the resolution might be agreed to. I added that I would willingly make such an appeal to Mr. Smith publicly in the House. Mr. Smith quite approved my suggestion. I made the appeal from my place in the House, and Dr. Hunter consented to amend his motion."

Whence it will appear that the whole scene which entirely took in a trusting House of Commons was what in another walk of industry is called a put-up job.

On the late Lord Iddesleigh's feelings during the Bradlaugh campaign, his son's letter sheds a gentle light. "My suggestion to Mr. Smith," Sir Stafford writes, "was

LORD IDDESLEIGH.

partly based on the recollection that my father had often said to me that, while he had had no hesitation in discharging what he believed to be his duty in the various painful scenes with which Mr. Bradlaugh's name is associated, he had always felt much pain at having to take a course personally painful to a fellow-member of the House."

THE BIRTH OF THE FOURTH PARTY.

It is a mistake deeply rooted in the public mind that it was Lord Randolph Churchill who gave the first impulse to the creation of the Fourth Party. This is an error due to his fascinating personality, and the prominent part he later took in directing what for its size and voting power is the most remarkable engine known in Parliamentary warfare. The real creator of the Fourth Party was Sir Henry Wolff, now Her

SIR HENRY WOLFF.

Majesty's Minister at the Court of Madrid. It was he who first saw the opportunity presented by the return of Mr. Bradlaugh for Northampton of harassing the apparently impregnable Government. It so happened that Lord Randolph Churchill was not present in the House at the time the first movement commenced.

In later stages of the struggle Mr. Bradlaugh, so far from showing indisposition to take the oath, insisted upon his right to do so, and even administered it to himself. There was nothing in the world to prevent his falling in with the throng that took the oath on the opening of the new Parliament on the 30th of April, 1880. Had he done so and quietly taken his seat, the course of events in that Parliament would have been greatly altered. But Mr. Bradlaugh was not disposed to miss his opportunity, and having allowed two or three days to elapse, during which prominence was given to his position and curiosity aroused as to his intention, he presented himself at the table and claimed the right to make affirmation.

Even then, had Mr. Gladstone been in his

place on the Treasury Bench, the danger might have been averted. But the Premier and his principal colleagues were at the time, pending re-election on acceptance of office, not members of the House. Lord Frederick Cavendish, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and all unconscious of the tragedy that would close his blameless life, moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances. The attitude of the Conservative party at this moment was shown by the fact that Sir Stafford Northcote seconded the motion. It was agreed to as a matter of course.

It was on the nomination of this Committee eight days later that there were indications of trouble ahead. Sir Henry Wolff moved the previous question, and took a division on it. Here again the feeling of official Conservatives was shown by gentlemen on the Front Bench, led by Sir Stafford Northcote, leaving the House without voting. On the 21st of May, Mr. Bradlaugh brought matters to a crisis by advancing to the table claiming to take the oath. It was now that Sir Henry Wolff brought things to a crisis. Having strategically placed himself at the corner seat below the gangway, he threw himself bodily across Mr. Bradlaugh's passage towards the table, crying "I object!" This objection he sustained in an animated speech, concluding by moving a resolution that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to take the oath. It was in support of this resolution that Lord Randolph Churchill appeared upon the scene, interposing in the adjourned debate.

He was not present during any earlier movement on the part of Sir Henry Wolff. But his keen eye saw the opening to which Sir Stafford Northcote was yet persistently blind. He joined hands with Sir Henry Wolff. To them entered a gentleman then known as Mr. Gorst, and much later Mr. Arthur Balfour. Thus was formed and welded a personal and political association which has given an Ambassador to Madrid, has bestowed upon the astonished Conservative party two leaders in succession, and has endowed Mr. Gorst, in some respect not exceeded in ability by any of his colleagues, with a modest knighthood and soothing recollections of a too brief colleagueship with Lord Cross at the India Office.

MR. GORST.

NEW MEN AND OLD PLACES.

Mr. Gladstone has been singularly fortunate in the selection of new blood for his Ministry. Mr. Disraeli, by some happy hits—not the least effective the bringing of Mr. W. H. Smith within the ring fence of

SIR EDWARD GREY.

office—justly earned a high reputation for insight to character. Till this Parliament, one never heard of "Mr. Gladstone's young men," the innate conservatism of his mind and character leading him to repose on level heights represented by personages like Lord Ripon and Lord Kimberley. Growing more audacious with the advance of years, Mr. Gladstone introduced new men to his last Ministry with success distinctly marked in each particular instance. Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary; Mr. Acland, as Vice-President of the Council; Mr. Herbert Gardner, as Minister for Agriculture; Sir Edward Grey, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office; Mr. Sydney Buxton, in a corresponding position at the Colonial Office; Mr. Burt, at the Board of Trade; Sir Walter Foster, at the Local Government Board, were all new to office when they received their appointments, and each has satisfied the expectation of the most critical Assembly in the world.

The Junior Lords of the Treasury who act

as Whips were also new to office, whilst Mr. Marjoribanks, though he had gone through a Parliament as Junior Whip, for the first time found in his hands the direction of one of the most important posts in a Ministry based upon a Parliamentary majority. The remarkable and unvaried success of the Liberal Whips—the team comprising Mr. Thomas Ellis, Mr. Causton, and Mr. McArthur—was recognised in these pages very early in the Session, and has since become a truism of political comment.

Mr. Seale-Hayne is another Minister new to the work who realizes for his chief the comfort of a department that has no annals. The office of Paymaster-General is not quite what it was in the days of Charles James Fox. A certain mystery broods over its functions and its ramifications. Mr. Seale-Hayne is, personally, of so retiring a disposition that he is apt to efface both his office and himself. But the fact remains that affairs in the office of the Paymaster-General have not cost Mr. Seale-Hayne's illustrious chief a single hour's rest. No Irish member, shut off by the Home Rule compact from foraging in familiar fields, has

MR. SEALE-HAYNE.

been tempted to put to the Paymaster-General an embarrassing question relating to the affairs of his office. Mr. Hanbury has left him undisturbed, and Cap'en Tommy Bowles has given him a clear berth. Whom Mr. Seale-Hayne pays, or where he gets the money from to meet his engagements, are mysteries locked in the bosom of the Master. It suffices for the country to know that Mr. Seale-Hayne is an ideal Paymaster-General.

MR. ASQUITH.

Whilst all the new Ministers have been successes, the Home Secretary, by reason of the importance of his office and force of character, has done supremely well. This must be

MR. ASQUITH.

peculiarly grateful to Mr. Gladstone, since the member for Fife was his own especial find. That when a Liberal Ministry was formed some office would be allotted to Mr. Asquith was a conclusion commonly come to by those familiar with his career in the last Parliament. But I will undertake to say that his appointment at a single bound to the Home Secretaryship, with a seat in the Cabinet, was a surprise to everyone, not excepting Mr. Asquith, who is accustomed to form a very just estimation of his own capacity. The Solicitor-Generalship appeared to most people who gave thought to the subject the natural start on his official career of a young lawyer who had shown the aptitude for Parliamentary life displayed by Mr. Asquith. Mr. Gladstone knew better, and his prescience has been abundantly confirmed.

Next to the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, that of Home Secretary is by far the most difficult successfully to fill. Proof of this will appear upon review of the measure of success obtained by incumbents of the office since the time of Mr. Walpole. The reason for the pre-eminence and predicament is not far to seek. The Colonial Secretary has distant communities to deal with, and so has the Secretary of State for India. The Minister for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty each has his labour and responsibility confined within clearly marked limits. So it is with the

Postmaster-General, the First Commissioner of Works, and, in less degree, with the President of the Board of Trade and the President of the Local Government Board. The Home Secretary has all England for his domain, with occasional erratic excursions into Scotland.

There is hardly any point of the daily life of an Englishman which is not linked with the Home Office, and does not open some conduit of complaint. Before he had been twelve months in office Mr. Asquith was hung in effigy in Trafalgar Square. That, it is true, was a momentary exuberance on the part of the Anarchists. The incident leaves unchallenged the assertion that there has been no serious or well-sustained protest against Mr. Asquith's administration at the Home Office since he succeeded Mr. Matthews. Comparisons are undesirable. But the mere mention of the name of Mr. Asquith's predecessor reminds us that the case was not always thus.

In his Parliamentary career Mr. Asquith's success has been equally unchequered. It was a common saying among people indisposed to hamper novices by unwieldy weight of encouragement, that when Mr. Asquith was placed in a position where he would have to bear the brunt of debate, he would certainly break down. This cheerful prognostication was based upon the assertion that the speeches that had established his fame in the House of Commons were carefully prepared, written out, and, if not learned off by rote, the speaker was sustained in their delivery by the assistance of copious notes. This assertion was so confidently made, and appeared to be so far supported by a certain precision of epigram in the young member's Parliamentary style, that the theory obtained wide acceptance.

PROFESSOR BRYCE.

Everyone now admits that the Home Secretary, occasionally drawn into debate for which he has had no opportunity for preparation at his desk, has spoken much more effectively than Mr. Asquith was wont to do. He has the great gifts of simplicity of style, lucidity of arrangement, and a fearless way of selecting a word that conveys his meaning, even though it may sound a little harsh. To this is added a determined, not to say belligerent, manner, which implies that he is not in any circumstances to be drawn a hair's-breadth beyond the line which duty, conscience, and conviction have laid down for him, and that if anyone tries to force him aside he will probably get hurt. This is an excellent foundation on which a Home Secretary may stand to combat all the influences of passion and prejudice that are daily and hourly brought to bear upon him.

Of its general effect a striking and amusing illustration was forthcoming in the closing days of the winter Session. During Mr. Morley's temporary withdrawal on account of illness, Mr. Asquith undertook to take his place at question time in the House of Commons. For a night or two he read the answers to questions put by Irish members, and then, Mr. Morley's absence promising to be more protracted than was at first thought probable, the Chancellor of the Duchy, a Minister with fuller leisure, relieved the Home Secretary of the task. Thereupon a story was put abroad that Mr. Asquith had been superseded upon the demand of the Irish members, who had privily conveyed to Mr. Gladstone a peremptory intimation that they could not stand the kind of answers Mr. Asquith chucked at them across the floor of the House. It was added that the appearance on the scene of Mr. Bryce averted an awkward crisis, the Irish members making haste to declare their perfect satisfaction with his replies, and their rejoicing at deliverance from Mr. Asquith's hectoring.

Then it turned out that the answers given through the course of the week in question had been neither Mr. Asquith's nor Mr. Bryce's. Each one had been written out by Mr. John Morley. Only, on two nights Mr. Asquith had read the manuscript, and on two others the task had been discharged by Mr. Bryce. Thus do manners make the man.

# *Singing Bob.*

By Alice Maud Meadows.

SINGING BOB and Lily Steve had been friends since first they came into the camp, both having made their entrance upon the same day, and having grown intimate over a glass of something hot. Perhaps the total difference in the appearance and in the nature of the two men drew them together; anyway, they were seldom apart. They worked upon the same claim, shared in everything, and spent their leisure in taking long stretches over the surrounding country.

Singing Bob was a big, burly, handsome man. The sun had tanned his skin to the colour of the red earth, from out the setting of which a pair of eyes, blue as the summer sky, and heavily fringed with long, misty black lashes, laughed continually. He was careless in his dress, as diggers as a rule are; but for all that nothing ever seemed to hang ungracefully upon his magnificent limbs. His blue shirt, as a rule, was stained with earth, and torn with pushing through the undergrowth in the pine woods. His long, brown wavy hair was pushed back from his broad brow, and fell almost upon his shoulders.

He had earned his name through his voice: he sang like an angel, clear as a bell, flexibly as a lark; he could trill and shake in a way which would have made many an educated singer envious. He could have made his fortune as a concert singer, but perhaps he had sufficient reasons for avoiding civilized parts: most probably he had. However that might be, he came to the diggings, and gave his fellow gold-seekers the benefit of his musical talent.

Taken all through he was a rough sort of fellow, with off-hand manners, and a loud voice. When he laughed one feared for the upper half of his head: he opened his mouth so wide it seemed as though it must come off, and showed a double row of teeth which would have made a dentist despair. He was a popular man in the camp, because he was perfectly fearless and perfectly good tempered.

Lily Steve was a very different man. He was small in stature, below the medium height, and with all that conceit and self-esteem which is so usual with very little men. His face was pretty. The sun seemingly had no power to tan his pink and white skin. His hair was golden, as were his short beard, whiskers, and moustache. His clothes were always spotless, even after a hard day's work in the gulch. Apparently the earth had no power to soil him.

It was to this general spotlessness that he owed his name, "Lily Steve." Diggers are quick to notice, and name a man from any little peculiarity he may possess; and in a diggers' camp cleanliness is a decided peculiarity. They tried to laugh him out of it at first, but as Singing Bob said, "It was a matter of taste. Lily Steve was doubtless fond of washing; p'r'aps—who could tell?—it reminded him of something in the past. Some men like as not got drunk to bring their fathers and mothers back to their memory and the days of their youth generally; for his part, he thought it was a good plan to let folks run their own affairs. There were more objectionable things than cleanliness. He liked the smell of the earth about his things; upon his own shoulders a perfectly spotless shirt had a lazy, uncomfortable, all-over-alike sort of appearance, which wearied his eyes; but upon Lily Steve it was different. To have one perfectly clean man in the camp conferred a distinction upon it, which, no doubt, would make other camps envious. Like as not, they'd be for copying it, but it would not be the real thing—only a base imitation; they'd have the comfort of knowing that."

So Lily Steve was simply nick-named and left in peace. He had a bold champion, who towered head and shoulders above the rest of the men in the camp, and whose aim was sure—that may have had something to do with it.

"Hunter's Pocket," as the settlement was called, was in a fairly flourishing condition; not so flourishing as to bring hundreds flocking to it, but with a reputation which daily increased its population. There was one long street, with two branches which struck off crosswise, a rough chapel, a store, and lastly an hotel.

Paradise Hotel scarcely deserved its name. True, there was plenty of light in it, and plenty of spirits, but neither was celestial; one thing alone justified its ambitious misnomer—the presence of a goddess.

Mariposas was a beauty, there was not the slightest doubt about that: tall and slim as a young pine tree, lissom as a willow, graceful and agile as a wild deer, her eyes large and dark, her skin softly ruddy as a peach which the sun has kissed passionately, her lips full and red, the upper one short and slightly lifted, showing even when she was not laughing a faint gleam of her white teeth; the under one cleft in the centre like a cherry, her nose short and straight, her chin gently rounded, her little head set firmly and proudly upon her white throat, her burnished brown hair falling in wavy masses to her knees, and caught in at the nape of her neck with a ribbon—such was Mariposas, the Goddess of the Paradise Hotel, the darling and pride of Hunter's Pocket.

"MARIPOSAS."

Who was her father and who was her mother no one appeared to know. Some said that, so far as paternity was concerned, she was indebted to one, Jim, who had been found dead in the bush, shot through the heart, some seventeen years previously, with the infant clasped in his arms; but as for the mother—about her everyone was perfectly ignorant.

However, the child was adopted by the camp, fed and clothed from a general fund, and in time installed as presiding Goddess of the Paradise Hotel. Here she dispensed drinks to the thirsty, refused them to the inebriated, sang snatches of songs to the company, and even, when in a specially gracious mood, danced to them.

Singing Bob and Lily Steve were at work on their claim; there was silence between them only broken by the sharp sound of the picks as they came in contact with the quartz, and the chattering of a jay-bird which had settled upon a mound of the red earth, and was watching operations with his head cocked knowingly upon one side.

It was a curious sort of silence, one that they both apparently noticed, for now and again they would glance at each other, then without speaking go on with their work again. It was not that they had not time for talk, for the picks were lifted but laggingly, and often rested upon the ground while they took a survey of the surrounding country.

Seemingly both found more beauty to the right, where the settlement lay, than to the left, where the pine-crowned hills lifted themselves up high towards the blue sky. Perhaps the scorching sun which blazed down upon them that hot January afternoon made their thoughts turn longingly towards the Paradise Hotel, and the cool drinks which were being dispensed there. Singing Bob put down his pick, lifted his arms high above his head, leaned slightly backward, and stretched himself; then stooping picked up a bit of quartz and looked at it thoughtfully, passing

his shirt sleeve across it once or twice. The sun shone down upon it, making the iron pyrites glitter and the gold crystals sparkle. He tossed it from one hand to the other, then let it fall.

"Plenty of gold here, Steve," he said, slowly.

The other man started and turned—their eyes met; there was a curious, questioning, anxious look in both.

"Plenty," he answered.

"Enough to make a man rich in a couple of months if he worked honest," he continued.

"Yes," the other said, curtly.

"There's some as would give a good price for this claim," Bob continued, meditatively. "It's my 'pinion it's a pocket, and a deep one; if we was wanting to quit we'd be able to raise a tidy sum on it."

"Yes."

"But we ain't."

"No."

"And if one of us," Bob said, speaking still in an abstract sort of way, "had found the life distasteful, and wished to leave his partner—if he hated the dirt, and the hard labour, and had friends as he'd like to go home to—the other would be willing, like as not, to pay him a good round sum for his share of the claim; but," looking anxiously at his companion, "there ain't either of us feels like that?"

"No."

Bob heaved a sigh, took up his pick again, let it fall, then, seating himself upon a heap of earth, took up the fragments of quartz which sparkled with sprays of native gold, and crushed them into atoms with a hammer.

"Some men," he said, softly, glancing at Steve, and catching his eyes fixed upon him, "have a hankering after England when they've made something of a pile, and the sweetheart they left there—we didn't leave any sweetheart?"

"No."

Bob sighed again and went on:—

"And some want to see the old father and mother?"

"Yes—mine both died years ago."

"Just so," with attempted cheerfulness; "we're different, we're enough for each other."

No answer this time. Bob looked at the fair, pretty boyish face; it was pink all over, pink as an honest, genuine blush could make it; he turned away, and sighed again. The jay-bird on the earth-heap strutted up and down like a sentinel on guard, chattering noisily and screaming now and then; the wind blew from the pine woods, bringing the pungent smell with it; the evening was very warm. Steve let fall his pick, brushed a few earth specks from his shirt, washed his face and hands in an unconscious sort of way, then looked at his partner.

"I'm going to turn it up for to-day," he said.

"Ah!" Bob returned, slowly. "Well, I'll put in a bit more work, I think."

Steve lingered a moment as though he would have said more with a little encouragement, but Bob was so deeply engaged in his work that he felt a sort of delicacy in disturbing him, and turned away, walking slowly and thoughtfully, as though undecided about something. The jay-bird watched him go, then came nearer to Bob, pecked at his shirt sleeve, pulled at his red handkerchief, and took other liberties, keeping his sharp eyes on the handsome face and hammer alternatively. Bob glanced at him, smiled and sighed at one and the same time, then let his hands fall idly between his knees.

So he sat for some time, then looked round. He wanted to say something, and there was no one to say it to. *Thought* scarcely unburdens one's mind; *speech* is always a relief. He looked at the earth, the sky, the quartz, and finally at the bird. There was something so human about the little creature that he decided to make him his confidant.

"You see," he said, gravely, giving the bird his whole attention, "it's like this: me and Steve, we've been partners since we came to this here Hunter's Pocket. He being a bit weakly, and having habits which isn't usual in these parts, I've been obliged to stand up for him and fight his battles, so to speak, which, naturally, makes me a bit partial to him—being partners, you see, we've been used to share everything, luck and all. But there's sometimes a thing happens to a man when sharing can't be the order of the day; that time's when a man falls in love."

The bird shut his eyes for a moment, then turned them up and looked sentimental, as much as to say, "It's the same with us."

"You see," Bob went on, slowly, "Steve haven't said anything to me, and I haven't, so to speak, mentioned the fact to him: but there it is, we two partners have set our hearts on Mariposas, and the question is: Who'd make her the best husband?"

The bird grew restless; perhaps he thought that was a tame ending to a love story. Doubtless he had expected that Bob would at least wish to fight for the girl. He hopped away with one bright eye turned round to the digger, then changing his mind, perhaps

"HIS CONFIDANT."

feeling a bit curious, came back, and began pecking at the blue shirt again.

"Which'd make her the best husband?" Bob repeated. "Not," with a shake of his head, "that I can say she's given either of us 'casion to think that she'd take us into partnership; but if I thought that Steve would suit her better than me and make her happier, I'd cut my throat before I'd say a word as might disturb her."

The bird intimated by a low, guttural sound that this was a most laudable sentiment, then, perching himself upon the digger's leg, nestled up to him.

"Steve's clean, and Steve's a gentleman," Bob went on, stroking the bird softly with one finger. "He'd treat her like a lady always, speak gently to her, and not offend with any rough ways; but he's weakly, he couldn't protect her 'gainst rudeness or insult as I could; he couldn't love her as I could. Great God!" bringing one hand down heavily upon his knee while with the other he held the bird in a firm, gentle clasp, "how I'd love her if she'd have me!" His face flushed, his great breast heaved, the red blood crept up under his bronzed skin, his blue eyes grew tender, then he lifted his voice and sang:—

"Mariposas, Mariposas, idol of this heart of mine;
Mariposas, Mariposas, all the love I have is thine.
Could I tell thee how I love thee, wouldst thou laugh
or smile at me?
Mariposas, Mariposas, say, what would your answer
be?"

He paused a moment, then sang the same words again. They had come to him as a sort of inspiration some few days before; previously, as he gravely told himself, "he had not known he was one of those darned poet chaps." He was a little ashamed of the weakness, but found the constant repetition of the poor verse, adapted to the tune of a camp hymn, very soothing and comforting. The words softened his nature, and almost brought the tears into his eyes. They made him blissfully miserable, and in this misery he took a melancholy pleasure, as some do in picturing the scene of their own death-bed, the leave-takings, the last touching words they will breathe, and the quiet, happy smile which will set their lips as they hear the angels calling, and see the gates of Heaven open.

Having tired out the patient bird, who backed from his hand, ruffling all his feathers the wrong way, and hopped away, he rose from his seat, then turned quickly as a low ripple of laughter fell upon his ear.

Such a vision met his gaze as made his great frame tremble. Mariposas, with a teasing smile upon her beautiful face, was standing just behind him: she had been a listener to his idiocy.

"That's a fine song, and no mistake, Bob," she said, standing some little distance from him, and flashing defiant glances at him from her dark eyes. "The lady'd be obliged to you for making her name so public. The magpies'll be calling it out to-night."

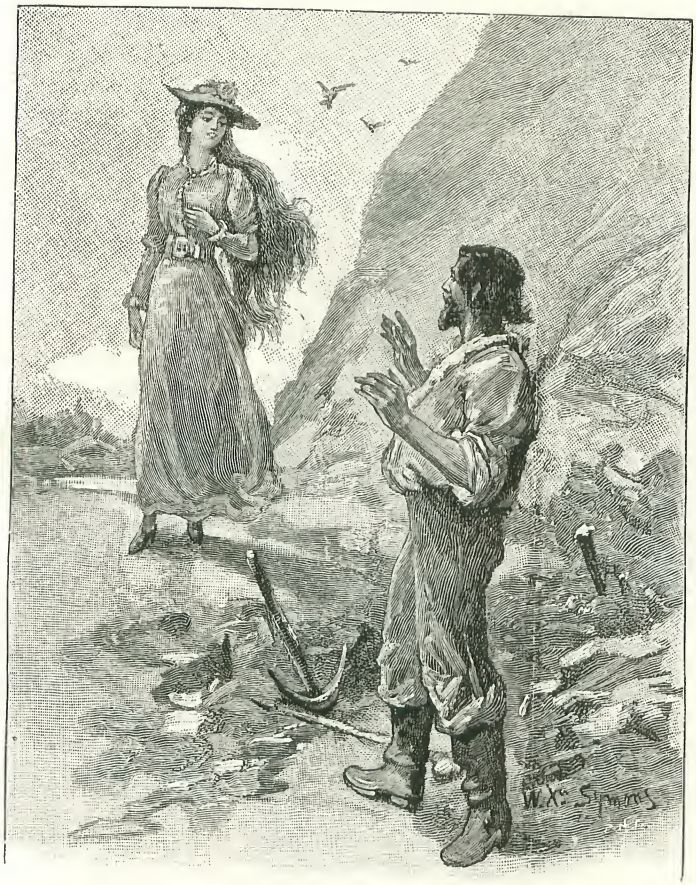
She paused: he had no word to say, but just stood before her drinking in her beauty, longing, yet afraid, to fall down and worship her.

"Where's Steve?" she said, sharply, stooping down to the bird, who was examining her shoe-lace minutely.

"Gone home," Bob said, finding his

tongue. "He'll be at the Paradise by this time likely. Did you want him?"

"One's always pleased to see Steve," she said, eyeing the stained clothes of the splendid specimen of manhood before her



"A VISION MET HIS GAZE."

with great displeasure. "*He* keeps himself decent." She paused again. Bob had nothing to say; he looked down at his own clothes and sighed. "Well," she said, sharply, after a moment, "have you nothing to say for yourself?"

"No," he answered, humbly. "Some can keep clean, some can't. "If," sheepishly, "I had a wife, now——"

"A wife!" interrupting him. "D'you suppose any decent woman would undertake *you?* Not she."

His expression grew quite hopeless.

"You think not?" he said, so sadly that her heart might have been touched. "Well," stooping down and picking up his tools, "I've feared the same myself. It's a bad job, but somehow," looking himself slowly over, "the earth seems to have a spite against me."

"Steve can keep clean."

"Yes," agreeingly, "it's curious, but that's so. You're quite right, Steve's the better man of us two."

She tossed her head and blushed rosy red, but neither agreed nor disagreed with him.

"I'm going back now," she said, after a little pause. "I came for a walk to get a breath of fresh air. It isn't often I'm down in the gulch—it's not an inviting place. Are you leaving work now?"

"Yes," Bob answered; "but I'll wait awhile till you've gone. You'd not like to be seen walking with me."

He spoke quite simply, and scarcely understood why she pouted her pretty lips—putting it down as meaning that *that* she certainly would not like to do. He stood looking at her, then suddenly she turned away.

He watched her, hoping that perhaps she would turn her head; but she did not. She went slowly, though, and suddenly sat down on an earth-heap. He wondered why she was resting. He went to her. She was holding one foot as though it pained her, but her eyes laughed round at him and her cheeks were as red as a rose.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No," she answered, while her lips twitched amusedly; "at least, nothing much: I've sprained my ankle. I shall have to stop here till it is better."

"Can't you walk?" he said, looking troubled.

"No," she answered, shortly.

He stood by her side, scarcely knowing what to do. He could have taken her up in his arms and carried her as easily as though she had been a baby. The very thought of holding her so made him tremble; but, then, she would never let him.

"I wish Steve were here," he said.

"Why?" sharply. "What could Steve do that you cannot?"

"Steve could help you; you wouldn't mind him, he's clean."

"Steve couldn't carry me."

"No, that's true. Steve's but a weakly chap, but"—loyally—"he's clean!"

"Go and fetch someone to help me."

"And leave you here alone? Not I." He looked down upon her, at her lovely hair, at her laughing eyes; then he looked at her white dress. "Will it wash?" he asked, touching it.

"Oh, yes."

"Then let me carry you."

Her eyes sought the ground, the smile round her lips grew merrier; she began pushing the loose stones about with her fingers.

"May I?" he said, eagerly.

She looked up with defiant eyes. "Well, I suppose I must get home," she answered.

He waited for no more, but caught her up in his arms and held her closely clasped. For a moment he paused while he battled with, and conquered, an inclination to stoop and kiss her, then, turning his face from hers, he swung away towards the huts.

"AM I HEAVY?

She smiled to herself, and laid her head down upon his shoulder; she could feel the mad beating of his heart, and it made her own beat faster.

"Bob," she said.

"Yes," he answered, keeping his face steadily turned away.

"Look at me," she said, authoritatively. "Why do you look away? Am I so ugly?"

He turned slowly, looking down upon her face, at her lips, scarce an inch from his. "So beautiful," he said; "so beautiful. It is best that I do not look at you."

"Am I heavy, Bob?"

"Heavy? No!"

"Put me down if I tire you."

"Tire me!"

"You've turned your face away again."

"I must."

"Why, Bob?"

He held her a little closer, and answered with another question: "Did you ever see cherries growing?"

"Yes, Bob."

"And did ever you notice that folks put nets over them to keep the birds from pecking them?"

"Yes, Bob."

"Do you think they'd be able to resist the temptation of touching them if they could see them looking so tempting, so sweet and beautiful, if they wasn't protected?"

"I dare say not."

"Well,"—he turned and looked at her for a moment—"I'm like the birds, and your lips are the cherries. I mustn't look or I shall be tempted."

She flushed all over her face and neck, then into her eyes laughter stole.

"Did it ever strike you that perhaps the cherries were made for the birds to peck?" she said, half nervously.

He looked at her once more; the bronze colour faded from his face, his great chest heaved.

"Mariposas?" he said, gently, questioningly, "Mariposas!"

She grew pale and frightened, she had only been playing with him.

"Let me down," she said, "I can walk now; let me down, Bob."

"But your foot?"

"Let me down."

He lowered her from his arms gently, she stood firmly upon both feet, there was no vestige of pain in the expression of her face.

"Thank you," she said, demurely, looking up at him and laughing as though something amused her. "Are you going on to the Paradise? Wait a little while; let me go alone; folks'll talk if they see us together; most outrageous ideas get into some people's heads when they've not much to think of."

She tripped away, Bob standing watching her. Almost he expected to hear a little cry of pain and to be called to her help, but seemingly the ankle was quite well.

He watched her out of sight, then his eyes wandered over his own person—his clothes seemed more earth-stained than ever; his shirt, that had been clean that morning, was splashed with liquid mud.

"She's right," he said, softly, "no decent woman would marry a dirty fellow like me."

He stood hesitatingly, then turned away towards his hut. There he got water and scoured himself almost savagely, then changed his clothes, and somewhat sheepishly, if the truth be told, made his way towards the Paradise Hotel.

It was pretty full; everyone had knocked off work for the day—the whole camp was spending the evening convivially—they hailed Bob with delight. Someone thrust a pewter pot into his hand, bade him drain it, and give them a song.

Bob looked round at the presiding goddess.

"If it's quite agreeable to all, I'll be happy," he said.

His look asked for Mariposas' permission. She did not answer for a moment, but looked him all over; he felt himself colouring.

"You've not been working to-day, have you, Bob?" she said.

He blushed painfully, and, their attention thus drawn, the whole camp noticed his spotless cleanliness.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then you've been getting married, or going to a christening since?"

"No."

"Then it's sweethearting you are?"

He looked her full in the face. "Yes," he answered, "that's it. I'm sweethearting."

There was a chorus of good-humoured laughter at this. They thought he was joking, all but the girl: she knew better, but she did not mean to spare him.

"Then you must go away from here," she

"'YOU MUST GO AWAY FROM HERE,' SHE SAID."

said. "We won't ask her name; but, like as not, she'd prefer that you should spend your time with her. When you're married and want to get away from her nagging, you may come back."

The men laughed, they thought it was a good joke.

"Shan't I give you the song?" Bob asked, humbly.

"No, thank you," the girl answered. "Steve is going to sing with me."

"Steve!"

He looked at his partner and smiled. Steve had a voice about as melodious as the jay-bird.

"Then I am not wanted?"

All the men looked at Mariposas, waiting for her to speak. They thought in some way Bob had offended.

"No," she said, "not here. Good-night, Bob; give my love to your sweetheart."

He went out slowly, and back to his hut. He could not understand how he had offended the girl — what made her treat him so. It never crossed his mind that it might simply be wilfulness. Once or twice he sang his little love song over to himself; then he closed his eyes, folded his arms as they had been folded when he held the girl he loved in them, and tried to think she was there still.

About midnight Steve came in. Bob opened his eyes and looked at him. Something about his footstep had struck him as unusual; generally it was light, now it dragged; his face, too, was colourless, and in his boyish eyes there were tears.

Bob rose slowly and went to him.

"Anything wrong, Steve?" he asked, laying his great hand upon his partner's shoulder with a touch gentle as a woman's.

Steve dropped his face upon his hands.

"She won't have me," he said. "I asked her to-night; she had been so kind, singing with me, walking a little way with me; I thought it meant that I might speak. She must have known that I loved her."

"And she refused you?"

"Yes."

"Try again; perhaps she wants you to try again."

"No, she says her heart is not her's to give."

"Does she?"

Bob went cold, and pale too. He wondered who it could be that she loved; there was none worthier than Steve.

"If it had been you," Steve went on, "I could have borne it; but see how she treated you to-night. I shall go away from here, Bob."

"And I, Steve."

It was little they slept that night, and before the next evening everyone knew that Singing Bob and Lily Steve were going away from the camp. Perhaps, too, they half guessed the cause.

They had done very well, and their claim

"MARIPOSAS ENTERED THE HUT."

sold for a fair price. They would take quite enough away to start in some new way.

It was the night before they had settled to leave: Steve had gone up to the Paradise to say good-bye to Mariposas. Bob said he couldn't and wouldn't, but sent a message by his friend. He was sitting alone, half wishing that he had gone just to see her face and hear her voice once more, when someone lifted the latch of his door, and the subject of his thoughts entered the hut.

He rose quickly, then stood still, not knowing what to do; she broke the silence.

"So you were going without bidding me good-bye?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, huskily, for now that she was there, so near to him, it seemed harder than ever to go. "Yes, I thought it best."

"Why?"

"Because I loved you, because I love you."

"You never told me so."

"No, Steve loved you. Steve is a better fellow than I, and—and you said that no decent woman would take me. Steve told me the other night that he had asked you to be his wife, and that you had said no, that your heart was already given, and so we are both going. I could not stop and see you belonging to another."

There was a silence. It had begun to rain; the heavy drops pattered against the window, and a rising wind rattled the door.

"It is better that I go," he said. "I shall start now in some other way of life."

"You and Steve?"

"No, Steve will go back to his people; he has relations."

"And you?"

"I have no people. I have no one belonging to me, not a single soul—I never shall have."

"You are quite alone in the world?"

"Quite."

"And that sweetheart you spoke of?"

He did not answer, he only looked at her: she coloured and faltered.

"It is not well for a man to live alone," she said, unconsciously quoting. "Bob," coming a little nearer to him, "do you remember that day that you carried me?"

"Is it likely I could forget?"

"And you thought I was hurt, but I wasn't. Bob"—softly—"I *wanted* to be taken in your arms."

He did not speak, he did not understand—why had she wanted him to take her in his arms?

"And they are so strong," she went on, "they held me so comfortably. Bob—since you are going away, since after to-night I shall never see you again—take me into them once more."

He took a step backwards.

"But the man you love!" he said.

"Bob! Must I ask you twice?"

He paused no longer, he threw his strong arms around her, lifting her in them.

"Now," she said, a shy smile creeping over her lips, "kiss me once—we are friends, parting for ever."

He bent his head; he kissed her, not once, but fifty times.

"Great God!" he said, hoarsely, "how can I go? How can I part with her now?"

"Is it hard?" she said. "Poor Bob," touching his face gently with her slender fingers, "have I made it harder? I must go now and you must go to-morrow; put me down."

He did not obey, he held her close.

"Who is it that you love?" he asked.

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Is it fair to ask?" she answered. "And does it matter—you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, I go to-morrow."

She reached her arms upward as she had once before; she lifted herself a little in his embrace, and laid her cheek against his.

"Take me with you, Bob," she whispered. "It is you I love!"

"Mariposas!"

"Are you glad?—then kiss me again!"

# *How Composers Work.*

By Francis Arthur Jones.

ONE of my correspondents, writing to me on the subject of this article, says that he thinks I have undertaken a "tough job," and I fancy he is partly right. I trust, however, that my efforts have not been altogether futile, and that I have, in a measure, overcome most of the "toughness."

It has always appeared to me a curious fact that whereas one so often sees facsimile reproductions of the MSS. of famous authors and others, it is a comparatively rare occurrence to come across the compositions of musical composers treated in the same way, and I therefore determined to undertake the work of placing before the readers of this magazine portions of the MSS. of some of the foremost composers of the day, together with their opinions relative to that art of which they are the masters.

It may interest my readers still further to learn that the MSS. were, in most instances, re-written for me by the composers, with the object of their being produced in The Strand Magazine. They are given here as specimens of their compositions *when ready for publication*, for the first jottings of a composer are, as a rule, intelligible only to himself.

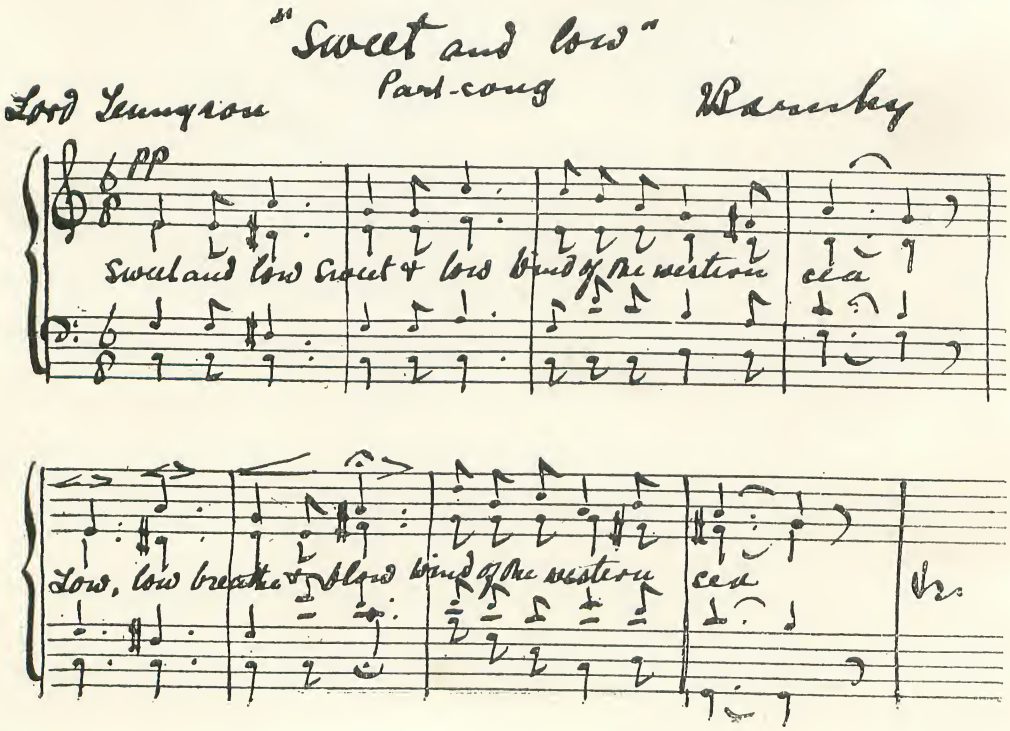
## Sir Joseph Barnby.

Sir J. Barnby, the late Precentor of Eton College, and newly elected Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, writes:—

"As a rule I do not work at the piano except to test what has already been written down. I have found ideas come most readily in the railway carriage or during a drive, and the time I prefer for composition is the morning."

As to writing on commission he says:—

"I see no objection to a composer writing 'to order,' as long as he sends out nothing of which he does not approve. Handel's 'Dettingen Te Deum,' Mozart's 'Requiem,'


"Sweet and low"
Part-song
Lord Tennyson
Barnby
pp
Sweet and low Sweet & low Wind of the western sea
Low, low breathe & blow Wind of the western sea

Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' and a hundred other works furnish us with successful examples of this class of composition.

"I do not," he continues, "consider the *art* of composing one which can be acquired (the science may), but such an art is all but useless without serious cultivation."

In his modesty, Sir Joseph will give no opinion as to which he considers his best work, but sends, for publication here, a few bars of one of his part-songs which has had the widest acceptance—"Sweet and Low."

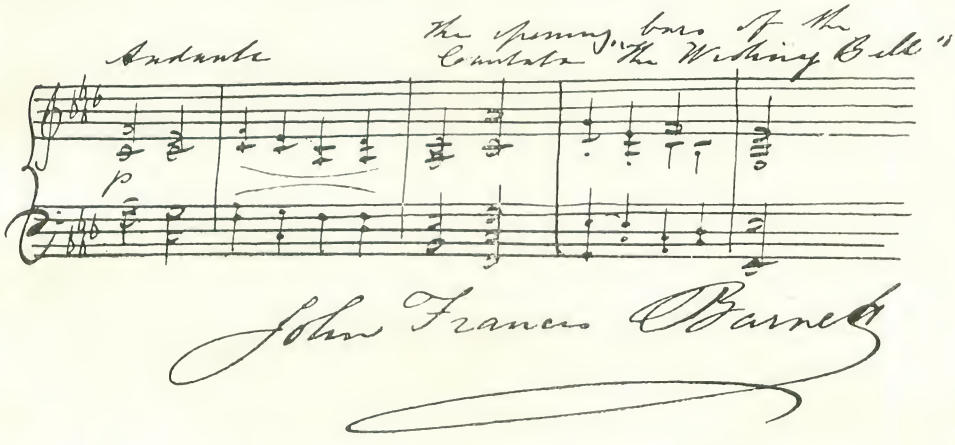
JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

Mr. Barnett's method of composing I give in his own words:—

"Sometimes," he says, "an idea will come to me spontaneously, but when this is not the case I try for something, generally at the

"To a great extent," he continues, "I believe that composition can be acquired and cultivated providing there is some groundwork of talent to go upon. Without cultivation it would be impossible to work out ideas satisfactorily; at the same time, I do not believe that any amount of cultivation will give original ideas unless they belong to the composer by nature."

I here give my readers a few remarks of Mr. Barnett's, on whether or no we are a musical nation. At the close of this article I hope to give his opinion on this somewhat oft-repeated question at greater length. For the present, then, he says: "I think that the English are generally fond of music, but the quality of music they are fond of is, in many cases, bordering on the commonplace. That there are a multitude




piano. If I succeed, I dot it down on music paper, but do not feel satisfied that it will be of any worth until I try it again the following day, because I have not infrequently found that an idea, which I considered good at the time, after the lapse of a day or more will appear to me insipid and not worth working out. I prefer the evening for composition, but not too late. For working out my ideas, putting them on paper, and for orchestration, I like the morning. Of my own compositions I consider 'The Building of the Ship,' written for the Leeds Festival, the best work I have yet done."

As many of Mr. Barnett's compositions have been written "to order," he not unnaturally believes in this method of composition. In fact, he feels all the better for having some strong reason for commencing a composition, but can easily understand that it would act detrimentally, especially if it involved the hurrying of the work.

of admirers of the classical in music amongst the English is, fortunately, quite true, but I am inclined to believe that there are too many who are quite content with perhaps dance music, and who would rather not hear such a thing as a Beethoven Sonata. The reason for the want of good taste amongst a certain portion of our people may be traced to the class of music given by some teachers to their young pupils." The portion of music is taken from Mr. Barnett's last cantata, "The Wishing Bell," produced at the Gloucester Festival.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

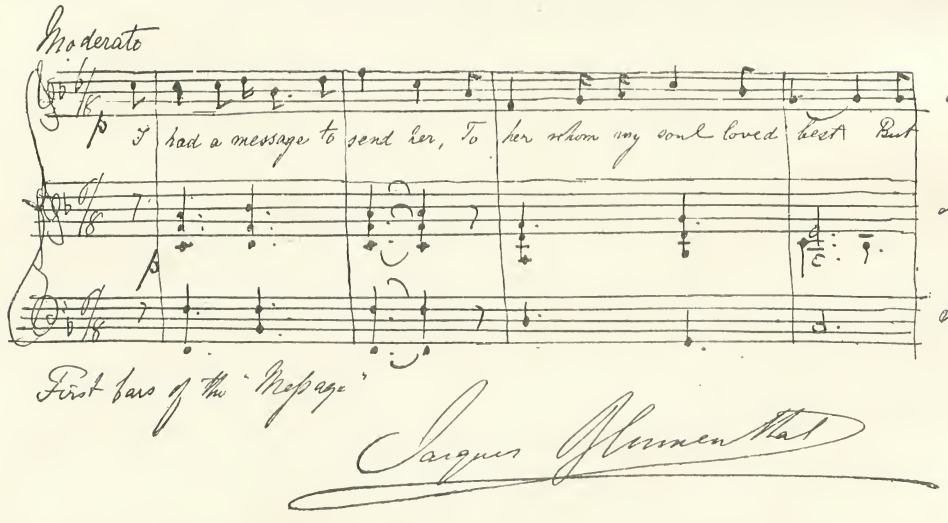
"Sometimes," says Jacques Blumenthal, "I compose at the piano, at other times away from it. I am in the habit of reading a good deal of poetry, and when any poem strikes my fancy and seems adapted to musical treatment, I copy it into one of my MS. books, of which I always keep several,

in English, French, German, and Italian. These verses all lie patiently there till their time comes to be set to music. Some have to wait for years, some are composed almost at once; it all depends on the mood in which I happen to be, for according to my mood I look out for some verses corresponding to it, and then the song comes forth with ease; in fact, it takes much less time to compose the music than to write it down, but I invariably try to improve upon it, and file down or add almost up to the time of going into print. Sometimes I feel more attracted towards one language than towards another, and then I am apt to compose for some time nothing but songs in that language. This is the origin of my French and German albums, and as you ask me which I consider my best work, I must say in my estimation it is the album of twenty German songs with English version by Gwendoline Gore."

As to whether the art of composition can be acquired or learned and cultivated, Mr. Blumenthal says:—

"There is no doubt that the rules, or what we may call the grammar of composition, can be acquired by clear heads just as the rules of any other grammar can be. But just as little as knowing the rules of language can make you write *one* phrase worth remembering, so will the life work of a mere musical scholar be cast into the shade by a few bars from the pen of a man of genius."

The two or three bars of music in the composer's autograph are taken from his well-known song "The Message."




First bars of the "Message"

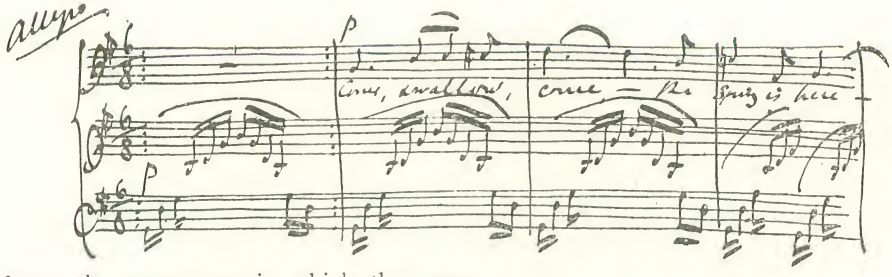
Jacques Blumenthal

## F. H. Cowen.

Mr. Cowen says, with reference to his mode of composing: "I usually work by fits and starts, or rather, I should say, that I work sometimes for months continuously, almost all day and evening with little rest, especially when I am engaged upon a large work, for then I can think of nothing else: it weighs upon my mind until completed. At other times, perhaps, I do little or nothing (except a few songs, etc.) for a month or two, lying quite fallow. This may be a greater strain than working systematically all the year round, but I cannot bear when engaged on anything important to lose the thread of it for a single moment."

As to composing to a piano, Mr. Cowen believes in it when writing for *voices* and singing every note and word oneself, but otherwise his opinion is that the music is very apt to be unvocal. In the case of *choral works*, he often makes the vocal score first, having made up his mind thoroughly beforehand what the orchestration is to be.

"I never work now very late into the night," continues the composer, "though I used to; usually beginning about 10 or 10.30 a.m., and leaving off about 11 or 12 p.m., with intervals for meals and a constitutional (this is, of course, when working hard). Every composer should have a note-book of some sort to jot down ideas in when necessary. I may say, however, that I have carried about with me (mentally only) whole songs or movements perfected, sometimes for three or four years without writing down a note, and have afterwards used them in

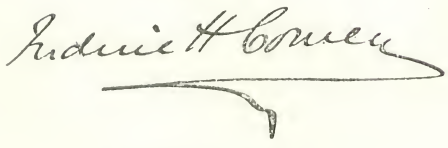



almost the exact state in which they were photographed in my brain! I do not think it possible for composition to be taught or acquired, that is, *real* composition. I daresay that anyone with a certain musical taste can be taught to string a melody and accompaniment together; but the *genuine* thing must be born in one, though, of course, the gift is useless, or at least crude, without serious cultivation."

Mr. Cowen considers his best work up to the present the "Symphony in F, No. 8," and his new opera "Sigrid" (not yet performed).

In conclusion he says: "I do not believe in composers writing 'to order,' as a general rule, but I think they may often do their best work under pressure, and when they know it must be completed by a certain time. Of course, this means that the time allowed them is sufficiently long to prevent their unduly hurrying or 'scamping' their work."

The few bars of music are the beginning of a song published in an album of twelve by various composers, the words of which are by H. Boulton.



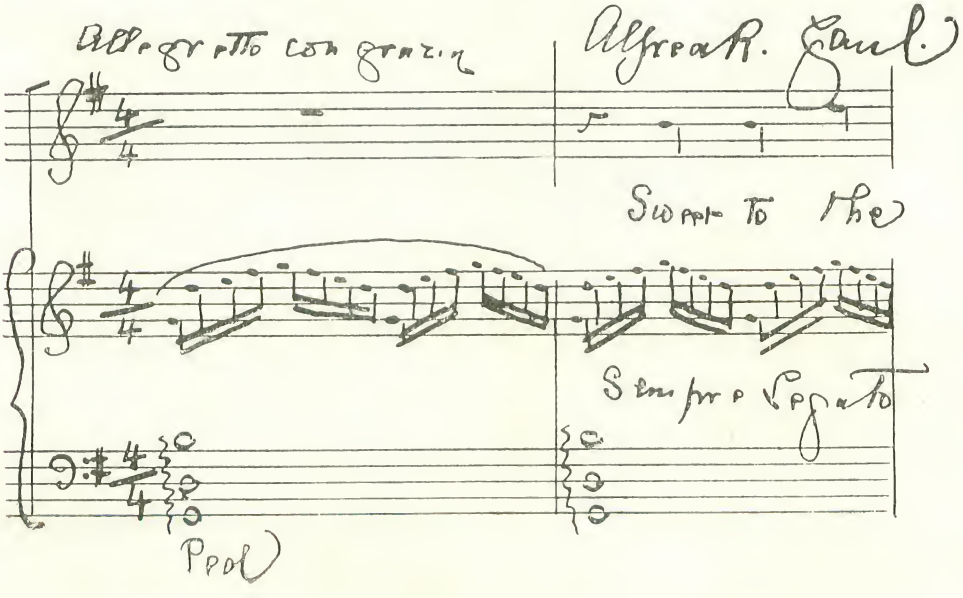
ALFRED R. GAUL.

Alfred Gaul when composing always thinks of the necessary construction for best bringing out the meaning of the words.

"This I do in the first place," he says, "without associating a musical idea with the words. Having, as far as possible, arrived at a conclusion on this point, I next think of the music, both as to melody and harmony. All these points being settled to my satisfaction, the work then proceeds with ease."

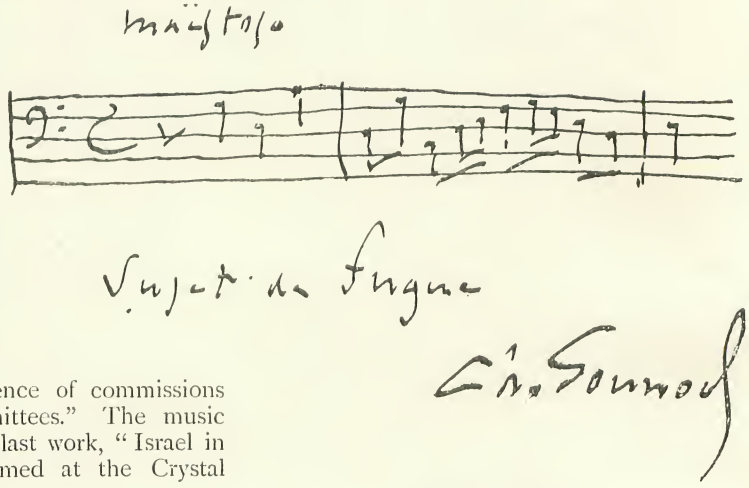
Mr. Gaul sets no particular part of the day aside for composing, working sometimes early and sometimes late.

Of all his cantatas and other compositions his favourite is "The Ten Virgins," Op. 42, a sacred cantata for four solo voices and chorus, and this he considers his best work.



As to the English being a musical nation, Mr. Gaul gives it as his opinion that the greatly improved esteem entertained by foreigners for English compositions and English performers may be taken as evidence of our country being a decidedly musical one.

With regard to writing on commission, he adds: "I do not think one is so likely to be as successful as under other conditions, although many of the best works of recent years have been written to order, *i.e.*, in consequence of commissions given by festival committees." The music is taken from Mr. Gaul's last work, "Israel in the Wilderness," performed at the Crystal Palace, July 9, 1892.




CHARLES GOUNOD.

The famous French composer, Charles François Gounod, briefly gives as his opinion: "Composer c'est exprimer ce que l'on *sent* dans une langue que l'on *sait*."

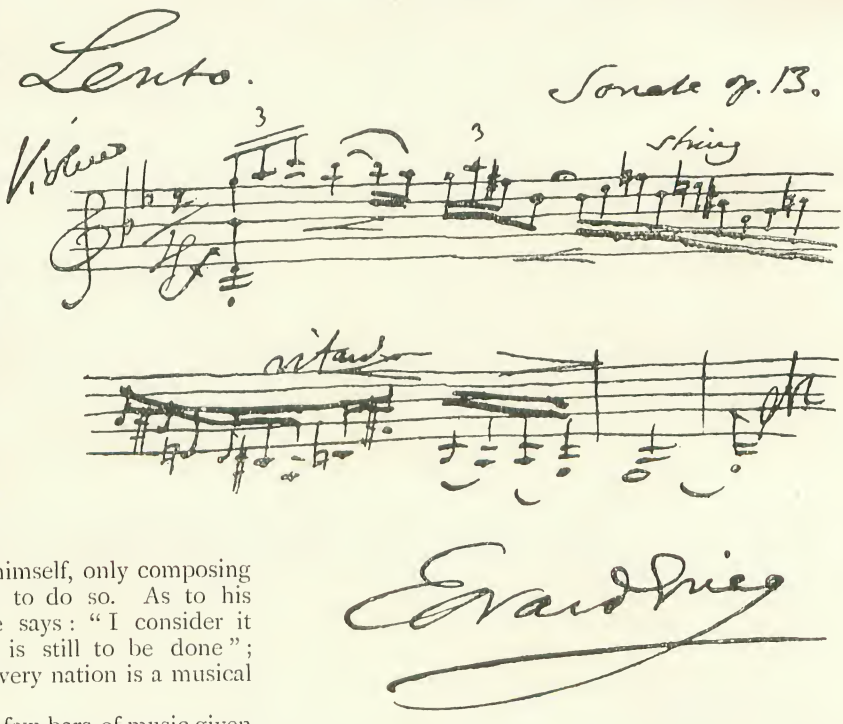
He adds that though the art of composition cannot be acquired, it may undoubtedly be cultivated; in fact, must be trained, like any other talent.

Mons. Gounod lays down no strict rules for composition, as he follows none himself, only composing when inclined to do so. As to his best work, he says: "I consider it is that which is still to be done"; and again: "Every nation is a musical nation."

Finally, the few bars of music given here are surrounded by more than the usual amount of interest, for Mons. Gounod, in presenting them, wrote: "The portion of music I send you is from no *work* of mine, but 'instantaneous' for you, of an autograph."

EDVARD GRIEG.

The Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg, sends his opinion over the sea, from his home at Bergen, where, by the way, he has just celebrated his silver wedding.




He says: "I have no particular rule when composing. In my opinion the art of composition is not at all to be learned, and yet

*must* be learned; for it is impossible for a composer to write melodies correctly without a complete mastery of his art. Just as hopeless as for an illiterate person lacking the necessary knowledge of language to sit down to write a standard work."

He adds that as he has no favourite composer, all *good* composers are his favourites.

Of his many compositions, Grieg gives his preference to his famous sonata for the violin, "Op. 13," a few bars of which are here given.

### Ch. H. Lloyd.

Professor Ch. H. Lloyd, when composing, generally proceeds on the following lines:—

"If I am setting words to music," he writes, "I generally read them over several times till they suggest appropriate music, and then jot down my ideas on paper. If it is an abstract composition, it is difficult to say what starts the machine. Ideas often come to me when I am in the train, or at less convenient times. Whenever possible, I write down a few bars before I forget them; but the main work is done sitting at a table with some music paper before me. I seldom go to the piano till I am well on with a composition, and I never seek for ideas at it. I have no regular or fixed time for composing—more often in the morning than at any other time; but sometimes I have not time to put a note on paper for months together."

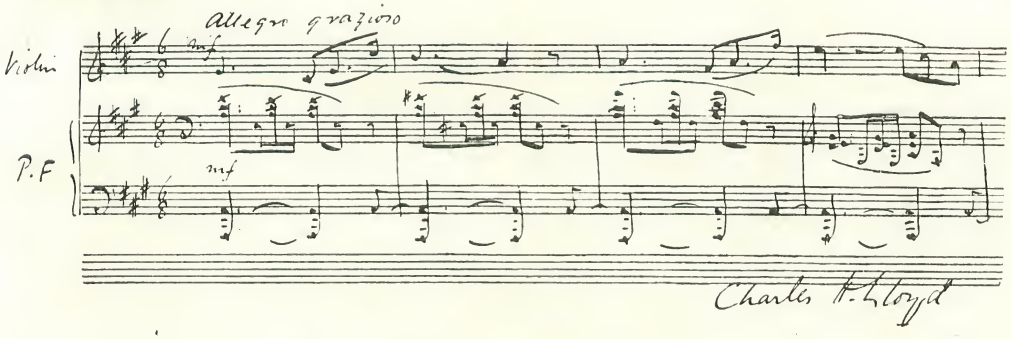
Unlike some other composers, Professor Lloyd believes most decidedly in composers writing under compulsion "to a certain extent."

"For," he says, "if a composer knows that he *has* to finish a particular work by a certain time and for a certain purpose, why, I am of opinion that he will accomplish it far better under pressure than if he was working with no fixed object; at the same time, of course, such pressure in excess is not a good thing, and if carried to a great extent, actually detrimental to the production of good work."

Of his own works, Mr. Lloyd prefers his "Song of Balder," and this composition in his opinion is the best written.

In conclusion the Professor says: "If there is no aptitude for composition it can never be acquired; if, on the other hand, the aptitude exist, but the energy to cultivate it with hard and serious study be absent, it can never be brought to a successful issue."

The portion of particularly neat MS. is taken from his "Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte."




*(To be Continued.)*

# THE LAND OF YOUTH

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A SCANDINAVIAN POPULAR TALE

THERE was once in a great kingdom a good King, brave in battle, wise in council, happy in all his undertakings. But a day came when, seeing his locks turn white and feeling himself weakened by age, he thought he had not much longer to live on earth ; he held to life, however, and demanded of the savants of his kingdom whether there was not any way of escaping death. These men deliberated over this great question, and were unable to solve it.

One day there came to the palace an old sorceress who had travelled far over land and sea, and who was renowned for her knowledge. The King asked her what news she brought.

"I have heard," she said, "that you are greatly in fear of death, since you have become old, and I have come to show you a way to recover both strength and health."

"Speak, speak!" cried the King, delightedly.

"A long way—a very long way—from here, there is a country called Ungdomland, where there are magnificent apples and marvellous water. Whoever eats of those apples and drinks of that water immediately recovers his youthfulness But it is not easy to get possession of the two: they are so far away, and the road leading to them is so perilous."

So said the sorceress. The King rewarded her magnificently, and resolved to send one of his sons in search of the apples and water of youthfulness.

He prepared for him a brilliant equipage, gave him money, and the Prince departed on his quest. But he did not go far. He stopped at a city which pleased him, and lived there gaily, without thinking of the errand on which his father had sent him, nor of his father.

The old man, after long waiting for his return, and neither seeing him come back nor hearing of him, sent towards that Land of Youth his second son, who, on arriving at

the city where his brother was living, found there the same seductions, and, in his turn, gave himself up to a life of gaiety, and completely forgot his mission and his father.

The King aged and saddened more and more. His young son, named Carl, expressed a wish to go in search of the Land of Youth. The King, having only this son left to him, did not like to part with him; but Carl was so determined that he finally overcame all resistance. He departed, like his brothers, with a brilliant equipage; and the old man was left alone and deeply distressed at the desertion of his sons.

Carl passed by the city where his brothers were stopping, and they tried to detain him with them. But he wished to redeem the promise he had made to his father, and travelled through vast regions. Everywhere he inquired the way to the Land of Youth, but nobody could direct him.

"CARL'S BROTHERS TRIED TO DETAIN HIM."

One evening, in the heart of a dense forest, he saw a tiny light shining a long way off, and making towards it, in the hope of finding a resting-place, reached a cottage, the dwelling-place of an old woman, who kindly consented to give him lodgment, and asked him who he was and whither he was going.

"I am the son of a King," answered Carl, "and I am in search of the Land of Youth."

"Ah!" replied the good old woman, "I have lived three hundred winters and have never heard of that country. But I am the Queen of the Quadrupeds; to-morrow morning I will question them, and perhaps one of them may be able to give you some useful information."

The Prince cordially thanked her for her civility, and slept soundly.

At sunrise the next morning the old woman blew her horn; a great noise was instantly heard in the forest. All the four-footed animals, large and small, assembled about the cottage. Their Queen asked them whether they knew where the Land of Youth was, and all replied that they had not the least idea where it was to be found.

The polite old woman turned towards the Prince, and said:—

"You see that I cannot direct you on your way; but go, from me, to my sister, who is Queen of the Birds; perhaps she will know better than I. Mount on the back of this wolf, he will carry you to her."

The Prince again thanked her, and set off on the back of his strange steed. In the evening he found himself in the depths of a forest and saw, once more, a tiny light shining in the distance. The wolf stopped and said:—

"Yonder is the dwelling-place of the sister of my sovereign. Here we must part."

The Prince descended into an underground cabin, and found there another good old woman, who received him politely, and asked him for what purpose he was travelling. He replied that he was in search of the Land of Youth.

"Ah!" she said, "I have lived six

hundred winters, and have never heard speak of that country. But to-morrow I will question the birds."

The Prince thanked her and slept soundly.

Next day the old woman blew her horn, and immediately a great noise was heard in the air. The birds flew hurriedly from all sides. Their Queen asked them whether they knew where the Land of Youth was, but they replied that they did not know.

Turning towards the Prince, the Queen said :—

"You see that I cannot direct you as I wish, but my sister, who is the Queen of the Fishes, may, perhaps, be better informed than I. Seat yourself between the two wings of this eagle, and he will carry you to her."

The Prince obeyed, and, in the evening, alighted at a small cabin. There he found an old woman, who inquired who he was and where he wished to go.

"I am the son of a King," he replied. "I am in search of the Land of Youth, and have come to you with the recommendation of your sister."

"I have lived nine hundred years," said the good old woman, "and have never heard tell of the country to which you wish to go ; but to-morrow I will question the fishes."

Next day, in fulfilment of her promise, she blew her horn, and instantly a great commotion was seen in the waves, all the fishes darting through the waters and assembling about their Queen, who inquired whether they knew where the Land of Youth was, and they all answered that they did not know.

"But I don't see amongst you the old whale," cried the Queen.

In a moment, a great noise was heard in the water ; it was caused by the hurried arrival of the whale.

"Why are you so late?" demanded the Queen.

"I have had a long way to come—several thousand leagues."

"Where have you been?"

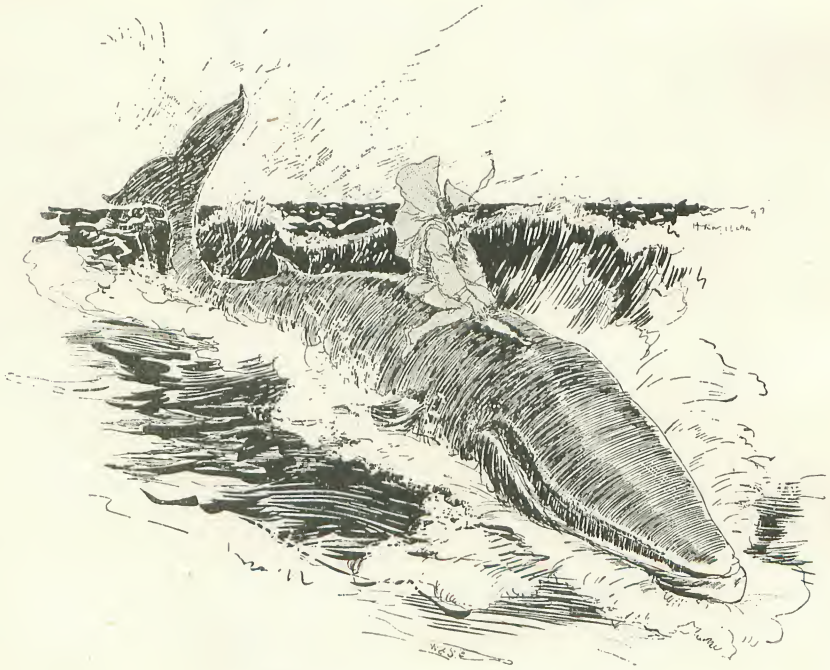
"To the Land of Youth."

"Very well. You have failed in your duty by not coming sooner in answer to my summons ; as a punishment, you will bear this young man to the land from which you have come and bring him back."

The Prince warmly thanked the good nine-hundred-years-old woman and got upon the back of the whale, which sped rapidly through the waters. By the arrival of evening, he had reached the shore on which he desired to land.

The whale then said to him : —

"Listen to the advice I am going to give you—do not forget it, and follow it punctually.



"THE WHALE SPED RAPIDLY THROUGH THE WATERS."

At midnight everything sleeps in the enchanted castle before you; you may, therefore, enter it at midnight, but do not pluck more than one apple, nor take more than one phial-full of the magic water; do not linger, but return in all haste, otherwise you will expose yourself and me to a mortal danger."

"Thanks!" replied Carl; "I will remember your instructions."

At midnight he entered the enchanted castle. All within it was plunged in sleep, as the whale had said would be the case. In front of the door there were a number of frightful beasts, bears, wolves, and dragons, lying beside each other, their eyes closed.

He passed through many superb rooms and saw with admiration the riches they contained. At length he came to one larger than the rest, the walls of which were covered with plates of gold and silver. In the middle of this room was the tree on which shone the magic apples, and near it, rippling over precious stones, with a marvellous sound, ran a clear and luminous stream of water — the water of which the bold traveller had come so far in search.

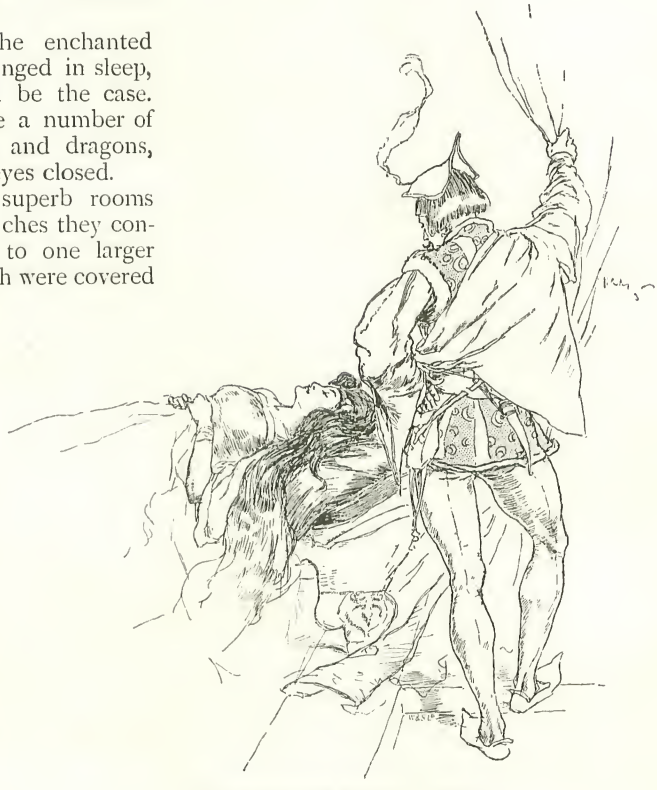
He filled a phial with the water of youthfulness, but, after doing that, forgot the whale's advice, and plucked as many golden apples as he could get into his wallet. Having got all he wanted, he wished to quit the enchanted castle, but he could not find the way by which he had entered. He wandered from room to room, searching in vain for the outer door.

At length he entered a room yet more splendid than any he had before seen. It contained a bed of blue silk, on which was reposing a young girl of incomparable beauty. Carl stood before her motionless and speechless in an ecstasy of delight. At the same time the young girl saw, in a dream, the image of this charming Prince so distinctly that, thenceforth, she could not forget him, and in her ear a mysterious voice murmured: "This is he whom you must marry."

Carl at length tore himself from the contemplation of the beautiful sleeper, wrote his name, and the name of his country, on the wall near her, and went out.

Hardly had he crossed the threshold of the door ere everything in the castle awoke and all there became movement. He sprang upon the back of the whale, which was impatiently awaiting him.

On reaching the middle of the sea, the gigantic animal suddenly plunged into the depths of the waters, then, remounting, said to the Prince:—



"THIS IS HE WHOM YOU MUST MARRY."

"Did that plunge frighten you?"

"Yes; I confess it greatly frightened me."

"Well, I was quite as much alarmed when you filled your wallet with apples."

When he had gone a little further, the whale again plunged, only deeper than the first time, and then said to the Prince:—

"Were you afraid?"

"More than ever I have been before."

"Well, I was quite as much frightened when you stopped to look at the Princess."

A little further on, the whale once more plunged and remained longer under the water, saying to the Prince on rising again to the surface:—

"Were you afraid?"

"Yes, terribly."

"Well, I was quite as much terrified when you wrote your name on the wall."

In the evening Carl arrived at the cottage of the Queen of the Fishes. As a return for the service she had rendered him, he gave her a golden apple and some drops from the marvellous spring.

As soon as the nine-hundred-years-old woman had drunk the water and eaten the apple, the wrinkles disappeared from her face; between her lips shone two rows of white teeth; her form became upright; and, in short, in place of a decrepit old woman, appeared a young girl with golden tresses, sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks. She warmly thanked Carl for his generosity, and said to him, as he was departing:—

"I also have a present for you. Take this bridle and shake it—and you will see what it will give you."

The Prince obeyed, and at the same moment saw before him a superb horse, which quietly allowed itself to be mounted and, with the rapidity of the wind, bore him to the Queen of the Birds.

To her also he gave some water of youthfulness and an apple, which rejuvenated her in an instant. And as he was departing, she said, thanking him for his generosity:—

"I also have a present for you. Take this tablecloth, and, as soon as you spread it, it will furnish you a royal repast."

Carl remounted his good horse, rode to the Queen of the Quadrupeds, and renewed her youthfulness, as he had done to her two sisters. She also thanked him cordially and said, as he was departing:—

"I wish to give you a proof of my gratitude; take this sword, at sight of which no adversary can offer resistance, not even the most savage animal."

With this powerful sword, the precious tablecloth, and the enchanted bridle, the Prince continued his journey, and reached the city where his two brothers still remained, and after joyfully embracing them, related to them all his adventures.

On hearing that he had been so successful in his enterprise, the two brothers, feeling at once ashamed of their want of energy and furious at his success, resolved to strip him of what he had so bravely won. To celebrate his return, they said, they prepared a grand banquet, and, deceiving him by these pretended evidences of affection, during the night, and without his having the least suspicion of their villainy, changed the treasure he had brought from Ungdomland for other water and other apples.

Carl continued on his way homeward, eager to see his father again, and filled with happiness at the idea of being able to give him back his lost youthfulness. As soon as he had embraced him, he gave him, with joyful confidence, his phial of water and apples.

But neither the water nor the apples produced any effect, and the old man was deeply pained and irritated by what he imagined to be the deception practised by his son. Innocent Carl saw that he had been robbed.

Some time afterwards, his two wicked brothers arrived. They told to their father a prodigious story of vast regions they had passed through, and perils they had dared, to reach the enchanted land. Then they gave him the true water and the true apples which they had stolen from Carl.

Instantly the white locks of the old King regained their primitive hue, his wrinkles vanished, his limbs got back their youthful strength and elasticity.

Transported with joy, he pressed his two sons to his bosom, calling them his heroes, his benefactors. He lavished tenderness and distinction on them; and then, suddenly remembering the youngest, who had tried to deceive him, he became furious against him, and ordered him to be cast into the lions' den and left there without assistance.

Nobody dare oppose this terrible sentence, and Carl was given over to the wild beasts, that ought instantly to have devoured him. But he had preserved the presents of two of the old women. At the sight of his sword the lions drew back humbly. When he was hungry he spread his tablecloth, which was instantly laden with the choicest food.

Meanwhile the young Princess of Ungdomland thought of him constantly, and, believing he would return, waited for him, day after day. One night she saw him again in a dream, no longer with a smile on his lips and light in his eyes, as she had seen him when he was near her, but downcast, anxious, captive. At the same time a mysterious voice murmured in her ear: "This is he whom you must marry."

She listened, she looked: this dream was for her a reality, and her mind was quickly made up—he could not come to her, therefore she must go to him; he was sad, she must console him; he was captive, she must deliver him.

On the wall he had written his name and

the name of his country; to that country she set off with a large number of ships, a mass of precious things, and a legion of soldiers.

At sight of this foreign fleet all the inhabitants of the rejuvenated King's capital were greatly alarmed—it had come with hostile intentions, perhaps, and it certainly appeared formidable.

But the young Princess only asked to see the young man who had been in Ungdomland. Her wish was one that could easily be satisfied. The King hastened to send his eldest son to her; but she had no sooner set eyes on him than she cried:—

"This is not he of whom I am in search!"

The King sent his second son.

She awaited him on board her magnificent ship, surrounded by her officers, and no sooner saw him than she exclaimed:—

"This is not he of whom I am in search!" adding: "It is of no use trying to deceive me. I must see the young Prince who came to Ungdomland; otherwise, I vow that of this royal capital I will not leave one stone standing upon another."

At those words the two impostors were dumfounded, and the King, pale and trembling, remembered the dreadful sentence he had pronounced.

What was to be done? Doubtless, the young Prince had long before been devoured by the wild beasts. They went, however, to the edge of the pit into which he had been cast, and found him seated calmly in the midst of the lions.

A cry of joy announced this miracle, and was repeated on all sides. The King flew to his son, threw himself on his knees before him, and begged pardon for his iniquity. Carl tenderly raised him, held him to his heart, and returned with him to the city, where he had been so much beloved and regretted. The crowd pressed upon his steps, and filled the air with enthusiastic shouts.

On reaching the palace, he arrayed himself in his festival clothes, shook the magic bridle, and, mounted on a superb horse, advanced towards the foreign flotilla.

Hardly had the Princess cast her eyes upon him ere she cried:—

"That is he! I recognise him. It is he who came to Ungdomland!"

They approached each other. She held out her hands to him; he was the spouse designed to her by the mysterious voice.

Next day the marriage of the handsome Prince and the beautiful Princess was pompously celebrated, and they departed together to the Land of Youth, where they lived long and happily.

The two traitors were cast into the den of lions into which they had caused their innocent brother to be thrown.

"THAT IS HE!"

## *The Queer Side of Things.*

READER, can you, by a violent effort of memory, recall the two spirits, William and James, who engaged in these pages in several arguments concerning the possibility of your, and my, existence? I know you have had other things to think about lately — the possibility of obtaining, either by exorbitant payment, diplomacy, or any means underhand or otherwise, a supply of coals for the winter—the fate of Lobengula—the chances of the Employers' Liability Bill—the state of our Navy. But if you will for one moment compare the weight of these trivialities with that of the question: "Is it, or is it not, possible for this Universe to have ever existed?"—you will find the former group of subjects vanish like an idle dream; while the VAST QUERY will instantly absorb your whole attention.

*Then* you will recollect that the more thoughtful, more logical, less visionary spirit William conclusively proved the impossibility of our existence.

Yet he was wrong. Very slight inquiries into evidence have since convinced me that our Universe *does* exist. It is difficult to credit, in the face of William's logic: but I fear we *must* believe it.

Very well—waiving the possibility of our *all* being hypnotized through all the ages (say by Adam, Rameses the Great, Mr. Stead, or some other power having sway over human minds) into a belief of the existence of the non-existent—we will, please, take it as carried that we *do* exist, and that even William is forced to admit it. Very good: now let's get on.

"What do you think *now?*" asked James, a weak-minded scintillation of triumph in his eye.

William was evidently seriously offended; facts which contradict carefully-weighed logic, flawless in all other respects, are always irritating to the thoughtful. Men of science will indorse this.

"Hurrm!" he said at last; "your Universe does exist—in a way; and the globe you call 'Terra' does exist—in a way. But the highly objectionable creatures on it don't seem too comfortable; in fact, a more ridiculous, calamitous, disastrous, pitiful, gruesome, repulsive muddle than they make of it I could not possibly conceive!"

"But they have *some* reasonable qualities?" argued James.

"A few," said William. "Those taught them by the conduct of what you call the lower animals. *I* know what's principally wrong with them—they *think*, and *do things*, too much."

"Well, they are, perhaps, too much given to thinking and doing things. I admit that they make many mistakes, but I *do* protest that they *mean well*—that their theories are, as a whole, in the right direction—that they have a solid, genuine admiration for good aims and great deeds, and reward such merits when conspicuously shown by any among them."

"Hum!" said William.

"Oh, come," said James; "you *must*

admit that humanity's rewards are, as a rule, conferred on those who do the greatest services to humanity."

"From *my* point of view, yes!" said William. "Let's have a game!" he said, suddenly.

"A game?" said James, taken aback by such a proposition from the cynical and severe William.

"Yes," said the latter. "Let us put this point of yours to the test. Let you and me select, each, a specimen of humanity from among this herd, each of us choosing the specimen which he deems most likely to obtain the highest praises and rewards of humanity; let us choose our specimens as babies, and watch them through their subsequent careers—eh?"

"Very good," said James, confidently.

"Let's have a bet on it, like your humans do with insurance companies about the length of their lives," said William. "I will bet you—let's see—I'll bet you that comet against that little star over there in the constellation like a saucepan. The comet's more showy, and apparently better value; so that will please *you* best: and you won't notice its flimsiness as compared with the greater solidity of the little star."

"But what nonsense!" said James. "What in space would be the use of a comet or a star to one of us? What could we do with it?"

"You could give yours," said William, in that nasty tone of his, "to one of your humans. He would be delighted. It's exactly the kind of thing they are always longing for."

Then they looked about among humanity.

"I've chosen my baby," said James. "Something has gone wrong with another baby's feeding-bottle, and my baby is trying to put it right."

"Very curious!" said William. "The baby I had chosen is the very baby whose feeding-bottle—(anachronism is nothing to *us*, James—we deal with *all* dates)—your baby is attempting to put right. While your baby is so engaged, *my* baby is damaging the tube of *your* baby's bottle, to the end that your baby may fail to get any nourishment through it. That's the baby for *me!*"

James laughed in derision. "Well, if you think *your* choice will merit the praise of humanity——!" he began.

"Stop!" said William. "The words in our agreement were '*obtain* the praises of humanity.' We said nothing about *meriting* them. I say my choice will obtain them."

"Well, well," said James, "you needn't split hairs!"

"I'm not splitting hairs," replied William; "I am pointing out the chasm between two mountains."

"But — confound it!" said James, impatient at his companion's want of reason. "You don't mean to seriously tell me that you seriously believe that humanity would seriously choose to reward those who injure rather than those who benefit——?"

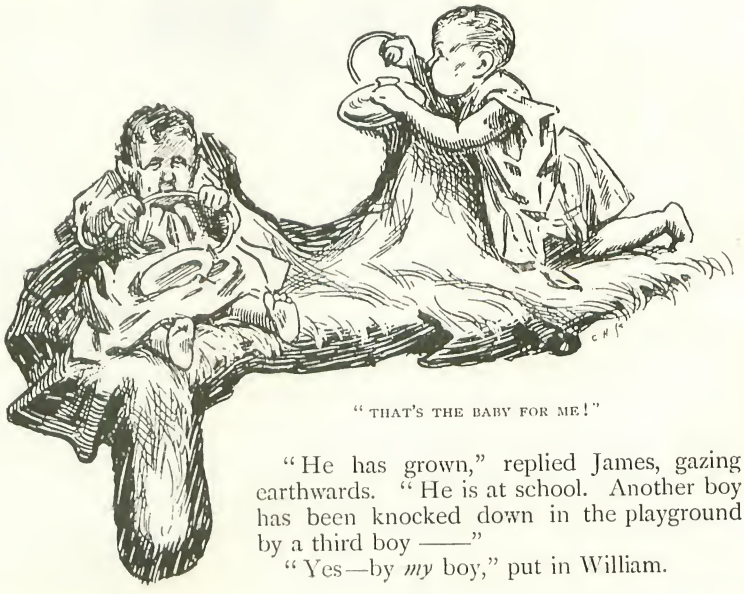
"Never mind what I believe. You'll see," said William. "See, our babies are growing; they are little boys now. What's yours doing?"

"Mine," said James, triumphantly, "has found a dead bird, and is trying to bring it to life."

"That is the bird which *my* little boy has killed," said William.

James sniggered again. "You had better make another choice," he said.

"*Will* you kindly mind your own business," said William, "and look after your chance of that comet? You'd better be ordering a handsome casket to present it to your baby in *when* he has obtained the praises of humanity. What's your baby up to now?"



"THAT'S THE BABY FOR ME!"

"He has grown," replied James, gazing earthwards. "He is at school. Another boy has been knocked down in the playground by a third boy ——"

"Yes—by *my* boy," put in William.

"FOUND A DEAD BIRD."

"And my boy is attending to his bruises and trying to ease the pain of them."

"Just so," said William. "A most mistaken young person! I knew he would—just the sort of thing he *would* be up to!"

"At any rate, he is earning the gratitude of the victim," protested James.

"The gratitude of victims," said the objectionable William, "is not legal tender; it is not even a marketable article. Did you ever see the gratitude of victims quoted in the share-lists of the newspapers published by your precious humans? Have you ever seen it advertised for in the columns of that periodical of theirs called *Exchange and Mart?* You may have seen it advertised for sale there; but there were no answers. Now look at *my* boy, James—look at him! That's promise, if you like! He's knocking down *all* the other boys like ninepins."

"Your boy is a Bully," said James.

"Ah! you've discovered it, then? It has at last dawned upon you that I am bound to win. My boy is a Bully. You may as well just hand over that little star out of the saucepan at once, and save further trouble."

"What! *Do* you mean to tell me," screamed James, rising on the tips of his toes with indignation, "to tell me that a Bully is the sort of person to obtain the highest praises and rewards of his fellow-creatures?"

"I do," said William. "The sort, and the *only* sort. I'll grant that your beneficent person who does a lot of good to your humans may come in for a good large amount of praises, and also even get a small amount of solid rewards: but the fellow they really love is your Bully."

"How can they love him? Impossible!" said James.

"Then why do the confounded creatures act as though they did? You can only judge of their sanity by their acts—and those disprove it. Let's go on. What's my boy doing now?"

"He is playing with a lot of little toy soldiers," said James. "He is knocking them over with toy cannon. Now he is constructing little toy towns, and setting fire to them."

"And your boy?"

"Is picking up the little soldiers, and trying to bend them straight and set them on their legs again."

"Ah! Always throwing away your chances of winning that comet by wasting his time earning the gratitude of victims!" said the horrid William. "And now they have both left school, and are studying. My boy is practising sword-cuts, and reading about words of command, and linked battalions and machine-guns."

"HE'S KNOCKING DOWN ALL THE OTHER BOYS LIKE NINEPINS."

"And my boy is practising tying bandages, and reading about arteries, and nerves, and compound fractures, and epidemics. My boy is fitting himself as a Healer."

"And my boy," said William, "is fitting himself for a Slayer."

"You are either mad," said James, "or are indulging in a pastime which is not your *forte*—a jest. You cannot seriously imagine that these humans will actually prefer one who slays them!"

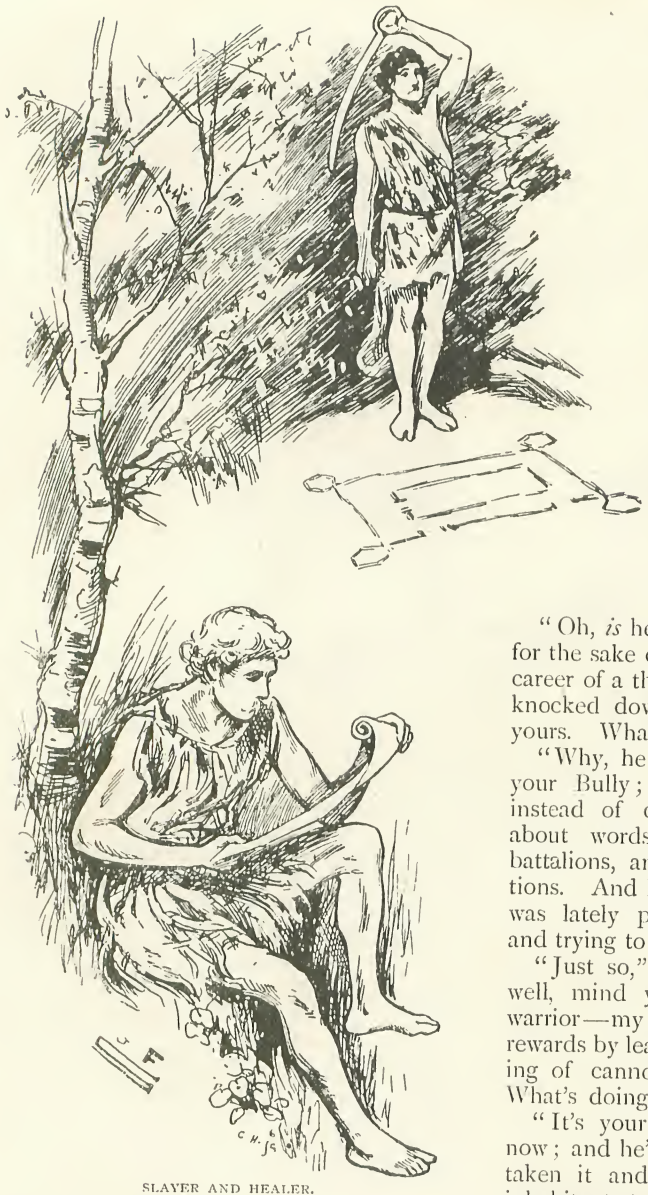
"I *know* they will—it just tallies with their queer ways. They profess to hold human life at the highest value! That's not humbug on their parts, mind you—they are under the delusion that they do so hold it. Life is to them an object of joy, and the absence of it one of regret; as I told you once before, they delight in the filling up of the waste places of their ball with human life. They don't consider animal life as life.

"If an island is full of intelligent elephants, who hardly ever make mistakes, and quiet, domesticated kangaroos, and contented rabbits, these humans of yours say: 'What a pity it isn't inhabited—we ought to people that desert!' They don't recognise the fact that it *is* inhabited and *isn't* a desert! They are delighted at the growing crowds in their towns; and if they look down a lane and don't see anyone in it, they drop a tear and think: 'It's very sad there should be no human life in that lane.'

"And here comes in one of the queerest phases in the exceeding queerness of these people of yours—all the while they are under the impression that they consider the increase of humanity as of the highest advantage, they have an unrecognised instinct which tells them that things will be mightily uncomfortable for them when their ball gets a little overfilled: and from this unrecognised instinct springs their partiality to anyone who thins them out. The Thinner-Out is the object of their very highest rewards ——

"Ha! Look—look there, on that TERRA of yours. There's a great ship about to be wrecked—yes, there it goes, crashing on the rocks. There will be a wholesale bit of thinning-out there—no; see, one of your humans, by the exercise of superhuman energy, and at infinite risk to himself, is saving the whole lot of them. Every one of them is safe on land now. They are crowding round their preserver—— "

"Ha!" cried James. "Where are your precious cynical arguments *now*? Look at



SLAYER AND HEALER.

their gratitude—look how they grasp his hand, and kiss it, and——"

"Collect for him a sum amounting to nearly fifty pounds, and send him a medal, and mention him in the principal newspapers—nearly half a column in some!—and drop him," said William.

"Of course," he continued, "there are several kinds of Thinners-Out—there's the one who spreads epidemics by travelling in public conveyances when suffering from communicable ailments: they don't reward him, because no particular effort is required for his kind of work—a child could do it: but he is protected by the laws. Who ever heard of anyone being visited by any heavier punishment than the fine of a few coins for wilfully thinning-out humans in this way? Nobody. Then there are two kinds of the class who go in for the most lucrative method of thinning-out—War. There's the warrior who thins out his fellow-creatures to gratify his own personal inclinations and ambitions; and there's the warrior who is forced to thin them out by the duty of defending his country against the former kind of warrior."

"Ah! and the latter's the kind of warrior his fellow humans will heap the highest rewards upon," said James.

"Oh, *is* he?" said William. "All right; for the sake of curiosity let us just follow the career of a third boy—the little one that was knocked down by *my* boy, and tended by yours. What is *he* at now?"

"Why, he is practising with a sword like your Bully; only he is practising parries instead of cuts; and he is also reading about words of command, and linked battalions, and machine-guns, and fortifications. And I recollect, by the way, that he was lately playing with a little toy town and trying to defend it."

"Just so," said William. "He'll do very well, mind you; but the other kind of warrior—my Bully—will distance him in rewards by leagues. Halloa!—there's a booming of cannon, and a noise of screaming. What's doing?"

"It's your Bully. He's an adult human now; and he's besieging a town; now he has taken it and set it on fire, and put the inhabitants to the sword."

"That's the way to begin, James! If you want to win the love and respect of those humans of yours, strike terror into them at the start. You see, those you spare feel so proud of their own cleverness in being spared, and so relieved about it, that they are in the best of humours; and, looking about for somebody on whom to expend their good humour, they naturally fix on the figure that catches their eye first; and that, of course, is the figure of the Thinner-Out. See?"

"Your beastly baby is taking more towns,

and kindly accepting ransoms for abstaining from destroying what never was his."

"Yes; and from a corner of the earth comes out the other boy who studied war; and he stands in front of the one-half of the earth where he lives, to prevent the Bully attacking it; and now there's a great battle — another — another — and another, and my baby is beaten back from one-half of that globe of yours, and the other baby stands in the middle of that half and crows; and my baby, the Bully, has to confine his attention to the half he has overrun and conquered, while a wild, delirious, long-pent-up shout of heartfelt relief comes up from the humans on the defended half. Where's that baby of yours—the doctor?"

"There he is," said James; "there he is — picking up the damaged soldiers and trying to bend them straight and set them on their legs again; checking epidemics and diseases arising from the privations and calamities of war, assuaging suffering, and curing and comforting thousands. You'll lose your comet, William—come, confess it!"

"Bah!" said William. "You don't know much of the ways of this pet fancy of yours, the inhabitants of that globule. See—they are about to show their gratitude to our three babies by conferring rewards——"

"They're looking towards my baby, the Healer!" shouted James, excitedly.

Even William was interested out of his wonted calm by the situation.

"They're handing him something done up in paper. What is it?" he shouted.

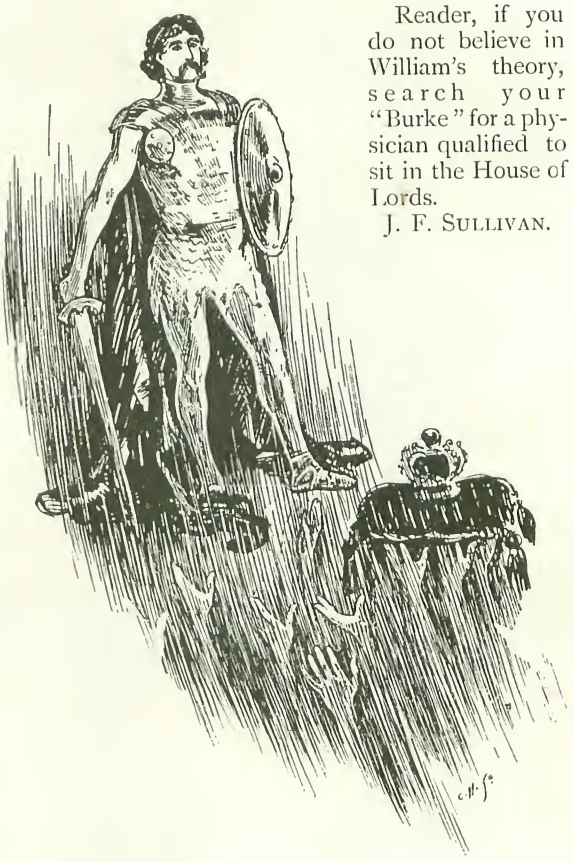
"A baronetcy — there!" shouted James. "And now they're turning to the Thinner-Out who defended one-half of the world! See—what's that they hand to him?"

"A dukedom!" shouted William. "Wait a bit—wait a bit—don't crowd on to my toes—you can see where you are. Now—they're turning towards——"

"Your Bully, the Champion Thinner-Out. They're handing him—don't shove——"

"Well—what?" screamed William.

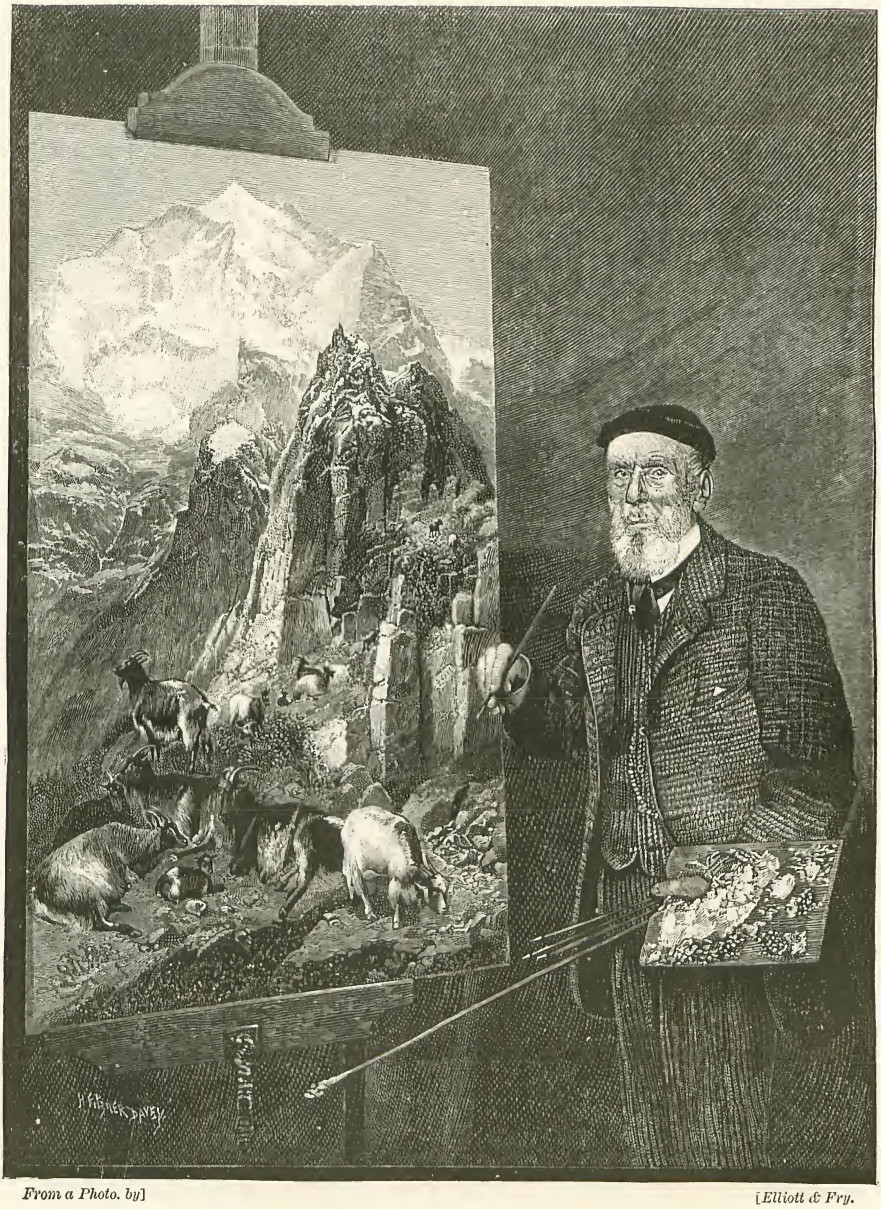
"An Imperial Crown!" gasped James.



Reader, if you do not believe in William's theory, search your "Burke" for a physician qualified to sit in the House of Lords.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

YE HATTE & SHOEHORNS
LICENSED
FIND HER VALENTINE.
FIND THE CYCLIST
PAL'S PUZZLE PICTURE
PAL PARIS MUNSEY
WHERE'S THE FERRYMAN?
C. H. GATCHELL Sc.



*From a Photo. by]* *[Elliott & Fry.*

MR. THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## XXXI.—MR. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

THE first sight I obtained of Mr. Cooper was of considerable interest. He lives in a beautiful spot, about a mile and a half from Canterbury—at Vernon Holme, Harbledown; and as I entered the gate I caught sight of Mr. Cooper before his easel in his studio, taking advantage of the light of a glorious winter's day, and working away at a canvas which I subsequently learnt was intended, with another, to form his contribution to this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy. I stood for a moment quietly and respectfully looking on before ringing the bell at the front door. The canvas presented a landscape, and the cattle were just outlined in with pencil. The painter was working without the aid of glasses, and this for a man who is in his ninety-first year may certainly be said to be highly respectable. Somewhat below the medium height, with marvellously penetrating eyes, scarcely the sign of the stoop of old age, a hand as steady as in '35, when he was just beginning to make a name, and silvery white hair about his head—it was an impressive picture. T. Sidney Cooper's brilliant work of the past and to-day calls for all recognition of his gifts, but it is only when one catches sight of him as I did — snow, nothing but snow, everywhere outside, and the painter, now in the winter of life, clinging with all the old love to his sheep and cattle—it is only then that one realizes the great respect due to the Grand Old Academician.

So I shook my snow-covered boots outside and entered the hall of Vernon Holme. The artist left his easel. It was a hearty welcome to Vernon Holme. There was no mistaking the man. He was living there a quiet, happy, contented, and work-a-day life; rising at half-past seven every morning in the winter, and in the summer months at seven o'clock. Before breakfast the palettes are set and the paints made ready. He will work steadily up to dusk. His recreation is his Bible, and twice a day, after lunch and dinner, a chapter is read aloud. His voice is clear, and he reads every word, and suggests its meaning. I heard Sidney Cooper read. His birthdays are *thinking* days—*thankful* days too, it would seem. The lines he wrote on September 26th, 1889, reveal much. He calls them "Musings on My Eighty-sixth Birthday," and they run:—

Another birthday dawns—the eighty-sixth,
How little take we note of fleeting time!
Since last this day of joyful glee was here
What blessings have been mine; alas! how oft
Have unrequited been! The cares of life
Engross my thoughts when holy things my heart
Should fill. Thou who hast made my way of life
So full of mercies, be Thou still my help.
When o'er this day of life the night shall fall,
And called my feet to pass thro' ways unknown,
Be near me still; be Thou my strength; and when
The walls decay leave not the tenant lone,
But by Thy Spirit comfort and uphold;
I have but Thee, I have no claim of Gate
Of Pearl, or Street of Glittering Gold, but thro
Thy boundless grace, my good and bad are both
Forgiven. In humble fitting place among
The many mansions, where there is no sin,
And by Thy Crystal River flowing on

*From a Photo. by]* VERNON HOLME—FROM THE POND. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Through Heaven's green expanse, I'll learn the new
And holy song of Worthy is the Lamb,
And 'neath the Healing Tree shall find that life
Wished for so long ! ! !

Then he loves to take you about his house, for it is a very beautiful home, and the man who owns it enjoys its comforts the more, for he will honestly tell you that it meant working for.

"I don't do anything without authority," he told me; "I have authority for everything I paint. If I want a sky for any particular picture, I do it from my house. I have windows from all four sides, so that I can see always. Then in the summer I can sit on the lawn and paint. There are some of my sheep—my 'models'!"

We were standing in the recess of the dining-room. Before us were the fields covered with snow, and some sheep were labouring hard to find a stray tuft of grass here and there. Ever since the artist built the house—forty-five years ago—he has kept sheep here and painted them every year. These finely coated creatures before us now are admirable representatives of some ninety ewes and a similar number of lambs. Of bullocks, the great cattle painter has few, though he invariably fattens up three or four every autumn.

Some hours later we again stood in this corner and watched the setting sun. A great cloud edged with gold hung over a black patch of trees.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Cooper, enthusiastically, "it was in that very wood that I first began to study trees. There were some fine old trees there—too far gone to cut for timber. A farm stood on the opposite side of the hill, which I have put in three of my pictures. How well I remember seeing the chains and the gibbet in the road which skirts the wood there—used for hanging Charles Storey, who committed murder the year after I was born."

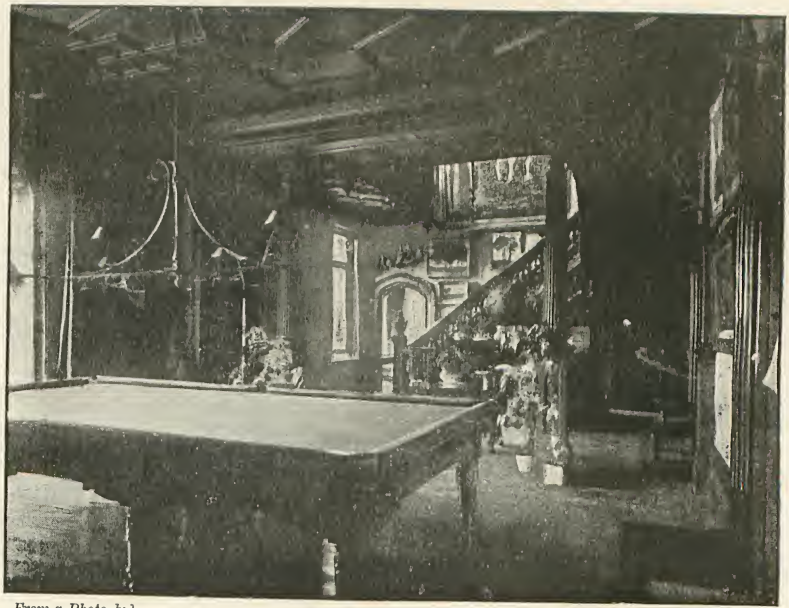
It is not necessary to say that the interior of Vernon Holme is in every way worthy of its owner. The land on which it stands was originally a hop ground, and Mr. Cooper tells with great gusto that whilst the people were picking the hops his men were getting the ground ready for the foundation of the house. The house was built from Mr. Cooper's own designs. The hall, of solid oak, is very fine and massive, and the carving about the ceiling and staircases exquisite. The bosses on the ceiling were cut from Nature's models of hops and wild flowers. The antlers over the doors were a present from Sir Edwin Landseer, and are reminiscences of deer shot by him in Scotland. The engravings comprise proofs after Sir Edwin and Tom Landseer, and Leslie's "Coronation of Queen Victoria."

"There is a little story," said Mr. Cooper, "as to how I came into possession of that engraving—a very rare one—of Tom Landseer's. I painted a little picture for him, and Tom liked it. So it was agreed that I should have some of his proofs in exchange for it. He was very deaf, and he wrote on a piece of paper: 'There's my portfolio; choose one, and I'll sign it.' I did so.

"'Why,' he exclaimed, 'you have chosen the one I put aside for myself.'

"I had selected the 'Deer and Dog in the Snow.'"

Only three pictures by Mr. Cooper hang



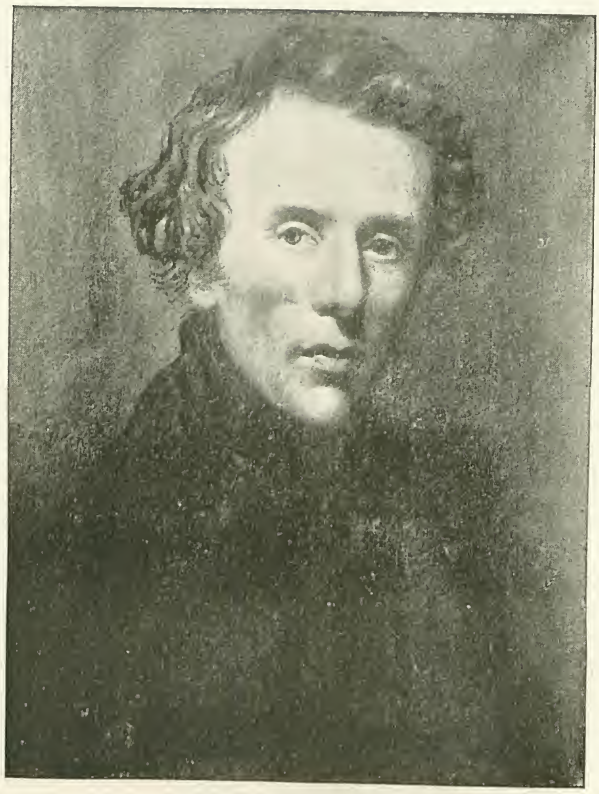
*From a Photo. by]* THE ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

in the hall proper. These are over the mantelpiece. One of these is peculiarly interesting—a group of three sheep, a calf, and a cow, painted three years ago. The work was the result of a dream. The Royal Academician dreamt he was painting this very scene. In the morning he got up and chronicled it on canvas. Ascending the grand old staircase, a huge space is taken up by "Separated, but not Divorced," painted in 1875, and is a study of a magnificent shorthorn bull, "Charlie" by name. It was exhibited, but proved too big to sell. Just by the bull's foreleg is a raven pecking at a bone. The artist was asked why he put it there.

"Oh!" he replied, "I wanted a little bit of relieving black and white. Besides, if there is a Crown case over it, it will typify the lawyers picking at the bones."

But "Charlie" is interesting for other reasons. It represents a triumph of art. Mrs. Cooper did not like the bull's head, and said so. Mr. Cooper made up his mind to paint in another head. It took a long time—many and many were the attempts to put a new head on old shoulders, and the one now in the picture took as long to paint as all the rest of the picture. It is a remarkably real and brilliant effort. The other large picture by Mr. Cooper is "Isaac's Substitute," painted in 1880—a Scotch ram—the only object in the picture being Isaac's substitute. It was suggested one day after reading the words from Genesis xxii. 13: "And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns." Close by are some sheep painted on the 26th September, 1874, on the occasion of the artist's seventy-first birthday. It was completed in five hours, and here it should be mentioned that for the last twenty years Mr. Cooper has always painted a finished canvas on his birthday—pictures which are never sold.

A peep into Mrs. Cooper's room revealed something that says much for the continued determination of purpose which has always characterized the great painter's life, and his extraordinary and persistent powers of endurance under great suffering. I had noted some excellent copies of his father's works by Mr. Neville Cooper, and a portrait of the Royal Academician himself, painted by Scott in 1841. Also an old donkey, done in 1835, belonging to Mrs. Cooper—Mr. Cooper has been twice married—seeing that it was painted in the year in which she was born. Two water colour drawings were then shown to me. They were artistic reminiscences of his severe illness last year. Beneath a group of cows were written these words: "Painted in bed, November, 1893, for my dear wife for her nursing.—T. S. C., R. A." The other was some sheep in the snow—reproduced in these pages—and inscribed: "To Neville. Painted in bed, with bronchitis, November, 1893.—T. S. C., R.A." Such efforts as these betoken much. It is a significant fact that Sidney Cooper was the last country patient the late Sir Andrew Clark ever visited, for he was struck down four days afterwards. The great physician's words on saying "Good-bye" to Mrs. Cooper were: "I never met a man at eighty with more vitality in him



SIDNEY COOPER, AGE 38.
*From a Painting by Scott.*

PICTURE PAINTED DURING LAST ILLNESS.

than your husband, and he is ninety!" and he added, upon being thanked for his prompt attendance: "I look upon this as being one of the events of my life."

The dining-room is perhaps the finest room in the house—being 35ft. long and 35ft. high. Its carved oak arched ceiling is superb—and the carved fireplace, round which ivy is trailing, is also a fine sample of this particular art. It was in this apartment that I had the privilege of going through portfolio after portfolio of the daintiest of pencil studies—little artistic efforts which seemed to have life and breath of their own. There are many personal works here—at one end of the room hangs "Scotch Mountains and Sheep," the opposite side being occupied by the largest picture the artist has ever painted—the canvas measures 11ft. by 7ft.—"Pushing Off for Tilbury Fort, on the Thames," painted in 1883, and exhibited in the Academy of the following year.

As we stood before this beautiful work—a scene of perfect calmness in the meadows, with a group of cattle lazily lying in the fore-

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

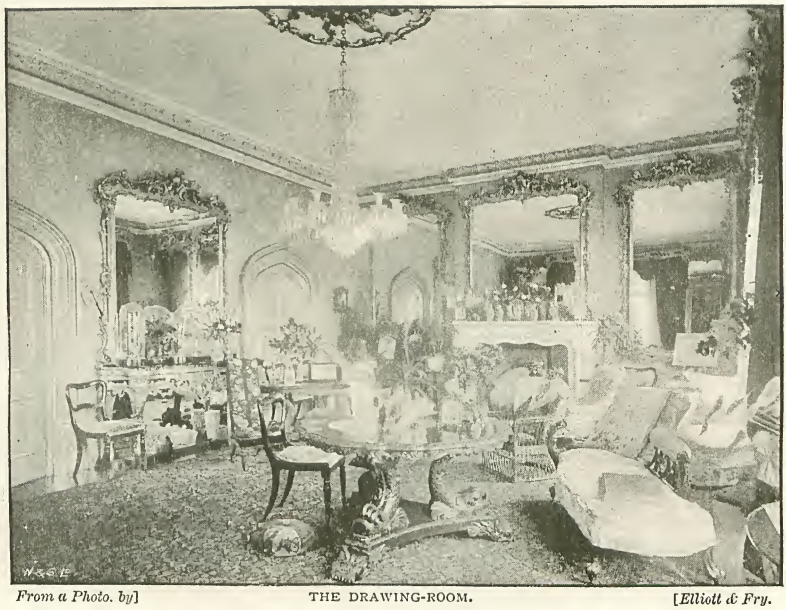
ground, and a boat full of soldiers being rowed towards the guard-ship, *Ramilies*, in the distance—Mr. Cooper said :—

"I saw that very scene on my fortieth birthday, when seeing a friend off from Tilbury. Its beauty impressed me in a way few such scenes have done, and I said within myself, 'Should I ever reach my eightieth birthday, I will paint that.' And I did. I started it on September 26, 1883, and it took me exactly forty-nine days to paint."

There is much of interest in the drawing-room, with its fine statues by P. MacDowell, R.A., its family portraits intermingled with great bowls of winter blossoms and grasses gathered from the adjoining fields, its many artistic treasures — not omitting the tiny canvas which the artist painted at the age of seventy.

"I painted it," he said, very quietly, "because I thought I had got to the end!"

But we only spend a moment or so there, for Mr. Cooper is leading the way to the studio. We cross the great hall, through the library, whose walls are completely hidden by sketches of, surely, every animal that ever enjoyed the green fare provided by the meadows of Britain — the artist opens the door and bids me enter. It is a remarkable studio — and I should say stands alone and distinct amongst those pertaining to Royal Academicians. There are a few studies hanging on the woodwork which surrounds the window—there are the two diplomas, one of which, dated November 3rd, 1845, made its possessor an Associate of the Royal Academy, and the other a Royal Academician on March 23rd, 1867—but otherwise the blue walls are bare, perfectly bare. There may be



*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

a reason for this—a very simple one; an honest recollection of the days that have been is not to be forgotten in the comforts and successes of the days that are now! When I left Mr. Cooper, and after I learnt what I did, I could only put these bare walls in the studio at Vernon Holme down to such thoughts as these.

He told me that the easels and palettes are all old friends—the Academy box on the floor is chipped and cut about, and goes back to the forties. It is not worth a shilling; but a big cheque wouldn't buy it. Packed against the walls near the floor are scores of canvases, studies innumerable, old-time and present-time first artistic "thoughts." "Nancy Macintosh" is particularly interesting, because it is one of the artist's figure studies of the time when his work was just becoming to be recognised — 1836. Nancy was painted in Cumberland under Cross Fell, and is a good type of the women who used to go up and milk the cows for the drovers, who—it is much to be regretted—used to exchange their employers' milk for nips of whisky! The Academy pictures are even now well forward. I was just looking at one of these—a bridge scene, and a subject the artist assured me he had long been wanting to paint—when I turned towards Mr. Cooper again and found him in the act of lifting a large canvas on to the easel. He would not allow me to assist him.

"That," he said, after it had been securely placed on the easel, "is to be the picture of my life! The subject is 'The High Hills, or the Refuge for the Wild Goats,' from the 104th Psalm. It is not finished yet. The

*From a Photo. by]* THE STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From an early Drawing by]* NANCY MACINTOSH. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

notion occurred to me when last in Switzerland. I had to go up the mountain some four hours' journey before I reached the spot from which the idea is partly composed. We went as high as the goats would go in order to get the moss, heather, and different grasses on which they feed. As far as the goats are concerned, I obtained the principal ones when in North Wales."

A flood of renewed light came in at the studio window—for the afternoon was still young—and Mr. Cooper stood for a moment by the side of the picture and was thus photographed. The light lit up the canvas—so I left Mr. Cooper at work, and spent the afternoon in wandering about the Brotherhood Farm, where some of his sheep and cows are to be found. It is a farm possessing a distinct interest, for on a grassy slope by the side of one of its meadows is situated the well of the Black Prince—a well roofed in by modern brick, over which the ivy is growing, a sublimely picturesque corner, where the first bearer of the motto "Ich Dien" was wont to come and bathe his eyes.

"Why, sir," said the old Sub-Prior with pardonable pride when showing me the well, "people send from all over the world for that water, and the last gentleman that had it was Mr. Sidney Cooper, the painter."

Mr. Cooper told me that he obtained the water for a young lady in his family.

It was nearing dusk when I returned to Vernon Holme, and once again I saw the great artist through the window of his studio, packing up his things and taking a last look for the day at his work on the easel. We met in the hall.

Then I learnt something of his eventful life. He looked back on his career very quietly—never striving to make "points," never yearning for effect, though every incident was in reality a picture in itself. Imagine the little fellow—deserted by his father at the age of five—with the tiniest of prospects before him of ever cultivating the gift which was born with him when he first opened his eyes in a little room in St. Peter's Street, Canterbury, on September 26th, 1803.

The mother was left with five young children—at the time of the long war—terrible days for them. But the mother worked hard, and her youngest boy never forgot it, as will be seen later. He was christened Thomas, and the name of Sidney was added some time after—in this wise: The little fellow's great-uncle was in the Navy, and had been at Acre with Sir Sidney Smith, who had a great love for Kent and its surroundings.

"Any news from Kent?" asked Sir Sidney of his great-uncle one day.

"No, Admiral. Only Cooper's got another boy."

"Indeed; then let him take my name!"

So "Sidney" was set down in the church registry.

"They never would call me 'Sidney,'" said Mr. Cooper, as he remembered this; "but when I commenced to draw on my slate, at the age of eight, I always used to put 'T. S. C.' in the corner. The very first drawing I ever did was with a slate pencil, of the Bell Tower of Canterbury Cathedral, and one of my schoolfellows used to encourage me by doing my sums for me, if I would draw him a house with a bird on the chimney.

"I was always in the fields—my heart was in the green valleys and meadows. I loved to sit by the streams, and on my Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays from school I would seek out some nook and draw horses and dogs and sheep on my slate. I had no paper and pencil. It was not until I was twelve or thirteen that my career really commenced. Then I started to paint coaches for Mr. Burgess, of Canterbury, at 12s. a week. Every moment I could spare I was trying to improve myself in drawing—but even then I still had to cling to my slate and pencil. But, I got some lead pencils at last. Let me tell you the story, and its sequel.

*From a Photo. by]* BLACK PRINCE'S WELL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"I was sketching the central tower of the Cathedral. A gentleman was also drawing another part of the sacred edifice. We met often, without speaking. One day he came up to me and asked me what I was doing. I told him. He laughed merrily at the idea of thus working on a slate, and some two or three days afterwards he made me a present of his bundle of pencils and paper. I could scarcely contain myself. He patted me on the head and went his way. But, I had no knife! One day I saw a gentleman near the Cathedral—a very solemn-looking gentleman in clerical attire. I went up to him.

"'Please sir,' I said, 'have you a knife?'

"'Yes, my lad—what do you want it for?'

"I told him. And he sharpened all my pencils for me—every one of the dozen. Who was he? The Archbishop of Canterbury!"

Young Cooper was destined to discover who it was that gave him his first pencils. A pleasant little party was assembled in London—Mr. Cooper was now well known—and amongst those gathered at the board were Stanfield, Tom Landseer, and George Cattermole. They were telling little stories of the early days, and the cattle painter related the incident of the slate and pencils.

Cattermole jumped up.

"Why, Sidney," he cried, "are you the slate? *I am the pencils!*"

"Then," continued Mr. Cooper, "came my work at the theatre. It was one evening and I was sketching—when I heard a cough behind me. I turned and saw a man looking over me.

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'you draw well, my boy. You have a good eye—but you must learn perspective.'

"'What is that, sir? I have never heard of it before.'

"'Well,' he replied, 'it shows the proper size of objects at a distance—how to draw a street, a road, a distant hill or tree, etc. If you like to call on me, I'll show you.'

"'Where do you live, please, sir?' I asked.

"'In Canterbury—at the theatre!' he answered.

"'Oh! my mother wouldn't let me go to the theatre!' I assured him.

"However, I went. I vividly remember

*From an early Drawing by]* GATEWAY—ST. AUGUSTINE'S MONASTERY. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

it. When I entered, there was the canvas laid down on the stage for a Roman scene. The actors were rehearsing on the space in front. So Mr. Doyle—for that was the man's name—instructed me in perspective, and I learnt the artistic value of things that I had long seen in Nature. The theatrical company left—it used to go a sort of circuit to

*From an early Drawing by]* HIGH STREET, CANTERBURY. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

*From an early Drawing by]* ROTTERDAM. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

Canterbury, Faversham, Hastings, and Maidstone, and when they came again next year I helped him once more. I still continued coach-painting — Mr. Burgess employing me to do the rough work—rubbing down the carriages, lying on my back underneath—grinding colours, etc. When I was sixteen the company returned. Poor Doyle died,

*From the Painting by]* TUNFORD FARM. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

and I was engaged as scene painter at a guinea a week. So I went with them to Faversham. I well remember my only appearance as an actor. The piece to be played was 'Macbeth,' and the scenery used was some I had painted for 'Rob Roy.' The manager told me I must play the part of the bleeding Captain, and I wore a Scotch dress—intended for *Norval*—which Mr. Smollet, an actor, had given to me for painting some imitation lace on a dark dress he had. Well, I simply broke down, and was positively conducted off the stage. Buckstone played *Ross* in this production. It was the first time I ever met him. He was a dapper little fellow—very lively and brimming over with fun. We remained bosom friends to the day of his death. When he got prosperous and had married a second wife, every other Sunday I used to go and dine with him. He was just then beginning to get very deaf.

"One night I said to him: 'Buck, I want a private box.'

"'All right, Sidney, whenever you like.'

"'Next Tuesday, eh?'

"'All right, my boy—next Tuesday.'

"After dinner we were chatting, and I said: 'Well, I've got my sketch-book with me, and in return for the box I'll draw your wife's portrait and the baby. It won't take a quarter of an hour.' So they sat. I drew a sheep and a lamb suckling."

Mr. Cooper's first work of importance was founded on his first love. The Cathedral and its precincts was one of the dearest spots on earth to him, and he did some excellent drawings on stone of the Cathedral and Canterbury in general. The gateway of St. Augustine's Monastery and High Street, Canterbury, showing the coach waiting outside the "George and Dragon," are good examples of these—particularly the latter, as it tends to show something of what the Cathedral city was like when Mr. Cooper was unconsciously stepping to fame with the aid of a school slate and pencil. At last he got to London and gained a studentship at the Royal Academy, then held at Somerset House. It filled his heart with hope—he realized all his longings; but his uncle, who had promised to support him while working away at the Academy, suddenly threw him over, and young Cooper was forced to go back to Canterbury, and was obliged to paint coaches once more and give lessons in drawing. It was an important step when he, together with his friend William Burgess, decided to try the Continent. The young artist was now twenty-four years of age. He positively painted his way from Calais to Brussels by doing likenesses of the proprietors of small hostelries, together

*From the Painting by]* THE FLOCK MASTER'S HOPE. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

*From the Painting by]* A BROOK IN THE MEADOWS. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

with their families, in return for his board and lodging.

"I got on very well in Brussels," said Mr. Cooper, "giving lessons there, and began to make money—indeed, I must have made some five or six thousand francs a year after I had been settled there some time. It was at Brussels I met Verböckhoven, the great animal painter, whose drawings of animals were absolutely faultless. At that time I was confining myself to old buildings, Gothic architecture, picturesque bridges, etc., and putting them on the stone. One day Verböckhoven was looking at some of my pencil drawings and said :—

"'You could paint cattle.'

"I assured him I could not.

"'Oh, yes,' he said; 'here is a palette—try.'

"Some of his studies were tacked on the wall, and I began to paint a black spotted cow. Just at that moment a Miss Searle, one of my pupils, came in accompanied by her father, and Mr. Searle said to me :—

"'What! are you taking lessons?'

"'No,' I answered; 'Monsieur Verböckhoven thinks I can paint, so I am copying that cow.'

"'I wouldn't try another,' said Verböckhoven, looking over, 'if they think you are taking lessons I shall lose all my pupils! Never mind—let it go—go in and win, Cooper!'

"Then came the terrible revolution of 1830. I was forced to return to England, and I did so, in May, 1831, with a wife and child, and £13 in my pocket. I made my way to London, and, fortunately for me, Ackerman's, in the Strand, liked a bundle of my drawings and purchased them at five shillings apiece. Then the struggle commenced. I had taken a second floor in the Tottenham Court Road, and morning after morning, with an orange and a couple of Abernethy biscuits in my pocket, I used to set out for Regent's Park, where there were often from 500 to 1,000 cows in those days, and try and sketch them. My methods were simple. I always had six or eight sketches going at one time, so that if a cow moved from one position I could go on with another, and only wait until I caught my cattle friend in the old position. At night I worked at home over my pipe, and earned my daily bread by drawing them on stone for Ackerman."

But success came at last—and through an old fellow student, Caterson Smith, who eventually became President of the Royal

*From the Painting by]* FARM IN EAST KENT. *[T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

Academy of Dublin. Mr. Cooper had painted a small canvas, 10in. by 8in., of a cow and two sheep—he had done it when it was too wet to go to Regent's Park. Caterson Smith found him out and called on him. He caught sight of this little group of cattle.

"Look here, Cooper," he said, "I should give up architectural stuff and stick to this. I'll buy this picture. How much?"

"Oh, a few shillings," the young artist replied.

"Two pounds?"

"Done."

So Caterson Smith purchased the Royal Academician's first painting of cattle.

"Soon after this I began a larger one," said Mr. Cooper. "I had removed to Windmill Street—to a *first floor*. The canvas was a 3ft. one. One morning I was surprised to have a visitor announced. He came up.

"'Your name is Mr. Cooper?' he said.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'I've seen a little picture of yours, and I was anxious to find you out.'

"He found me out in a strange way," remarked Mr. Cooper. "It seems that Caterson Smith had left the picture he had purchased at a frame-maker's in Greek Street, Soho, and the shopkeeper liking it had put it in his window. Here my strange visitor had seen it, and not until Smith wrote for the picture was he able to discover me.

"'What's that you are painting?' asked the stranger, looking at the 3ft. canvas on the easel.

"'Oh! just some cattle coming through a stream, sir.'

"'Very nice'—rubbing his chin and eyeing it critically—'very nice. How much?'

"'I hardly know.'

"'Well,' he said, 'if you will finish it I will give you £15 for it.'

"I agreed, and when he left he gave me his card, and I saw his name was Cribb, and that he lived at King Street, Covent Garden.

"I painted another for him. Then the cholera broke out, and my wife, who was far from well, wanted to go to the seaside for a few days. Cribb had not paid me for my second picture—I wanted the money, so I called on him. He sat reading the paper for one hour and a half by the clock in Covent Garden Market, without speaking.

"I woke him up again with my request to be paid.

"'Look here,' he said, suddenly, 'I don't

think young men should have so much money to run about with!'

"However, he paid me £10 on account."

The estimable Mr. Cribb lost a trifle by his meanness towards the great painter in embryo. A Mr. Carpenter, a Bond Street dealer, had found young Cooper out, and gave him a commission to paint a picture for £30. It was exhibited in 1833, at the Suffolk Street Gallery—and on the line—a half-length picture of "A Kentish Farm." The Press were most enthusiastic. "Here's a new man," the critics said, "a new man who will create a great school." The news sheets were full of praise, and Mr. Cooper told me how his wife and children made a scrap-book by cutting out all the laudatory notices in the papers and pasting them in. Young Cooper went to the private view, and the keeper came up to him and said that Mr. Vernon wished to be introduced to him. Mr. Vernon—Robert Vernon! He was one of the great art patrons of the day; the kindest and most liberal of men towards artists.

So they were introduced. He wanted to buy the "Kentish Farm," but it was in the hands of a dealer, who was asking a hundred guineas for it; and Robert Vernon never bought from dealers. However, Mr. Vernon would call—he had his address from the catalogue. The first two men to shake hands with Sidney Cooper on his success were Stanfield and Roberts. Mr. Cooper had now moved to St. John's Wood. A few days passed by, when three gentlemen called. One was Mr. Vernon; the other Fawcett, the comedian; and John Maddison Moreton, who has made us cry with laughter over his "Box and Cox."

"I sold Mr. Vernon," Mr. Cooper said, continuing this delightful narrative, "a little picture for £15. It was a group of cattle and a woman with a donkey, the donkey bearing baskets, in one of which sat a child. That was my own little girl — now the only survivor of three daughters.

"Fawcett had been examining the sketches in my room. Suddenly he cried out:—

"'Vernon, Vernon, look at this! It was a picture I had begun for the Academy and one I called 'Tunford Farm.'

"Vernon seemed delighted with it.

"'What's the price?' he asked, suddenly, after a good look at it.

"'Well, sir,' I said, 'seeing that it is the same size as that exhibited at Suffolk Street—£30—I had £30 for that.'

"'Yes,' said Vernon, 'and the dealer asks a hundred for it. I'll give you a hundred for that on the easel — on condition that you annul the purchase of this little £15 picture!'

"'Tunford Farm' was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1834, and it now hangs in the National Gallery as one of the Vernon collection. That is sixty years ago, and I have never missed a year since, and hope to exhibit again this year."

"Tunford Farm"—a subject which Mr. Cooper has painted twice—created a great impression. There was no cattle painter then, and as Wilkie once remarked—and whenever Wilkie used to dine at Mr. Vernon's he would go up and look at the picture—"That's the man to fill the gap." The picture was very nearly turned out. It was chosen, but had got put aside. The gallery was already hung,

FIRST SKETCH FOR "THE MONARCH OF THE MEADOWS."
BY T. S. COOPER, R.A.

and one of the Hanging Committee, Mr. Jones, R.A., positively had his own picture taken down and "Tunford Farm" put up in its place. This alone should tell of the excellence of the work. From that eventful day in '34 Mr. Cooper has gone on year by year substantiating his claim to be regarded as the finest painter of cattle this century has seen. It would be impossible to give a complete catalogue of his many works, his studies of cattle are countless. One or two examples of his genius are reproduced here—namely, "The Flock Master's Hope," "A Farm in East Kent," "Tunford Farm" (the second painting of the picture which realized so much for him), "The Brook in the Meadows," and the original sketch for "The Monarch of the Meadows," which was so mysteriously stolen in September, 1881. No artist has had his pictures more "counterfeited" than Mr. Cooper. He was so frequently asked to say if a picture was his or not, that at last he was obliged to charge a fee. According to Mr. Cooper's certificate book, during the last few years he has had 241 so-called Cooper works submitted to him, 219 out of which proved to be only copies!

THE SIDNEY COOPER SCHOOL OF ART AND BIRTHPLACE.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

I have referred in the early part of this paper to the great love Mr. Cooper had for his mother. When I said "Good-bye" to him it was with a promise—very happily and readily made—to stay for a moment at a certain spot in St. Peter's Street, Canterbury. There stands the Sidney Cooper School of Art—a school Mr. Cooper founded in 1870, giving gratuitous instruction to the students, and subsequently presented to the City of Canterbury in 1882.

"I wanted the youth of Canterbury to have the shorthand of drawing—I had to find it out myself," Mr. Cooper told me.

But there was another reason. At the banquet given in honour of the Royal Academician at his birthplace in October, 1870, Mr. Cooper rose and said:—

"I had but one object—nay, I had two objects—in erecting that Gallery of Art which I have devoted to the inhabitants of my native city and its neighbourhood. The one was to dedicate it to her who fostered me in my years of infancy and youth"—and at the recollection of his mother, the great painter was so overcome that he could not for some time proceed with his remarks—"and I determined to erect it on the very site of my birthplace; and the other object was that the youth of Canterbury who feel a desire for the study of art may avail themselves of those opportunities which were denied to me."

Half an hour after I left Sidney Cooper I was watching the students at work and carrying out the wishes of the thoughtful founder of this excellent institution. But, I must confess to staying longer outside than I did inside. Next door to the school is a quaint old gabled house, striking in all its picturesqueness, and even a stranger would not pass it by without turning to look at it. How much more interesting it becomes when you know that the old-fashioned latticed window on the first floor opens into the room where a certain little fellow first saw the light ninety years ago, and that on the very stone step which leads to the door that same little fellow, a few years later, used to sit with his slate and pencil. Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., told me so; and he, above all others, ought to know.

HARRY HOW.

# THAT STOUT GERMAN

By F. Bayford Harrison.

IN the City of Brussels a great deal of very pretty lace is exposed for sale. Englishwomen admire this lace and buy it. If they go straight from Belgium to England they can take it home without having to pay any duty; but if they pass through France they have to pay on all their new Brussels lace at the French Custom House. And many Englishwomen pass through France on their way from Belgium to England, because they prefer the short passage from Calais to Dover to the longer one from Ostend.

The Misses Wylie were charming, middle-aged ladies, fond of travel, fond of dress, fond of lace, and very bad sailors. They had been excursioning in Germany, had come down the Rhine, and had spent a week in Brussels. More attractive than the Field of Waterloo, and more fascinating than the *Musée Wiertz*, was the *Galerie St. Hubert.* Miss Melissa Wylie could not resist the white Brussels lace; Miss Annora Wylie could not resist the black. Each of the ladies bought lace; led on by the tempter, in the shape of a seductive shopwoman, the Misses Wylie bought lace *fichus*, lace collarettes, lace by the mètre. Day by day they added to their stock.

At length it was necessary to make for England, and to pass through that dreadful France with its protective duties. Then they realized their position; how about the lace?

"We cannot conscientiously say," remarked Miss Melissa, "that we have *rien à déclarer*, because this lace is dutiable."

"And we dare not risk packing it," returned Miss Annora, "because they might take it into their heads to examine our boxes."

"How can we get it through?" mused the elder sister.

"We must get it through!" declared the younger sister.

Presently Annora exclaimed, "I have it! We will wear it! No duty is paid on what one is wearing."

"Yes, yes," said Melissa, "but how can we wear it? The white will get soiled and the black torn in travelling. Besides, if it looks unnatural, as it would on our dresses and mantles, the officials will be sure to notice it."

"It would not look unnatural on our bonnets," said Annora.

They set to work to decorate their bonnets with the lace. They mingled white and black, *fichu* and flounce, in the most skilful manner, and though the bonnets looked somewhat overdone, yet they carried the lace, and it was probable that the male eyes of the Custom House officials would not notice anything abnormal.

The Misses Wylie rejoiced in their cleverness. They sat in the train on their way to France with clear consciences and light hearts. They had *rien à déclarer*, nothing dutiable. In the compartment with them was only one other passenger, a stout man of good-humoured aspect; evidently, from his extreme flabby stoutness and his extreme good-humour, a middle-class German. Now, Germans who understand English are very sociable with their English fellow-travellers. As this German did not address the Misses Wylie, they felt sure that he did not understand English, and they talked freely to each other.

"THEY TALKED FREELY."

"I suppose," said Melissa, "that my bonnet looks all right? It does not strike the eyes as being too much trimmed, eh, Annora?"

"Well," said Annora, laughing, "it is too much trimmed for good taste, but then on this occasion you have bad taste. What about mine?"

"Oh, quite artistic; 'a study in black and white,' as the artists say."

The ladies laughed together, full of glee at their coming triumph over the Custom House officers. The German wore the fatuous grin affected by people who listen to a language which they do not understand.

At last the train slowed into Blandain Station, the frontier! Out jumped the Misses Wylie with their hand baggage. They calmly awaited the approach of the officers. Out lumbered the German with his fatuous smile. He sauntered up to one of the chiefs of the *douane*.

"Rien à déclarer," said both ladies.

"Eau de Cologne, dentelles, tabac, spiritueux——" the officer ran off.

"Rien, rien," said the Misses Wylie.

The man said nothing more, and the ladies, expecting the cry of "En voiture, s'il vous plaît!" felt extremely happy.

But at that moment the official to whom the German had been speaking came up to them and said, in very fair English, "The ladies are fond of lace?"

Their hearts sank within them. "Rather," they conceded.

"And to carry it on the bonnet is a convenient manner of avoiding the duty."

They were undone!

"But we are wearing it!" screeched Annora; Melissa panted.

"Mesdames, I admire your ingenuity, but such an amount of new lace cannot be passed, even on your bonnets. Two, three, five mètres," he went on, measuring the unlucky lace with his eye, "*fichu*, flounce, and so forth; so many francs, or I confiscate it."

"En voiture, s'il vous plaît!" was heard.

The sum demanded by the officer, added to what they had paid in purchase, would have made the lace the dearest that ever was bought. They tore off their bonnets, pulled out innumerable pins, set free the *fichus*, flounces, etc., put them into the officer's hands, and ran to their seats. Out of breath and out of pocket, they were most unhappy. Successful cheating is one thing; but unsuccessful cheating is another, and causes sharp pangs of conscience.

"Too bad!" cried Melissa, as the train moved on; "we were entitled to what we wore."

"'WE ARE WEARING IT,' SCREECHED ANNORA."

"It was that German," said Annora. "He understood English; he heard what we said; he told the official. Oh, a man may grin, and grin, and be a villain!"

They groaned over their misfortune. The first time the train stopped the villain entered their compartment, still grinning. They glared at him, but he still grinned. They took refuge in silence; he began to speak.

"Ladies," he said in Londonese English, "I was very sorry to have to incur your displeasure, but I felt that it was my duty to report you at the *douane*. You had innocently told me all about the lace on your bonnets, and for the credit of our country, for the sake of English honesty, I was constrained to point out your bonnets to that official. Can you forgive me?"

"No," said Annora.

But Melissa thought that, notwithstanding his wicked cruelty, there was something very pleasant in his smile.

"I entreat your forgiveness, ladies; more, I humbly ask a favour."

"Sir?" exclaimed Annora.

"Miss Wylie, Miss Annora Wylie"—the presuming wretch had seen their names on their luggage, even their Christian names—"you will confer a great favour on me if you will tell me your address."

Annora reddened, Melissa blushed. Perhaps he was ashamed of the cruel part he had played and was about to offer an apology; perhaps their brave and gentle endurance of misfortune had touched him; perhaps their charms had so won upon him that he wished to see more of them, with a view to ——their suppositions broke off abruptly.

Annora looked at Melissa, and Melissa looked at Annora. Then the elder sister spoke. "We live at 113, Angelina Gardens, Edwin Square, South Kensington, S.W."

The stranger made a note of the address. Melissa was on the point of asking his name, when he said abruptly, "You shall hear from me." Then he discoursed on the country through which they were passing; after which he buried himself in a *Figaro* and talked no more. At the next stoppage he said a brusque "Good morning, ladies," and left the compartment, and they saw no more of him.

There was a considerable flutter in the breast of Melissa, who was of a romantic turn of mind, and who could only imagine one reason why this stranger should want her address. She still believed that he was a German who spoke English remarkably well, and she had seen that he was not a gentleman; she therefore made up her mind to refuse the offer of marriage which, no doubt, he would shortly make.

Arrived in Angelina Gardens, the Misses Wylie were occupied in arranging the household, and a couple of busy days were spent by them. On the third day after their home-coming they received, by the same post, a parcel and a letter. Annora opened the carefully-tied and sealed parcel, while Melissa read the letter. Having read it once to herself, she next read it aloud to her sister:—

"MESDAMES,—I felt myself under a very great obligation to you the other day at

"YOU SHALL HEAR FROM ME."

Blandain. I am a very thin man, but I was swathed round with hundreds of yards of fine Brussels lace, and I thought that the best way of drawing the attention of the Custom House officers from myself was to draw it to you. It was purely in self-defence that I directed the raid on your bonnets. Having been the cause of the loss of your lace, I wish to make you due compensation, and I beg leave to send you some finer lace than that which you lost.

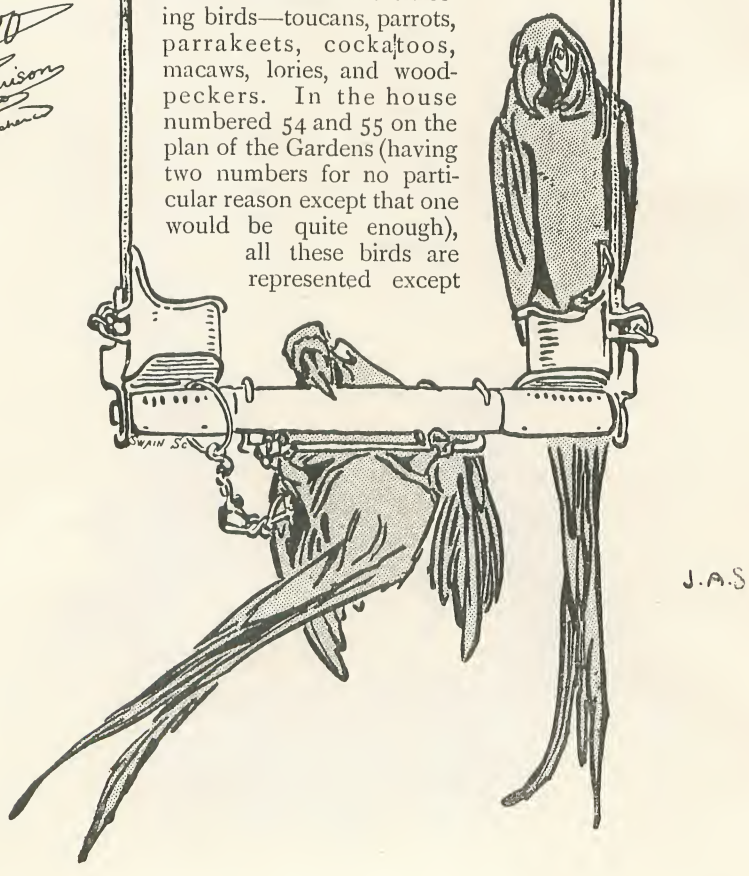
"I am, obediently yours,

"YOUR STOUT FELLOW-TRAVELLER."

Melissa took possession of a black lace flounce, and Annora of a dozen yards of white lace and a lace-edged handkerchief, and they quite forgave the stout German for his cruelty and for his stoutness.

## XXI.—ZIG-ZAG SCANSORIAL.

Now, a "scansorial zig-zag" may be interpreted to mean a graded path up a cliff—does mean it, in fact, if you like to use the phrase in that sense. I don't. Scansores are climbing birds—toucans, parrots, parrakeets, cockatoos, macaws, lories, and woodpeckers. In the house numbered 54 and 55 on the plan of the Gardens (having two numbers for no particular reason except that one would be quite enough), all these birds are represented except

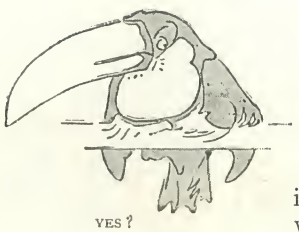


J.A.S

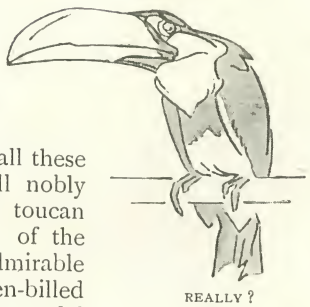
the woodpecker. The woodpecker is also excluded from this zig-zag for similar reasons, which I can't remember at this moment. One may be the fact of the woodpecker tapping, whereas all taps is vanities.

A toucan is a beak, fitted with an inadequate bird at the hinder end. It is over against the wall, opposite the front door of 54 and 55, that one recognises the fine Roman nose of the toucan. A green nose, a red nose, a yellow nose, a black nose, all these colours you may see, but all nobly Roman as to shape. The toucan will not talk in the manner of the parrot, but he (or she) is an admirable listener. I have told the green-billed toucan many stories of bird-scandal without interruption, and, on the whole, the conversation has been most improving. "Dear, dear!"—"Really, now"—"Who'd have thought it?"—"No—o—o—o! You don't really say so? Well, you do surprise me!" These are the only contributions offered to the talk by the green-billed toucan, and even these are only in pantomime. An ideal listener, the toucan. I have a horrible temptation to say that toucan play at that game, and that if you are anxious not to be toucandid, you toucan say nothing, and the bird will listen just as respectfully; but a pious bringing-up enables me to cast the temptation from me—toucancel the inclination, in fact. Howbeit, the truth remains that the toucan will listen with perfect attention whether you proffer information aloud or get no further than inventing it.

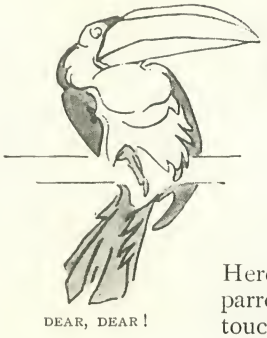
The toucan will chatter horribly in native freedom, but that is only when many hundreds of other toucans are present to keep it in countenance; for the toucan's voice is not pretty, and he knows it. Still, when hundreds assemble, every one with a discordant voice, nothing is more natural than that they should all shout at once, and unite in the belief that the performance is admirable. If there were any ugly women (there are not, of course—it is a mere hypothesis), and they were all collected together to the number of many hundreds on a solitary island, the first thing they would do would be to hold a beauty show with a prize for everybody, and next they would fight over the distribution of those prizes. The toucans do something very much like this—minus the fighting, because the prize is mutual admiration. They chatter and scream in their hundreds—taking care to leave a sentinel on guard, because other animals won't stand anything, even in South America—and at intervals they all join in a simultaneous yell of approbation, audible half a league off. The whole performance is a sad piece of humbug, which makes one marvel greatly that because of it the South American natives call the toucan the Preacher-bird. Here, with so many gorgeous parrots and macaws about, the toucan behaves with becoming modesty, but in the presence of any duller-clad bird than itself its arrogance is frightful. A great crowd of toucans will mob any such unfortunate creature with much chatter, till, surrounded by long and threatening bills, like a despairing debtor, he "hops the twig"—if he can.



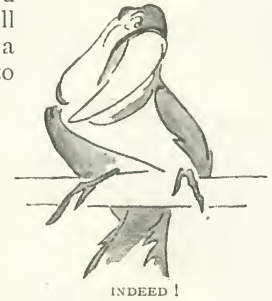
YES?



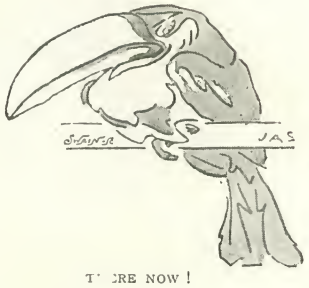
REALLY?



DEAR, DEAR!



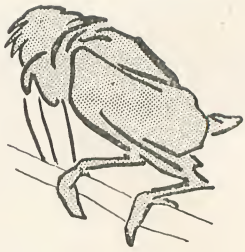
INDEED!



THERE NOW!

Perhaps the most dissipated-looking creature in the animal kingdom is a toucan during a bad moult. You long to give him a gallon of soda-water and a temperance tract. He sleeps much (a toucan always sleeps with his beak over his shoulder and covered by his wing—he doesn't mean to have that nose

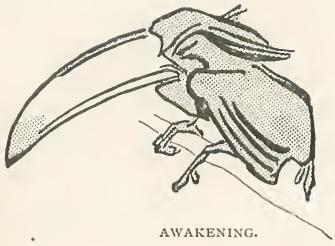
SLEEP.



GRADUAL—

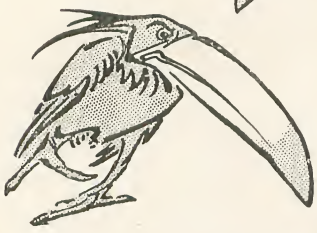
stolen)—he sleeps as much as possible, and wakes as seedy as one can imagine. He can scarcely drag his beak off his back without banging it on his perch, and con-

OH, SUCH A HEAD!



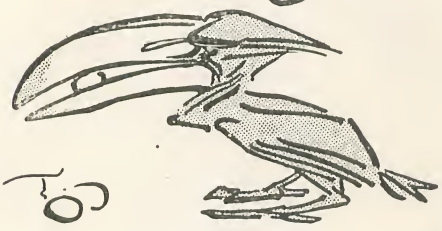
AWAKENING.

siders the question of breakfast with a shudder. With many blinks he strives desperately to pull himself together—to pull together a handful of loose quills and a beak. They give him grapes; it is



TRY BREAKFAST.

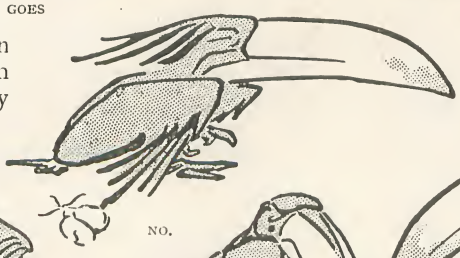
OH, I CAN'T!



WELL, HERE GOES

OH!

a mockery. Who can eat grapes with such a head? He may struggle with a grape perhaps for a few seconds, but



NO.

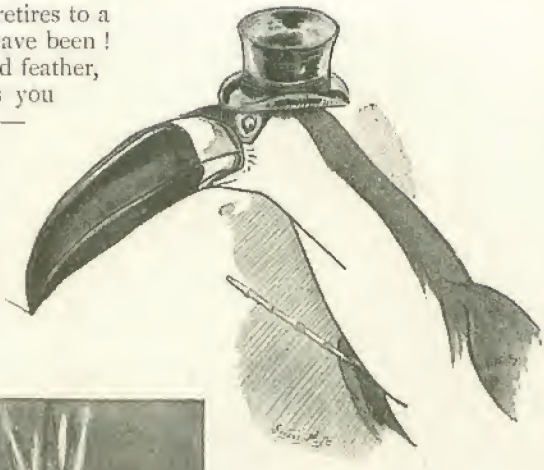
I CAN'T—

TOUCH ANOTHER.

UGH!

breakfast beats him in the end, and he retires to a repentant corner. What a night it must have been!

Out of his moult, however, and in good feather, the toucan is rather a fine bird, so long as you forget his nose. The Ariel toucan here—with the black beak—is a little horsey in aspect—a very little—but quite neat and gentlemanly. Not such a real old crusted Tory-club-window gentleman as the Triton cockatoo, but still a gentleman. As for the green-billed toucan, she can never be anything but a good-natured Jewess in her most gorgeous Shobbos clothes.



A LITTLE HORSEY.

The comparative quietness of the toucans in house number 54–55 is, probably, due to a worse thing—the noise of the parrots and cockatoos; the house can hold no more noise, and the toucans altogether despair of ever making themselves heard. Why the windows are so rarely broken I can scarcely understand, except on the hypothesis of a suspension of natural laws for the benefit of natural science and its institutions. The keeper says he doesn't mind the noise—to such torture may human nature be accommodated by long habit. Saint Cecilia would have become accustomed to boiling if she had had forty years of it. The other saint (male, but I forget which) who was grilled could never have done without his hot gridiron if he had been able to keep on it for forty years, the time this keeper has been among these parrots. Personally, I should expect to become reconciled to boiling, grilling, or any other class of plain cookery, in about half the time that would elapse before a few hundred competitive parrot-yells began to feel soothing to the nerves.

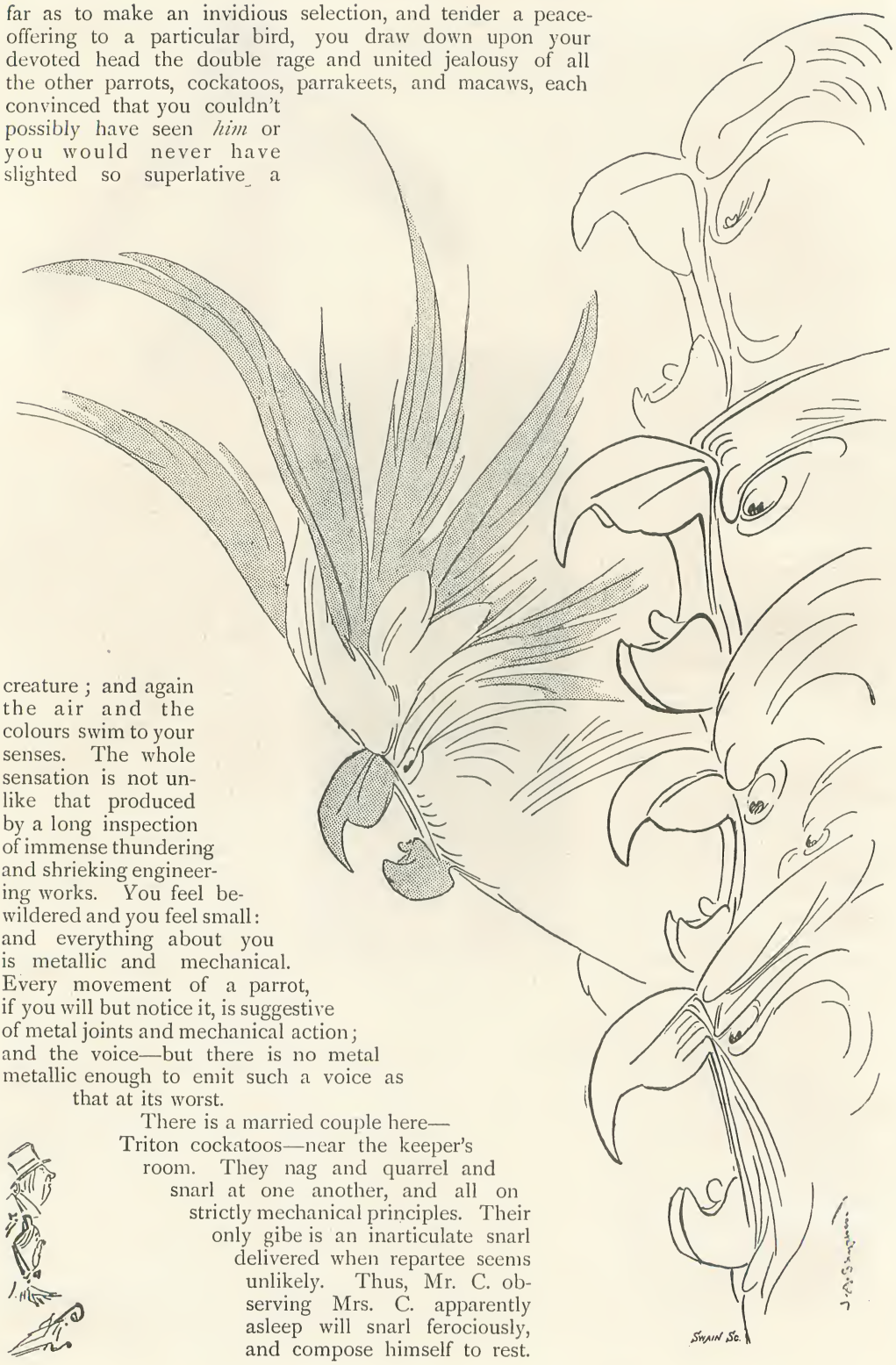
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN (CRUSTED).

There is no other house in these Gardens where the unobtrusive visitor is so made to feel his utter smallness and insignificance—and that by mere brazen clamour—as in this. The elephants look large—they *are* large—but the elephants behave with gentlemanly quietness and self-respect. The parrots rise up and curse you (and everything else) with sudden and painful unanimity. You are appalled, dwarfed, made insignificant and ashamed by the overpowering vastness of—the mere row.

The fact is that each single individual of this crowd of parrots, cockatoos, macaws, and parrakeets holds his own importance above every other created thing as a prime article of belief, and is naturally and most virtuously indignant when he finds that you don't go directly to him and load him with presents. Therefore, he blares and screams at you, till the air swims in your ears and eyes and the outer world is but a chaos of great beaks, angry combs, and streaks of red, green, and white. If you venture so

"VELL, RACHAEL!"

far as to make an invidious selection, and tender a peace-offering to a particular bird, you draw down upon your devoted head the double rage and united jealousy of all the other parrots, cockatoos, parrakeets, and macaws, each convinced that you couldn't possibly have seen *him* or you would never have slighted so superlative a creature; and again the air and the colours swim to your senses. The whole sensation is not unlike that produced by a long inspection of immense thundering and shrieking engineering works. You feel bewildered and you feel small: and everything about you is metallic and mechanical. Every movement of a parrot, if you will but notice it, is suggestive of metal joints and mechanical action; and the voice—but there is no metal metallic enough to emit such a voice as that at its worst.



There is a married couple here—Triton cockatoos—near the keeper's room. They nag and quarrel and snarl at one another, and all on strictly mechanical principles. Their only gibe is an inarticulate snarl delivered when repartee seems unlikely. Thus, Mr. C. observing Mrs. C. apparently asleep will snarl ferociously, and compose himself to rest.

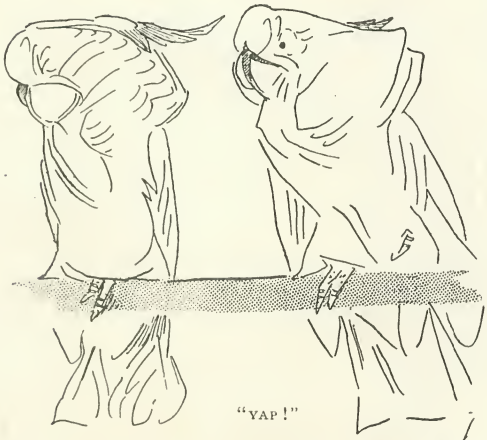
"YAP—YAP!"

SULK.

and, finding themselves face to face, with nothing original to say, they will subside and sulk for the rest of the day, each trying hard to think of some particularly unkind remark to hurl at the other.

Cocky, the big Triton, has been moved here from the insect-house, and shows signs of forgetting his English. That is what will occur in a congregation of this sort. The marvel is that many of the birds will still talk at all. An old, rose-crested cockatoo will dance gracefully, with his head on one side (and his eye on the reward), at the offer of a nut. He is called Cocky, in common with all of his kind, just as the parrot is always Polly; but I prefer to call him Richardson, because his is, practically speaking,

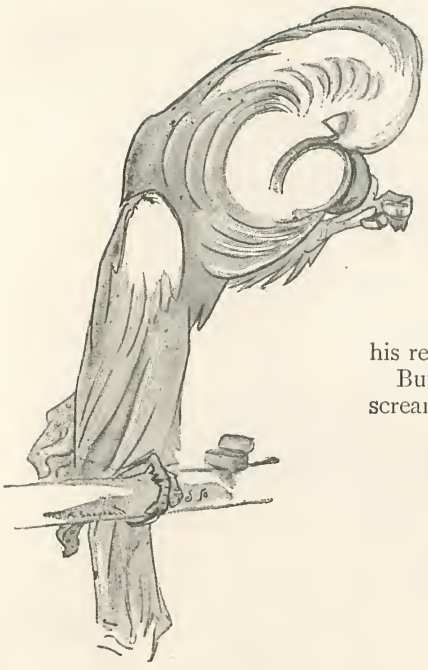
In a little while Mrs. C. will rouse herself, and perceiving the placid quiescence of Mr. C., will snarl at him and go to sleep again; all this with a mechanic jerk of the head and neck suggestive of Punch or an automaton. After a while, perhaps, the inclination for a snarl will take both at once,



"YAP!"

"Y——"

SULK.

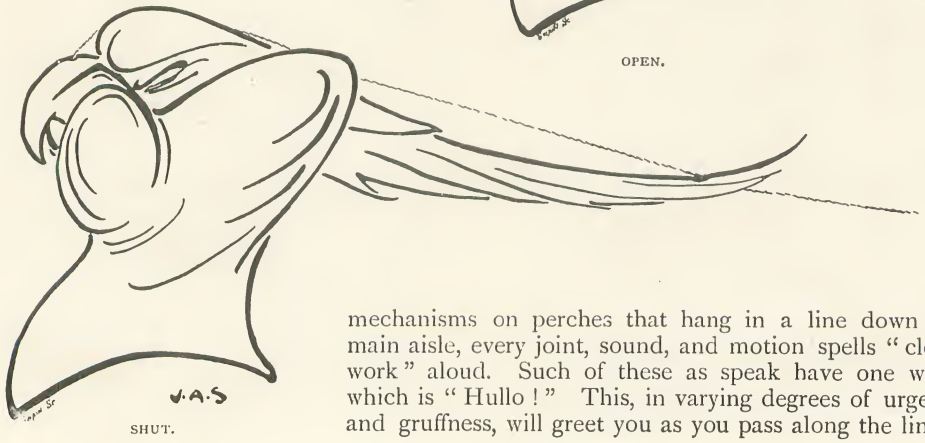


A SNUFFER.

the only show in the fair. There is a slender-billed cockatoo, who offers me a warlike challenge to "come on" whenever I approach him, and a few more who have a word or two, but Richardson is the only bird capable of a decent show. He will stand at his cage wires and bawl out "What ho! what ho! what ho!" in a way that confirms his classification as a showman and gives a hint of aspirations to tragedy. Richardson is the least mechanical of the birds here, and is a most respectable and old-fashioned veteran, who would look quite in character taking snuff, and whose polite accomplishments have not been ruined by his residence among unmannered crowds of other birds.

But, mannered or not, here is nothing but a crowd of screaming, unfeeling, snapping painted machines. I have never seen a plucked parrot, but I know, without seeing, that you have only to pluck one to lay bare nuts and bolts, cams, hinges, springs, cranks, and metallic joints. See a cockatoo spread and shut his crest; clearly it is just the motion that could be actuated by a string on the wooden harlequin principle; probably, as there is no string, there is a long spiral spring under the feathers of the head (just lying along where some people part their hair) set going by a catch on the principle of the air-gun trigger. As to the gorgeous

OPEN.



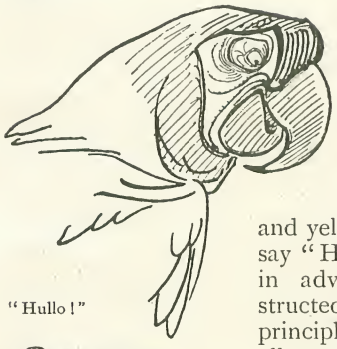

SHUT.

mechanisms on perches that hang in a line down the main aisle, every joint, sound, and motion spells "clockwork" aloud. Such of these as speak have one word, which is "Hullo!" This, in varying degrees of urgency and gruffness, will greet you as you pass along the line—

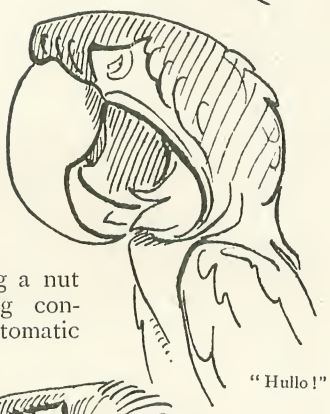
"*Hullo!*"

"WHAT HO!"

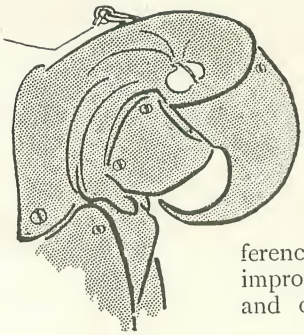
"*Hullo!*"



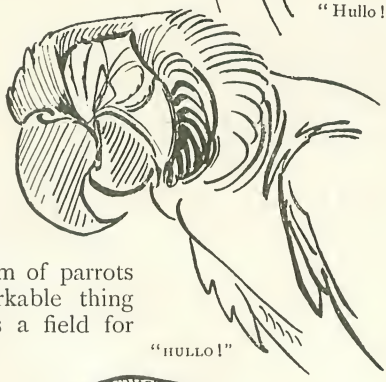
"Hullo!"



"Hullo!"

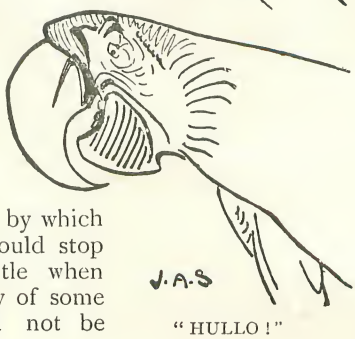


"HULLO!"



"HULLO!"

"HULLO!"

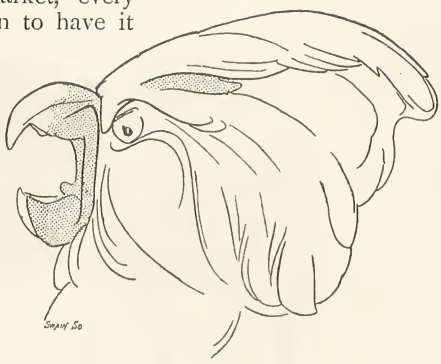


"HULLO!"

if you show any indication of nuts; otherwise you are insignificant, and unworthy of notice. One fine blue and yellow machine will not say "Hullo" without receiving a nut in advance; probably being constructed on the familiar automatic principle. But it is all an expressionless outcome of clockwork.

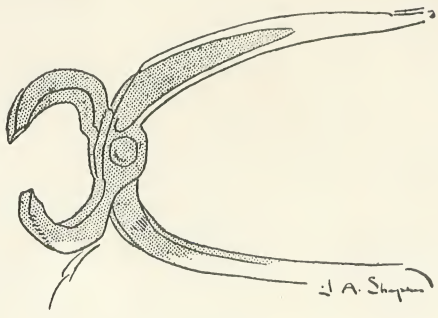
We seldom see among the lists of "patents sealed" and "provisional protections" granted, any reference to an invention for improvements in the mechanism of parrots and cockatoos. It is a remarkable thing that so obvious a field for invention and improvement should have been so much neglected. Plainly, an easy and obvious improvement would be the provision of a simple shut-off valve, by which the suffering proprietor could stop the parrot's steam whistle when desired. The desirability of some such improvement need not be

enlarged upon, and, once the appliance were in the market, every parrot-owner would hasten to have it fitted to his machine. Another contrivance, having the same object, would consist of a self-acting escape valve, by which the familiar scream of the mechanism would be diverted, and escape noiselessly through a small grating at the back of the neck after a certain degree of pressure had been attained. Moreover, what more easy than to have the outer side of the jaw-hinge fitted with a convenient butterfly-nut, by tightening which, after the periodical stoking with maize and so forth, the engine would be prevented from nipping carelessly-offered fingers? As it is at present, the jaw-hinge is a mere ordinary pair of sharp pincers barbarically ornamented with feathers and colours. Improvements suggest themselves at every point. Many of these otherwise amusing instruments cause trouble by occasionally breaking out into startling and exceedingly forcible language. It would seem that a pressure valve might be profitably employed in this case also, by means of which, as soon as the expressions reached to the degree of "blow it," or "shut up," the power would be immediately diverted, and either allowed to escape harmlessly through a small chimney at the top of the head, or else conducted by a power-transmitting mechanism to an adjacent musical-box, which would play "Pop Goes the Weasel," or something else of a similarly moral tendency. The whole subject is full of profitable suggestions, which are offered, free of any expense beyond a small royalty to myself, to the notice of persons of mechanical genius.



A MERE

PAIR



OF PINCERS.

# *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.*

*By the Authors of* "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## IX.—AN OAK COFFIN.

ON a certain cold morning in early spring, I was visited by two ladies, mother and daughter. The mother was dressed as a widow. She was a tall, striking-looking woman, with full, wide-open dark eyes, and a mass of rich hair turned back from a white and noble brow. Her lips were firm, her features well formed. She seemed to have plenty of character, but the deep lines of sadness under her eyes and round her lips were very remarkable. The daughter was a girl of fourteen, slim to weediness. Her eyes were dark, like her mother's, and she had an abundance of tawny brown and very handsome hair. It hung down her back below her waist, and floated over her shoulders. She was dressed, like her mother, in heavy mourning, and round her young mouth and dark, deep eyes there lingered the same inexpressible sadness.

I motioned my visitors to chairs, and waited as usual to learn the reason of their favouring me with a call.

"My name is Heathcote," said the elder lady. "I have lately lost my husband. I have come to you on account of my daughter—she is not well."

I glanced again more attentively at the young girl. I saw that she looked overstrained and nervous. Her restlessness, too, was so apparent that she could scarcely sit still, and catching up a paper-knife which stood on the table near, she began twirling it rapidly between her finger and thumb.

"It does me good to fidget with something," she said, glancing apologetically at her mother.

"What are your daughter's symptoms?" I asked.

Mrs. Heathcote began to describe them in the vague way which characterizes a certain class of patient. I gathered at last from her words that Gabrielle would not eat—she slept badly—she was weak and depressed—she took no interest in anything.

"How old is Miss Gabrielle?" I asked.

"She will be fifteen her next birthday," replied her mother.

All the while Mrs. Heathcote was speaking, the young daughter kept her eyes fixed on the carpet—she still twirled the paper-knife, and once or twice she yawned profoundly.

I asked her to prepare for the usual medical examination. She complied without any alacrity, and with a look on her face which said plainly, "Young as I am, I know how useless all this fuss is—I only submit because I must."

I felt her pulse and sounded her heart and lungs. The action of the heart was a little weak, but the lungs were perfectly healthy. In short, beyond a general physical and mental debility, I could find nothing whatever the matter with the girl.

After a time, I rang the bell to desire my servant to take Miss Heathcote into another room, in order that I might speak to her mother alone.

The young lady went away very unwillingly. The sceptical expression on her face was more apparent than ever.

"You will be sure to tell me the exact truth?" said Mrs. Heathcote, as soon as we were alone.

"I have very little to tell," I replied. "I have examined your daughter carefully. She is suffering from no disease to which a name can be attached. She is below par, certainly; there is weakness and general depression, but a tonic ought to set all these matters right."

"I have tried tonics without avail," said Mrs. Heathcote.

"Has not your family physician seen Miss Heathcote?"

"Not lately." The widow's manner became decidedly hesitating. "The fact is, we have not consulted him since—since Mr. Heathcote's death," she said.

"When did that take place?"

"Six months ago."

Here she spoke with infinite sadness, and her face, already very pale, turned perceptibly paler.

"Is there nothing you can tell me to give me a clue to your daughter's condition? Is there anything, for instance, preying on her mind?"

"Nothing whatever."

"The expression of her face is very sad for so young a girl."

"I FELT HER PULSE."

"You must remember," said Mrs. Heathcote, "that she has lately lost her father."

"Even so," I replied; "that would scarcely account for her nervous condition. A healthy-minded child will not be overcome with grief to the serious detriment of health after an interval of six months. At least," I added, "that is my experience in ordinary cases."

"I am grieved to hear it," said Mrs. Heathcote.

She looked very much troubled. Her agitation was apparent in her trembling hands and quivering lips.

"Your daughter is in a nervous condition," I said, rising. "She has no disease at present, but a little extra strain might develop real disease, or might affect her nerves, already overstrung, to a dangerous degree. I should recommend complete change of air and scene immediately."

Mrs. Heathcote sighed heavily.

"You don't look very well yourself," I said, giving her a keen glance.

She flushed crimson.

"I have felt my sorrow acutely," she replied.

I made a few more general remarks, wrote a prescription for the daughter, and bade Mrs. Heathcote good-bye. About the same hour on the following morning I was astonished when my servant brought me a card on which was scribbled in pencil the name *Gabrielle Heathcote*, and underneath, in the same upright, but unformed hand, the words, "I want to see you most urgently."

A few moments later, Miss Gabrielle was standing in my consulting-room. Her appearance was much the same as yesterday, except that now her face was eager, watchful, and all awake.

"How do you do?" she said, holding out her hand, and blushing. "I have ventured to come alone, and I haven't brought a fee. Does that matter?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "Pray sit down and tell me what you want."

"I would rather stand," she answered; "I feel too restless and excited to sit still. I stole away from home without letting mother know. I liked your look yesterday and determined to see you again. Now, may I confide in you?"

"You certainly may," I replied.

My interest in this queer child was a good deal aroused. I felt certain that I was right in my conjectures of yesterday, and that this young creature was really burdened with some secret which was gravely undermining her health.

"I am willing to listen to you," I continued. "You must be brief, of course, for I am a very busy man, but anything you can say which will throw light on your own condition, and so help me to cure you, will, of course, be welcome."

"You think me very nervous?" said Miss Gabrielle.

"Your nerves are out of order," I replied.

"You know that I don't sleep at night?"

"Yes."

Miss Gabrielle looked towards the door.

"Is it shut?" she asked, excitedly

"Of course it is."

She came close to me, her voice dropped to a hoarse whisper, her face turned not only white but grey.

"I can stand it no longer," she said. "I'll tell you the truth. You wouldn't sleep either if you were me. *My father isn't dead!*"

"Nonsense," I replied. "You must control such imaginings, Miss Gabrielle, or you will really get into a very unhealthy condition of mind."

"That's what mother says when I speak to her," replied the child. "But I tell you, this thing is true. My father is not dead. I know it."

"How can you possibly know it?" I asked.

"I have seen him—there!"

"You have seen your father!—but he died six months ago?"

"Yes. He died—and was buried, and I went to his funeral. But all the same he is not dead now."

"My dear young lady," I said, in as soothing a tone as I could assume, "you are the victim of what is called a hallucination. You have felt your father's death very acutely."

"I have. I loved him beyond words. He was so kind, so affectionate, so good to me. It almost broke my heart when he died. I thought I could never be happy again. Mother was as wretched as myself. There weren't two more miserable people in the wide world. It seemed impossible to either of us to smile or be cheerful again. I began to sleep badly, for I cried so much, and my eyes ached, and I did not care for lessons any more."

"All these feelings will pass," I replied; "they are natural, but time will abate their violence."

"You think so?" said the girl, with a strange smile. "Now let me go on with my story: It was at Christmas time I first saw my father. We live in an old house at Brixton. It has a walled-in garden. I was standing by my window about midnight. I had been in bed for an hour or more, but I could not sleep. The house was perfectly quiet. I got out of bed and went to the window and drew up the blind. I stood by the window and looked out into the garden, which was covered with snow. There, standing under the window, with his arms folded, was father. He stood perfectly still, and turned his head slowly, first in the direction of my room and then in that of mother's. He stood there for quite five minutes, and then walked across the grass into the shelter of the shrubbery. I put a cloak on and rushed downstairs. I unbolted the front door and went into the garden. I shouted my father's name and ran into the shrubbery to look for him, but he wasn't there, and [illegible]—I think I fainted. When I came to myself I was in bed and mother was bending over me. Her face was all blistered as if she had been crying terribly. I told her that I had just seen father, and she said it was a dream."

"So it was," I replied.

Miss Gabrielle's dark brows were knit in some pain.

"I did not think you would take that commonplace view," she responded.

"I am sorry I have offended you," I answered. "Girls like you do have bad dreams when they are in trouble, and those dreams are often so vivid, that they mistake them for realities."

"Very well, then, I have had more of those vivid dreams. I have seen my father again. The last time I saw him he was in the house. It was about a month ago. As usual, I could not sleep, and I went downstairs quite late to get the second volume of a novel which interested me. There was father walking across the passage. His back was to me. He opened the study door and went in. He shut it behind him. I rushed to it in order to open it and follow him. It was locked, and though I screamed through the key-hole, no one replied to me. Mother found me kneeling by the study door and shouting through the key-hole to father. She was up and dressed, which seemed strange at so late an hour. She took me upstairs and put me to bed, and pretended to be angry with me, but when I told her that I had seen father she burst into the most awful bitter tears and said:—

"'Oh, Gabrielle, he is dead—dead—quite dead!'

"'Then he comes here from the dead,' I said. 'No, he is not dead. I have just seen him.'

"'My poor child,' said mother, 'I must take you to a good doctor without delay. You must not get this thing on your brain.'

"'Very well,' I replied; 'I am quite willing to see Dr. Mackenzie.'"

I interrupted the narrative to inquire who Dr. Mackenzie was.

"I SCREAMED THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE."

"He is our family physician," replied the young lady. "He has attended us for years."

"And what did your mother say when you proposed to see him?"

"She shivered violently, and said: 'No, I won't have him in the house.' After a time she decided to bring me to you."

"And have you had that hallucination again?" I inquired.

"It was not a hallucination," she answered, pouting her lips.

"I will humour you," I answered. "Have you seen your father again?"

"No, and I am not likely to."

"Why do you think that?"

"I cannot quite tell you—I think mother is in it. Mother is very unhappy about something, and she looks at me at times as if she were afraid of me." Here Miss Heathcote rose. "You said I was not to stay long," she remarked. "Now I have told you everything. You see that it is absolutely impossible for ordinary medicines to cure me, any more than ordinary medicines can cure mother of her awful dreams."

"I did not know that your mother dreamt badly," I said.

"She does—but she doesn't wish it spoken of. She dreams so badly, she cries out so terribly in her sleep, that she has moved from her old bedroom next to mine, to one in a distant wing of the house. Poor mother, I am sorry for her, but I am glad at least that I have had courage to tell you what I have seen. You will make it your business to find out the truth now, won't you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, of course, my father is alive," she retorted. "You have got to prove that he is, and to give him back to me again. I leave the matter in your hands. I know you are wise and very clever. Good-bye, good-bye!"

The queer girl left me, tears rolling down her cheeks. I was obliged to attend to other patients, but it was impossible for me to get Miss Heathcote's story out of my head. There was no doubt whatever that she was telling me what she firmly believed to be the truth. She had either seen her father once more in the flesh, or she was the victim of a very strong hallucination. In all probability the latter supposition was the correct one. A man could not die and have a funeral and yet still be alive; but, then, on the other hand, when Mrs. Heathcote brought Gabrielle to see me yesterday, why had she not mentioned this central and principal feature of her malady? Mrs. Heathcote had said nothing whatever with regard to Gabrielle's delusions. Then why was the mother so nervous? Why did she say nothing about her own bad dreams, dreams so disturbing, that she was obliged to change her bedroom in order that her daughter should not hear her scream?

"I leave the matter in your hands!" Miss Heathcote had said. Poor child, she had done so with a vengeance. I could not get the story out of my thoughts, and so uncomfortable did the whole thing make me that I determined to pay Dr. Mackenzie a visit.

Mackenzie was a physician in very large

practice at Brixton. His name was already familiar to me—on one or two occasions I had met him in consultation. I looked up his address in the Medical Directory, and that very evening took a hansom to his house. He happened to be at home. I sent in my card and was admitted at once.

Mackenzie received me in his consulting-room, and I was not long in explaining the motive of my visit. After a few preliminary remarks, I said that I would be glad if he would favour me with full particulars with regard to Heathcote's death.

"I can easily do so," said Mackenzie. "The case was a perfectly straightforward one—my patient was consumptive, had been so for years, and died at last of hemoptysis."

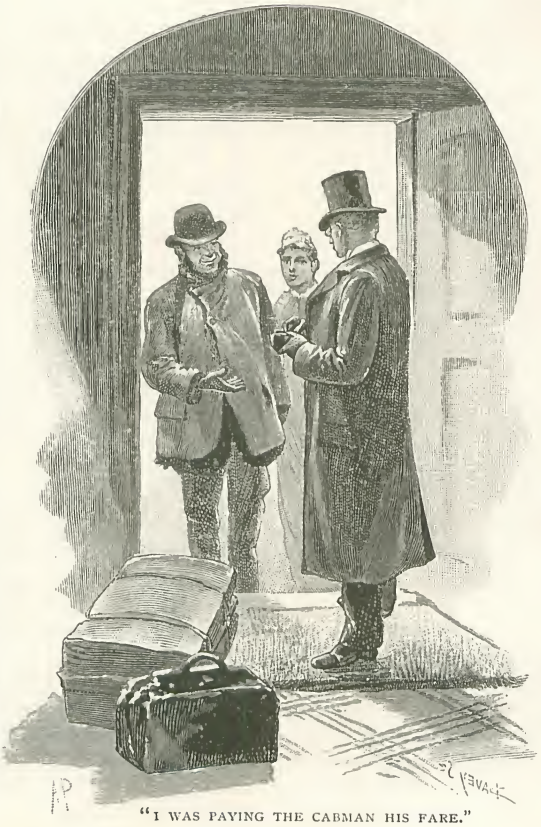
"What aged man was he?" I asked.

"Not old—a little past forty—a tall, slight, good-looking man, with a somewhat emaciated face. In short, his was an ordinary case of consumption."

I told Mackenzie all about the visit which I had received from Mrs. Heathcote, and gave him a faithful version of the strange story which Miss Gabrielle Heathcote had told me that day.

"Miss Gabrielle is an excitable girl," replied the doctor. "I have had a good deal to do with her for many years, and always thought her nerves highly strung. She is evidently the victim of a delusion, caused by the effect of grief on a somewhat delicate organism. She probably inherits her father's disease. Mrs. Heathcote should take her from home immediately."

"Mrs. Heathcote looks as if she needed change almost as badly as her daughter," I answered; "but now you will forgive me if I ask you a few more questions. Will you oblige me by describing Heathcote's death as faithfully as you can?"



"I WAS PAYING THE CABMAN HIS FARE."

"Certainly," replied the physician.

He sank down into a chair at the opposite side of the hearth as he spoke.

"The death, when it came," he continued, "was, I must confess, unexpected. I had sounded Heathcote's lungs about three months previous to the time of his death seizure. Phthisis was present, but not to an advanced degree. I recommended his wintering abroad. He was a solicitor by profession, and had a good practice. I remember his asking me, with a comical rise of his brows, how he was to carry on his profession so many miles from Chancery Lane. But to come to his death. It took place six months ago, in the beginning of September. It had been a hot season, and I had just returned from my holiday. My portmanteau and Gladstone bag had been placed in the hall, and I was paying the cabman his fare, when a servant from the Heathcotes arrived, and begged of me to go immediately to her master, who was, she said, dying.

"I hurried off to the house without a moment's delay. It is a stone's throw from here. In fact, you can see the walls of the garden from the windows of this room in the daytime. I reached the house. Gabrielle was standing in the hall. I am an old friend of hers. Her face was quite white and had a stunned expression. When she saw me she rushed to me, clasped one of my hands in both of hers, and burst into tears.

"'Go and save him!' she gasped, her voice choking with sobs, which were almost hysterical.

"A lady who happened to be staying in the house came and drew the girl away into one of the sitting-rooms, and I went upstairs. I found Heathcote in his own room. He was lying on the bed—he was a ghastly sight. His face wore the sick hue of death itself; the sheet, his

hair, and even his face were all covered with blood. His wife was standing over him, wiping away the blood, which oozed from his lips. I saw, of course, immediately what was the matter. Hemoptysis had set in, and I felt that his hours were numbered.

"'He has broken a blood vessel,' exclaimed Mrs. Heathcote. 'He was standing here, preparing to go down to dinner, when he coughed violently—the blood began to pour from his mouth; I got him on the bed and sent for you. The hemorrhage seems to be a little less violent now.'

"I examined my patient carefully, feeling his pulse, which was very weak and low; I cautioned him not to speak a single word, and asked Mrs. Heathcote to send for some ice immediately. She did so. I packed him in ice and gave him a dose of ergotine. He seemed easier, and I left him, promising to return again in an hour or two. Miss Gabrielle met me in the hall as I went out.

"'Is he any better? Is there any hope at all?' she asked, as I left the house.

"'Your father is easier now,' I replied; 'the hemorrhage has been arrested. I am coming back soon. You must be a good girl and try to comfort your mother in every way in your power.'

"'Then there is no hope?' she answered, looking me full in the face.

"I could not truthfully say that there was. I knew poor Heathcote's days were numbered, although I scarcely thought the end would come so quickly."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Why this," he replied. "Less than an hour after I got home, I received a brief note from Mrs. Heathcote. In it she stated that fresh and very violent hemorrhage had set in almost immediately after I left, and that her husband was dead."

"And——" I continued.

"Well, that is the story. Poor Heathcote had died of hemoptysis."

"Did you see the body after death?" I inquired, after a pause.

"No—it was absolutely unnecessary—the cause of death was so evident. I attended the funeral, though. Heathcote was buried at Kensal Green."

I made no comment for a moment or two.

"I am sorry you did not see the body after death," I said, after a pause.

My remark seemed to irritate Mackenzie. He looked at me with raised brows.

"Would you have thought it necessary to do so?" he asked. "A man known to be consumptive dies of violent hemorrhage of the lungs. The family are in great trouble—there is much besides to think of. Would you under the circumstances have considered it necessary to refuse to give a certificate without seeing the body?"

I thought for a moment.

"I make a rule of always seeing the body," I replied; "but, of course, you were justified, as the law stands. Well, then, there is no doubt Heathcote is really dead?"

"Really dead?" retorted Mackenzie. "Don't you understand that he has been in his grave for six months?—That I practically saw him die?—That I attended his funeral? By what possible chance can the man be alive?"

"None," I replied. "He is dead, of course. I am sorry for the poor girl. She ought to leave home immediately."

"Girls of her age often have delusions," said Mackenzie. "I doubt not this will pass in time. I am surprised, however, that the Heathcotes allowed the thing to go on so long. I remember now that I have never been near the house since the funeral. I cannot understand their not calling me in."

"That fact puzzles me also," I said. "They came to me, a total stranger, instead of consulting their family physician, and Mrs. Heathcote carefully concealed the most important part of her daughter's malady. It is strange altogether; and, although I can give no explanation whatever, I am convinced there is one if we could only get at it. One more question before I go, Mackenzie. You spoke of Heathcote as a solicitor: has he left his family well off?"

"They are not rich," replied Mackenzie; "but as far as I can tell, they don't seem to want for money. I believe their house, Ivy Hall is its name, belongs to them. They live there very quietly, with a couple of maid-servants. I should say they belonged to the well-to-do middle classes."

"Then money troubles cannot explain the mystery?" I replied.

"Believe me, there is no mystery," answered Mackenzie, in an annoyed voice.

I held out my hand to wish him good-bye, when a loud peal at the front door startled us both. If ever there was frantic haste in anything, there was in that ringing peal.

"Someone wants you in a hurry," I said to the doctor.

He was about to reply, when the door of the consulting-room was flung wide open, and Gabrielle Heathcote rushed into the room.

"Mother is very ill," she exclaimed. "I think she is out of her mind. Come to her at once."

'GABRIELLE HEATHCOTE RUSHED INTO THE ROOM."

She took Mackenzie's hand in hers

"There isn't a minute to lose," she said, "she may kill herself. She came to me with a carving-knife in her hand; I rushed away at once for you. The two servants are with her now, and they are doing all they can; but, oh! pray, do be quick."

At this moment Gabrielle's eyes rested on me. A look of relief and almost ecstasy passed over her poor, thin little face.

"You are here!" she exclaimed. "You will come, too? Oh, how glad I am."

"If Dr. Mackenzie will permit me," I replied, "I shall be only too pleased to accompany him."

"By all means come, you may be of the greatest use," he answered.

We started at once. As soon as we left the house Gabrielle rushed from us.

"I am going to have the front door open for you both when you arrive," she exclaimed. She disappeared as if on the wings of the wind.

"That is a good girl," I said, turning to the other doctor.

"She has always been deeply attached to both her parents," he answered.

We did not either of us say another word until we got to Ivy Hall. It was a rambling old house, with numerous low rooms and a big entrance-hall. I could fancy that in the summer it was cheerful enough, with its large, walled-in garden. The night was a dark one, but there would be a moon presently.

Gabrielle was waiting in the hall to receive us.

"I will take you to the door of mother's room," she exclaimed.

Her words came out tremblingly, her face was like death. She was shaking all over. She ran up the stairs before us, and then down a long passage which led to a room a little apart from the rest of the house.

"I told you mother wished to sleep in a room as far away from me as possible," she said, flashing a glance into my face as she spoke.

I nodded in reply. We opened the door and went in. The sight which met our eyes was one with which most medical men are familiar.

The patient was lying on the bed in a state of violent delirium. Two maid-servants were bending over her, and evidently much exciting her feelings in their efforts to hold her down. I spoke at once with authority.

"You can leave the room now," I said—"only remain within call in case you are wanted."

They obeyed instantly, looking at me with surprised glances, and at Mackenzie with manifest relief.

I shut the door after them and approached the bed. One glance showed that Mrs.

Heathcote was not mad in the ordinary sense, but that she was suffering at the moment from acute delirium. I put my hand on her forehead: it burned with fever. Her pulse was rapid and uneven. Mackenzie took her temperature, which was very nearly a hundred and four degrees. While we were examining her she remained quiet, but presently, as we stood together and watched her, she began to rave again.

"What is it, Gabrielle? No, no, he is quite dead, child. I tell you I saw the men screw his coffin down. He's dead—quite dead. Oh, God! oh, God! yes, dead, dead!"

She sat up in bed and stared straight before her.

"You mustn't come here so often," she said, looking past us into the centre of the room, and addressing someone whom she seemed to see with distinctness, "I tell you it isn't safe. Gabrielle suspects. Don't come so often — I'll manage some other way. Trust me. Do trust me. You know I won't let you starve. Oh, go away, go away."

She flung herself back on the bed and pressed her hands frantically to her burning eyes.

"Your father has been dead six months now, Gabrielle," she said, presently, in a changed voice.

"No one was ever more dead. I tell you I saw him die; he was buried, and you went to his funeral." Here again her voice altered. She sat upright and motioned with her hand. "Will you bring the coffin in here, please, into this room? Yes; it seems a nice coffin—well finished. The coffin is made of oak. That is right. Oak lasts. I can't bear coffins that crumble away very quickly. This is a good one—you have taken pains with it—I am pleased. Lay him in gently. He is not very heavy, is he? You see how worn he is. Consumption! — yes, consumption. He had been a long time dying, but at the end it was sudden. Hemorrhage of the lungs. We did it to save Gabrielle, and to keep away—what, what, *what* did we want to keep away?—Oh, yes, dishonour! The—the——" Here she burst into a loud laugh.

"You don't suppose, you undertaker's men, that I'm going to tell you what we did it for? Dr. Mackenzie was there—he saw him just at the end. Now you have placed him nicely in his coffin, and you can go. Thank you, you can go now. I don't want you to see his face. A dead face is too sacred. You must not look on it. He is peaceful, only pale, very pale. All dead people look pale. Is he as pale as most dead people? Oh, I forgot—you can't see him. And as cold? Oh, yes, I think so, quite. You want to screw the coffin down, of course, of course—I was forgetting. Now, be quick about it. Why, do you know, I was very nearly having him buried with the coffin open! Screw away now, screw away. Ah, how that noise grates on my nerves. I shall go mad if you are not quick. Do be quick—be *quick*, and leave me alone with my dead. Oh, God, with my dead, my dead!"

The wretched woman's voice sank to a

"HAVE MERCY UPON ME AND UPON MY DEAD."

hoarse whisper. She struggled on to her knees, and folding her hands, began to pray.

"God in Heaven have mercy upon me and upon my dead," she moaned. "Now, now, now! where's the screwdriver? Oh, *heavens*, it's lost, it's lost! We are undone! My God, what is the matter with me? My brain reels. Oh, my God, my God!"

She moaned fearfully. We laid her back on the bed. Her mutterings became more rapid and indistinct. Presently she slept.

"She must not be left in this condition," said Mackenzie to me. "It would be very bad for Gabrielle to be with her mother now. And those young servants are not to be trusted. I will go and send in a nurse as soon as possible. Can you do me the inestimable favour of remaining here until a nurse arrives?"

"I was going to propose that I should, in any case, spend the night here," I replied.

"That is more than good of you," said the doctor.

"Not at all," I answered; "the case interests me extremely."

A moment or two later Mackenzie left the house. During his absence Mrs. Heathcote slept, and I sat and watched her. The fever raged very high—she muttered constantly in her terrible dreams, but said nothing coherent. I felt very anxious about her. She had evidently been subjected to a most frightful strain, and now all her nature was giving way. I dared not think what her words implied. My mission was at present to do what I could for her relief.

The nurse arrived about midnight. She was a sensible, middle-aged woman, very strong too, and evidently accustomed to fever patients. I gave her some directions, desired her to ring a certain bell if she required my assistance, and left the room. As I went slowly downstairs I noticed the moon had risen. The house was perfectly still—the sick woman's moans could not be heard beyond the distant wing of the house where she slept. As I went downstairs I remembered Gabrielle's story about the moonlit garden and her father's figure standing there. I felt a momentary curiosity to see what the garden was like, and, moving aside a blind, which concealed one of the lobby windows, looked out. I gave one hurried glance and started back. Was I, too, the victim of illusion? Standing in the garden was the tall figure of a man with folded arms. He was looking away from me, but the light fell on his face: it was cadaverous and ghastly white; his hat was off; he moved into a deep shadow. It was all done in an instant—he came and went like a flash.

I pursued my way softly downstairs. This man's appearance seemed exactly to coincide with Mackenzie's description of Heathcote; but was it possible, in any of the wonderful possibilities of this earth, that a man could rise from his coffin and walk the earth again?

Gabrielle was waiting for me in the cheerful drawing-room. A bright fire burned in the grate, there were candles on brackets, and one or two shaded lamps placed on small tables. On one table, a little larger than the rest, a white cloth was spread. It also contained a tray with glasses, some claret and sherry in decanters, and a plate of sandwiches.

"You must be tired," said Gabrielle. "Please have a glass of wine, and please eat something. I know those sandwiches are good—I made them myself."

She pressed me to eat and drink. In truth, I needed refreshment. The scene in the sick room had told even on my iron nerves, and the sight from the lobby window had almost taken my breath away.

Gabrielle attended on me as if she were my daughter. I was touched by her solicitude, and by the really noble way in which she tried to put self out of sight. At last she said, in a voice which shook with emotion:—

"I know, Dr. Halifax, that you think badly of mother."

"Your mother is very ill indeed," I answered.

"It is good of you to come and help her. You are a great doctor, are you not?"

I smiled at the child's question.

"I want you to tell me something about the beginning of your mother's illness," I said, after a pause. "When I saw her two days ago, she scarcely considered herself ill at all—in fact, you were supposed to be the patient."

Gabrielle dropped into the nearest chair.

"There is a mystery somewhere," she said, "but I cannot make it out. When I came back, after seeing you to-day, mother seemed very restless and troubled. I thought she would have questioned me about being so long away, and ask me at least what I had done with myself. Instead of that, she asked me to tread softly. She said she had such an intolerable headache that she could not endure the least sound. I saw she had been out, for she had her walking boots on, and they were covered with mud. I tried to coax her to eat something, but she would not, and as I saw she really wished to be alone, I left her.

"At tea-time, our parlour-maid, Peters, told me that mother had gone to bed and had given directions that she was on no account to be disturbed. I had tea alone, and then came in here and made the place as bright and comfortable as I could. Once or twice before, since my father's death, mother has suffered from acute headaches, and has gone to bed; but when they got better, she has dressed and come downstairs again. I thought she might like to do so to-night, and that she would be pleased to see a bright room and everything cheerful about her.

"I got a story-book and tried to read, but my thoughts were with mother, and I felt dreadfully puzzled and anxious. The time seemed very long too, and I heartily wished that the night were over. I went upstairs about eight o'clock, and listened outside mother's door. She was moaning and talking to herself. It seemed to me that she was saying dreadful things. I quite shuddered as I listened. I knocked at the door, but there was no answer. Then I turned the handle and tried to enter, but the door was locked. I went downstairs again, and Peters came to ask me if I would like supper. She was still in the room, and I had not made up my mind whether I could eat anything or not, when I heard her give a short scream, and turning round, I saw mother standing in the room in her nightdress. She had the carving-knife in her hand.

"'Gabrielle,' she said, in a quiet voice, but with an awful look in her eyes, 'I want you to tell me the truth. Is there any blood on my hands?'

"'No, no, mother,' I answered.

"She gave a deep sigh, and looked at them as if she were Lady Macbeth.

"'Gabrielle,' she said again, 'I can't live any longer without your father. I have made this knife sharp, and it won't take long.'

"Then she turned and left the room. Peters ran for cook, and they went upstairs after her, and I rushed for Dr. Mackenzie."

"It was a fearful ordeal for you," I said, "and you behaved very bravely; but you must not think too much about your mother's condition, nor about any words which she happened to say. She is highly feverish at present, and is not accountable for her actions. Sit down now, please, and take a glass of wine yourself."

"No, thank you—I never take wine."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, for in that case a glass of this good claret will do wonders for you. Here, I'm going to pour one out—now drink it off at once."

She obeyed me with a patient sort of smile. She was very pale, but the wine brought some colour into her cheeks.

"I am interested in your story," I said, after a pause. "Particularly in what you told me about your poor father. He must have been an interesting man, for you to treasure his memory so deeply. Do you mind describing him to me?"

"IS THERE ANY BLOOD ON MY HANDS?"

She flushed up when I spoke. I saw that tears were very near her eyes, and she bit her lips to keep back emotion.

"My father was like no one else," she said. "It is impossible for me to make a picture of him for one who has not seen him."

"But you can at least tell me if he were tall or short, dark or fair, old or young?"

"No, I can't," she said, after another pause. "He was just father. When you love your father, he has a kind of eternal youth to you, and you don't discriminate his features. If you are his only child,

his is just the one face in all the world to you. I find it impossible to describe the face, although it fills my mind's eye, waking and sleeping. But, stay, I have a picture of him. I don't show it to many, but you shall see it."

She rushed out of the room, returning in a moment with a morocco case. She opened it, and brought over a candle at the same time so that the light should fall on the picture within. It represented a tall, slight man, with deep-set eyes and a very thin face. The eyes were somewhat piercing in their glance; the lips were closely set and firm; the chin was cleft. The face showed determination. I gave it a quick glance, and, closing the case, returned it to Gabrielle.

The face was the face of the man I had seen in the garden.

My patient passed a dreadful night. She was no better the next morning. Her temperature was rather higher, her pulse quicker, her respiration more hurried. Her ravings had now become almost incoherent. Mackenzie and I had an anxious consultation over her. When he left the house I accompanied him.

"I am going to make a strange request of you," I said. "I wish for your assistance, and am sure you will not refuse to give it to me. In short, I want to take immediate steps to have Heathcote's coffin opened."

I am quite sure Mackenzie thought that I was mad. He looked at me, opened his lips as if to speak, but then waited to hear my next words.

"I want to have Heathcote's body exhumed," I said. "If you will listen to me, I will tell you why."

I then gave him a graphic account of the man I had seen in the garden.

"There is foul play somewhere," I said, in conclusion. "I have been dragged into this thing almost against my will, and now I am determined to see it through."

Mackenzie flung up his hands.

"I don't pretend to doubt your wisdom," he said; "but to ask me gravely to assist you to exhume the body of a man who died of consumption six months ago, is enough to take my breath away. What reason can you possibly give to the authorities for such an action?"

"That I have strong grounds for believing that the death never took place at all," I replied. "Now, will you co-operate with me in this matter, or not?"

"Oh, of course, I'll co-operate with you," he answered. "But I don't pretend to say that I like the business."

We walked together to his house, talking over the necessary steps which must be taken to get an order for exhumation. Mackenzie promised to telegraph to me as soon as ever this was obtained, and I was obliged to hurry off to attend to my own duties. As I was stepping into my hansom I turned to ask the doctor one more question.

"Have you any reason to suppose that Heathcote was heavily insured?" I asked.

"No; I don't know anything about it," he answered.

"You are quite sure there were no money troubles anywhere?"

"I do not know of any; but that fact amounts to nothing, for I was not really intimate with the family, and, as I said yesterday evening, never entered the house until last night from the day of the funeral. I have never *heard* of money troubles; but, of course, they might have existed."

"As soon as ever I hear from you, I will make an arrangement to meet you at Kensal Green," I replied, and then I jumped into the hansom and drove away.

In the course of the day I got a telegram acquainting me with Mrs. Heathcote's condition. It still remained absolutely unchanged, and there was, in Mackenzie's opinion, no necessity for me to pay her another visit. Early the next morning, the required order came from the coroner. Mackenzie wired to apprise me of the fact, and I telegraphed back, making an appointment to meet him at Kensal Green on the following morning.

I shall not soon forget that day. It was one of those blustering and intensely cold days which come oftener in March than any other time of the year. The cemetery looked as dismal as such a place would on the occasion. The few wreaths of flowers which were scattered here and there on newly-made graves were sodden and deprived of all their frail beauty. The wind blew in great gusts, which were about every ten minutes accompanied by showers of sleet. There was a hollow moaning noise distinctly audible in the intervals of the storm.

I found, on my arrival, that Mackenzie was there before me. He was accompanied by one of the coroner's men and a police-constable. Two men who worked in the cemetery also came forward to assist. No one expressed the least surprise at our strange errand. Around Mackenzie's lips, alone, I read an expression of disapproval.

Kensal Green is one of the oldest cemeteries which surround our vast Metropolis,

and the Heathcotes' burying-place was quite in the oldest portion of this God's acre. It was one of the hideous, ancient, rapidly-going-out-of-date vaults. A huge brick erection was placed over it, at one side of which was the door of entrance.

The earth was removed, the door of the vault opened, and some of the men went down the steps, one of them holding a torch, in order to identify the coffin. In a couple of minutes' time it was borne into the light of day. When I saw it I remembered poor Mrs. Heathcote's wild ravings.

"A good, strong oak coffin, which wears well," she had exclaimed.

Mackenzie and I, accompanied by the police-constable and the coroner's man, followed the bearers of the coffin to the mortuary.

As we were going there, I turned to ask Mackenzie how his patient was.

He shook his head as he answered me.

"I fear the worst," he replied. "Mrs. Heathcote is very ill indeed. The fever rages high and is like a consuming fire. Her temperature was a hundred and five this morning."

"I should recommend packing her in sheets wrung out of cold water," I answered. "Poor woman!—how do you account for this sudden illness, Mackenzie?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Shock of some sort," he answered. Then he continued: "If she really knew of this day's work, it would kill her off pretty quickly. Poor soul," he added, "I hope it may never reach her ears."

We had now reached the mortuary. The men who had borne the coffin on their shoulders lowered it on to a pair of trestles. They then took turnscrews out of their pockets, and in a business-like and callous manner unscrewed the lid. After doing this they left the mortuary, closing the door behind them.

The moment we found ourselves alone, I said a word to the police-constable, and then going quickly up to the coffin, lifted the lid. Under ordinary circumstances, such a proceeding would be followed by appalling results, which need not here be described. Mackenzie, whose face was very white, stood near me. I looked at him for a moment, and then flung aside the pall which was meant to conceal the face of the dead.

The dead truly! Here was death, which had never, in any sense, known life like ours. Mackenzie uttered a loud exclamation. The constable and the coroner's man came close. I lifted a bag of flour out of the coffin!

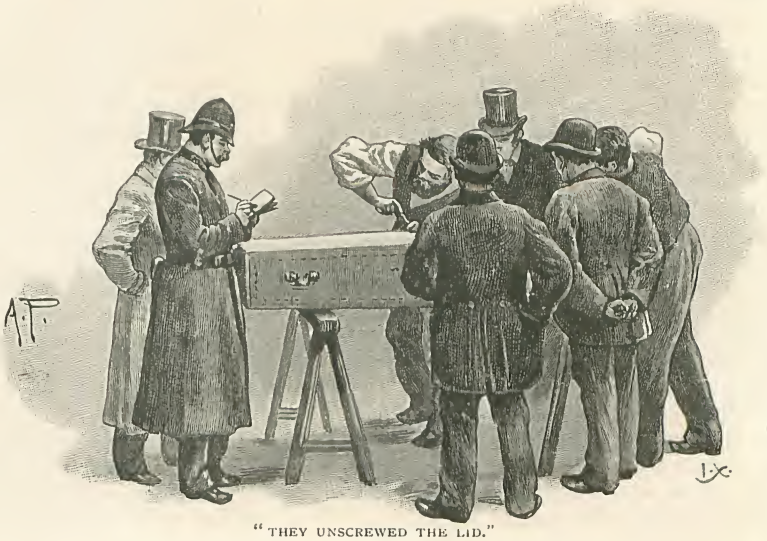
There were many similar bags there. It had been closely packed, and evidently with a view to counterfeit the exact weight of the dead man.

Poor Mackenzie was absolutely speechless. The coroner's man began to take copious notes; the police-constable gravely did the same.

Mackenzie at last found his tongue.

"I never felt more stunned in my life," he said. "In very truth, I all but saw the man die. Where is he? In the name of Heaven, what has become of him? This is the most monstrous thing I have ever heard of in the whole course of my life, and—and I attended the funeral of those *bags of flour!* No wonder that woman never cared to see me inside the house again. But what puzzles me," he continued, "is the motive—what *can* the motive be?"

"Perhaps one of the insurance companies can tell us that," said the police-officer. "It is my duty to report this thing, sir," he con-



"THEY UNSCREWED THE LID."

tinued, turning to me. "I have not the least doubt that the Crown will prosecute."

"I cannot at all prevent your taking what steps you think proper," I replied, "only pray understand that the poor lady who is the principal perpetrator in this fraud lies at the present moment at death's door."

"We must get the man himself," murmured the police-officer. "If he is alive we shall soon find him."

Half an hour later, Mackenzie and I had left the dismal cemetery.

I had to hurry back to Harley Street to attend to some important duties, but I arranged to meet Mackenzie that evening at the Heathcotes' house. I need not say that my thoughts were much occupied with Mrs. Heathcote and her miserable story. What a life that wretched Heathcote must have led during the last six months. No wonder he looked cadaverous as the moonlight fell over his gaunt figure. No ghost truly was he, but a man of like flesh and blood to ourselves—a man who was supposed to be buried in Kensal Green, but who yet walked the earth.

It was about eight o'clock when I reached the Heathcotes' house. Mackenzie had already arrived—he came into the hall to meet me.

"Where is Miss Gabrielle?" I asked at once.

"Poor child," he replied; "I have begged of her to stay in her room. She knows nothing of what took place this morning, but is in a terrible state of grief about her mother. That unfortunate woman's hours are numbered. She is sinking fast. Will you come to her at once, Halifax—she has asked for you several times."

Accompanied by Mackenzie, I mounted the stairs and entered the sick room. One glance at the patient's face showed me all too plainly that I was in the chamber of death. Mrs. Heathcote lay perfectly motionless. Her bright hair, still the hair of quite a young woman, was flung back over the pillow. Her pale face was wet with perspiration. Her eyes, solemn, dark, and awful in expression, turned and fixed themselves on me as I approached the bedside. Something like the ghost of a smile quivered round her lips. She made an effort to stretch out a shadowy hand to grasp mine.

"Don't stir," I said to her. "Perhaps you want to say something? I will stoop down to listen to you. I have very good hearing, so you can speak as low as you please."

She smiled again with a sort of pleasure at my understanding her.

"I have something to confess," she said, in a hollow whisper. "Send the nurse and—and Dr. Mackenzie out of the room."

I was obliged to explain the dying woman's wishes to my brother physician. He called to the nurse to follow him, and they immediately left the room.

As soon as they had done so, I bent my head and took one of Mrs. Heathcote's hands in mine.

"Now," I said, "take comfort—God can forgive sin. You have sinned?"

"Oh, yes, yes; but how can you possibly know?"

"Never mind. I am a good judge of character. If telling me will relieve your conscience, speak."

"My husband is alive," she murmured.

"Yes," I said, "I guessed as much."

"He had insured his life," she continued, "for—for about fifteen thousand pounds. The money was wanted to—to save us from dishonour. We managed to counterfeit—death."

She stopped, as if unable to proceed any further. "A week ago," she continued, "I—I saw the man who is supposed to be dead. He is really dying now. The strain of knowing that I could do nothing for him—nothing to comfort his last moments—was too horrible. I felt that I could not live without him. On the day of my illness I took—poison, a preparation of Indian hemp. I meant to kill myself. I did not know that my object would be effected in so terrible a manner."

Here she looked towards the door. A great change came over her face. Her eyes shone with sudden brightness. A look of awful joy filled them. She made a frantic effort to raise herself in bed.

I followed the direction of her eyes, and then, indeed, a startled exclamation passed my lips.

Gabrielle, with her cheeks crimson, her lips tremulous, her hair tossed wildly about her head and shoulders, was advancing into the room, leading a cadaverous, ghastly-looking man by the hand. In other words, Heathcote himself in the flesh had come into his wife's dying chamber.

"Oh, Horace!" she exclaimed; "Horace—to die in your arms—to know that you will soon join me. This is too much bliss—this is too great joy!"

The man knelt by her, put his dying arms round her, and she laid her head on his worn breast.

"We will leave them together," I said to Gabrielle.

"LEADING A CADAVEROUS, GHASTLY-LOOKING MAN BY THE HAND."

I took the poor little girl's hand and led her from the room.

She was in a frantic state of excitement.

"I said he was not dead," she repeated—"I always said it. I was sitting by my window a few minutes ago, and I saw him in the garden. This time I was determined that he should not escape me. I rushed downstairs. He knew nothing until he saw me at his side. I caught his hand in mine. It was hot and thin. It was like a skeleton's hand—only it burned with living fire. 'Mother is dying—come to her at once,' I said to him, and then I brought him into the house."

"You did well—you acted very bravely," I replied to her.

I took her away to a distant part of the house.

An hour later, Mrs. Heathcote died. I was not with her when she breathed her last. My one object now was to do what I could for poor little Gabrielle. In consequence, therefore, I made arrangements to have an interview with Heathcote. It was no longer possible for the wretched man to remain in hiding. His own hours were plainly numbered, and it was more than evident that he had only anticipated his real death by some months.

I saw him the next day, and he told me in a few brief words the story of his supposed death and burial.

"I am being severely punished now," he said, "for the one great sin of my life. I am a solicitor by profession, and when a young man was tempted to appropriate some trust funds—hoping, like many another has done before me, to replace the money before the loss was discovered. I married, and had a happy home. My wife and I were devotedly attached to each other. I was not strong, and more than one physician told me that I was threatened with a serious pulmonary affection. About eight months ago, the blow which I never looked for fell. I need not enter into particulars. Suffice it to say that I was expected to deliver over twelve thousand pounds, the amount of certain trusts committed to me, to their rightful owners within three months' time. If I failed to realize this money, imprisonment, dishonour, ruin, would be mine. My wife and child would also be reduced to beggary. I had effected an insurance on my life for fifteen thousand pounds. If this sum could be realized, it would cover the deficit in the trust, and also leave a small overplus for the use of my wife and daughter. I knew that my days were practically numbered, and it did not strike me as a particularly heinous crime to forestall my death by a few months. I talked the matter over with my wife, and at last got her to consent to help me. We managed everything cleverly, and not a soul suspected the fraud which was practised on the world. Our old servants, who had lived with us for years, were sent away on a holiday. We had no servant in the house except a charwoman, who came in for a certain number of hours daily."

"You managed your supposed dying condition with great skill," I answered. "That hemorrhage, the ghastly expression of your face, were sufficiently real to deceive even a keen and clever man like Mackenzie."

Heathcote smiled grimly.

"After all," he said, "the fraud was simple enough. I took an emetic, which I knew would produce the cadaverous hue of approaching death, and the supposed hemorrhage was managed with some bullock's blood. I got it from a distant butcher, telling him that I wanted it to mix with meal to feed my dogs with."

"And how did you deceive the undertaker's men?" I asked.

"My wife insisted on keeping my face covered, and I managed to simulate rigidity. As to the necessary coldness, I was cold enough lying with only a sheet over me. After I was placed in the coffin my wife would not allow anyone to enter the room but herself: she brought me food, of course. We bored holes, too, in the coffin lid. Still, I shall never forget the awful five minutes during which I was screwed down.

"It was all managed with great expedition. As soon as ever the undertaker's men could be got out of the way, my wife unscrewed the coffin and released me. We then filled it with bags of flour, which we had already secured and hidden for the purpose. My supposed funeral took place with due honours. I left the house that night, intending to ship to America. Had I done this, the appalling consequences which have now ended in the death of my wife might never have taken place, but, at the eleventh hour, my courage failed me. I could do much to shield my wife and child, but I could not endure the thought of never seeing them again. Contrary to all my wife's entreaties, I insisted on coming into the garden, for the selfish pleasure of catching even a glimpse of Gabrielle's little figure, as she moved about her bedroom. She saw me once, but I escaped through the shrubbery and by a door which we kept on purpose unlocked, before she reached me. I thought I would never again transgress, but once more the temptation assailed me, and I was not proof against it. My health failed rapidly. I was really dying, and on the morning when my wife's illness began, had suffered from a genuine and very sharp attack of hemorrhage. She found me in the wretched lodging where I was hiding in a state of complete misery, and almost destitution. Something in my appearance seemed suddenly to make her lose all self-control.

"'Horace,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot stand this. When you die, I will die. We will carry our shame and our sorrow and our unhappy love into the grave, where no man can follow us. When you die, I will die. Oh, to see you like this drives me mad!'

"She left me. She told me when I saw her during those last few moments yesterday, that she had hastened her end by a powerful dose of Indian hemp. That is the story. I know that I have laid myself open to criminal prosecution of the gravest character, but I do not think I shall live to go through it."

"WHEN YOU DIE, I WILL DIE."

Heathcote was right. He passed away that evening quite quietly in his sleep.

Poor little Gabrielle! I saw her once since her parents' death, but it is now a couple of years since I have heard anything about her. Will she ever get over the severe shock to which she was subjected? What does the future hold in store for her? I cannot answer these questions. Time alone can do that.

# *Beauties :—Children.*

*From a Photo. by A. W. Cox, Nottingham.*

*From a Photo. by C. Vandyk, 125, Gloucester Road, S. W.*

*From a Photo. by C. Vandyk, 125, Gloucester Road, S. W.*

*From a Photo. by Arthur Neale, Nottingham.*

Gladys Lilian Tansley

Cuthbert
Eustace
Michael
and
Cyril
Cox.

*From a Photo. by Vickery Bros., Barnstaple.*

From a Photo. by J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Gracie Dodds

May Barnes

Doris G. Clegg

From a Photo. by Bullingham, South Kensington, S.W.

From a Photo. by Vandyck, Melbourne.

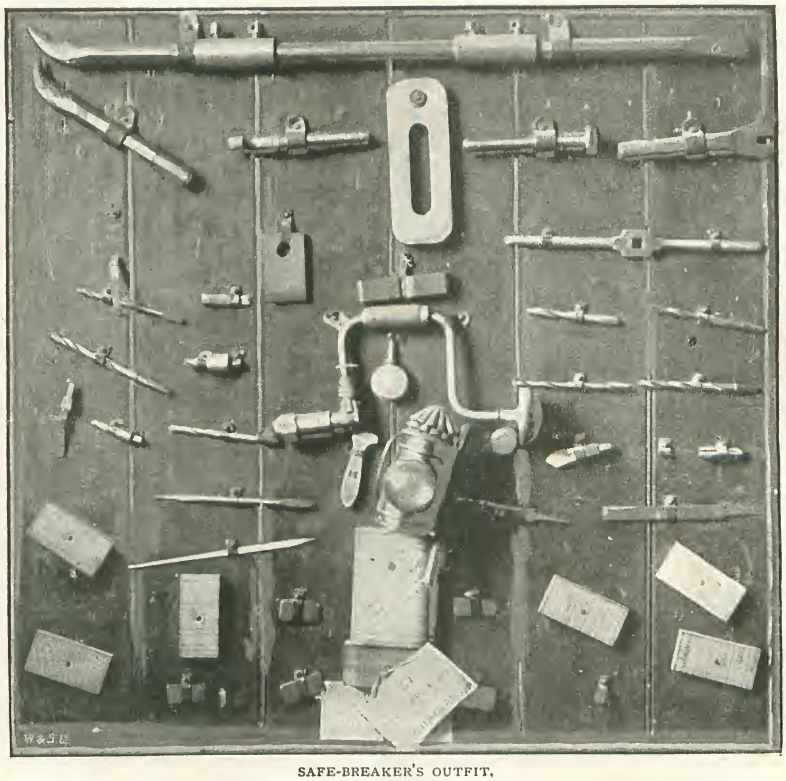
# *Crimes and Criminals.*

## No. II.—Burglars and Burgling.

Of all the more hazardous—though thoroughly romantic—professions, none is more interesting than that of burgling. The art of burgling and housebreaking has positively developed into a fine art, and, although we do not admire the members of the craft, yet every individual representative of it is undeniably interesting. There is something irresistibly tantalizing, yet at the same time fascinating, about your average burglar. Those of nervous temperament may look under their beds for a whole twelvemonth—from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. But he is never there. He is a playful fellow—a merry man; he likes his joke, for on the very night you forget to peep under the couch where Morpheus receives you for a few hours, he is bound to be there, and the next morning you find all your drawers ransacked. At first you put it down to the dog, but when you discover that something like a cart-load of valuables has disappeared, you come to the conclusion that no representative of the canine world who ever barked or picked an honest bone could possibly help himself so freely and with so liberal a hand.

The New Scotland Yard Museum will provide much practical information on the ways and means which our friend the enemy utilizes for the purpose of thus annoying you. Your enterprising burglar shall have what he thoroughly deserves—a complete chapter to himself, and illustrated with his own weapons of warfare into the bargain. Not that we expect that he will be much gratified at the publicity here given to his methods—a publicity which is all to the advantage of his enemy, the householder, for whom to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Our burglar friends may find a grain of comfort in this fact—that we frankly acknowledge that it is impossible for us to give them as much space in these pages as their unquestionable genius deserves. They are really too inventive—too enterprising. Still, the exhibits in the museum will be of considerable help. The exhibits here comprise samples of probably every tool used in the pursuit of this profession. It has always been an open question as to where burglars and housebreakers obtain their tools. Some three or four years ago it was stated at the Dalston Police Court that one man makes all the burglars' "jemmies" in London, and further that the police knew the man well, were on familiar terms with his own particular trade, but there was positively no law by which he could be arrested or stopped.



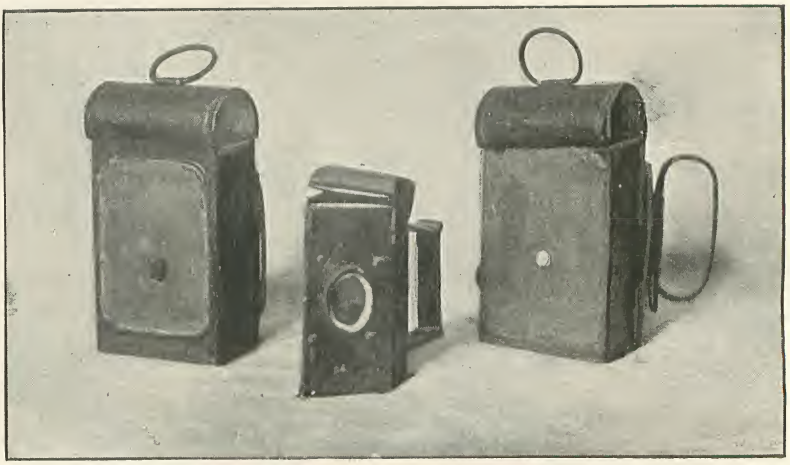
SAFE-BREAKER'S OUTFIT.

BURGLARS' LANTERNS.

Again, a burglar—who was the terror of Birmingham for many years, and who had done fourteen years' penal servitude for burglary and attempted murder—was of the decided opinion that more tools were manufactured in Birmingham than in any town in the country, while the greatest "authority" on burglars' tools in general, and "jemmies" in particular, was the famous American bank burglar, Adams, whose instruments were treasured and preserved at the New York police headquarters. It is probable, however, that most instruments are home-made, or manufactured by an honest—in a strictly burglarian sense—blacksmith.

The first object of housebreaking curiosity you meet with at the New Scotland Yard Black Museum is a complete safe-breaker's outfit, collected at different times by Superintendent Shore, and most artistically set out on a board covered with red baize. The dark lantern is in the centre, the steel jemmy surmounts the whole, running in a symmetrically decorative line along the top, and amongst the various items one notices the prising instrument, steel wedges, wood used for obtaining leverage, delicately constructed saws, files, and a box of Graduated Schultz powder, the latter explosive being used for blowing in a lock when the place where the safe is situated is left totally unattended, and there is no fear of the explosion acting as an alarum.

Burglars' lanterns vary in size—they are known as "darkeys" in the profession—the better class of lantern now in use being of the police pattern; a trifle bulky, perhaps, but nevertheless being very reliable, seeing that they are similar to those of Government make. The group of lanterns at the museum may have cost anything between fourpence and a shilling each, certainly no more. Their owners invariably carry them away, unless disturbed, when they are left behind as a legacy. The police seldom attach any importance to the finding of a lantern. Yet one or two of them are ingeniously made. Here is one made out of a Bryant and May's match-box. A handle has been put on to the box proper and



KEY-HOLE LANTERNS.

A PHOSPHORUS LANTERN.

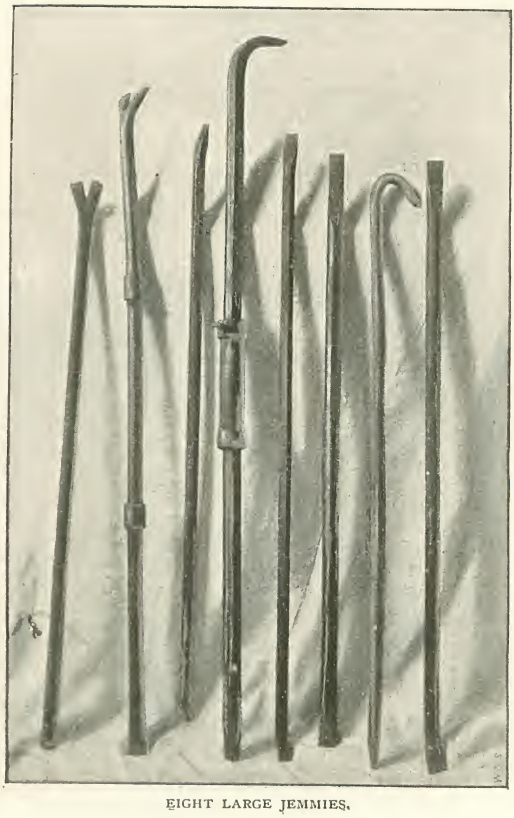
a space made for the light to come through, so as to be easily covered with the thumb. Such a lantern as this would be used when using a small jemmy. Its companions have a light-hole even smaller still. They are ordinary lanterns with the glass taken out, a piece of tin inserted, and a hole made only just of sufficient size to allow enough light to pick a key-hole. Perhaps, however, the most ingenious of them all is a small bottle containing a tiny piece of phosphorus. Our friend—once the owner of this highly interesting relic—merely had to "shake the bottle," when, lo and behold! he had all the light he needed on that very useful subject for operating upon—the key-hole.

There is one other method of gaining light. This is by means of a piece of wax candle stuck in a square bit of yellow soap.

Perhaps the jemmy is the most popular burglar's tool with which the public are on disagreeably familiar terms. They can supply you with any size at New Scotland Yard. Here you have a pretty little group of eight large "jemmies"—all of which are used for safe-breaking purposes. They are all made of the best steel. This extra long one—it measures 3ft. — is called "The Lord Mayor," whilst its two next sized ones are dubbed "The Alderman" and "Common Councilman." It is a significant fact, which has never been satisfactorily explained, that the members of the fraternity of which we are now treating go to the City for names for their jemmies. Possibly some of them may have uncomfortable recollections of the Mansion House, and thus take revenge on the Lord Mayor and his colleagues by using them—in the shape of jemmies—for burglarious purposes!

The smaller jemmies are for housebreaking. One of these—made out of an old file—is robed in a cloth case; another unscrews in the centre, so as to be more readily carried. Another is a packing-case opener, such as is used in Covent Garden every day for prising open boxes of fruit. Many are the ways adopted for carrying these. It is generally believed by the authorities that in the conveying of burglars' tools cabmen are often in league with the offending parties. A cabman going through the streets at night can jog along unnoticed, especially if a lady and gentleman in evening dress are inside.

There is a record at New Scotland Yard of a burglar stealing a four-wheeler from a rank and driving the cab himself, with a friend inside with the tools. Tools have been carried in hat-boxes, carpenters' baskets, and even in a silk hat on the head. Peace, the king of all burglars, frequently carried the implements of his craft in a violin case—but of this worthy more anon. The general rule is to carry jemmies down the leg of the



EIGHT LARGE JEMMIES.

trousers or up the sleeve; whilst other tools are smuggled into long pockets of the "rabbit" pattern, such as used by the old-time poachers.

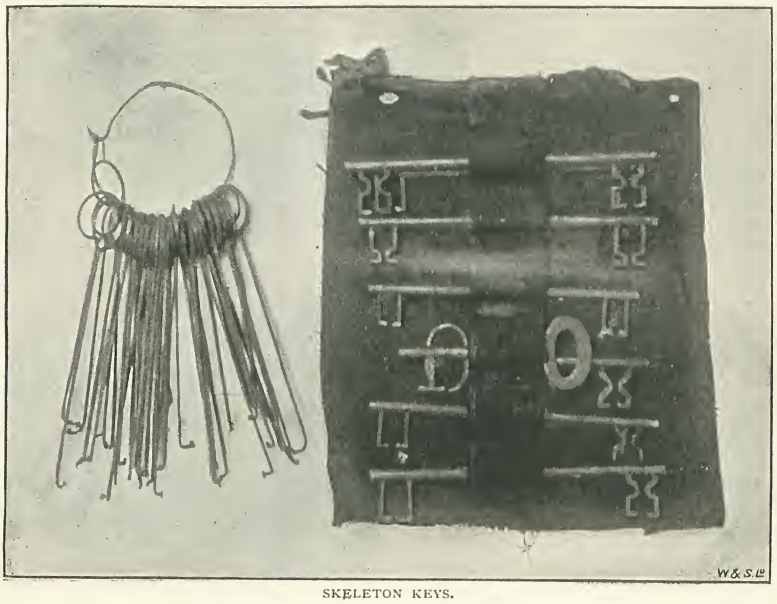
Perhaps the most remarkable place in which a burglar carried his tools was a euphonium! However, he succeeded in passing through the City as a "wait," and made a fairly good profit out of the night's proceedings. It is not on record whether the constable on point wished him "a merry Christmas" or not.

We are inclined to tell a story which we have every reason to believe to be perfectly true. It was told to the writer by a burglar. The burglar stated that in country "affairs" it is always deemed wise to hide the tools to be used somewhere near to the spot to be operated upon, and not to carry them about the person. He had hidden his tools in a hedge in the morning. When he arrived in the afternoon to get them—previous to setting out for the scene of the burglary—he found them gone. Whilst hunting around, he noticed some children romping about in an adjoining field. One little bright-eyed lassie saw him, and leaving her companions, ran up to him and said, in childlike way: "Please, sir, I've found this." "This" was the burglar's tools tied up in a piece of black cloth. The little girl was rewarded with sixpence.

Of skeleton keys there is a very admirable selection at New Scotland Yard. They are made both of iron and steel—mostly of scrap-iron, as it is tougher and has no grain in it. Burglars and housebreakers usually make their own skeleton keys—some of which are very rough. The key is bought in the block, and the wards are cut out as needed. Those shown are of two kinds. The bunch consists of "pick-locks," which are made of stout wire. A housebreaker has been caught with as many as thirty of these pick-locks in his possession. For larger locks, the keys are much stronger. This pretty little cloth case was found on a gentleman. These would be used for opening heavy doors. Of those shown it will be noticed that all save two are made with the wards to both ends. There can be no doubt as to the efficacy of skeleton keys, and lever locks are strongly recommended to the wise, as it would be impossible to open one with a "skeleton."

We now come to the wedges—apparently very small, but incalculably important items in the particular branch of art with which we are now dealing. Wedges may be either of wood or steel, and are used for driving under doors whilst working in a room. They are usually held tight to the floor by a gimlet, so that if the housebreakers were disturbed and an attempt was made to open the door, the more the opposing party was to push outside, the tighter the door would be held. The only hope would be to force the door—and the thieves in nine cases out of ten would have ample opportunity to get away.

You may find at Scotland Yard the mahogany leg of a parlour chair, with a number of wedges by its side, which tells a story of ingenuity as clever as anything of its kind ever conceived by any novelist. More than that, it reflects the greatest credit upon the skill of our detectives and police officials. These simple, harmless-looking little wedges were quite sufficient to get three men twenty years' penal servitude for burglary. It was in 1875. A number of burglaries were committed in a certain district in London. The almost invariably

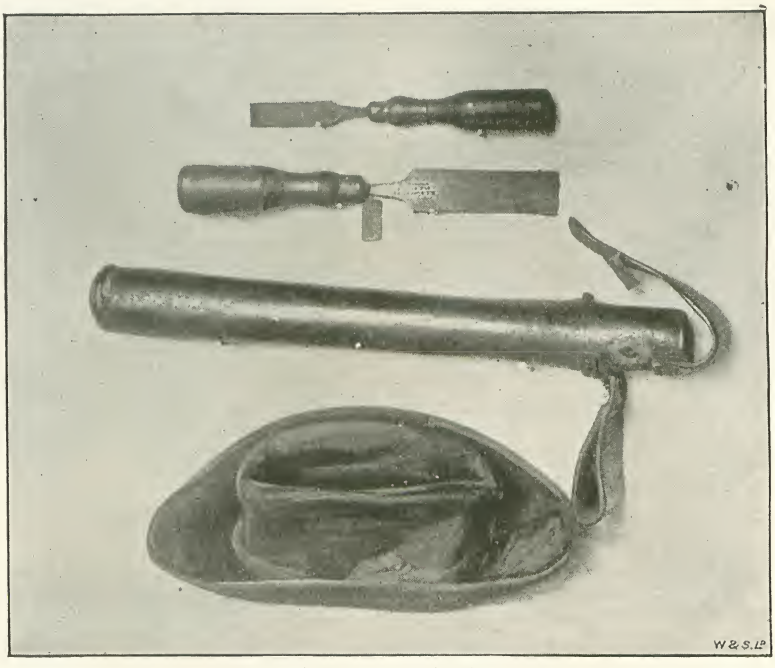


SKELETON KEYS.

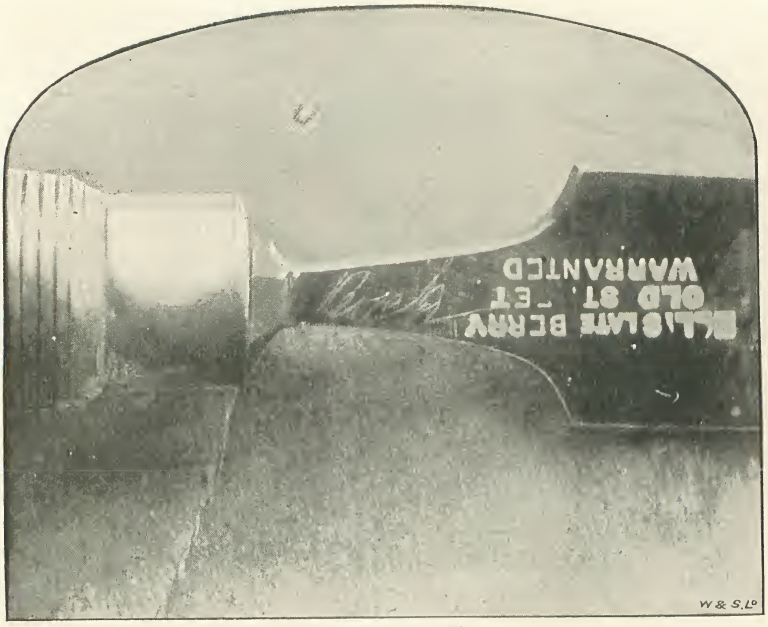
WEDGES MADE FROM CHAIR-LEG.

careful perpetrators were foolish on these particular occasions, for they left their wedges behind them. These were, however, treasured by the police. When the men were eventually arrested, it was found that a chair at their lodgings was minus a leg, and when the wedges were pieced together—hey, presto! here was the mahogany leg! There are other exhibits at New Scotland Yard equally interesting — simple little items which tell a big story and carry with them heavy punishments. In a case is a group of articles comprising a number of bullets, a wooden wedge, a truncheon case—showing bullet marks — a soft black felt hat, and two chisels. Above the case is an enlarged photo of one of the chisels. They are relics of the murder of Police-constable Cole, on December 1, 1882, by Thomas Henry Orrocks. Orrocks left behind him, in a turning out of Dalston Lane, where the affray took place, the old hat, the wooden wedge, and the two chisels. He was suspected. The discovery was made that he had been practising with a revolver at Tottenham Marshes, and a bullet found in a tree there was identical with those found in the constable's truncheon case. But the most convincing evidence was the fact that when the chisels were photographed the word "Rock" was found scratched near the handle. It is a fact, not generally known, that photography can render visible what the eye is quite unable to discern. It was sufficient to hang Thomas Henry Orrocks.

Perhaps, however, the button incident is the prettiest of all. What a warning to burglars! The relics consist of an old black



RELICS OF THE ORROCKS CASE.




A CONVICTING CHISEL.

a good example of the work done with the ordinary stock and centre-bit. It is of sufficient size to allow the hand and arm to go through comfortably, so that the bolt of the door may be drawn back. An artist's palette knife is by its side, which is used for opening window sashes. If your housebreaker found that he had to deal with a patent lock, he would cut the window pane, by placing brown paper over the glass and working over that, so that no noise is made. But it may be mentioned that this is rarely done

overcoat with a broken bone button. The piece broken off is carefully preserved in a small wooden box. In January, 1874, a burglary was committed in the vicinity of Westminster. A little piece of freshly-broken-off bone button was foolishly left on the window-sill. This the police kindly and considerately took charge of. A man was suspected, but there was no evidence against him to justify an arrest. But an enterprising police-officer clung to that bit of button, and one night he chanced to come across a gentleman with a button that had a piece missing.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed, "button broken, eh?"

"Yes," replied the proprietor of the old black overcoat, "I've lost it. I don't know where it is."

"I know," said the calculating detective. "Here it is! Why, bless me, it just fits, my friend!"

Some of the stolen property was found in his pockets. The cap—we mean the button—fitted. He got three years!

Amongst the miscellaneous exhibits at the New Yard is a piece of wood cut out of a stable door at Kensington. It is thick and bulky; would take ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to cut; and is

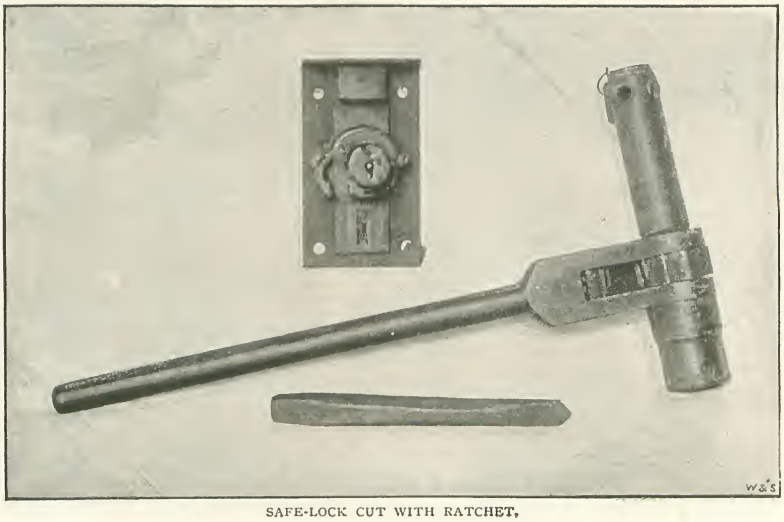
THE BROKEN BUTTON.

CANDLES, PIECE CUT OUT OF DOOR, AND PALETTE KNIFE.

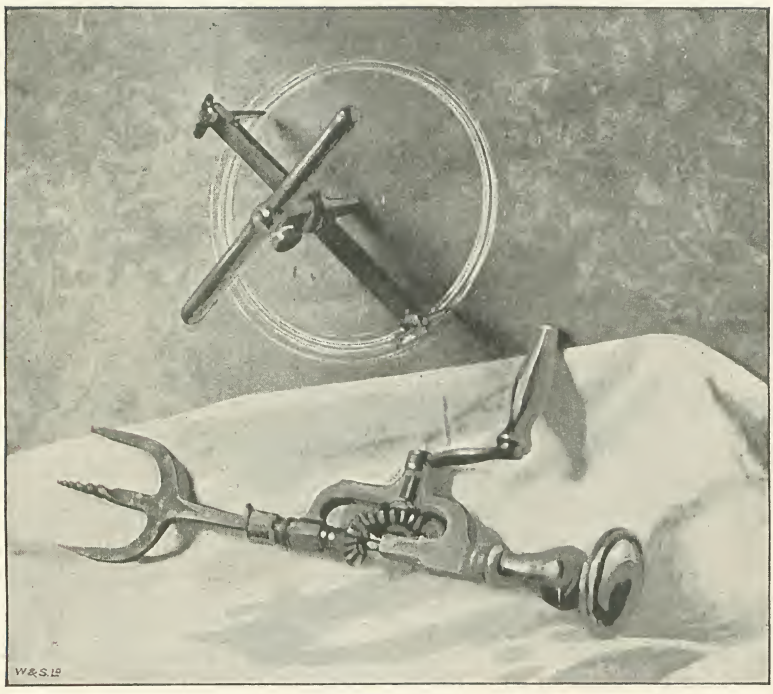
now, as an entrance is usually effected through the front door or trap-door in the roof. It is a long time since the police have had a case, however, where the panel of a door has been cut, as it would too readily betray the operation to the passer-by; the more familiar method adopted now is to work through an empty house, and so gain an entrance.

An illustration is given of a lock of a safe cut away by a ratchet. It is an ordinary ratchet about 2ft. long. It is in reality a common workman's tool, and is used every day on palings in the streets. Such an article as this is bought in any ironmonger's shop. No up-to-date safe-breaker would ever think of using such a tool as this. The instrument for cutting through shutters is rather more ingenious. This is evidently a home-made tool. It is a steel-cutter, and can be made any size by moving the centre-bit. A knife is at each end, being kept in position by a long screw. A hole is made in the shutter first, the graduated screw is inserted, and, as this is driven in, so the knives cut their way. It is surmised that this shutter-cutter was not found to answer the purpose for which it was intended, as it is the only one ever found by the police. The other specimen is for wooden shutters—the tridents being so made that whilst one cuts the other scoops out.

The collection of revolvers is unique in its way, and they are arranged about the walls of the museum with a decided eye to effect. They comprise weapons of every type and pattern. The two specially selected—which appear above a very formidable dagger, evidently of Eastern manufacture—have their own peculiar history. The small one is the centre of attraction amongst a strange group of relics, consisting of a pair of links, the clasp of a purse, a little piece of steel which fitted inside a bracelet, and even a piece of a heel-tip. The heel-tip corresponded with the footprints of a suspected man, and, together with the remains of the trinkets, helped to bring a verdict of "Guilty." All these are associated with the Muswell Hill burglary in



SAFE-LOCK CUT WITH RATCHET.



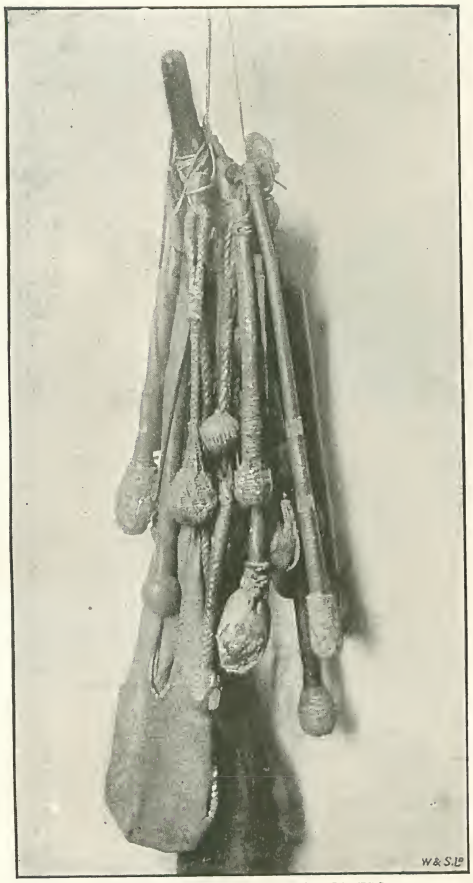

SHUTTER-CUTTER.

The life-preservers are interesting. They hang in a delicious group just by the window. They are of all sorts and sizes. One swings on a piece of thick cord heavily loaded; another is made of rhinoceros hide. A pretty little invention in these specialities doubles up and fits the waistcoat pocket, the more popular example being made out of a piece of cord twisted round a short cane with a lead shot at both ends. The life-preservers have a

January, 1889. The revolver was used by one of three men—who were all subsequently sentenced to penal servitude for life—for shooting at Mr. Atkins.

The larger revolver—which has an exceptionally heavy central fire—belonged to a top-hat shooter. On July 18th, 1884, a burglary was attempted at Hoxton. The police chased the burglars over the roofs of the houses, and a worthy named Wright, who had attempted to make himself look highly respectable in a silk hat, amused himself by clinging to a chimney-pot with one arm and using the other to practise firing with—the targets being the constables. Mr. Wright is not likely to play at this very risky pastime again. He is Her Majesty's guest for life in a palatial residence specially constructed for dispensing hospitality to such gentlemen.

REVOLVERS AND DAGGER.



LIFE-PRESERVERS AND BOOT COVERS.

THE NEW NORTH ROAD MASK.

curious companion — a pair of coverings, very rudely made out of coarse linen, for the feet, which the burglar puts over his boots out of thoughtful consideration for the slumbers of his victims.

The disguises used — and treasured at New Scotland Yard — chiefly consist of false whiskers and beards. They are all made of dark crêpe hair and fastened to wires, which fit over the ear and keep them in position. The most original idea for concealing the face, however, is given a prominent place near the board on which are arranged the beforementioned complete set of tools. It consists of a hard, black hat, attached to which is a piece of black American cloth with openings to give sight, cut very much to the size of old-fashioned goggles. This is fastened round the chin with a piece of cord.

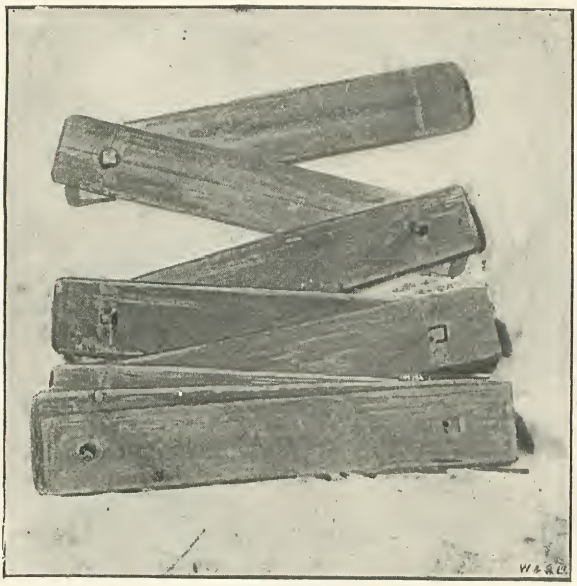
BEARDS, WHISKERS, ETC.

WIRE, STRING, JEMMY, SCREWS, WEDGES, AND SOCKS OF PORTICO THIEVES.

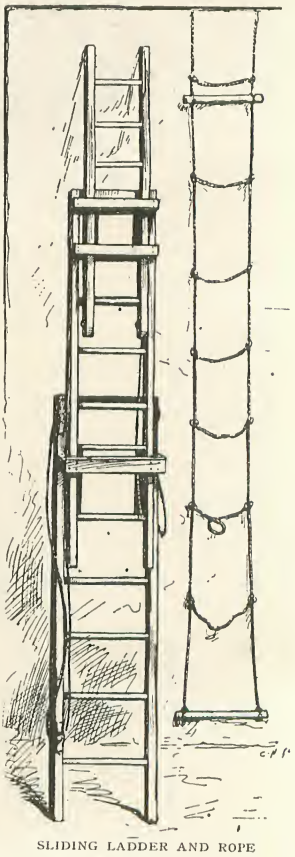
Its wearer was a most unfortunate individual, and there is every reason to believe that he has the warm sympathy of all his brother professionals. He was "specially engaged" on a public-house in the New North Road after closing time. He was found under a bed, and hurried to get away, being most determinedly chased by the energetic landlord. The owner of the black billycock, fancying he saw a means of escape, made for a window. But his patent hat and face protector served him a shabby trick. The man only saw a window and not the iron bars, between a couple of which his head lodged as though specially designed for the purpose.

The landlord—who was fortunately blessed with a delightfully humorous disposition—prodded the "bar" lodger with a sword-stick. The poor prodded one assisted his captor by yelling for the police himself! Five years.

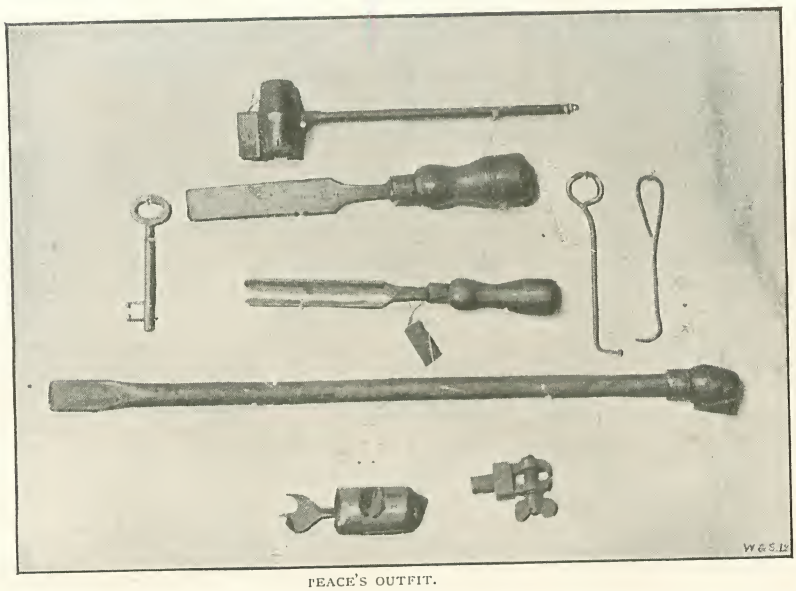
We now come to the most artistic kind of burglar—the portico thief, the man who goes in for great things in the way of jewellery. There are many exhibits at the museum used in this special branch of burglary—rope ladders,



PEACE'S LADDER.



SLIDING LADDER AND ROPE LADDER.



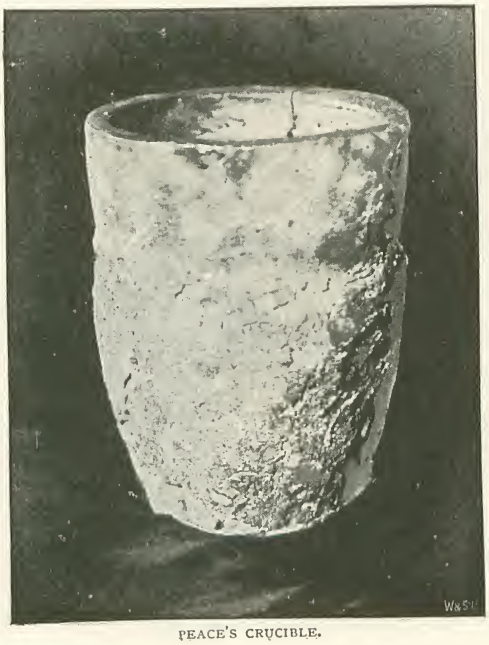
PEACE'S OUTFIT.

treadles, strings, coils of copper wire, gimlets, wedges, woollen stockings to go over boots, etc. The rope ladders, known as "slings," are often 25ft. and 30ft. long, and are made with rope treads just sufficient to put the foot in. A hook is at the end, which is lodged on some convenient support strong enough to hold the weight of the man ascending. They are generally carried by winding them about the body.

The wire, string, wedges, socks, etc., in the illustration were found at Ealing when the men escaped. They had "wired" the house and grounds all over. This is done in order that, if they are chased, the wires, which are placed at ankle height, trip the pursuer up, the thieves themselves knowing of their whereabouts by putting a piece of white paper in their immediate vicinity.

These are the simple appliances of your truly artistic burglar—the man who has been laying his plans for months, the individual who will pay a hundred visits to the house before he brings about his grand *coup*, who will know the value of every piece of jewellery the ladies are wearing at the dinner-table, and be fully aware of the exact place where to lay his wily fingers on them in the dressing-room.

This is the class of men who are the greatest trouble to the police—these are the best customers of the receivers. Frequently a man is employed to do all the planning and mapping out for the party who will do the actual job. For this he is paid a certain price—or perhaps a commission on the results of the robbery. This person will draw up a plan of the house as true—though perhaps not quite as artistic—as any architect. But he gives the thief the very information he needs, and puts on the map of the house and grounds the exact position where the operator must "beware of the dog." A man named Connor is credited at New Scotland Yard with being one of the finest adepts at this particular work of all which have come under their notice. He used to lecture on this peculiar art to young thieves, and whilst in prison wrote a work giving them practical advice on the subject. The prison officials allowed him to finish his literary effort, and when his time expired coolly appropriated the same.



PEACE'S CRUCIBLE.

No article dealing even in a small way with "Burglars and

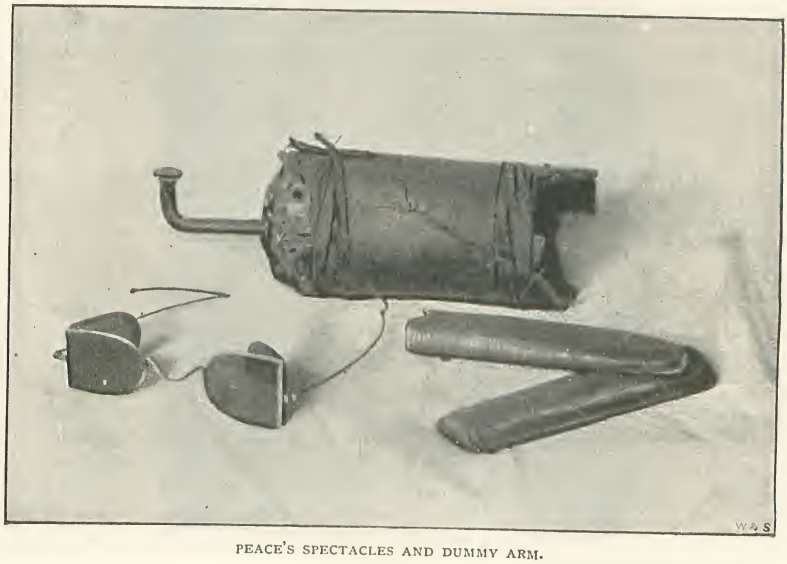
Burgling" would be complete without some reference to "The King," and the relics of this talented individual are of a highly interesting character. Charles Peace thoroughly deserved to be crowned king of all burglars, housebreakers, and scoundrels in general. Peace always worked single-handed. He had no "receiver," and melted down all his own stuff and sold it as a matter of business. All his stock-in-trade is to be found at the museum. His tools are only ten in number, and comprise a skeleton key, two pick-locks, a centre-bit, a large gimlet, a gouge, a chisel, a small vice (for turning keys on the outside of doors—used when people leave the key in the lock), a jemmy (about 2ft. long), and a knife. With these Peace worked. His blue spectacles and case are not missing. These he used for purposes of disguise, though when arrested at Blackheath his face was stained with walnut-juice, in the hopes of passing off as a Mulatto.

His ladder was quite a unique arrangement. When doubled up it is to all outward appearances simply a bundle of blocks of wood such as any carpenter might carry home for firewood. But it opens out to a length of some 13ft., working on a bolt, with a hole at one end to hook on to a nail in the wall, and so complete facilities were afforded for climbing to window or veranda. In addition to his tools he called into requisition a pony and trap at night. He practically killed the pony with hard work.

The crucible in which he did his melting down is of clay, and was found at Peckham. Its interior is much scorched. It is about 6in. deep inside, and the diameter of the orifice is 4in. Peace was truly magnificent in all he undertook—in his own peculiar profession he positively arose to greatness. In the midst of his burglaries he kept up a fine house at Peckham, with two housekeepers and a servant. His drawing-room suite was worth sixty guineas, a Turkey carpet was laid on the floor, gilded mirrors decorated the walls, and on the grand piano was a beautifully inlaid Spanish guitar worth some thirty guineas. He lived the life of an independent gentleman. He was passionately fond of music, and on the night of the attempted robbery at Blackheath he had an at-home concert, and whilst one housekeeper played the piano and another sang, Charles joined in with the violin.

His audacity was such that at the time his name was on everybody's lips, and Scotland Yard was full of him, he visited the Yard disguised as a clergyman and asked a number of questions about himself!

His false arm was a unique idea. He was minus the fore-finger of the left hand, and after he left Sheffield on 29th November, 1876, his description was posted at every police-station in the country. So he made himself this arm which he placed in his sleeve, hanging his violin on the hook when engaged in walking about and taking stock of "crackable" residences, and screwing in a fork in the place of the hook for use at meals. So for something like two years the irrepressible Peace walked this earth short of a *hand*, whilst the police were looking for a man short of a *finger!*



PEACE'S SPECTACLES AND DUMMY ARM.

By G. H. Lees.

[*The following is an absolutely true narrative of actual facts, and was written down from Mr. Lees' dictation, the loss of both his hands, of course, precluding him from writing.*]

ON Christmas morning, 1886, I started about ten o'clock from Indian Head, Manitoba, Canada, with Her Majesty's mail, to travel forty miles. It was a very cold morning, and blowing 30° below zero. I had been on my journey about an hour, when I began to feel very sleepy, through the intense cold, and so got out to walk for a time. The storm increased so that I could not see twenty yards before me, but I still kept the trail till something happened to the harness. I threw my gloves into the sleigh while I put it right, hanging the reins on the front board.

When I went back to get in, the ponies bolted, leaving me without gloves. I ran some distance, when the cold seemed to make me faint; I lay down an hour before I could recover myself sufficiently to start again; when I did, both hands were frozen stiff.

The blizzard cleared, and when I had thawed my eyes (which were frozen up with the drifting snow) I could see a shanty about a mile off the trail. I started to it, but bad luck attended me. When I reached it, it was uninhabited, and my hands were so frozen that I could not move a finger to get in, so sat down in a shed to consider what would be best to do.

Feeling perished as my feet began to freeze, I was obliged to walk on. I saw another place I knew across the prairie, about two miles from where I stood, and started for it as well as I could get along, but still worse luck attended me. I had gone only half my journey when the blizzard increased, so that it froze my eyes up and nearly choked me. I turned my back to the storm and tried to retrace my footsteps, but the snow had completely swept them out; and I was lost, as I thought, for ever.

I walked on, both sore and hungry, but dared not sleep, knowing it would mean death; but could see nothing. As night came on the blizzard abated, but it was no help to me when darkness had set in. I knew it meant that I must walk or die.

Suffering now with hunger and thirst, I ate some snow, but every time I took it, it pulled the skin off my lips. I walked on

until I was completely played out, falling down some twenty times, sometimes seven or eight feet, and it took me some time to recover myself, not being able to use my hands, and afraid they would break; my elbows, too, began to feel sore, through the frost and falls. Once or twice I followed a bright star, thinking it might be a light in a shanty; it seemed about on a level with the snow.

I had been walking until about midnight, when I fell down a bank about ten feet right into the snow, where I thought I should lay and die. I had a Scotch collie with me, and he curled up close and kept me warm. I think I must have slept a little time, as the dog was howling when I awoke. I was very stiff, and struggled more than an hour to get up the embankment. When at the top I was on the open plain, and my dog was gone. The moon was shining, and I walked on to a wood, which sheltered me a little from the cold. I was very hungry now, as I had been walking twenty hours without food, and, being famished, I had to bite the snow off the trees, though it pulled the skin off my lips.

Then I lay down again for a time. Presently my dog came back, and I was very pleased to see him, thinking anything to die with was better than being alone. He left me again in the night; his feet were freezing, and he was howling with pain; but came back again when it was getting light, lying down as if he were dead.

I got on to a trail, and thought I should find some shanty. I left my dog, thinking he was dying. The trail ended, and now came my trial. I had to clamber through the wood where it had been burnt a few years before by the dreaded prairie fire, the trees that had fallen and not been burnt lying on the ground, so that I had to clamber over them, often falling and with great difficulty getting up.

At last I got on the prairie again, but the blizzard was worse than ever, the temperature being now 40° below zero. Walking on about a mile I came to a haystack. Thinking there might be a shanty near, but not finding one, I lay down by the side of the stack. I should think this would be about seven o'clock.

After lying a little time I thought I would go back again to my dog and die with him in the wood. I had not gone more than three parts of the way before he met me, barking with delight. I followed him through the wood until we came to a steep hill, impossible for me to walk up; but the dog kept trying to make me start. I crawled on my elbows, as I was now afraid of breaking my hands to pieces. They were like glass. I had got on nicely for about fifty yards, the dog licking my face, when I slipped back about twenty yards. It must have taken me half an hour to get to the top, but when I got there what joy it was to see a shanty and people in it!

"BARKING WITH DELIGHT."

I was helpless after I got into the warmth for a little time, but soon knew I must try to save my hands and arms. The people were very good, helping in every way to save them, getting me a pail of cold water, in which I held them for twelve hours. The

ice came out in balls; but it was of no use. The good lady fed me; trying to ease the pain as much as she could. My eyes, too, were dreadful; she laid cold tea-leaves on them, which I believe saved me much pain.

They removed my boots and socks as quickly as they could, and cut the feet to let the blood out. After I had been lying with my hands in the water so long they took me and laid me on the bed near the stove, and wrapped my hands in paraffin rags. They could not send for the doctor that day, as the blizzard was so bad. After lying in this state for two days he came, but said he could do no good to me there, but I must go to Quappelle, about twenty miles away.

My friends drove me to Indian Head, but I was very sore, their sleigh not being long enough to lie at length in it. After this other friends carried me to the hotel and fed me, whilst the rest got a waggon and put it on sleighs with a spring mattress and rugs, and started me on my journey again.

I went on comfortably for the next ten miles, when I arrived at the Leeland Hotel, where six men carried me upstairs on a blanket. I lay here seven days, Doctor Edwards and the manager of the hotel doing all they could for me. The students from the college used to come and sit up with me. Doctor Edwards told me I must have both hands taken off, if not one foot, so I thought it best to go to the General Hospital, Winnipeg.

I started on January 3rd, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, arriving at Winnipeg at half-past six o'clock at night, being taken from the station in a fly, and admitted about seven o'clock. After having a nice warm bath, I was put to bed, receiving every attention. I had as many as eight doctors to see me, but they gave up my hands as hopeless. On the 23rd of January they took them both off, about two inches above my wrists. I was in bed eleven weeks, and Nurse Reynolds attended and dressed my arms all the time.

I left Winnipeg on April 1st, going West to some friends until strong enough to return home. My fare was paid to Liverpool,

"THEY WRAPPED MY HANDS IN PARAFFIN RAGS."

and I started the 3rd of June, stopping to see the nurse on Sunday, when I met an old mate who was in the hospital all the time with me to have his big toe taken off. He fed me, sleeping with me to dress me. His name was Tom Collett; he put me on the train Sunday night, and I arrived at Quebec on Wednesday night, late. I stayed with French people at the hotel and found it very comfortable.

"A SAILOR ATTENDED TO ME."

In the morning I went on to the Allan Liner *Sardinian*, when we left Quebec about 12 o'clock a.m. I had an intermediate ticket: it was quite as good as first-class. The captain sent a sailor to look after me; he dressed, fed, and attended to me in every way he possibly could. We had a good voyage, arriving at Liverpool on the Saturday before Jubilee Day, but too late to send a telegram home. The sailor saw me in the train at Liverpool at eleven o'clock at night, and I reached London about four o'clock next morning, where a policeman showing me a waiting-room, I slept until seven o'clock, after which I had refreshment, leaving King's Cross at once, and reaching home at eleven o'clock, having been away from England one year and a half.

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NOTE.—All the portraits and pictures in the article in the January Number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE on "The Signatures of Charles Dickens" were taken from the engravings in "Charles Dickens, by Pen and Pencil," by Mr. Frederick G. Kitton, published by Mr. Frank T. Sabin and Mr. John F. Dexter, of 118, Shaftesbury Avenue, the proprietors of the work. These engravings were copyright, a fact of which we were not aware, and we hereby express our sincere regret to the owners of the original work for our unintentional infringement of their rights. Mr. Schooling, the writer of the article, is in no way to blame for what has occurred.

# *The British Embassy at Paris.*

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

THE post of Ambassador at Paris being the plum of the Diplomatic service, its attainment is the hope and aim of many a statesman; but, skilful though he may have proved himself, brilliant though his services to his country may have been, he is fortunate indeed if his aspirations are ever realized. It is quite conclusive, however, that he who *is* appointed is a man of sterling merit: and such is the present Ambassador; and most of us can recall the satisfaction with which both political parties hailed his succession.

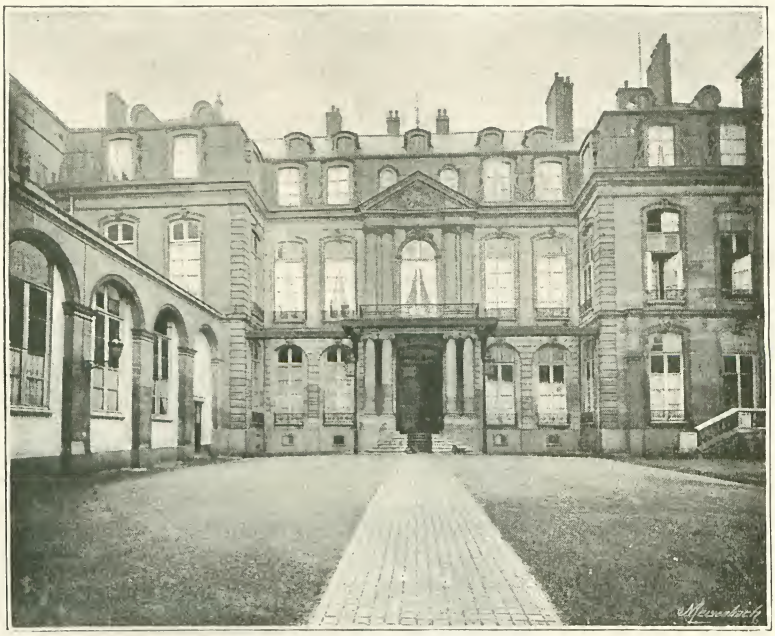
I have had several opportunities of visiting the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, but certainly the most interesting occasion was the first one, that being the wedding day of Lord Terence Blackwood, the second son, to Miss Davis, of New York.

I am early on the scene, so have ample time to linger at the massive gates, and looking across the courtyard, study the front exterior.

It is a house with a history; for back in the days when Buonaparte was seeking to make himself master of the world, his sister, the Princess Pauline, was its occupant. Beautiful as this Princess was, one can easily imagine the house to have been the rendezvous of the fashionable inhabitants of a fashionable city; although, if report speaks truly, such assemblies were composed more largely of the gay than the wise. A change of ownership came, for in 1814 it was purchased by the British Government; and from being a resort for the idle, it became one of the business centres of Paris. Now we pass the porter's lodge and the offices of the Consulate, and mount the broad steps into the portico. Just now all this presents quite a tropical appearance; stately palm, waving fern, and choice flowers being placed for the occasion. Stepping into the entrance halls, inner and outer, I find a continuance of the floral decorations, making the place look a veritable fairyland. Ionic columns, marble walls, and marble stairs lend themselves for a grand background to this Oriental display, here and there peeping out, costly but not lovely, Burmese idols, elephants' feet, a model of Mandalay, a Pith village, and other valuable curios. Tables with rich Oriental covers, settees and chairs in rich crimson velvet, give colour, making altogether a fine picture.

I am almost immediately joined by Lady Dufferin and her two daughters, and much pleasant talk ensues, and a leisurely survey of some hundreds of costly wedding presents.

A chat with any of this family is an intellectual treat; so much can they tell one of people and places, and so many and varied



THE BRITISH EMBASSY—FRONT VIEW.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

GRAND STAIRCASE.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

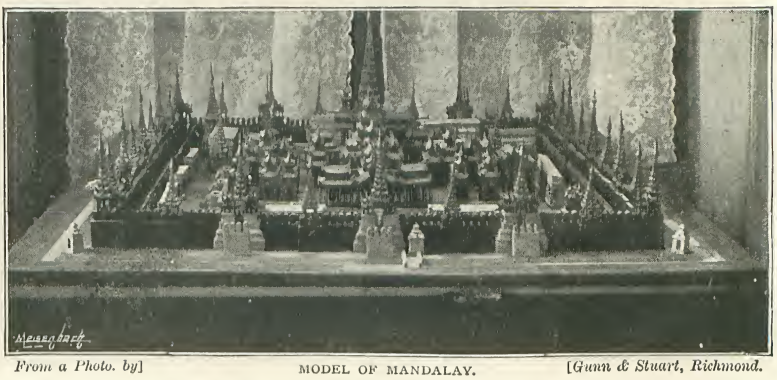
are the leaves from their eventful lives. Also, the residence is an interesting study. One sees in it so many reminders from friends in all parts: testimonies of esteem and regard bestowed by illustrious donors, and pleasant little reminders come with them all—a little anecdote of this individual, and a little story connected with that place.

Together we make the tour of the principal rooms, halting every now and again for anything of special interest, such as water-colours by His Excellency, paintings and miniatures collected by him on his foreign stations, furniture and plate formerly the property of the Napoleon family, and the exquisite floral decorations of the suite of rooms set apart for the reception in American style which is to take place after the ceremony.

Here we are presently joined by the Marquis and the bridegroom—Lord Terence Blackwood—together with his two younger brothers; we all turn again to the still arriving presents, everybody laughing and talking together in an unaffected and happy manner. Evidently the coming event affords complete satisfaction to this thoroughly typical English family; but time is getting on, the sight of the men in their gorgeous State liveries of blue and gold, powdered wigs, and pink silk stockings warns each and all of preparations to be made, so we disperse for the present, to meet many times later in the day, and also on subsequent occasions.

Then I wander about at my own will and pleasure, and make myself more thoroughly acquainted with the house and its contents.

The Throne Room and Ball Room are contiguous, only divided by an archway spanned by a double brest-summer supported by carved figures. In the Throne Room, Lord Dufferin, of course, represents the Majesty of Great Britain; and though the number of English residents in Paris is comparatively few since the fall of the Monarchy and the rise of the Republic, yet there is still a fair number of influential families, and also many foreign friends of the British Crown, who, together with the representatives of other Courts, make up a crowded assembly and form a brilliant gathering. Different receptions, these, to some I was told of—some in India and others in Canada. Very peculiar and highly amusing: perhaps the first one given in Canada excelled in this respect. Owing to delay in arrival of luggage, the family were very, very short of even such necessary articles as crockery, managing amongst themselves with about half-a-dozen



*From a Photo. by]* MODEL OF MANDALAY. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

LORD DUFFERIN IN HIS STUDY.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

cracked plates and cups. More must be got somewhere for the reception, which would doubtless be large, so they had to borrow, not priceless Sèvres or dainty Dresden, but thick earthenware, pure and simple. The entire affair was what we should call "scratch"—the bed had to be moved out of the best bed-chamber to make more room; the furniture itself was all "lodging-house." When the company arrived many of them had no cards; the servant could not say their French names, so made them write them on bits of paper at the entrance; and, to crown it all, just as it was all over, the servants of the crockery owners came and fetched it away, right in sight of the guests!

And yet they were very merry over all these affairs—merry even when they had to oil themselves all over with strong smelling oil to keep off the bites of the mosquitoes. And then what outings they had in this same place! How they all went on fishing expeditions; camping out in tents, which had to be entered by creeping in on all fours through a very small hole; then sleeping with a knife under their pillows, so as to cut another way out if a bear should look in! One occasion Lady Dufferin recalls, when, on crawling into her tent in the usual manner, she made a false movement and the entire affair upset on top of her! Canadian life had its drawbacks, but it had its pleasures, not the least of them being the large circle of friends made by the Governor-General and his wife; and it is difficult to say on which side was the most regret at parting—the Dufferin family or the inhabitants of the country.

Then the reminiscences go away to India, where everything was done on a scale of gorgeous magnificence; where such a reception awaited them on their arrival as completely eclipsed anything they had ever before witnessed; where vast crowds of Europeans and natives of every size and shape lined the streets to give them greeting: some in all the colours of the rainbow, some in "nearly nothing at all." Here the Residence was grand and stately, swarming with native servants in any number of different costumes: some in glittering uniforms, some in ordinary dress, and some in rags and tatters; but men, all men, for every possible duty, and all of them extremely mindful of caste. He who puts water into your jug would not deign to pour it out; one who cleans your shoes would consider it derogatory to pass

LADY DUFFERIN.
*From a Photograph.*

you a cup of tea; one puts a candle in a candlestick, another sets light to it. At any time you need not be surprised at finding as many as eight men in your bedroom, all gravely performing their different duties!

Then the receptions of Indian potentates by Lord Dufferin, when, in accordance with the rank of each, so many *aides-de-camp* must fetch them from their residences, and so far must His Excellency advance to meet them: anywhere from half-way down the room to the steps at the entrance.

Then they all sat about in various positions, some of the time silent, some of it talking with the aid of interpreters; occasionally varying proceedings by offering presents which they did not mean them to accept—Lady Dufferin and others of the family enjoying a private view from a safe hiding-place.

Somewhat embarrassing must have been the situation of Lord Dufferin and his attachés when attending for the first time an Indian organized entertainment. It was in the morning, and they were duly arrayed in orthodox frock-coat. Much to their consternation, wreaths of flowers were brought forward and placed around their necks! Just you imagine such a picture here! I am afraid it would be too much for even the gravity of grave Englishmen!

At Paris things are done in lavish style, be it dinner party for forty to sixty, or garden party attended by fourteen or fifteen hundred; the wedding reception, for instance, bringing several hundreds of the *élite* of the city, the entire ground suite of rooms being thrown open, in addition to the fine covered promenade gallery, with orange trees, palms, etc., which forms a terrace opening on to grounds in the rear of the house.

This brings me back to the Throne Room, where I commenced to speak of receptions. This room is somewhat limited in size, but the Ball Room joining more than redeems it, as the two combined have the most magnificent proportions. The walls are hung in crimson, and show a profusion of plate-glass panels; the ceiling is painted cream, with gold relief, crystal chandeliers depend from it; the whole being supported by decorated Doric columns. The Throne

LADY HERMIONE BLACKWOOD.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

THE THRONE ROOM.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

chair, on daïs and under a canopy, is of the usual character, crimson upholstery and frame of over-burnished gold; other furniture to match, and all of it showing the Arms of England and V.R., even the carpet—an Axminster—having the same design woven. Passing under the archway into the Ball Room, you step immediately on to a very beautiful parquetry floor, and get a clear view of the pretty lawn and terraces, from win dows facing—windows handsomely curtained in cream and gold. Ceiling and walls alike are splendidly decorated in relief, showing musical and armorial designs; the furniture, settees, and chairs to match with those in the Throne Room.

Not only did I have the pleasure of witnessing a reception and ball in these rooms, but also attended an assemblage of quite a different character there on another occasion: one of a description that tends very much to make Lord and Lady Dufferin the popular personages they are; showing unmistakably their interest in their less wealthy and less fortunate countrymen and country-women. This special meeting was on behalf of the "Girls' Friendly Society," the Paris branch of which has a hard-working president in Lady Dufferin. His Excellency not only threw open his splendid rooms, but also took the chair, and made a hopeful, energetic speech, assuring the society of his continual support. I just mention this to show how ready the family are to accord help to those who need it, and to give up time for the good of others, notwithstanding the heavy pressure of official and social duties devolving upon them.

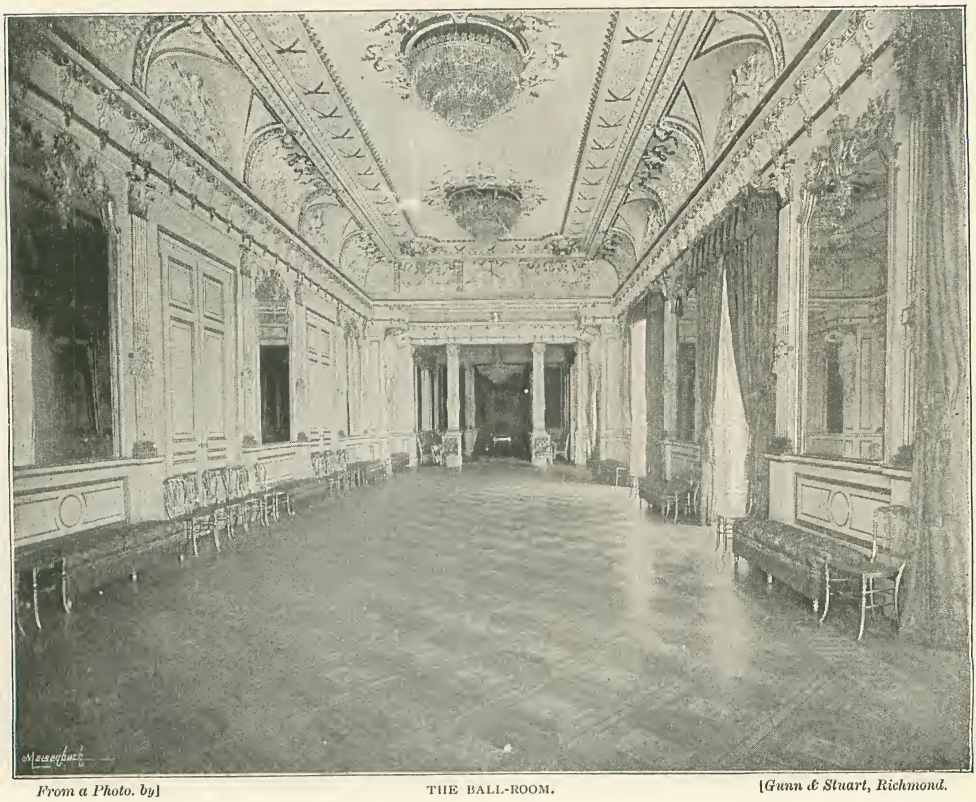
Thus the Embassy is the very centre of much good work in the city; how much is really done in helping the needy, in suppressing vice, protecting strangers, and supporting charitable objects of all sorts it would be impossible for me to give you any idea.

Of Lord Dufferin's official life it is not necessary to say much; his appointment here was putting the right man in the right place, such satisfactory proof has he always given of his splendid abilities, keen tact, and nicety of judgment. More than one crisis has he successfully tided over, earning the un-

*From a Photo. by]* THE GALLERY. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

*From a Photo by]* THE LAWNS AND TERRACES. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

bounded gratitude of his country. Few men, perhaps, have held so many and important positions under the Crown as he. Born at Florence in 1826, he was educated at Christ Church, Oxford; became a Lord-in-Waiting to Her Majesty in 1849; went with Lord Russell on a special mission to Vienna in 1855; on a mission to Syria in



*From a Photo. by]* THE BALL-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

1860; was made Lord-Lieutenant of County Down in 1864; Under-Secretary of State for India in 1864; Under-Secretary for War in 1866; Chancellor and Paymaster for the Duchy of Lancaster in 1868; Governor-General of Canada in 1872; Ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1879; to Constantinople in 1881; was sent on a Special Commission to Egypt in 1882; was made Viceroy of India in 1884; Ambassador to the King of Italy in 1888; Ambassador at Paris in 1891.

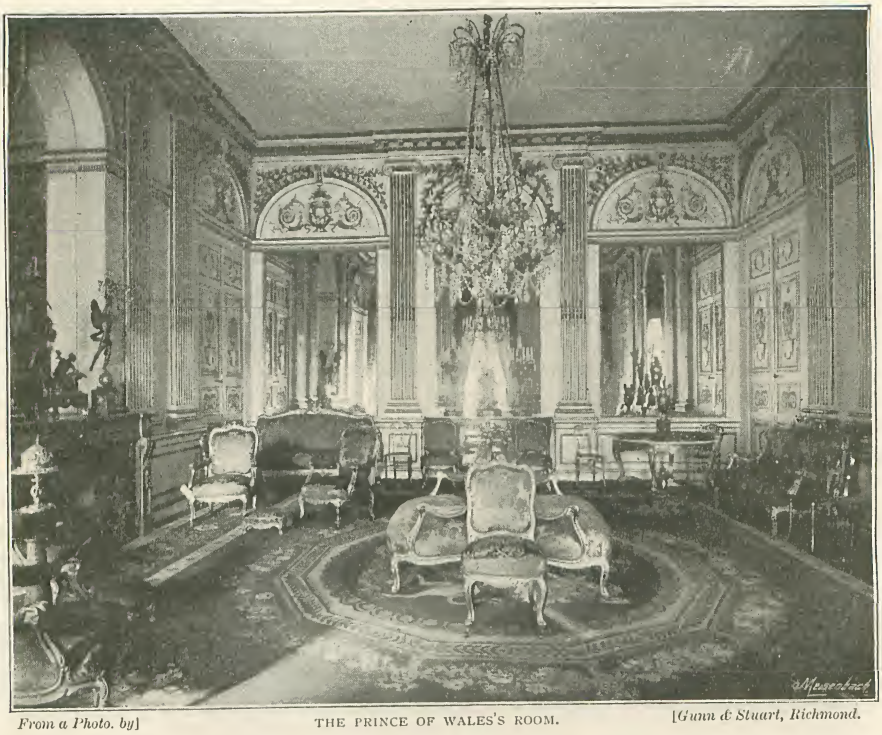
In the Red Saloon many instances of the artistic ability of Lord Dufferin may be seen: indeed, the crimson-covered walls are profusely hung with his water-colours. Amongst others, I noticed the "Ruins of Fort Ticonderoga" (where the 42nd Regiment was cut up), the "Indian's Grave," "Artillery Ground at Quebec," "Killyleagh Castle," and some descriptive of the Iceland journey of his lordship.

While thinking of the Marquis of Dufferin as a clever statesman, an artist, and a literary man, it must not be forgotten that he is also a very fine orator. His various speeches make splendid reading: instructive, eloquent, and always well to the point before him. Perhaps there are no better of his on record than those made in Canada, when the rugged sons of toil who listened to him went almost wild with delight. At that time people had scarcely commenced to settle in places which are now prosperous cities and towns, and Lord Dufferin did splendid service by visiting outlying regions and pointing out possibilities of new commerce and new sources of income.

The Queen's Room is very handsomely decorated in blue and gold, and is one of the suite of drawing-rooms on the ground floor; it takes its name from a magnificent full-length painting of Her Majesty. Buhl tables, furniture of gold and silk brocade, ormolu decorations, and carved marble combine to make an exquisite display. As with the other drawing-rooms, it opens out on to the Promenade Gallery.

The next room, called the Prince of Wales's Room, is very handsome: it has a richly-decorated ceiling in gold relief, with walls draped and embellished to match; Ionic columns and gold-framed panels to doors add to the richness; cream silk curtains to the windows, and quantities of white flowers giving graceful relief to the gold blazonry of furniture and carpet. The carpet, I may mention, has the Prince of Wales's feathers woven in the centre—from this the room is named.

*From a Photo. by]* THE QUEEN'S ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*



*From a Photo. by]* THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

On the wedding day I was enabled to be present at an American reception given in this room. Furniture was all cleared out and every niche filled with flowers, with wreaths of same round every picture and panel; a daïs was erected at the top, and on it stood Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood on their return from church, everybody who attended walking up to shake hands and congratulate, then walking off to find their way to the well-spread tables for "five o'clock tea." Lord and Lady Dufferin and family mingled with the crowd, talking to everybody; and though the bride and bridegroom must have been tired with standing so long, and shaking hands with so many, yet the whole affair was a deal more enjoyable than the formal breakfast, with the nervous speeches of the nervous men.

Of course, I congratulated the happy

*From a Photo. by]* THE RED SALOON. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

couple on behalf of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and of course I carried away a piece of *the* cake, one of the inimitable Buszard's, all glorious in silver decorations of flowers, fruit, Irish harps, etc., and mounted on a massive silver stand. For the benefit of my lady readers, I may remark that the bride was really beautiful (people generally say they *look* so, but this one really *was*); cream satin, Venice point, and orange blossom were all in due order. But what chiefly interested me was the crowd of celebrities present—Rothschilds, Ambassadors (whose names are known and honoured), some of the French nobility, many familiar English faces, musical and dramatic stars, etc.

From here I proceed to the Dining Room, a fine apartment lighted with crystal chandeliers and silver-gilt candelabra, showing a splendidly painted ceiling, with walls of marble, carved oak, and crimson panels—these being hung with shields and pieces of armour, offensive and defensive. On the tables is a fine display of plate, formerly the property of Jerome Napoleon, a costly Burmese bowl, and other pieces of presentation plate too numerous to mention. I may here say that upstairs in the strong-room I saw a remarkably large collection of plate—some belonging to the Embassy, but a great deal of it the private property of the Marquis; all was of the richest in quality and design, but perhaps the gold Buddha from Burmah, a Burmese cup—wonderfully chased—and some candelabra, copied from originals found in Pompeii, were of the greatest interest.

From here you can step out into the Inner Hall, and then mount the splendidly wide marble staircase, soon finding yourself in a most beautiful suite of apartments.

The Second Red Saloon calls for your particular attention: it has much in it worth close study. The painted ceiling, brocaded walls, and parquetry floors are elegant and costly, and the furniture of the First Empire worth more than passing note; but the chief attraction undoubtedly is the unique collection of Indian Rajahs, paintings on ivory; these—seventy, I believe, in number—were presented to His Excellency before leaving India.

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

Nearly every one of the miniatures brings up some interesting and may-be amusing recollection, and carries the family back to sojourns in various places: at Calcutta, for instance, where Lady Dufferin tells with glee how on one of her visits she was literally garlanded with flowers, her pocket-handkerchief copiously drenched with a pungent scent, and a scented bouquet ornamented

From a Photo. by] THE YELLOW SALOON. [Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

with tinsel thrust into her hands; thus bedecked, she had to drive through the streets, feeling, I should imagine, like a central figure in a circus display. It seems it was customary everywhere to make offerings of flowers, fruit, cakes, and candy; and as these latter were accepted and passed over to the servants, they were much delighted. The rule regarding other presents was curious: jewellery, etc., was accepted, but passed on to the Government Treasury, sold, and presents of equal value returned to the donors; rather aggravating this, when a specially nice article is given. Money, too, was often offered, but this was only touched, not taken!

Then, again, reminders crop up of Burmah, some not very pleasant ones too, when the bedrooms were kept lively with swarms of lizards, and even scorpions occasionally putting in an unwelcome appearance. Or of Simla, where a small Government House was perched at such a dizzy height as made falling over a precipice a great probability if venturing too far over the threshold; a place where carriages could not get along, where everybody had to go out in "jinrikshas," a species of Bath chair, which was half pulled and half pushed by four and sometimes six men: processions of them going along in single file, the merry occupants shouting remarks to the van or rear as they proceeded. Just you imagine going to church on Sunday morning in this fashion, or mounted on rough ponies, horses, or anything on legs that could

From a Photo. b.] LADY DUFFERIN'S BOUDOIR. [Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

STATE BEDROOM.
*From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

be obtained. Fancy what a nondescript congregation it must be; occupants of jinrikshas, ladies in riding gear with boots and spurs complete, and black servants in every colour of the rainbow.

One might go on for any length of time with these reminiscences, but there are a few more rooms yet unexplored.

The next one I enter is known as the Yellow Saloon, nearly everything in it being gold and cream. The ceiling is painted cream and decorated in gold relief, the walls are hung with gold brocaded silk, carpets and curtains, settees and chairs all in character. On the walls may be seen some costly Italian pictures, collected by Lord Dufferin, also a few more miniatures of Rajahs. The marble mantels in this suite of rooms are also a special feature, so beautifully are they carved; also you will note the graceful crystal chandeliers and parquetry floors.

On one side of the room you will observe a very handsome silver-gilt frame containing a portrait of the Maharajah of Patiala, also a present. Lord and Lady Dufferin were occasional guests at this Prince's palace, he entertaining them right royally, even to providing bagpipe strains for after-dinner performance, the dusky pipers in Scottish attire, with legs cased in pink silk to keep up the semblance. I believe time and tune were not much regarded, but what mattered that? The intention was good.

Opening from here is Lady Dufferin's boudoir, a cosy apartment, crowded with artistic and useful pieces of furniture; music, books, and family photographs abound; and here Lady Dufferin finds time for arrangement and direction of much of the good work in which she is constantly engaged.

I may as well here state that Lady Dufferin

*From a Photo. by]* LORD DUFFERIN'S STUDY. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

is the daughter of the late Archibald R. Hamilton, Esq., of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down; she has orders, the "Crown of India," the "Victoria and Albert," the "Crescent of the Shefkhat," and "Lion and Sun." Wherever Lord Dufferin has been appointed, there has Lady Dufferin worked zealously for the welfare of the poorer classes, but it is perhaps more especially for her splendid work for the women of India that she is so much honoured. Most of you know the wretched condition of these poor women, sufferers through the custom of the country. Lady Dufferin, by her noble efforts for the training of native women in medical skill, has earned the gratitude and alleviated the misery of thousands. The amount of correspondence alone that all this entails upon her ladyship is prodigious; every minute seems to be fully occupied.

We take a peep into the next room, a State bed-chamber. This, Lady Dufferin tells me, was formerly used by the Princess Pauline. Over the bed is displayed the eagle, and the letter "P.," in ormolu, is on much of the tulip, satinwood, and rosewood furniture, all of which is covered with the richest of brocades.

There is another room which must not be omitted — Lord Dufferin's study. Thither I proceed, and thus get a glance of the enormous amount of business devolving upon the Ambassador and his secretaries.

Everything is of the most orderly in the arrangements: all correspondence sorted up; papers and books of reference ready to hand; well-filled bookshelves containing Parliamentary and technical works, and all the other accessories of a hard-working Minister's room. On the walls I note a number of family portraits, chief of which are Lady Dufferin and Lord Ava — the eldest son.

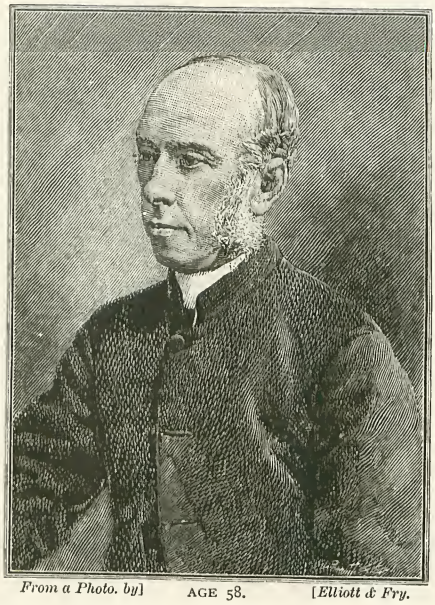
Of the real work done here, few can form any idea; communications from all parts of the globe, arbitration here, intercession there. Very much fine tact is wanted to keep all this going smoothly: to uphold the majesty, please the public, and give no manner of offence. The multiplicity of affairs, some trivial, some weighty—to an ordinary mind—would be alarming. Not so long ago I was in conversation with one, who, residing in a town not far from Paris, had, as I think deservedly, brought himself under the vengeance of the French law; but he was an English subject. "So," said he, "I shall appeal to the Ambassador!" and appeal he did. This just gave me an instance of the number of petty matters that come for settlement to the Embassy.

Downstairs is another room where any amount of business is transacted, and where I had a few minutes' chat with Austin Lee, Esq., one of the secretaries; and opposite are the offices of the Consulate. To one and another there is a constant stream of people from morning till night; all sorts and conditions, and on all sorts of business. One thing you may be sure of: no one who really needs and deserves help or redress fails in obtaining it; Lord Dufferin and his able assistants—whose portraits are here presented—not only conducting affairs of State with dignified ability, but also giving ready sympathy of a practical nature wherever required.

*From a Photo. by]* LORD DUFFERIN'S ASSISTANTS. *[Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.*

*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 38. *[Southwell Bros., Baker St.*

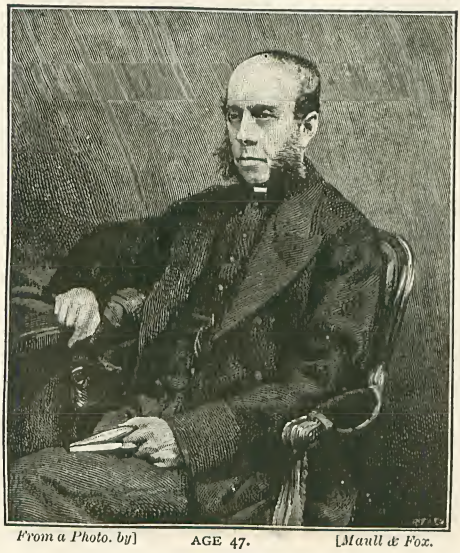


*From a Photo. by]* AGE 58. *[Elliott & Fry.*

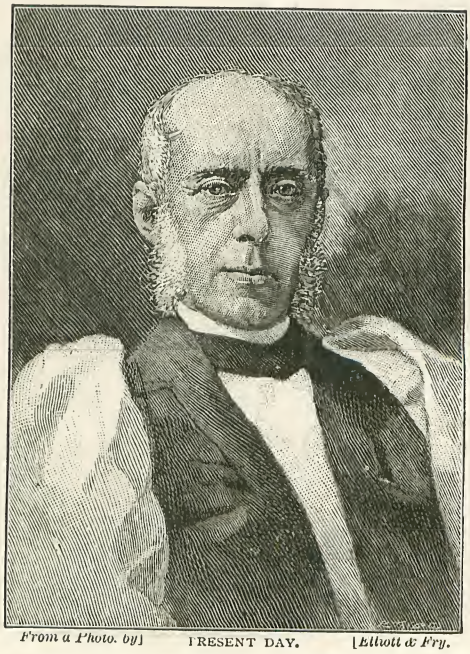
## THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

BORN 1825.

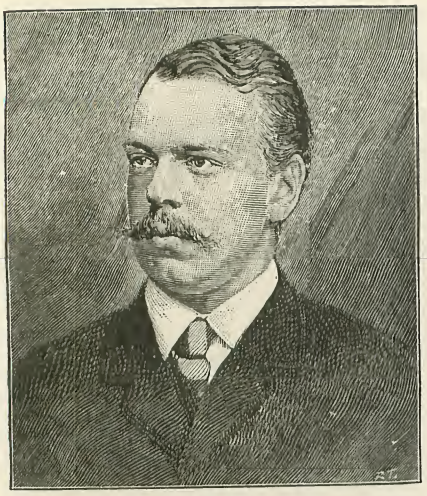
THE RIGHT REV. ANTHONY W. THOROLD, Lord Bishop of Winchester, is the second son of the Rev. E. Thorold, Rector of Hougham. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1849. From 1874 to 1877 he was Canon Residentiary of York, and was consecrated to the Bishopric of Rochester in 1877. His lordship was transferred to the Bishopric of Winchester in 1891.



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 47. *[Maull & Fox.*



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*



AGE 20.
*From a Photo. by Georg Hansen, Junr., Kjöbenhavn.*

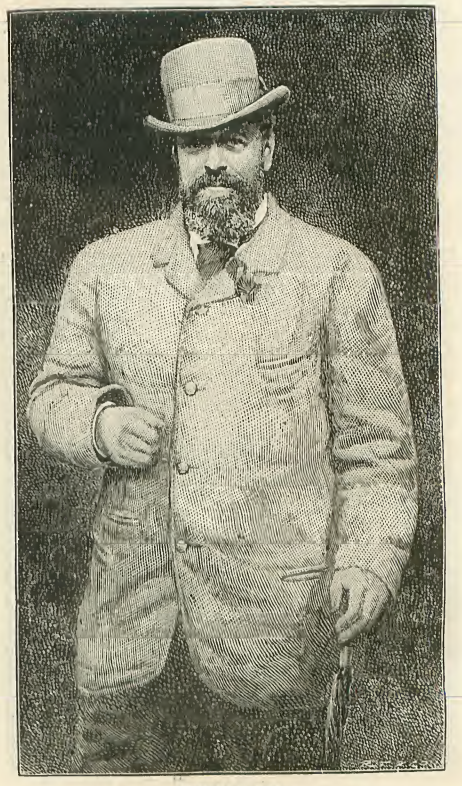
AGE 46.
*From a Photograph.*

## THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

BORN 1845.

ALEXANDER III. succeeded to the throne as Emperor of All the Russias in 1881. His coronation took place at Moscow in May, 1883. In 1866 he married Mary Feodorovna, daughter of Christian IX., King of Denmark, and sister of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece.

AGE 38.
*From a Photo. by Carl Sonne, Kjöbenhavn.*



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by J. Danielsen, Kjöbenhavn.*

AGE 3.
*From a Drawing by A. P. Paul.*

AGE 19.
*From a Photo. by Wothly-type, Regent Street.*

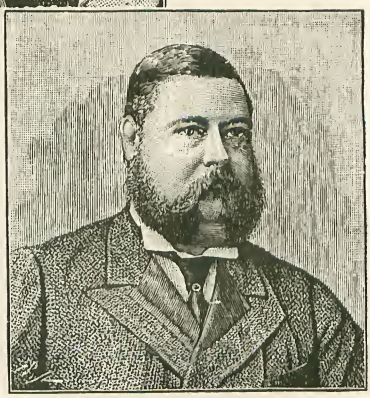
## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BORN 1846.

HENRY WELLESLEY, Duke of Wellington, Prince of Waterloo, was late Major and Lieutenant-Colonel Grenadier Guards, Colonel 2nd Brigade Southern Division Royal Artillery Militia, and Honorary Colonel of the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment. He succeeded to his uncle, son of the Great Duke of Wellington, as 3rd Duke in 1884. He was M.P. for Andover from 1874 to 1880, and married Evelyn Katerine Gwenfra, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Thomas Peers Williams, in 1882.

AGE 27.
*From a Photo. by A. Bassano, Piccadilly.*

*From a]* AGE 12. *[Photograph.*



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.*

AGE 17.
*From a Photograph.*

AGE 35.
*From a Photo. by White, Littlehampton*

## MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY.

BORN 1847.

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM RANN KENNEDY was born in Kensington, and was sent to Eton in 1858. At Cambridge, where he went in 1864 as a scholar of King's College, he carried off almost every prize that was open to his competition. He was for a time president of the Cambridge Union, and was elected to a Fellowship at Pembroke in 1868. Whilst still *in statu pupillari* he enrolled himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn, and a short time before his call to the Bar, in 1870-71, he was private secretary to Mr. Goschen, who was President of the then Poor Law Board. In 1882 he came to London, and in 1885 applied for and obtained silk. He was raised to the Bench in 1892.

AGE 40.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 22.
*From a Photograph.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.*

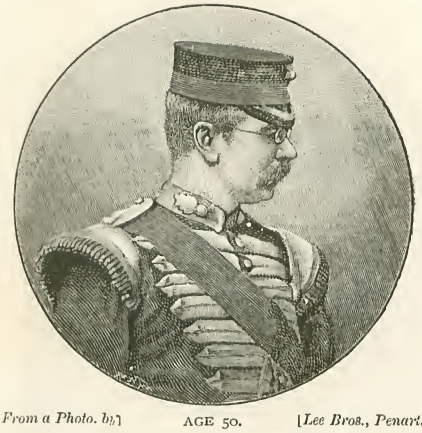
*From a]* AGE 16. *[Daguerreotype.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 42. *[J. Burton & Sons, Leicester.*

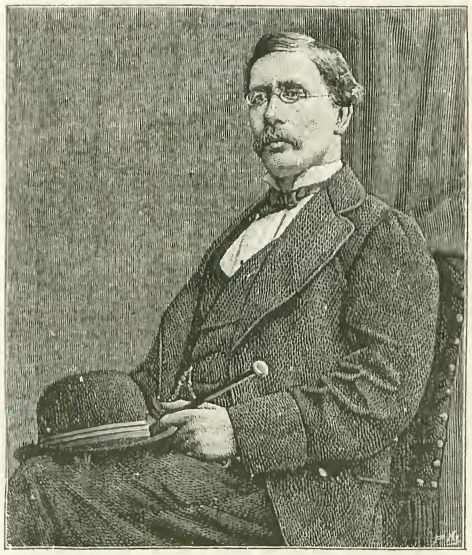
## DAN GODFREY.

BORN 1830.

MR. GODFREY was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is now a Fellow. He was appointed Bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards by the late Prince Consort, and his first duty was to play into London the Brigade of Guards returning from the Crimea, for which occasion he composed a march called "The Return of the Guards." He was created honorary Second Lieutenant on the Queen's Jubilee, and his term of service has been prolonged beyond the usual age limit by special desire of Her Majesty.



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 50. *[Lee Bros., Penarth.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 30. *[Chancellor, Dublin.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

# *The Birth of a Smile.*

By a Photographer.

SOME people wonder why a photographer charges extra for taking infants in arms. They imagine, perhaps, that a photographer should conduct his business on the principle of the railway companies, and charge nothing for infants and half-price for children under twelve. But if the railway companies had as much trouble with children as the photographer has, they would charge double first-class fare for those under twelve, and make the infant in arms take a special train.

I am a photographer myself, although on mature consideration I think I should prefer

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to be a railway company. Of infants in arms I prefer not to speak here—there might even be a difficulty about printing some of the things I should say. Suffice it to say that I have a theory that Herod was a struggling photographer in his young days, and had his revenge when he came to the throne. Intelligent children of half-fare age are bad enough, but babies are beyond description. Girls are not always satisfactory, but boys are much worse. A boy turns up at a photographer's in much the same frame of mind that he visits the dentist—minus the terror. He is so determined to see the thing through with inflexible rigidity of countenance, that the overwrought muscles of his face either combine to give him an expression of intense suffering, or else break down under the strain and smudge the picture. It is always a doubtful experiment to ask a boy to smile—you never know what the result will be. Most boys don't seem to know what a smile is. It is best, instead of asking the boy to smile, to provide something likely to make him do it, and then have him photographed quickly before the smile gets too wide for the plate.

Many old photographers will remember Signor Berneri, a most admirable operator, for many years with Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Signor Berneri was an Italian, and his English vocabulary was small. His invariable direction to his sitters was, "Now, if you please—good express!" There was a certain want of definite clearness about this request, but by the time the worthy Signor had taken a ruinous number of negatives without achieving the "express" he was aiming for, his comic distress and inability to convey a precise notion of what he required usually worked their own cure, and the sitter was

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smiling as widely as anybody could ask. An actual illustration of these persevering attempts of Berneri is to be seen on these pages, and a gradually dawning perception of the photographer's intention is observable—and on the face of a boy. The boy's original conception of a "good express" is in the nature of a compromise wherein frowning determination mingles with a guarded defiance.

After Berneri's usual "No good! Bad express!" the boy modifies his original notion, and stirs in a little dignified truculence with the facial ingredients he used at first. "Ah, no good—no good! Bad express—more badder express!"—as one can now almost hear the excitable Berneri shouting. The boy abates his truculence, and without altogether abandoning the frown, tries a look of half-amused and quite uncomprehending inquiry, which is, perhaps, justified by the circumstances. This, again, is "no good express," and by this time the operator has grown impatient and amusing; the boy begins actually to smile; and at last there is a *real* smile—some might say it verged on an amused grin. This boy, by-the-bye, is now Mr. Elliott, jun.—still of Elliott and Fry, and six feet six inches high.

Berneri has betaken himself to a well-earned retirement in Italy—he retired, in fact, some years ago. But, excellent operator as he was, he will be remembered in the profession for some time—if only because of his wildly despairing entreaties for "Good express—now, if you *please*—good express!"

But it is bad enough when your English is of full vocabulary. Why is it no part of our English boy's education to know what a naturally pleasant expression of countenance is? Why can he see no middle course between an aspect of warlike grimness and a self-conscious grin? I am thinking, seriously thinking, of cultivating Signor Berneri's manner and speech for special use—with boy sitters. I may even spoil more plates than I do at present—although that is scarcely possible—but the smile—or grin—which I extract will, at least, be intelligent, because it will have a definite object—myself.

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5.

# *Martin Hewitt, Investigator.*

## THE LENTON CROFT ROBBERIES.

THOSE who retain any memory of the great law cases of fifteen or twenty years back will remember, at least, the title of that extraordinary will case, "Bartley *v.* Bartley and others," which occupied the Probate Court for some weeks on end, and caused an amount of public interest rarely accorded to any but the cases considered in the other division of the same court. The case itself was noted for the large quantity of remarkable and unusual evidence presented by the plaintiff's side—evidence that took the other party completely by surprise, and overthrew their case like a house of cards. The affair will, perhaps, be more readily recalled as the occasion of the sudden rise to eminence, in their profession, of Messrs. Crellan, Hunt, and Crellan, solicitors for the plaintiff—a result due entirely to the wonderful ability shown in this case of building up, apparently out of nothing, a smashing weight of irresistible evidence. That the firm has since maintained—indeed, enhanced—the position it then won for itself, need scarcely be said here; its name is familiar to everybody. But there are not many of the outside public who know that the credit of the whole performance was primarily due to a young clerk in the employ of Messrs. Crellan, who had been given charge of the seemingly desperate task of collecting evidence in the case.

This Mr. Martin Hewitt had, however, full credit and reward for his exploit from his firm and from their client, and more than one other firm of lawyers engaged in contentious work made good offers to entice Hewitt to change his employers. Instead of this, however, he determined to work independently for the future, having conceived the idea of making a regular business of doing, on behalf of such clients as might retain him, similar work to that he had just done, with such conspicuous success, for Messrs. Crellan, Hunt, and Crellan. This was the beginning of the private detective business of Martin Hewitt, and his action at that time has been completely justified by the brilliant professional successes he has since achieved.

His business has always been conducted in the most private manner, and he has always declined the help of professional assistants, preferring to carry out, himself, such of the many investigations offered him as he could manage. He has always maintained that he has never lost by this policy, since the chance of his refusing a case begets competition for his services, and his fees rise by a natural process. At the same time, no man could know better how to employ casual assistance at the right time.

Some curiosity has been expressed as to Mr. Martin Hewitt's system, and as he himself always consistently maintains that he has no system beyond a judicious use of ordinary faculties, I intend setting forth in detail a few of the more interesting of his cases, in order that the public may judge for itself if I am right in estimating Mr. Hewitt's "ordinary faculties" as faculties very extraordinary indeed. He is not a man who has made many friendships (this, probably, for professional reasons), notwithstanding his genial and companionable manners. I myself first made his acquaintance as a result of an accident resulting in a fire at the old house in which Hewitt's office was situated, and in an upper floor of which I occupied bachelor chambers. I was able to help in saving a quantity of extremely important papers relating to his business, and, while repairs were being made, allowed him to lock them in an old wall-safe in one of my rooms, which the fire had scarcely damaged.

The acquaintance thus begun has lasted many years, and has become a rather close friendship. I have even accompanied Hewitt on some of his expeditions, and, in a humble way, helped him. Such of the cases, however, as I personally saw nothing of I have put into narrative form from the particulars given me.

"I consider you, Brett," he said, addressing me, "the most remarkable journalist alive. Not because you're particularly clever, you know; because, between ourselves, I hope you'll admit you're not; but because you have known something of me and my doings for some years, and have never yet been guilty of giving away any of my little business secrets you may have become acquainted with. I'm afraid you're not so enterprising a journalist as some, Brett. But now, since you ask, you shall write something—if you think it worth while."

This he said, as he said most things, with a cheery, chaffing good-nature that would

have been, perhaps, surprising to a stranger who thought of him only as a grim and mysterious discoverer of secrets and crimes. Indeed, the man had always as little of the aspect of the conventional detective as may be imagined. Nobody could appear more cordial or less observant in manner, although there was to be seen a certain sharpness of the eye—which might, after all, only be the twinkle of good-humour.

I *did* think it worth while to write something of Martin Hewitt's investigations, and a description of one of his adventures follows.

* * * * *

At the head of the first flight of a dingy staircase leading up from an ever-open portal in a street by the Strand stood a door, the dusty ground-glass upper panel of which carried in its centre the single word "Hewitt," while at its right-hand lower corner, in smaller letters, "Clerk's Office" appeared. On a morning when the clerks in the ground-floor offices had barely hung up their hats, a short, well-dressed young man, wearing spectacles, hastening to open the dusty door, ran into the arms of another man who suddenly issued from it.

MARTIN HEWITT.

"I beg pardon," the first said. "Is this Hewitt's Detective Agency Office?"

"Yes, I believe you will find it so," the other replied. He was a stoutish, clean-shaven man, of middle height, and of a cheerful, round countenance. "You'd better speak to the clerk."

In the little outer office the visitor was met by a sharp lad with inky fingers, who presented him with a pen and a printed slip. The printed slip having been filled with the visitor's name and present business, and conveyed through an inner door, the lad reappeared with an invitation to the private office. There, behind a writing-table, sat the stoutish man himself, who had only just advised an appeal to the clerk.

"Good morning, Mr. Lloyd—Mr. Vernon Lloyd," he said, affably, looking again at the slip. "You'll excuse my care to start even with my visitors—I must, you know. You come from Sir James Norris, I see."

"Yes; I am his secretary. I have only to ask you to go straight to Lenton Croft at once, if you can, on very important business. Sir James would have wired, but had not your precise address. Can you go by the next train? Eleven-thirty is the first available from Paddington."

"Quite possibly. Do you know anything of the business?"

"It is a case of a robbery in the house, or, rather, I fancy, of several robberies. Jewellery has been stolen from rooms occupied by visitors to the Croft. The first case occurred some months ago — nearly a year ago, in fact. Last night there was another. But I think you had better get the details on the spot; Sir James has told me to telegraph if you are coming, so that he may meet you himself at the station; and I must hurry, as his drive to the station will be rather a long one. Then I take it you will go, Mr. Hewitt? Twyford is the station."

"Yes, I shall come, and by the eleven-thirty. Are you going by that train yourself?"

"No, I have several things to attend to now I am in town. Good morning; I shall wire at once."

Mr. Martin Hewitt locked the drawer of his table and sent his clerk for a cab.

At Twyford Station Sir James Norris was waiting with a dog-cart. Sir James was a tall, florid man of fifty or thereabout, known away from home as something of a county historian, and nearer his own parts as a great supporter of the hunt, and a gentleman much troubled with poachers. As soon as he and Hewitt had found one another, the baronet hurried the detective into his dog-cart. "We've something over seven miles to drive," he said, "and I can tell you all about this wretched business as we go. That is why I came for you myself, and alone."

"SIR JAMES NORRIS WAS WAITING WITH A DOG-CART."

Hewitt nodded.

"I have sent for you, as Lloyd probably told you, because of a robbery at my place last evening. It appears, as far as I can guess, to be one of three by the same hand, or by the same gang. Late yesterday afternoon——"

"Pardon me, Sir James," Hewitt interrupted, "but I think I must ask you to begin at the first robbery and tell me the whole tale in proper order. It makes things clearer, and sets them in their proper shape."

"Very well. Eleven months ago, or thereabout, I had rather a large party of visitors, and among them Colonel Heath and Mrs. Heath—the lady being a relative of my own late wife. Colonel Heath has not been long retired, you know—used to be political resident in an Indian native State. Mrs. Heath had rather a good stock of jewellery of one sort and another, about the most valuable piece being a bracelet set with a particularly fine pearl—quite an exceptional pearl, in fact—that had been one of a heap of presents from the Maharajah of his State when Heath left India.

"It was a very noticeable bracelet, the gold setting being a mere feather-weight piece of native filigree work—almost too fragile to trust on the wrist—and the pearl being, as I have said, of a size and quality not often seen. Well, Heath and his wife arrived late one evening, and after lunch the following day, most of the men being off by themselves—shooting, I think—my daughter, my sister (who is very often down here), and Mrs. Heath took it into their heads to go walking—fern-hunting, and so on. My sister was rather long dressing, and while they waited, my daughter went into Mrs. Heath's room, where Mrs. Heath turned over all her treasures to show her—as women do, you know. When my sister was at last ready they came straight away, leaving the things littering about the room rather than stay longer to pack them up. The bracelet, with other things, was on the dressing-table then."

"One moment. As to the door?"

"They locked it. As they came away my daughter suggested turning the key, as we had one or two new servants about."

"And the window?"

"That they left open, as I was going to

tell you. Well, they went on their walk and came back, with Lloyd (whom they had met somewhere) carrying their ferns for them. It was dusk and almost dinner time. Mrs. Heath went straight to her room, and—the bracelet was gone."

"Was the room disturbed?"

"Not a bit. Everything was precisely where it had been left, except the bracelet. The door hadn't been tampered with, but of course the window was open, as I have told you."

"You called the police, of course?"

"Yes, and had a man from Scotland Yard down in the morning. He seemed a pretty smart fellow, and the first thing he noticed on the dressing-table, within an inch or two of where the bracelet had been, was a match, which had been lit and thrown down. Now, nobody about the house had had occasion to use a match in that room that day, and, if they had, certainly wouldn't have thrown it on the cover of the dressing-table. So that, presuming the thief to have used that match, the robbery must have been committed when the room was getting dark—immediately before Mrs. Heath returned, in fact. The thief had evidently struck the match, passed it hurriedly over the various trinkets lying about, and taken the most valuable."

"Nothing else was even moved?"

"Nothing at all. Then the thief must have escaped by the window, although it was not quite clear how. The walking party approached the house with a full view of the window, but saw nothing, although the robbery must have been actually taking place a moment or two before they turned up.

"There was no water-pipe within any practicable distance of the window. But a ladder usually kept in the stable-yard was found lying along the edge of the lawn. The gardener explained, however, that he had put the ladder there after using it himself early in the afternoon."

"Of course, it might easily have been used again after that and put back."

"Just what the Scotland Yard man said. He was pretty sharp, too, on the gardener, but very soon decided that he knew nothing of it. No stranger had been seen in the neighbourhood, nor had passed the lodge gates. Besides, as the detective said, it scarcely seemed the work of a stranger. A stranger could scarcely have known enough to go straight to the room where a lady—only arrived the day before—had left a valuable jewel, and away again without being seen. So all the people about the house were suspected in turn. The servants offered, in a body, to have their boxes searched, and this was done; everything was turned over, from the butler's to the new kitchenmaid's. I don't know that I should have had this carried quite so far if I had been the loser myself, but it was my guest, and I was in such a horrible position. Well, there's little more to be said about that, unfortunately. Nothing came of it all, and the thing's as great a mystery now as ever. I believe the Scotland Yard man got as far as suspecting *me* before he gave it up altogether, but give it up he did in the end. I think that's all I know about the first robbery. Is it clear?"

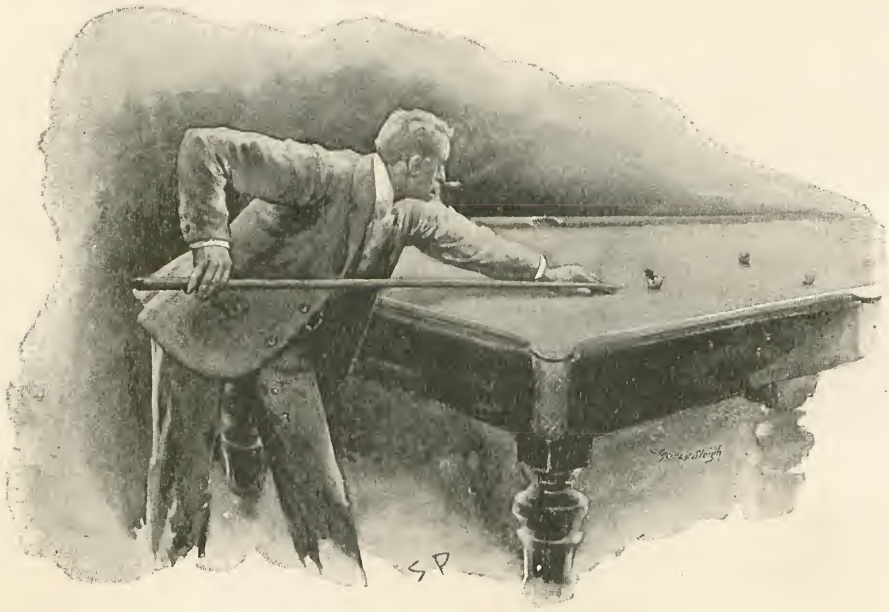
"Oh, yes; I shall probably want to ask a few questions when I have seen the place, but they can wait. What next?"

"Well," Sir James pursued, "the next was a very trumpery affair, that I should have forgotten all about, probably, if it hadn't been for one circumstance. Even now I hardly think it could have been the work of the same hand. Four months or thereabout after Mrs. Heath's disaster—in February of this year, in fact—Mrs. Armitage, a young widow, who had been a schoolfellow of my daughter's, stayed with us for a week or so. The girls don't trouble about the London season, you know, and I have no town house, so they were glad to have their old friend here for a little in the dull time. Mrs. Armitage is a very active young lady, and was scarcely in the house half an hour before she arranged a drive in a pony-cart with Eva—my daughter—to look up old people in the village that she used to know before she was married. So they set off in the afternoon, and made such a round of it that they were late for dinner. Mrs. Armitage had a small plain gold brooch—not at all valuable, you know; two or three pounds, I suppose—which she used to pin up a cloak or anything of that sort. Before she went out she stuck this in the pincushion on her dressing-table, and left a ring—rather a good one, I believe—lying close by."

"This," asked Hewitt, "was not in the room that Mrs. Heath had occupied, I take it?"

"No; this was in another part of the building. Well, the brooch went—taken, evidently, by someone in a deuce of a hurry, for when Mrs. Armitage got back to her room, there was the pincushion with a little tear in it, where the brooch had been simply snatched off. But the curious thing was that the ring—worth a dozen of the brooch—was

left where it had been put. Mrs. Armitage didn't remember whether or not she had locked the door herself, although she found it locked when she returned; but my niece, who was indoors all the time, went and tried it once—because she remembered that a gasfitter was at work on the landing near by—and found it safely locked. The gasfitter, whom we didn't know at the time, but who since seems to be quite an honest fellow, was ready to swear that nobody but my niece had been to the door while he was in sight of it—which and it looks over the roof and skylight of the billiard-room. I built the billiard-room myself—built it out from a smoking-room just at this corner. It would be easy enough to get at the window from the billiard-room roof. But, then," he added, "that couldn't have been the way. Somebody or other was in the billiard-room the whole time, and nobody could have got over the roof (which is nearly all skylight) without being seen and heard. I was there myself for an hour or two, taking a little practice."



"I WAS TAK'NG A LITTLE PRACTICE.

was almost all the time. As to the window, the sash-line had broken that very morning, and Mrs. Armitage had propped open the bottom half about eight or ten inches with a brush; and when she returned, that brush, sash and all, were exactly as she had left them. Now, I scarcely need tell *you* what an awkward job it must have been for anybody to get noiselessly in at that unsupported window; and how unlikely he would have been to replace it, with the brush, exactly as he found it."

"Just so. I suppose the brooch was really gone? I mean, there was no chance of Mrs. Armitage having mislaid it?"

"Oh, none at all. There was a most careful search."

"Then, as to getting in at the window, would it have been easy?"

"Well, yes," Sir James replied; "yes, perhaps it would. It is a first-floor window,

"Well, was anything done?"

"Strict inquiry was made among the servants, of course, but nothing came of it. It was such a small matter that Mrs. Armitage wouldn't hear of my calling in the police or anything of that sort, although I felt pretty certain that there must be a dishonest servant about somewhere. A servant might take a plain brooch, you know, who would feel afraid of a valuable ring, the loss of which would be made a greater matter of."

"Well, yes—perhaps so, in the case of an inexperienced thief, who also would be likely to snatch up whatever she took in a hurry. But I'm doubtful. What made you connect these two robberies together?"

"Nothing whatever — for some months. They seemed quite of a different sort. But scarcely more than a month ago I met Mrs. Armitage at Brighton, and we talked, among other things, of the previous robbery—that

of Mrs. Heath's bracelet. I described the circumstances pretty minutely, and when I mentioned the match found on the table she said, 'How strange! Why, *my* thief left a match on the dressing-table when he took my poor little brooch!'"

Hewitt nodded. "Yes," he said. "A spent match, of course?"

"Yes, of course, a spent match. She noticed it lying close by the pincushion, but threw it away without mentioning the circumstance. Still, it seemed rather curious to me that a match should be lit and dropped, in each case, on the dressing-cover an inch from where the article was taken. I mentioned it to Lloyd when I got back, and he agreed that it seemed significant."

"Scarcely," said Hewitt, shaking his head. "Scarcely, so far, to be called significant, although worth following up. Everybody uses matches in the dark, you know."

"Well, at any rate, the coincidence appealed to me so far that it struck me it might be worth while to describe the brooch to the police in order that they could trace it if it had been pawned. They had tried that, of course, over the bracelet, without any result, but I fancied the shot might be worth making, and might possibly lead us on the track of the more serious robbery."

"Quite so. It was the right thing to do. Well?"

"Well, they found it. A woman had pawned it in London—at a shop in Chelsea. But that was some time before, and the pawnbroker had clean forgotten all about the woman's appearance. The name and address she gave were false. So that was the end of that business."

"Had any of your servants left you between the time the brooch was lost and the date of the pawnticket?"

"No."

"Were all your servants at home on the day the brooch was pawned?"

"Oh, yes. I made that inquiry myself."

"Very good. What next?"

"Yesterday—and this is what made me send for you. My late wife's sister came here last Tuesday, and we gave her the room from which Mrs. Heath lost her bracelet. She had with her a very old-fashioned brooch, containing a miniature of her father, and set, in front, with three very fine brilliants and a few smaller stones. Here we are, though, at the Croft; I'll tell you the rest indoors."

Hewitt laid his hand on the baronet's arm. "Don't pull up, Sir James," he said. "Drive a little further. I should like to have a general idea of the whole case before we go in."

"Very good." Sir James Norris straightened the horse's head again and went on. "Late yesterday afternoon, as my sister-in-law was changing her dress, she left her room for a moment to speak to my daughter in her room, almost adjoining. She was gone no more than three minutes, or five at most, but on her return the brooch, which had been left on the table, had gone. Now, the window was shut fast, and had not been tampered with. Of course, the door was open, but so was my daughter's, and anybody walking near must have been heard. But the strangest circumstance, and one that almost makes me wonder whether I have been awake to-day or not, was that there lay *a used match* on the very spot, as nearly as possible, where the brooch had been—and it was broad daylight!"

Hewitt rubbed his nose and looked thoughtfully before him. "Um—curious, certainly," he said. "Anything else?"

"Nothing more than you shall see for yourself. I have had the room locked and watched till you could examine it. My sister-in-law had heard of your name, and suggested that you should be called in; so, of course, I did exactly as she wanted. That she should have lost that brooch, of all things, in my house, is most unfortunate; you see, there was some small difference about the thing between my late wife and her sister when their mother died and left it. It's almost worse than the Heath's bracelet business, and altogether I'm not pleased with things, I can assure you. See what a position it is for me! Here are three ladies in the space of one year, robbed one after another in this mysterious fashion in my house, and I can't find the thief. It's horrible! People will be afraid to come near the place. And I can do nothing!"

"Ah, well—we'll see. Perhaps we had better turn back now. By-the-bye, were you thinking of having any alterations or additions made to your house?"

"No. What makes you ask?"

"I think you might at least consider the question of painting and decorating, Sir James—or, say, putting up another coach-house, or something. Because I should like to be (to the servants) the architect—or the builder, if you please—come to look round. You haven't told any of them about this business?"

"Not a word. Nobody knows but my relatives and Lloyd. I took every precaution myself, at once. As to your little disguise, be the architect, by all means, and do as you

please. If you can only find this thief and put an end to this horrible state of affairs, you'll do me the greatest service I've ever asked for—and as to your fee, I'll gladly make it whatever is usual, and three hundred in addition."

Martin Hewitt bowed. "You're very generous, Sir James, and you may be sure I'll do what I can. As a professional man, of course, a good fee always stimulates my interest, although this case of yours certainly seems interesting enough by itself."

"Most extraordinary! Don't you think so? Here are three persons, all ladies, all in my house, two even in the same room, each successively robbed of a piece of jewellery, each from a dressing-table, and a used match left behind in every case. All in the most difficult—one would say impossible—circumstances for a thief, and yet there is no clue!"

"Well, we won't say that just yet, Sir James; we must see. And we must guard against any undue predisposition to consider the robberies in a lump. Here we are at the lodge gate again. Is that your gardener—the man who left the ladder by the lawn on the first occasion you spoke of?" Mr. Hewitt nodded in the direction of a man who was clipping a box border.

"Yes; will you ask him anything?"

"No, no; at any rate, not now. Remember the building alterations. I think, if there is no objection, I will look first at the room that the lady—Mrs.——?" Hewitt looked up inquiringly.

"My sister-in-law? Mrs. Cazenove. Oh, yes, you shall come to her room at once."

"Thank you. And I think Mrs. Cazenove had better be there."

They alighted; and a boy from the lodge led the horse and dog-cart away.

Mrs. Cazenove was a thin and faded, but quick and energetic, lady of middle age. She bent her head very slightly on learning Martin Hewitt's name, and said: "I must thank you, Mr. Hewitt, for your very prompt attention. I need scarcely say that any help you can afford in tracing the thief who has my property—whoever it may be—will make me most grateful. My room is quite ready for you to examine."

The room was on the second floor—the top floor at that part of the building. Some slight confusion of small articles of dress was observable in parts of the room.

"This, I take it," inquired Hewitt, "is exactly as it was at the time the brooch was missed?"

"Precisely," Mrs. Cazenove answered. "I have used another room, and put myself to some other inconveniences, to avoid any disturbance."

Hewitt stood before the dressing-table. "Then this is the used match," he observed, "exactly where it was found?"

"Yes."

"Where was the brooch?"

"I should say almost on the very same spot. Certainly no more than a very few inches away."

Hewitt examined the match closely. "It is burnt very little," he remarked. "It would

"HEWITT STOOD BEFORE THE DRESSING-TABLE."

appear to have gone out at once. Could you hear it struck?"

"I heard nothing whatever; absolutely nothing."

"If you will step into Miss Norris's room now for a moment," Hewitt suggested, "we will try an experiment. Tell me if you hear matches struck, and how many. Where is the match-stand?"

The match-stand proved to be empty, but matches were found in Miss Norris's room, and the test was made. Each striking could be heard distinctly, even with one of the doors pushed to.

"Both your own door and Miss Norris's were open, I understand; the window shut and fastened inside as it is now, and nothing but the brooch was disturbed?"

"Yes, that was so."

"Thank you, Mrs. Cazenove. I don't think I need trouble you any further just at present. I think, Sir James," Hewitt added, turning to the baronet, who was standing by the door—"I think we will see the other room and take a walk outside the house, if you please. I suppose, by-the-bye, that there is no getting at the matches left behind on the first and second occasions?"

"No," Sir James answered. "Certainly not here. The Scotland Yard man may have kept his."

The room that Mrs. Armitage had occupied presented no peculiar feature. A few feet below the window the roof of the billiard-room was visible, consisting largely of sky-light. Hewitt glanced casually about the walls, ascertained that the furniture and hangings had not been materially changed since the second robbery, and expressed his desire to see the windows from the outside. Before leaving the room, however, he wished to know the names of any persons who were known to have been about the house on the occasions of all three robberies.

"Just carry your mind back, Sir James," he said. "Begin with yourself, for instance. Where were you at these times?"

"When Mrs. Heath lost her bracelet I was in Tagley Wood all the afternoon. When Mrs. Armitage was robbed, I believe I was somewhere about the place most of the time she was out. Yesterday I was down at the farm." Sir James's face broadened. "I don't know whether you call those suspicious movements?" he added, and laughed.

"Not at all; I only asked you so that, remembering your own movements, you might the better recall those of the rest of the household. Was anybody, to your knowledge—*anybody*, mind—in the house on all three occasions?"

"Well, you know, it's quite impossible to answer for all the servants. You'll only get that by direct questioning—I can't possibly remember things of that sort. As to the family and visitors—why, you don't suspect any of them, do you?"

"I don't suspect a soul, Sir James," Hewitt answered, beaming genially, "not a soul. You see, I *can't* suspect people till I know something about where they were. It's quite possible there will be independent evidence enough as it is, but you must help me if you can. The visitors, now. Was there any visitor here each time—or even on the first and last occasions only?"

"No—not one. And my own sister, perhaps you will be pleased to know, was only there at the time of the first robbery."

"Just so. And your daughter, as I have gathered, was clearly absent from the spot each time—indeed, was in company with the party robbed. Your niece, now?"

"Why, hang it all, Mr. Hewitt, I can't talk of my niece as a suspected criminal. The poor girl's under my protection, and I really can't allow——"

Hewitt raised his hand and shook his head deprecatingly.

"My dear sir, haven't I said that I don't suspect a soul? *Do* let me know how the people were distributed, as nearly as possible. Let me see. It was your niece, I think, who found that Mrs. Armitage's door was locked—this door in fact—on the day she lost her brooch?"

"Yes, it was."

"Just so—at the time when Mrs. Armitage, herself, had forgotten whether she locked it or not. And yesterday — was she out then?"

"No, I think not. Indeed, she goes out very little—her health is usually bad. She was indoors, too, at the time of the Heath robbery, since you ask. But come, now, I don't like this. It's ridiculous to suppose that *she* knows anything of it."

"I don't suppose it, as I have said. I am only asking for information. That is all your resident family, I take it, and you know nothing of anybody else's movements—except, perhaps, Mr. Lloyd's?"

"Lloyd? Well, you know yourself that he was out with the ladies when the first robbery took place. As to the others, I don't remember. Yesterday he was probably in his room, writing. I think that acquits *him*, eh?" Sir James looked quizzically into the

broad face of the affable detective, who smiled and replied :—

"Oh, of course, nobody can be in two places at once, else what would become of the *alibi* as an institution? But as I have said, I am only setting my facts in order. Now, you see, we get down to the servants—unless some stranger is the party wanted. Shall we go outside now?"

Lenton Croft was a large, desultory sort of house, nowhere more than three floors high, and mostly only two. It had been added to bit by bit till it zig-zagged about its site, as Sir James Norris expressed it, "like a game of dominoes." Hewitt scrutinized its external features carefully as they strolled round, and stopped some little while before the windows of the two bedrooms he had just seen from the inside. Presently they approached the stables and coach-house, where a groom was washing the wheels of the dog-cart.

"Do you mind my smoking?" Hewitt asked Sir James. "Perhaps you will take a cigar yourself—they are not so bad, I think. I will ask your man for a light."

Sir James felt for his own match-box, but Hewitt had gone, and was lighting his cigar with a match from a box handed him by the groom. A smart little terrier was trotting about by the coach-house, and Hewitt stooped to rub its head. Then he made some observation about the dog, which enlisted the groom's interest, and was soon absorbed in a chat with the man. Sir James, waiting a little way off, tapped the stones rather impatiently with his foot, and presently moved away.

For full a quarter of an hour Hewitt chatted with the groom, and when at last he came away and overtook Sir James, that gentleman was about re-entering the house.

"I beg your pardon, Sir James," Hewitt said, "for leaving you in that unceremonious fashion to talk to your groom, but a dog, Sir James—a good dog—will draw me anywhere."

"Oh," replied Sir James, shortly.

"There is one other thing," Hewitt went on, disregarding the other's curtness, "that I should like to know: There are two windows directly below that of the room occupied yesterday by Mrs. Cazenove—one on each floor. What rooms do they light?"

"That on the ground floor is the morning-room; the other is Mr. Lloyd's—my secretary. A sort of study or sitting-room."

"Now, you will see at once, Sir James," Hewitt pursued, with an affable determination to win the baronet back to good humour, "you will see at once that if a ladder had been used in Mrs. Heath's case, anybody looking from either of these rooms would have seen it."

"Of course. The Scotland Yard man questioned everybody as to that, but nobody seemed to have been in either of the rooms when the thing occurred; at any rate, nobody saw anything."

"Still, I think I should like to look out of those windows myself; it will, at least, give me an idea of what *was* in view

"HEWITT CHATTED WITH THE GROOM."

and what was not, if anybody had been there."

Sir James Norris led the way to the morning-room. As they reached the door, a young lady, carrying a book and walking very languidly, came out. Hewitt stepped aside to let her pass, and afterwards said, interrogatively: "Miss Norris—your daughter, Sir John?"

"No, my niece. Do you want to ask her anything? Dora, my dear," Sir James added, following her in the corridor, "this is Mr. Hewitt, who is investigating these wretched robberies for me. I think he would like to hear if you remember anything happening at any of the three times."

The lady bowed slightly, and said in a plaintive drawl: "I, uncle? Really, I don't remember anything; nothing at all."

"You found Mrs. Armitage's door locked, I believe," asked Hewitt, "when you tried it, on the afternoon when she lost her brooch?"

"Oh, yes; I believe it was locked. Yes, it was."

"Had the key been left in?"

"The key? Oh, no! I think not; no."

"Do you remember anything out of the common happening—anything whatever, no matter how trivial—on the day Mrs. Heath lost her bracelet?"

"No, really I don't. I can't remember at all."

"Nor yesterday?"

"No, nothing. I don't remember anything."

"Thank you," said Hewitt, hastily; "thank you. Now the morning-room, Sir James."

In the morning-room Hewitt stayed but a few seconds, doing little more than casually glance out of the windows. In the room above he took a little longer time. It was a comfortable room, but with rather effeminate indications about its contents. Little pieces of draped silk-work hung about the furniture, and Japanese silk fans decorated the mantelpiece. Near the window was a cage containing a grey parrot, and the writing-table was decorated with two vases of flowers.

"Lloyd makes himself pretty comfortable, eh?" Sir James observed. "But it isn't likely anybody would be here while he was out, at the time that bracelet went."

"No," replied Hewitt, meditatively. "No, I suppose not."

He stared thoughtfully out of the window, and then, still deep in thought, rattled at the wires of the cage with a quill tooth-pick and played a moment with the parrot. Then looking up at the window again, he said: "That is Mr. Lloyd, isn't it, coming back in a fly?"

"Yes, I think so. Is there anything else you would care to see here?"

"No, thank you," Hewitt replied; "I don't think there is."

They went down to the smoking-room, and Sir James went away to speak to his secretary. When he returned, Hewitt said, quietly, "I think, Sir James—I *think* that I shall be able to give you your thief presently."

"What! Have you a clue? Who do you think? I began to believe you were hopelessly stumped."

"Well, yes. I have rather a good clue, although I can't tell you much about it just yet. But it is so good a clue that I should like to know now whether you are determined to prosecute, when you have the criminal?"

"Why, bless me, of course," Sir James replied, with surprise. "It doesn't rest with me, you know—the property belongs to my friends. And even if *they* were disposed to let the thing slide, I shouldn't allow it—I couldn't, after they had been robbed in my house."

"Of course, of course. Then, if I can, I should like to send a message to Twyford by somebody perfectly trustworthy—not a servant. Could anybody go?"

"Well, there's Lloyd, although he's only just back from his journey. But if it's important, he'll go."

"It is important. The fact is, we must have a policeman or two here this evening, and I'd like Mr. Lloyd to fetch them without telling anybody else."

Sir James rang, and, in response to his message, Mr. Lloyd appeared. While Sir James gave his secretary his instructions, Hewitt strolled to the door of the smoking-room, and intercepted the latter as he came out.

"I'm sorry to give you this trouble, Mr. Lloyd," he said, "but I must stay here myself for a little, and somebody who can be trusted must go. Will you just bring back a police-constable with you?—or rather two—two would be better. That is all that is wanted. You won't let the servants know, will you? Of course, there will be a female searcher at the Twyford police-station? Ah—of course. Well, you needn't bring her, you know. That sort of thing is done at the station." And chatting thus confidentially, Martin Hewitt saw him off.

"I AM SORRY TO GIVE YOU THE TROUBLE, MR. LLOYD."

When Hewitt returned to the smoking-room Sir James said, suddenly, "Why, bless my soul, Mr. Hewitt, we haven't fed you! I'm awfully sorry. We came in rather late for lunch, you know, and this business has bothered me so, I clean forgot everything else. There's no dinner till seven, so you'd better let me give you something now. I'm really sorry. Come along."

"Thank you, Sir James," Hewitt replied; "I won't take much. A few biscuits, perhaps, or something of that sort. And, by-the-bye, if you don't mind, I rather think I should like to take it alone. The fact is, I want to go over this case thoroughly by myself. Can you put me in a room?"

"Any room you like. Where will you go? The dining-room's rather large, but there's my study, that's pretty snug, or——"

"Perhaps I can go into Mr. Lloyd's room for half an hour or so — I don't think he'll mind, and it's pretty comfortable."

"Certainly, if you'd like. I'll tell them to send you whatever they've got."

"Thank you very much. Perhaps they'll also send me a lump of sugar and a walnut—it's—it's just a little fad of mine."

"A—what? A lump of sugar and a walnut?" Sir James stopped for a moment, with his hand on the bell-rope. "Oh, certainly, if you'd like it; certainly," he added, and stared after this detective of curious tastes as he left the room.

When the vehicle, bringing back the secretary and the policemen, drew up on the drive, Martin Hewitt left the room on the first floor and proceeded downstairs. On the landing he met Sir James Norris and Mrs. Cazenove, who stared with astonishment on perceiving that the detective carried in his hand the parrot-cage.

"I think our business is about brought to a head now," Hewitt remarked, on the stairs. "Here are the police-officers from Twyford." The men were standing in the hall with Mr. Lloyd, who, on catching sight of the cage in Hewitt's hand, paled suddenly.

"This is the person who will be charged, I think," Hewitt pursued, addressing the officers, and indicating Lloyd with his finger.

"What, Lloyd?" gasped Sir James, aghast. "No—not Lloyd—nonsense!"

"He doesn't seem to think it nonsense himself, does he?" Hewitt placidly observed. Lloyd had sunk on a chair, and, grey of face, was staring blindly at the man he had run against at the office door that morning. His lips moved in spasms, but there was no sound. The wilted flower fell from his button-hole to the floor, but he did not move.

"This is his accomplice," Hewitt went on, placing the parrot and cage on the hall table, "though I doubt whether there will be any use in charging *him*. Eh, Polly?"

The parrot put its head aside and chuckled. "Hullo, Polly!" it quietly gurgled. "Come along!"

Sir James Norris was hopelessly bewildered. "Lloyd—Lloyd—" he said, under his breath, "Lloyd—and that!"

"SIR JAMES NORRIS WAS HOPELESSLY BEWILDERED."

"This was his little messenger, his useful Mercury," Hewitt explained, tapping the cage complacently; "in fact, the actual lifter. Hold him up."

The last remark referred to the wretched Lloyd, who had fallen forward with something between a sob and a loud sigh. The policemen took him by the arms and propped him in his chair.

"System?" said Hewitt, with a shrug of the shoulders an hour or two after, in Sir James's study. "I can't say I have a system. I call it nothing but common-sense and a sharp pair of eyes. Nobody using these could help taking the right road in this case. I began at the match, just as the Scotland Yard man did, but I had the advantage of taking a line through three cases. To begin with, it was plain that that match, being left there in daylight, in Mrs. Cazenove's room, could not have been used to light the table-top, in the full glare of the window; therefore it had been used for some other purpose—*what* purpose I could not, at the moment, guess. Habitual thieves, you know, often have curious superstitions, and some will never take anything without leaving something behind — a pebble or a piece of coal, or something like that — in the premises they have been robbing. It seemed at first extremely likely that this was a case of that kind. The match had clearly been *brought in* — because when I asked for matches there were none in the stand—not even an empty box; and the room had not been disturbed. Also the match probably had not been struck there, nothing having been heard, although, of course, a mistake in this matter was just possible. This match then, it was fair to assume, had been lit somewhere else and blown out immediately—I remarked at the time that it was very little burnt. Plainly it could not have been treated thus for nothing, and the only possible object would have been to prevent it igniting accidentally. Following on this it became obvious that the match was used, for whatever purpose, not *as* a match, but merely as a convenient splinter of wood.

"So far so good. But on examining the match very closely I observed—as you can see for yourself—certain rather sharp indentations in the wood. They are very small, you see, and scarcely visible, except upon narrow inspection; but there they are, and their positions are regular. See—there are two on each side, each opposite the corresponding mark of the other pair. The match, in fact, would seem to have been gripped in some fairly sharp instrument, holding it at two points above, and two below—an instrument, as it may at once strike you, not unlike the beak of a bird.

"Now, here was an idea. What living creature but a bird could possibly have entered Mrs. Heath's window without a ladder—supposing no ladder to have been used—or could have got into Mrs. Armitage's window without lifting the sash higher than the eight or ten inches it was already open? Plainly, nothing. Further, it is significant that only *one* article was stolen at a time, although others were about. A human being could have carried any reasonable number, but a

bird could only take one at a time. But why should a bird carry a match in its beak? Certainly it must have been trained to do that for a purpose, and a little consideration made that purpose pretty clear. A noisy, chattering bird would probably betray itself at once. Therefore it must be trained to keep quiet both while going for and coming away with its plunder. What readier or more probably effectual way than, while teaching it to carry without dropping, to teach it also to keep quiet while carrying? The one thing would practically cover the other.

"I thought at once, of course, of a jackdaw or a magpie—these birds' thievish reputations made the guess natural. But the marks on the match were much too wide apart to have been made by the beak of either. I conjectured, therefore, that it must be a raven. So that when we arrived near the coach-house I seized the opportunity of a little chat with your groom on the subject of dogs and pets in general, and ascertained that there was no tame raven in the place. I also, incidentally, by getting a light from the coach-house box of matches, ascertained that the match found was of the sort generally used about the establishment—the large, thick, red-topped English match. But I further found that Mr. Lloyd had a parrot which was a most intelligent pet, and had been trained into comparative quietness—for a parrot. Also, I learnt that more than once the groom had met Mr. Lloyd carrying his parrot under his coat—it having, as its owner explained, learnt the trick of opening its cage-door, and escaping.

"I said nothing, of course, to you of all this, because I had as yet nothing but a train of argument and no results. I got to Lloyd's room as soon as possible. My chief object in going there was achieved when I played with the parrot, and induced it to bite a quill tooth-pick.

"When you left me in the smoking-room I compared the quill and the match very carefully, and found that the marks corresponded exactly. After this I felt very little doubt indeed. The fact of Lloyd having met the ladies walking before dark on the day of the first robbery proved nothing, because, since it was clear that the match had *not* been used to procure a light, the robbery might as easily have taken place in daylight as not—must have so taken place, in fact, if my conjectures were right. That they were right I felt no doubt. There could be no other explanation.

"When Mrs. Heath left her window open and her door shut, anybody climbing upon the open sash of Lloyd's high window could have put the bird upon the sill above. The match placed in the bird's beak for the purpose I have indicated and struck first, in case by accident it should ignite by rubbing against something and startle the bird—this match would, of course, be dropped just where the object to

"EXPLAINING."

be removed was taken up; as you know, in every case the match was found almost upon the spot where the missing article had been left—scarcely a likely triple coincidence, had the match been used by a human thief. This would have been done as soon after the ladies had left as possible, and there would then have been plenty of time for Lloyd to hurry out and meet them before dark—especially plenty of time to meet them *coming back*, as they must have been, since they were carrying their ferns. The match was an article well chosen for its purpose, as being a not altogether unlikely thing to find on a dressing-table, and, if noticed, likely to lead to the wrong conclusions adopted by the official detective.

"In Mrs. Armitage's case, the taking of an inferior brooch and the leaving of a more valuable ring pointed clearly either to the operator being a fool or unable to distinguish values, and certainly, from other indications, the thief seemed no fool. The door was locked, and the gasfitter, so to speak, on guard, and the window was only eight or ten inches open and propped with a brush. A human thief entering the window would have disturbed this arrangement, and would scarcely risk discovery by attempting to replace it, especially a thief in so great a hurry as to snatch the brooch up without unfastening the pin. The bird could pass through the opening as it was, and *would have* to tear the pincushion to pull the brooch off—probably holding the cushion down with its claw the while.

"Now, in yesterday's case we had an alteration of conditions. The window was shut and fastened, but the door was open—but only left for a few minutes, during which time no sound was heard either of coming or going. Was it not possible, then, that the thief was *already* in the room, in hiding, while Mrs. Cazenove was there, and seized its first opportunity on her temporary absence? The room is full of draperies, hangings, and what-not, allowing of plenty of concealment for a bird, and a bird could leave the place noiselessly and quickly. That the whole scheme was strange mattered not at all. Robberies presenting such unaccountable features must have been effected by strange means of one sort or another. There was no improbability—consider how many hundreds of examples of infinitely higher degrees of bird-training are exhibited in the London streets every week for coppers.

"So that, on the whole, I felt pretty sure of my ground. But before taking any definite steps, I resolved to see if Polly could not be persuaded to exhibit his accomplishments to an indulgent stranger. For that purpose I contrived to send Lloyd away again and have a quiet hour alone with his bird. A piece of sugar, as everybody knows, is a good parrot bribe; but a walnut, split in half, is a better—especially if the bird be used to it; so I got you to furnish me with both. Polly was shy at first, but I generally get along very well with pets, and a little perseverance soon led to a complete private performance for my benefit. Polly would take the match, mute as wax, jump on the table, pick up the brightest thing he could see, in a great hurry, leave the match behind, and scuttle away round the room; but at first wouldn't give up the plunder to *me*. It was enough. I also took the liberty, as you know, of a general look round, and discovered that little collection of Brummagem rings and trinkets that you have just seen—used in Polly's education, no doubt. When we sent Lloyd away it struck me that he might as well be usefully employed as not, so I got him to fetch the police—deluding him a little, I fear, by talking about the servants and a female searcher. There will be no trouble about evidence—he'll confess; of that I'm sure. I know the sort of man. But I doubt if you'll get Mrs. Cazenove's brooch back. You see, he has been to London to-day, and by this the swag is probably broken up."

Sir James listened to Hewitt's explanation with many expressions of assent and some of surprise. When it was over he smoked a few whiffs and then said: "But Mrs. Armitage's brooch was pawned; and by a woman."

"Exactly. I expect our friend Lloyd was rather disgusted at his small luck—probably gave the brooch to some female connection in London, and she realized on it. Such persons don't always trouble to give a correct address."

The two smoked in silence for a few minutes, and then Hewitt continued: "I don't expect our friend has had an easy job altogether with that bird. His successes at most have only been three, and I suspect he had many failures and not a few anxious moments that we know nothing of. I should judge as much merely from what the groom told me of frequently meeting Lloyd with his parrot. But the plan was not a bad one—not at all. Even if the bird had been caught in the act, it would only have been 'That mischievous parrot!' you see. And his master would only have been looking for him."

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

IT was a magnificent palace, built on the side of a broad highway, along which a great number of travellers passed every day.

This palace had an elegant façade on each of its four sides; a colonnade supported by admirable columns surrounded it. It is true that this colonnade prevented the entrance of any light into the palace; but the exterior view of it was so beautiful that nobody ventured to criticise it objectingly; besides, what need of daylight has anybody in a palace? Have they not lustres and candelabra? Why trouble themselves about the sun, then? Every portion of the dome of this palace was gilded, and produced a most dazzling effect.

The queen who lived in this dwelling-place was a tall and handsome woman, who, instead of a heart, had in her bosom a large diamond cut in the form of a heart; it was believed to be on that account that she had never loved.

On the front of her palace were written these words in ruby letters:—

"HERE YOU MAY OBTAIN WHATEVER YOU MAY WISH FOR."

A young man passing along the road stopped to look at this superb monument, and having perceived this sign—for it bore a strong resemblance to a sign—he suddenly exclaimed:—

"Faith, I'd like to go inside! I'm tired of being in the condition I'm in, and should not be sorry to be something else."

As he went towards one of the porticos, he noticed a beggar seated near it on a stone and laughing.

"You are laughing at me, old fellow," said the young wayfarer; "but I give you back your laugh; for you must be a fool to remain in rags at the door of a palace where you have only to wish for a new coat to be dressed like a prince. Perhaps you don't know how to read?"

"Oh, yes!—I know how to read—even writing in rubies," replied the old man.

"Well, then, have you nothing to desire, that you do not enter this palace?"

"Truly, yes. I desire more things than one; but not any such as they give away here."

The old man had such an air of cunning as he said this, that the young man mistrusted him.

"He is laying some kind of trap for me," he thought, and was about passing on his way.

"Don't be afraid; no harm will come to you in this palace," the old man went on. "Troubles exist there only for those who ask for them: take my word for it, you may go in fearlessly."

"Yes; but may I come out again?"

"Certainly you may," replied the beggar, "if you find nothing there you wish for."

The young man hesitated. He saw a number of people pass along the road, and not one of them seemed to have an idea of entering this palace. That struck him as being suspicious, and he took alarm.

"Is this palace shunned by travellers? How comes it that not one enters it?"

"It is because they have heard about it; they know that people are bored there, and, in his home, everybody likes to amuse himself."

Seeing that the young man was curious to visit this monument, the old beggar said to him: "I'll tell you what I'll do; if you'll give me the price of a bottle of good wine, I'll sacrifice myself and go in with you—and we'll laugh together at the imbeciles who live there."

"Agreed!" cried the young man.

He gave the old beggar a piece of money, and they went up to the door. It was made of crystal, and afforded a view of the interior and of the bell which had to be rung to obtain admission.

On examining it carefully, the young traveller observed that this bell was made of gold, and had for its clapper a fine pear-shaped pearl, of such beauty that it dazzled his sight.

He stood motionless, gazing at it.

"Ring!" cried the old beggar, becoming impatient at length.

"Really, I dare not," replied the young man; "I am afraid of injuring this beautiful pearl by ringing the bell. It would be such a pity; it is so admirable!"

"Bah!" cried the beggar, who knew very little about jewels, "let me do it—I'm not afraid."

"No, no; let us rather knock at the door——"

But he stopped himself; for it occurred to him that, as this handsome door was made of crystal, a blow with the knocker would at least crack it.

Tired by these hesitations, the old beggar seized the knocker and struck so heavy a blow with it that the door was shivered into fragments.

They entered freely.

There was nobody in the vestibule; in the Palace of Vanity nobody would remain in the ante-chamber. And yet this ante-chamber surpassed in luxury many drawing-rooms. It was adorned with statues representing gods and goddesses, and pictures representing kings and queens, princes and princesses.

It was paved with jasper and porphyry; but this pavement was so highly polished, so slippery, that the young man, whose shoes were studded with hobnails, was near falling several times within the space of three minutes. He was obliged to cling to the walls, and would rather have walked upon ice, as then he might have had on a pair of skates.

"THE DOOR WAS SHIVERED INTO FRAGMENTS."

The old man also slipped a little, but his beggar's staff supported him.

After much difficulty they at length reached a vast room, in which a number of persons were assembled. Their costumes were magnificent; the women were covered with jewellery. They had jewels even on their rich Court mantles, which trailed along the carpet; their bracelets, their necklaces, their diadems were dazzling. The young traveller, whom we shall henceforth call Alméric, was delighted by the sight.

The men were not much less splendidly decorated than the women in this drawing-room: they wore coats of velvet embroidered with diamonds, and on their heads caps, each ornamented with four ostrich feathers worthy to adorn the hat of a queen.

"Who are these great personages?" Alméric asked the beggar.

"These are the domestics of the house," he replied.

Indeed, as soon as these *princes* saw the two travellers enter, they came to them to take their orders, and to ask whether they desired to visit the palace.

"Phew!" said Alméric to himself, "here are indeed some well-kept people!" But fear of being indiscreet made him say aloud: "Perhaps we should be incommoding the inhabitants of this palace, by visiting them at this hour; perhaps ——"

"Incommode the inhabitants of the Palace of Vanity!" cried the beggar, ironically; "I defy you to do it, young man!—they are here only to show themselves, and they are never troubled by people coming to admire them: you might as well be afraid of incommoding actors by going to the theatre to see them."

The young man could not refrain from laughing at this reflection.

"Show us the wonders of the palace," the old man said to the attendants. "Here is a traveller who desires to live here; but, before expressing his wishes, he wants to know something about you. Go before and conduct us."

The young traveller was greatly surprised at the old beggar's off-hand treatment of these superb valets, and at their readiness to obey him; he did not know that the philosopher's vanity takes the *pas* of all others. So many things astonished him that he dare not ask any more questions.

A fat woman of ripe age, who filled the functions of housekeeper, at once stepped forward and handed the keys of the house to the valet who was to conduct the two guests. Alméric saw behind her two little pages who were bearing her mantle, and whom the enormity of her bulk had at first entirely hidden from his sight.

These two pages no more quitted her than her shadow. It was a prerogative of her rank not to be able to take a single step, or perform a single act, without the attendance of these two babekins.

Her eagerness to obey the beggar made her forget her two little gendarmes, and she advanced so quickly, without warning them, that they did not think of following her, and held on so firmly to her mantle that, in hurrying forward, she pulled them both down upon their noses, while she herself was jerked upon her back. As she was very heavy, she hurt herself considerably, and the other servants hastened to her assistance.

"A Court mantle," said the beggar, "does not appear to me very commodious for housework."

And the young traveller could not refrain from laughing at this reflection.

One of the lackeys having taken up a candelabrum, conducted the strangers through the vast apartments of the palace. They reached the dining-room.

"Do you wish to sup, gentlemen?"

"By all means," said the beggar; "there is nothing but a good meal which is not a vanity."

He seated himself at table. But he had hardly tasted any of the dishes set before him, than he found them so fanciful, so salted, peppered, sugared, truffled, and mixed, that he would not partake of one of them; impossible to recognise the meat of a single animal, so highly was it seasoned.

"What is this?" asked the old man—"rabbit?"

"No, monsieur—they are lamb cutlets."

"And this: lentil soup?"

"No, monsieur; hare soup."

It was a confusion, past all understanding. And yet more: everything served was cold, for the hot-water plates were all of malachite, and nobody dare pour hot water into them.

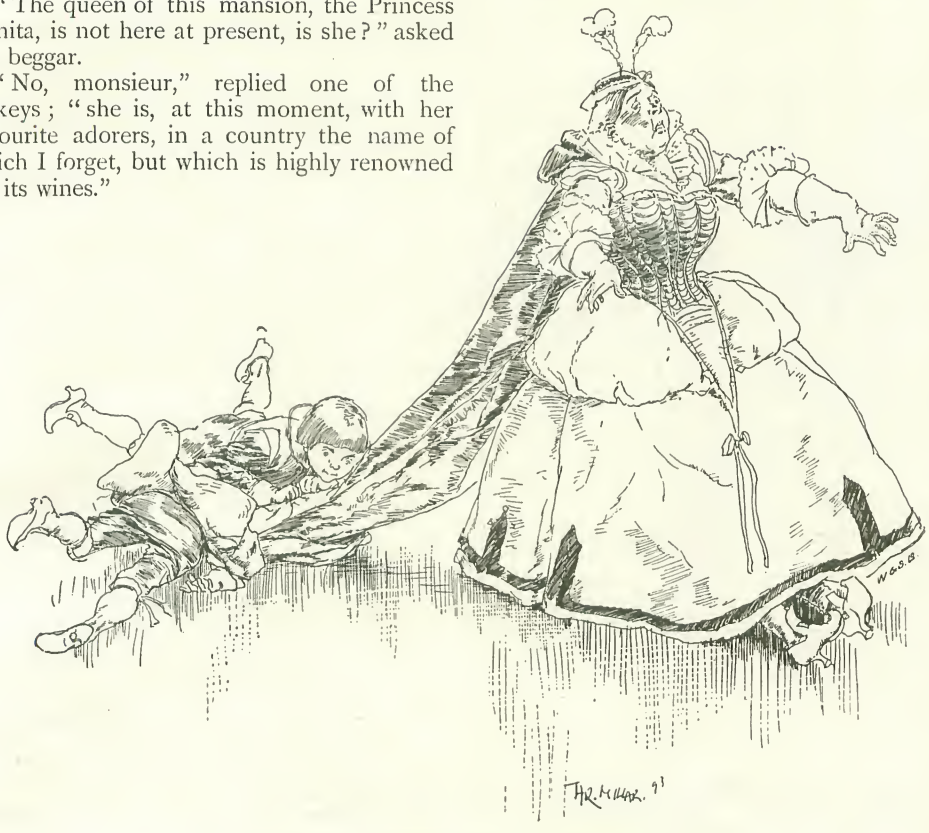
"Faith," said the beggar, "I'd rather have an omelette on a pewter platter," and he handed to a servant in waiting his gilded plate. The servant in bowing to take it took no heed of the candles burning on the table, and forgot all about the plumes which adorned his head. They approached too near the flame, and a strong odour of burnt feathers announced that the plume was grilling.

"A white *panaché* does not appear to me to be convenient for waiting at table," said the beggar again; and again the young

stranger could not refrain from laughing at this reflection.

"The queen of this mansion, the Princess Vanita, is not here at present, is she?" asked the beggar.

"No, monsieur," replied one of the lackeys; "she is, at this moment, with her favourite adorers, in a country the name of which I forget, but which is highly renowned for its wines."



"SHE PULLED THEM BOTH DOWN UPON THEIR NOSES."

"Ah! I guess she is in France," said the beggar: "she will not soon be back."

Perched on a rich rod, a handsome paroquet was screeching at some distance from the table: "Fly quickly! fly quickly! Don't stop in this palace!"

Alméric went over to her.

"Why should we fly?" he asked; "are you not happy here?"

"Alas!—look at me," replied the paroquet; "I wished to be beautiful: I desired claws of gold, ruby wings; and now I am condemned to rest here all my life, motionless, as you see; for it is impossible to fly with wings made of rubies or to walk with feet made of gold."

Near the window they observed a large cat. It did not stir from where it lay, and appeared to be very discontented.

"What is the matter with you, puss?" inquired Alméric.

"Excuse me," replied the cat, "is it a horse, a serpent, a donkey, a man, or a woman to whom I have the honour of speaking? I can't see; pray excuse me."

"You are blind?" said Alméric, compassionately.

"Alas! yes, monsieur—and by my own fault. I had so long heard emerald eyes praised that I wished for them, and ever since that time have lost my sight. I do not even know whether my eyes are as pretty as they have been said to be. Will you be so kind as to tell me what is your impression on the subject? Look at me. Do you think that emerald eyes go well with my face?"

Alméric wished to say that he thought her eyes beautiful, to console her for having lost her sight, but the old beggar was inexorable.

"Your eyes are abominably ugly!" he said, roughly.

"Impossible!" replied the cat. "They *must* shine?"

"No!" cried the old man; "nothing shines out of its place! Take my advice—hide them, put on spectacles; and if ever

"FLY QUICKLY!"

you have any more emeralds, make them into rings and not into eyes."

And, once more, the young man could not refrain from laughing at this reflection.

On quitting the dining-room, they entered a superb court paved in mosaic and surrounded by elegant columns.

They there perceived a bird which, by its plumage, might have been taken for a vulture, but whose timid bearing had nothing of the bird of prey in it.

"There is a vulture that, to me, has a very stupid look," observed the beggar. "Who are you, old fellow?" he added, addressing the vulture.

"I am a vulture, a bird of prey; formerly a turkey, a farmyard bird. I wished to mount in rank and quit the sphere in which I won nothing but disrespect; but I repent —repent the change—for I cannot bring myself to devour them."

"Devour whom?" cried Alméric.

"Alas! those good turkeys who have always been so kind to me."

"Ninny!" exclaimed the old beggar, "why did you get yourself turned into a vulture? Better to be a turkey and liked, than a vulture—and timid."

And again the young man could not refrain from laughing at this reflection.

In one corner of the court there was a bear seated on a bench, his head bowed down upon his chest and plunged in profound meditation.

"There's a fellow, too, who does not seem to know much about the business of a bear," remarked the beggar. "How did he come to be in this palace? What vanity has pushed him into the bear profession? I'd lay a wager he once had a better."

The beggar approached the melancholy animal.

"Bear," he asked, "what were you before you got yourself transformed into your present shape?"

"I was a doctor's assistant."

"A doctor's assistant!" repeated Alméric and the beggar in the same breath.

"Yes, a doctor's assistant," replied the bear; "but everybody made fun of my position. Men pursued me with their irony, made songs about me, burlesqued me on the stage. I wished to escape them, and had myself turned into a bear; but I am tired of my condition. I was not born for solitude."

"You old fool!" cried the beggar, angrily, "why did you leave the calling you were in? You might have avenged yourself on the men you detest; for you do not appear to me to be very learned, and you might have poisoned the universe with your drugs and your blunders."

The beggar was still speaking, when his attention was attracted by a gigantic elephant in an adjoining court.

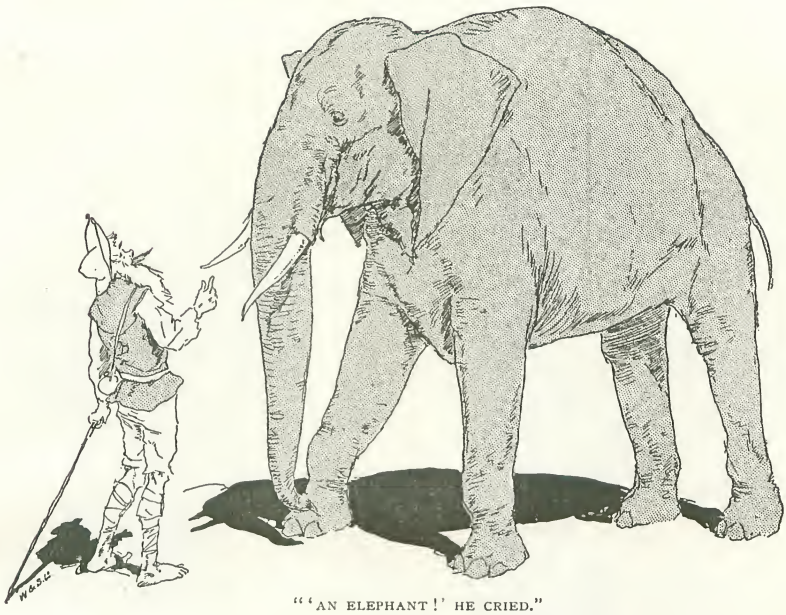
"An elephant!" he cried. "Who can have asked to be turned into an elephant? an ant, I'll wager."

However, the old man was mistaken; it was not an ant that had desired to be turned into an elephant: it was a rabbit. He had only recently obtained that signal favour, and was still puffed up with pride at his metamorphosis.

He was walking about heavily, and with an air of importance, and received condescendingly all the compliments addressed to him on his new promotion.

The beggar, having learned his history, advanced towards him familiarly.

"Good-day, bunny!" he said. "Well, how do you like your big skin?"



"'AN ELEPHANT!' HE CRIED."

The elephant was greatly shocked at this disrespectful tone; but the small practice he had had in the use of his trunk prevented him from seeking to avenge himself.

"Thoroughly—as you see," he replied, strutting.

"Is it long since you asked this favour?" inquired the beggar, maliciously.

"No," replied the elephant; "a few days ago only; as an old rabbit, I had incontestable claims. I have really only changed in form: my colour remains the same; my ears, instead of standing up, now fall down—that is the only difference."

"The idiot!" thought the beggar; "he does not even believe himself to have been changed!"

"Tell me, my dear fellow," said Alméric, who was greatly amused by the rabbit's stupidity, "don't you find your ordinary habits somewhat deranged?"

"You remind me," replied the rabbit, as if suddenly struck by an idea: "I am afraid I *shall* find my increased bulk inconvenient, on returning to my burrow this evening."

This time the young man could not possibly refrain from laughing at that reflection.

"Would you like to see the beautiful woman, gentlemen?" asked the lackey who was conducting them.

"Yes, yes," replied Alméric, eagerly. "I should like to see the 'beautiful woman.' Where is she?"

"This way, gentlemen. Be good enough to enter this boudoir."

They passed into a charming room, formed entirely of looking-glasses—the ceiling, the wainscotting, all was of looking-glass, in which one could admire oneself from every point of view.

The beautiful woman was lying upon a sofa. On beholding her, the beggar and Alméric fell back in horror. This beautiful woman was a monstrosity, but believed herself to be a *chef d'œuvre.*

Every part of her was beautiful, and yet she appeared horrible; because the exaggeration of beauties makes a hideous ensemble; because it is harmony which gives grace to things we admire, movement which gives life; and this beautiful woman had neither grace nor movement.

She had been born very pretty, but the excess of her vanity, and her coquetry, had made her lose all her advantages. She was beautiful as Nature had created her; she wished to be beautiful as beauty is painted: she exaggerated all her graces and changed them into deformities.

She asked for silken hair—she had long locks of silk, without life or colour; she desired to have teeth of pearl, and her teeth appeared horrible; she wished for a wasp-waist, and her body, drawn in by a tight belt, was without grace or suppleness, and looked as if it might snap in two at any moment; she asked for hands of alabaster, and her hands became dull and cold; she desired to have the feet of a child, and these deformed feet were not strong

"A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WAS LYING UPON A SOFA."

enough to sustain the weight of her body or to permit her to walk. Nothing more hideous was ever seen: it was ideal ugliness.

"Thousand centimes!" exclaimed the beggar; "how horrible this 'beautiful woman' is!—the sight of her makes me in love again with my old wife!"

Evening being come, a sleeping apartment was offered the strangers for the night.

"A room here will be better than any I can get at an inn," thought Alméric, following the valet, who conducted him to a magnificent bedroom prepared for travellers.

Exhausted by the fatigues of the day, he lost no time in undressing and getting into bed. But he had scarcely stretched himself before beginning to utter loud cries of distress.

"Horror! my skin is being torn from my body! I am in torture! What is the meaning of it? A perfidy! An abominable piece of cruelty!" and a thousand like complaints: and yet all he complained of arose from nothing but the admirable care which had been taken with his bed.

The sheets which covered it were of the finest Indian muslin, embroidered with gold spangles, charming to look upon, but unappreciable by a person used to lie upon sheets of coarse holland. It takes time to get accustomed to inconveniences of this sort.

Poor Alméric's feet were scratched all over. Every movement he made in getting out of this terrible bed tore his skin; his arms were covered with blood.

"Vanity of vanities!" he cried. "Old man, beggar, let us fly from this place; there is no sleeping in this palace, and I am dying for want of sleep."

"What do you think of sheets embroidered with gold spangles?" asked the old man, laughing. "Could you have a more superb bed to sleep in?"

"Let us get out of this place," cried the young traveller, who was in no jesting mood; "I'll not remain here another hour. The men here are all stupid, the women frightful; one can neither eat here nor sleep. Let us be off, old man—let us be off instantly!"

Alméric, who had hastily redressed himself,

"I AM IN TORTURE!"

roughly pushed the beggar out of the room, the old man laughing heartily all the while, and they quitted the palace together, taking the way to the beggar's hovel.

"Sleep here," said the old man, pointing to his truckle bed; "this mattress is favourable to sleep, and your rest will not be disturbed by spangled sheets—because there are no sheets of any kind. But what does that matter?—it is sleep that makes good beds, as it is appetite that makes good meals."

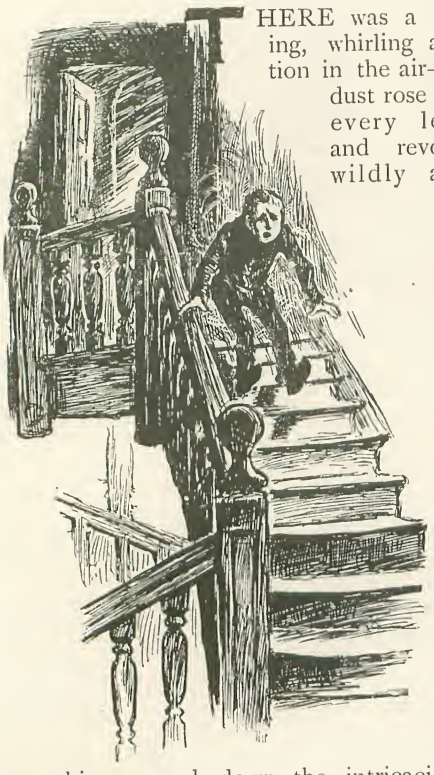
Alméric threw himself on to the beggar's bed and was soon sound asleep; and the old man heard him cry out in his dreams:—

"It is all over! I wished to obtain the embassy to Constantinople; but I will remain a simple notary at Saint-Quentin."

And the beggar, in his turn, could not refrain from laughing at this reflection.

# *The Queer Side of Things.*

## THE MASTER OF GRANGE.



THERE was a rushing, whirling agitation in the air—the dust rose from every ledge and revolved wildly as a something passed down the intricacies of the old back staircase—passed too rapidly for recognition. It was the page, pale and breathless, hurling himself from the top floor toward the servants' hall.

"There's that ghost agen!" he gasped. "It's up there a-furridgin among the lumber in the loft! It *is*—I 'eard it myself, I tell yer! Yer may say 'pooh' if yer like. Yer'd better go an' see!"

The housekeeper, being the bravest of those who heard, went up to see. There certainly were unusual sounds in the vast and lonely lofts under the roof. Cautiously she peeped in; and there was the Squire with a candle ferreting about among the dusty heaps of lumber.

"Mrs. Wriggs," said the Squire, "there are a great many useless things here which we shall never want. I've been thinking that we might as well——"

"Yes, sir; no doubt there are many poor people who could turn them to some use," said Mrs. Wriggs. "And we might do worse than give them——"

"*Give* them!" said the Squire. "Doesn't it seem rather like bad taste to give away things which Providence has presented to us? Wouldn't it be taken as a sort of slight? I was thinking that we might *sell* them, now—for the good of the House, of course." The Squire represented the house: he did a great many things for the good of it—the temporal good, of course.

"Eh? Who would buy?" said the Squire. "If a thing is good enough to accept, Mrs. Wriggs, it has some value; what has a value is worth buying. Let us collect all the articles we have no further use for, and obtain the highest price for them, by way of showing to that Providence which has bestowed them upon us that they have a value in our eyes. I will accompany you downstairs, and see what broken saucepans and other utensils there may be there. Every little helps, in a good cause."

So the articles were looked out—saucepans with holes in them, handles of flat-irons, chairs without legs, old packing-cases, book covers, old advertisement sheets of old newspapers, and so forth; and a "rummage sale" was held at the Big House. The whole village attended, and, as a compliment to the Squire, bought up the articles in lots, at a few pence per lot. The Squire had never held aloof from his dependents; it being a belief that we should, to a certain extent, share our good things with our poorer brethren.

But next day the Squire was rummaging and ferreting harder than ever; all over the house, from the lofts to the cellars; peering in every corner, opening every drawer, feeling in all his pockets; looking behind things, on top of things, under things, in old hat-boxes, and glove-boxes, and collar-boxes.

To help at this game gave the greatest delight to his little son and heir, Master Rupert, a curly-haired, brown-eyed little person of seven years. To all offers of assistance, the Squire replied that it was not

a matter of importance: he had merely mislaid his handkerchief. Such a search for a handkerchief has never been made before or since.

That evening the Squire ate no dinner, but sat in his study with his head clasped between his hands, and his elbows on the table; and so he sat half through the night. Next morning he was up before dawn; and in the first grey light a thrush noticed him peering all over the paths leading from the house, travelling slowly over them step by step, and examining every inch. All that day he spent in pursuing this occupation (but putting on a lounging and purposeless air when observed) and in making calls at the houses of the villagers; and when he returned to the house, long after dinner-time, he was so changed and so haggard as to be difficult to recognise. Creeping to the night nursery, where little Rupert was asleep in his cot, the Squire tenderly took him out, bed-clothes and all, and carried him away to his study, where he placed him on the sofa, and sat close by, never removing his eyes from the child.

Every now and again he would stretch out his hand and touch the child, and appear reassured on finding it warm; or he would place his ear close to its mouth, and give a sigh of relief on hearing its breathing.

At every creak of the furniture and sough of the wind the Squire would start; and once he rose suddenly and hastily locked the door. Early in the morning the nurse, waking and missing the child, knocked at his door to ask whether he had taken it. And he would not open the door; but stood before little Rupert, covering him as though from some enemy, and replying that he was to remain with him.

About seven he rang, and handed a telegram form to a servant, with instructions to send off the message the moment the wire was available; and by twelve the family solicitor had arrived from London. Hastily placing a screen in front of the child, the Squire admitted the solicitor, nervously locking the door after him, and always keeping himself between the solicitor and little Rupert.

"Mr. Pergamen," said the Squire, "I have decided to convey this house—I beg you will follow me—convey this house to one, John Puddifoot, grocer, of this village; to be his absolutely, without——"

The family solicitor started up and gasped, but the Squire waved him into silence with his hand, continuing:—

"Yes, to alienate from myself, and my son, our ancestral home, 'Grange'—the house which has belonged to the family since the end of Henry VIII., the same, Mr. Pergamen, the same—*the* house, *this* house, Grange. You are aware, of course, that the existing owner has the power to do this? Eh? 'Make a temporary arrangement of it'?" continued the Squire, answering the solicitor's suggestion more to himself than to the suggester. "No—no—no! That might not suffice; no, I won't risk it—no, no, no! Be kind enough to prepare the necessary deeds at once—*at once.* '*Remember my heir?*' I *am* remembering my heir, sir! Be kind enough to bring me the deeds the moment they are ready, and I will sign them.

"Yes, John Puddifoot, grocer, of the village of Grangeham. Stay—kindly write out a provisional declaration of transfer *now*, and I will sign it."

"To make this transfer of your property to the grocer legal, there must be a consideration," said the solicitor; "shall we say *Natural Love and Affection?*—Very good."

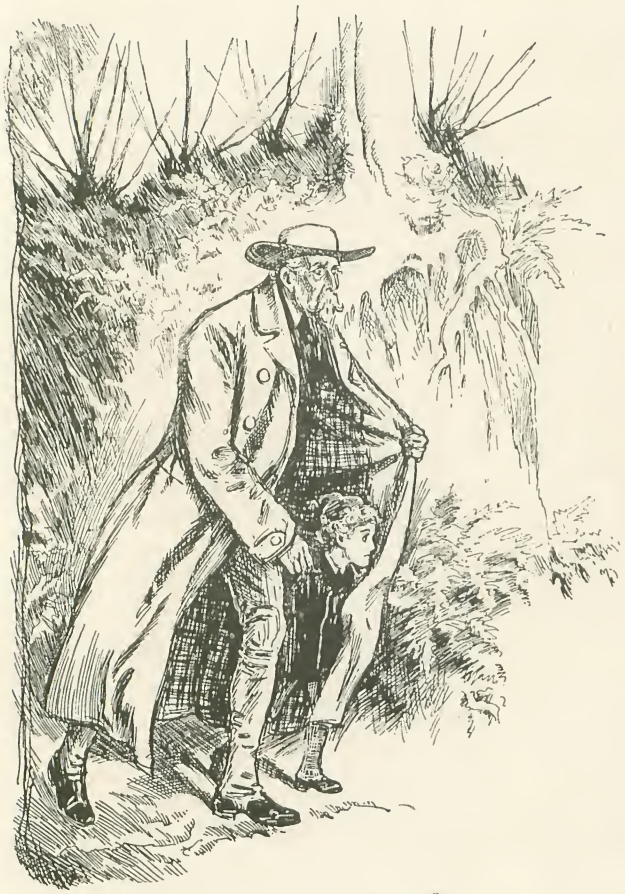
So the half-dazed solicitor drew it up, and the Squire signed it; and then the solicitor went away to prepare the formal deed; and the haggard Squire, catching up the child, hastily dressed him, carried him down to the hall, keeping his own body between his burden and all whom he passed, and, throwing on his great grey overcoat and drawing it over the child so as to conceal him as far as possible, hurried out and went straight away to the shop of John Puddifoot, grocer, and plunged straight into the little back parlour.

"Come in here, Puddifoot—come in here, and lock the door behind you!" cried the Squire, placing the child on a chair in the darkest corner, and standing at bay, as it were, in front of it.

"John Puddifoot, I have long been troubled with misgivings as to the happiness and welfare of those over whose lot I exercise a considerable influence. I do not know, in short, whether the tenants on my estate are as happy as they should be. This has worried me, Puddifoot; and I have decided that it is my duty to inquire into the matter; and it seems to me that the most effectual method of inquiry is to change places with one of them.

"I wished to do the thing thoroughly, and I have therefore made over my manor house, 'Grange,' unconditionally to you.

"My solicitor will see that all is correctly carried out. You are now absolute master of Grange, Puddifoot: therefore be good enough



"HE WENT STRAIGHT AWAY."

to go and fill your position there, leaving me to take your place here, and learn by my own experience whether your circumstances are as happy as it has been my duty to make them. Before making over the property, I left written instructions to my—your—steward that I should be treated here precisely the same as you have been; and I will beg you to allow this to stand. John!" continued the Squire, grasping the grocer's hand and gazing into his eyes, "I can trust you. You will not play me false. At some future time I *might* ask you to re-convey the house to me, and annul this act of mine. You would have power to refuse—but you will not!"

The bewildered grocer began to murmur some unintelligible ejaculations.

"Swear it, John Puddifoot—swear it on all you hold sacred—here—this ledger of yours; the very thing. Swear it, and keep faith!"

Benumbed with wonder, the grocer obeyed, scratched his head, opened his mouth three times, but closed it again in obedience to the Squire's uplifted finger; and put on his hat and walked aimlessly towards the manor house.

The Squire watched him until he had turned the distant corner; then he locked the door again, and commenced to search every cupboard, drawer, and corner as he had done at Grange. Taking the grocer's keys—(the grocer was a bachelor, and the maid-of-all-work was away at the village school)—he went all over the house, looking in everything—even the pockets of the grocer's clothes; then he searched the shop, poked about under the rice and sugar and lentils, peered into the tea and coffee reservoirs, the till, the scales, the drawers, the empty jars.

Only desisting now and again to give some food to little Rupert, he went on breathlessly at this search until they had lighted the evening lamp behind the red blind of the "Vensleigh Arms" up the hill. Then he sank on to the sofa beside the child, and let his head drop between his hands, and sat, and sat, and sat.

"It *must* be here—it *must*—must!" he kept muttering. "Mrs. Wriggs herself noticed such a little flat case in a parcel of odds and ends bought by Puddifoot. Can he have burned it, without opening it? Can he have given it away? It *must* be here, surely!"

Long before this the rumour of the Squire's "madness" had gone through the village, and many boys and a few adults had tried to peep in through the shop window, but they could not see in, and the shop door had been locked all day. In the evening Mr. Pergamen had come down again, and had given a few of the leading villagers some reason or other, more or less satisfying, for the Squire's conduct. These explanations were tame enough, but they quieted matters down a little.

"It's gone—gone—gone!" muttered the Squire. "Lost to us, Rupert! But we're not the masters of Grange now, you and I; we're safe, Rupert, we're safe. It can't fall on your head now—It can't overwhelm—stay!" Almost with a yell the Squire started

"TRIED TO PEEP IN THROUGH THE SHOP WINDOW."

up. "The formal deeds are not signed yet. I forgot that! The provisional transfer *should* suffice. Does it? Does it? Pergamen may not be carrying out my instructions! He may have destroyed the declaration; but he would not dare to destroy a deed. He may be fooling me—temporizing. And then the danger may *not* have passed away!"

Again he caught up the boy, and stood as if at bay, shielding little Rupert.

"I must see Pergamen," he muttered. "Now—where can he be?"

There was a tap at the shop door. The Squire snatched up his grey overcoat and flung it over the child, and stood, white and rigid, in front of him. But it was Mr. Pergamen at the door; and he was admitted and the shop door hastily locked again. And the Squire slipped into the parlour before the solicitor, and took up his guard in front of the child.

The deeds *were* being prepared, but the thing could not be completed at a moment's notice.

Next day the Squire was searching again, all over the house, in the back yard, among the empty packing-cases and tea-boxes, on the dust-heap; again it was evening before he gave over and sank down on the sofa, but his mind seemed a little more at rest now.

At length the formal deed of transfer was duly completed, and signed, and witnessed, and then the Squire gave a great sigh of relief, and a burden seemed to fall from him. He did not draw little Rupert back and cover him when the child advanced to talk to the solicitor and be taken on his knee, according to custom and usage dating from a few months later than Rupert's appearance in the world.

Then the three started off to show the completed deed to John Puddifoot, sole master of Grange. On the way they overtook Mrs. Wriggs, the housekeeper, returning from the village: the Squire stopped her flood of lamentations with a gesture. She dropped behind them; but presently came up and said:—

"Oh, Sir Rupert—I thought I had better mention it, perhaps—John tells me that he saw Mr. Puddifoot, the grocer, hand over some of the trifles he bought at the sale to Benton, the old labourer, and he *thinks* there was a little flat case among them."

"Ah—just so. It was a very trifling

matter, Mrs. Wriggs; and I had forgotten all about it," said the Squire, hurriedly and unnaturally.

There was a strange commotion in the manor house: the servants were in the square hall bending over something lying on the oak floor. John Puddifoot had fallen from the top of the great well staircase—he was dead! Hurriedly the Squire took off the grey overcoat and threw it over the body, to keep the sight of death from the child.

"'I HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT,' SAID THE SQUIRE."

"Poor fellow! But it was Fate, of course—Fate," said the Squire. "And the old house will, of course, go to his heirs. Come, Rupert, let us go; we have no right here."

"Pardon me," said the solicitor, "I could not allow this—pardon me, Sir Rupert—this mad whim of yours to develop its consequences unchecked. I took care that John Puddifoot executed a proper will, leaving the property again to you."

Once more the Squire caught up the child, and interposed himself between it and all comers. "Please to send for George Benton, the labourer," he said, hurriedly. "And bring him to me in the study."

"George Benton," said the Squire, when the solicitor and the labourer had joined him in the study, "I am very anxious to carry out a scheme I have formed for the bettering of the condition of my tenants. You can assist me greatly. I believe you to be a trustworthy man; and I am about to make over to you this house, lately the property of John Puddifoot, who has met with such a deplorable accident. I may as well declare you at once, in the presence of Mr. Pergamen, who will testify to the declaration, absolute owner of this house."

The labourer rubbed his forehead with a hard, broad finger, and stammered something about asking the missis at 'ome; but the Squire cut him short with: "You must do this thing as a great favour to me—it is a pet fad of mine. At some future time I may possibly ask you to restore the property to me. Until then—even should that occur—consider, you will be absolute master here; you will be well off, for a considerable portion of the rents go with the house. You accept?"

The labourer could not avoid stammering his acceptance.

"You are master here," said the Squire, quickly and nervously, as one with misgivings; "behave as master—I and—and Master Rupert are intruders here, having no right here. Will you oblige me by ordering us out?"

In a dazed, mechanical way the labourer did as he was requested.

"May I find a home, for a day or two, in your cottage?—ah, it would be a convenience. Thank you," said the Squire; and in another ten minutes he had arrived at the cottage and packed off the labourer's wife and children to Grange, absolutely preventing her, by voluble assurances of the safety of all her belongings, from taking away any articles with her.

Then the door was locked; and the searching began over again, and lasted the rest of the day.

Day followed day: the new transfer had been duly executed; John Benton was legal owner of Grange. Every day the Squire listened eagerly for all news of him, always dreading what he should hear; but the labourer went on in his new dignity—a fish out of water, awkward and sheepish, but

"THE LABOURER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN."

always with a determination to preserve the property, under the advice and assistance of Mr. Pergamen, for the Squire. The labourer's wife kept the same end sturdily in view, and her children played with much content on the smooth lawns. All the while, though with diminishing hope and eagerness, the Squire kept up his search for that something, never saying a word of it to a soul, but catching at any little chance scrap of information likely to assist him. He would call at the cottages and, whenever the opportunity occurred, surreptitiously peep and pry into drawers and cupboards—in vain.

After a few weeks he would take little Rupert by the hand, and they would stand and gaze over the railings at the small Bentons playing on the lawn; and the little Bentons would pull their forelocks, and curtsey, and open the gate and beg them to come in.

Then Rupert would play with them a little, and was allowed to. Finally Mrs. Benton came as a deputation from her husband to beg the Squire to live in his own rooms in the house; but the Squire hastily, and rather incoherently, excused himself. Still things went on quietly; and one evening the Squire consented to occupy his old bedroom for the night, and his study for the next day; and then he found himself staying in the house. But every time Benton touched his hair to him, or Mrs. Benton dropped him a curtsey, he would look round for Rupert and take him up, and protest that he was not master there, nor Master Rupert either, and look anxious and nervous.

And one day he drew Mr. Pergamen, as he passed, into the study, and closed the door, and said: "I may as well tell you now. It is lost and gone beyond hope. Perhaps the spell is broken—by the—the death of that unfortunate John Puddifoot—"

"*The spell?*" repeated the solicitor, staring dubiously at him.

"Yes—the spell," said the Squire. "You will put me down as a superstitious lunatic when you hear what I have to say. Well, do so. You did not know of the existence of a talisman—a charm—call it what you will—in my family? No. Nor has anyone ever known of it except the successive owners of Grange and their heirs; yet this charm has been handed down (and the tradition connected with it) from father to heir without a break since the time of James the First.

"It was a small, flat, gold disc, set with a carbuncle carved in the shape of a skull, and contained in a small, flat, leather case; and the tradition was to the effect that, should that charm cease to be under the roof of this house, the owner, or his heir, would meet with a violent death, a like result following the communication of the secret to anyone but the actual heir of the house. After that rummage-sale I missed it; looking, by chance, in the safe in this room where it had always been kept, I saw that it was not in its place. Then I recollected that, on the occasion of my opening the safe about six weeks before, Rupert had looked in and taken up several of the articles to look at, as a child will. He must have taken out the talisman, unnoticed by me, and left it about the room instead of putting it back; and I jumped to the conclusion that it must have found its way into the sale, and been carried away.

"It is gone, and the revealing of the secret does not matter now; and let us hope that the—the accident of the staircase has——"

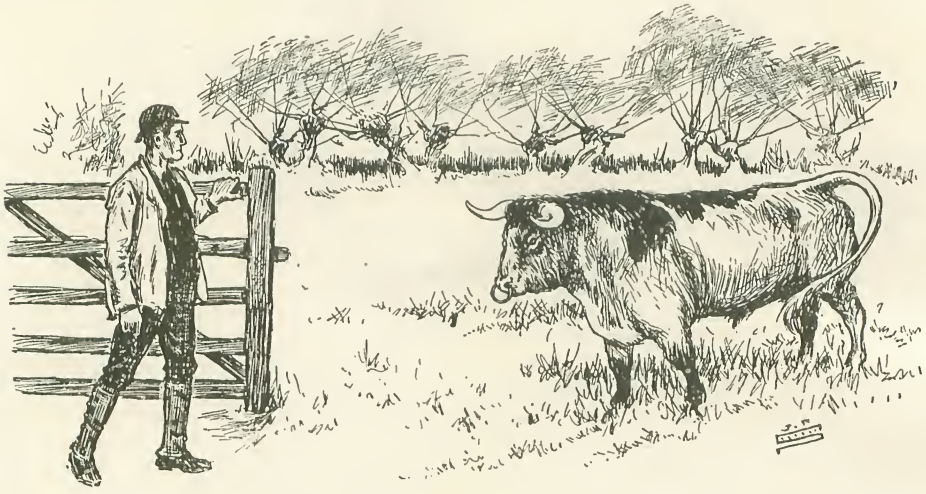
"Quite so; we will hope so," replied the solicitor, still eyeing the Squire dubiously.

As the Squire chanced to turn to the window and look out, he saw Benton entering one of the fields beyond the lane, to bring in a bull which was pastured there, and over which he alone had any control. But the animal did not seem to be so amenable as usual to his influence; and, before the Squire could realize the situation, the bull had

ago, Mrs. Wriggs had thrown it over the sleeping child to keep him warm.

Shuddering again, the Squire plucked the coat off Rupert, and flung it through the open window, placing a skin over the boy in its place.

Then he turned again to see them carrying in the victim of the bull, and was suddenly



"THE ANIMAL DID NOT SEEM TO BE SO AMENABLE AS USUAL."

charged and tossed the labourer, and was trampling him.

The Squire snatched up a rifle, loaded, and raised the piece; but by this time three other men were driving off the beast with stones; and in two minutes more they carried Benton outside the gate. One of them came running to the house; the Squire called to him, asking about the injured man.

"Dying, sir," was the answer.

The revealing of the secret *had* mattered; and its result had come quickly!

The Squire shuddered and covered his face. The scene just enacted led his mind to the scene at the foot of the staircase—the object covered with the grey overcoat. He uncovered his face to notice what he had seen, but not noticed, previously—little Rupert lying on the sofa covered with that coat!

The coat had, after the tragedy, been taken to the study and hung over a chair, where it had remained until, half an hour

conscious of a slight cracking noise in the ceiling of the room and the sound of something falling.

A heavy carved boss had detached itself from the mullioned ceiling and fallen upon the head of the sleeping child; the boss bore a shield on which was a golden disc, bearing in its centre a red skull.

Rupert was dead!

One of the servants found the grey coat lying on the lane outside; his attention was attracted by something which had found its way beneath the lining of the skirt.

There was a hole in the pocket where the sewing had given way, permitting the object to slip through: the object was a small, flat leathern case. It had been placed in the pocket, for fun, by Rupert on that day when he had played with the things in the safe.

Until flung from the window, the grey coat had never been away from Grange except during the short time when John Puddifoot had been owner.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

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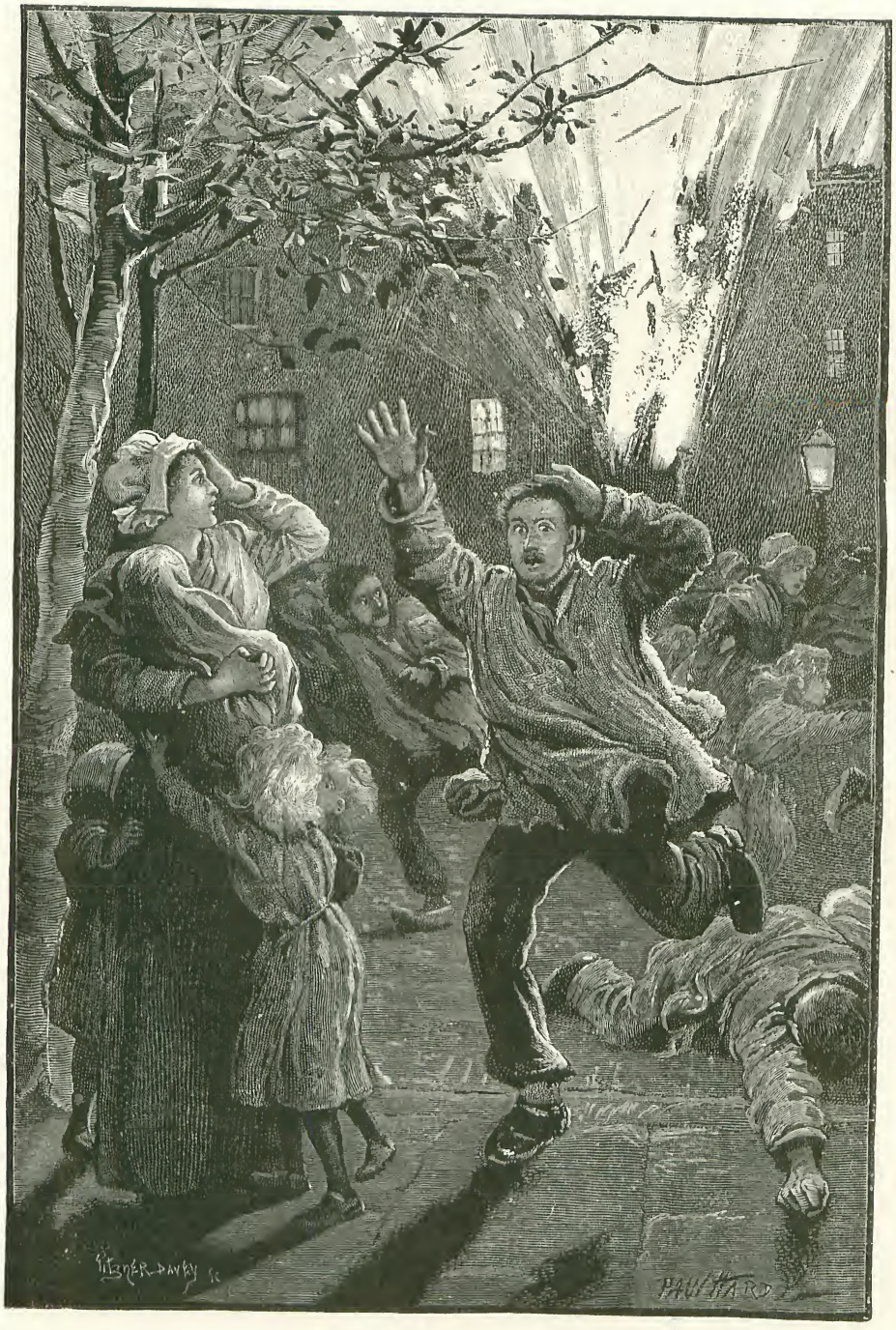
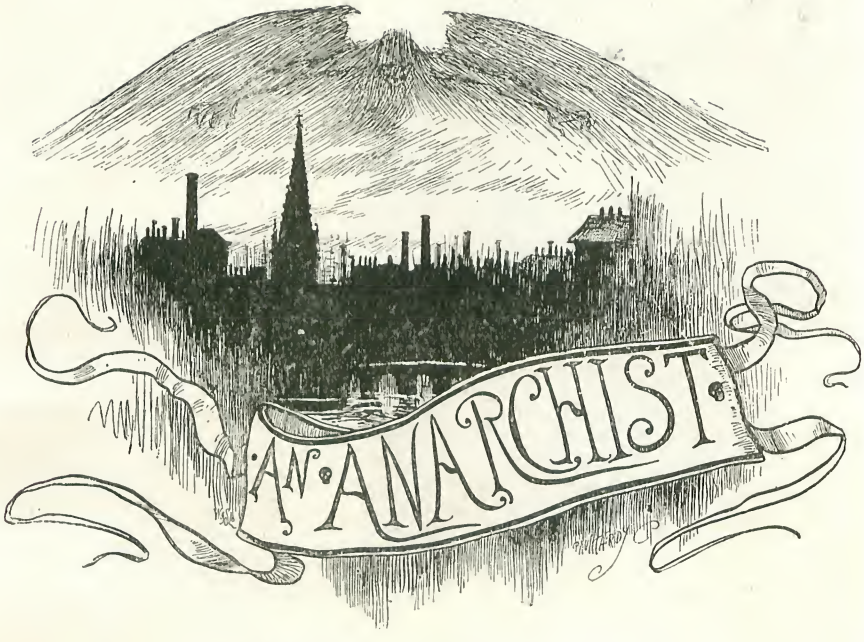
The concluding article on "How Composers Work" will appear in the next number.



"THERE WAS A FRIGHTFUL PANIC AND FLIGHT."

(*See page* 347.)




FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGÈNE MORET.

## I.—THE END OF THE DAY.

ALL SAINTS' DAY was near. It was very cold. At five o'clock, night came. Marianne has risen slowly from her seat and gone to close the window, which she had opened for a few minutes to let some fresh air into the room. Ah! how dark and cheerless is the weather! On the pavements it must be difficult to walk, so thickly coated are they with slippery mud—mud that is everywhere, mud and standing puddles. A hard winter is commencing. The charcoal seller will want a great deal of money.

Ah, well—that is an expense that has been foreseen. The charcoal man and the baker have to be paid; and with courage and health it can be done.

In spite of the hissing wind and the biting cold, Marianne rested on her elbows at the open window for a moment; it refreshed her head. She was so tired. Since the morning she had hardly quitted her work, and sewing is so wearisome. Four children, the two eldest at school, the third at the asylum; the fourth, still quite young, in its white-curtained cradle.

The needle must be kept stitching, stitching, there must be no going to sleep over the work; but both ends could be made to meet, and that is the chief thing. Jacques Houdaille is a good workman, thirty-seven years of age, with a solid backbone, as he says. He works his full time; skulking is not in his way, he leaves that to fellows with hay in their sabots; he has youngsters, and they must be fed—that's all he knows. Besides, the missis has her notions: she is proud of herself, she'd not have any debts in the neighbourhood.

Poor Jacques! he had not always been so reasonable, and there was a time when his life had not been so well led.

Marianne, feeling the cold, which raised the handkerchief covering her shoulders and pierced beneath her dress, shut the window and moved about the room, putting things in order, then, after lighting her lamp, resumed her place near the stove.

The work she was doing was wanted speedily, and she wished to finish it. It was Saturday, and there is so much to be done on Sunday, where there is a workman's clothes to be mended and a family of young children to be tended.

But while plying the needle she reflected.

"MARIANNE SHUT THE WINDOW."

No, it was a fact, her Jacques had not always reasoned so justly. It was not that he was naturally fickle; he was an honest, hard-working man, a good workman at his trade, open-hearted, devoted to his wife, whom he had married for love, and adoring his children. But he was feeble-minded, ignorant, fond of listening to glib talkers, phrasemongers, and unable to refuse the offer of a glass; and, one glass drunk, a second followed, and at the third he lost his head, and gave himself up to a drinking bout.

Ah! Marianne had not laughed every day at that time, and that had not been all. In those days Jacques sometimes only brought home from five-and-twenty to thirty francs a week: that was not a sum on which they could live; lodgings cost dear, and Marianne, who was still young, liked to dress as well as other people.

Then poverty came, the man was out of heart, and, during several months, did no work. That was anything but a gay time.

But all that was over. Marianne, as well as seeing to the home and attending to the children, made her fifty sous a-day. It was no great thing, but with Jacques's wages, they were not badly off; for the blacksmith now earned from sixty to seventy francs a week—nine and ten francs a day and overtime, for which he was paid double. It was not much to talk of, but the workmen had had nothing to complain about for some length of time. Certainly, as Jacques said, there was still a good deal to be done; there was still wanting insurance against want of employment, accidents, and the infirmities of age. But everything could not be done at once, and Jacques did not grumble; he hoped it would all come right in time. He was a philosopher.

They were living then in a very small town, where the population was not large. But the proprietors of the factory where he worked were good men, who understood that men must be enabled to live by their labour, and that the price of everything was high. They even talked of one day giving the factory hands a share in the profits of the enterprise.

"That's only a dream," said Jacques Houdaille. "There's amongst us a pack of idlers and incompetents, who don't earn even the wages they get now; and then the workman knows nothing about account-keeping, and likes to see his way clearly; I only know what I am paid."

Marianne laughed as she thought of her husband's rough way of speaking.

What more could be expected of him? He hammered iron all day, swinging heavy sledge-hammers, bare-armed, in the red light of the forge. That kind of work did not give him polite manners, but he was so kind-hearted, and could express himself so tenderly when he chose: so long as he kept from drink; and he had refrained already for several months.

And Marianne, as she cast her eyes about her, felt a thrill of happiness. She was in her own home, and everything in it had been gained without owing a sou to anybody: the neat furniture, a handsome, brightly polished commode with its marble top, and on the mantel-piece a large gilt clock, "warranted for two years." It was comfort, almost ease! Oh, if it would only last for ever! And why should it not?

Seven o'clock struck.

"Heavens! I must see to my dinner!"

## II.—The Evening Meal.

She sprang up from her seat, hurried to the kitchen, stirred up the fire, then returned to

"HE HAMMERED IRON ALL DAY."

the little sitting-room, cleared the table, and set out the dinner things.

In the street below heavy clattering steps were heard upon the pavement: it was the work-people going home. Some slouched along, with their hands in their pockets, scenting the wide-open cabaret; others quickened their pace, eager to get back to their firesides, to the kind faces of their housewives and their shock-headed children.

The door opened abruptly; it was he, tall, strong, all black—a handsome man under his rough skin and bushy beard. The children, who had waited for his coming out of the factory, were with him. They seated themselves at table and Marianne brought in the soup.

The blacksmith was fond of soup, fond of the good odour which escaped from the brown tureen; and he proved it by having his plate filled three times to the brim.

Yet he did not look in a good temper. His clear blue eyes flashed under his knit brows, and it was with rough gesture he emptied the glass of wine Marianne had taken pleasure in pouring out for him.

"This state of things can't go on much longer," he said, as if speaking to himself.

"What has happened?" asked Marianne, anxiously. "Haven't you been paid your wages?"

"Thunder! It only wants to come to that. If ever they don't pay me, I'll burn down the whole shop!"

"How strange you are to-night! What is the matter with you?"

"What's the matter? Well, never you mind; women have nothing to do with such things."

"Give me your money, Jacques," said Marianne, speaking softly, thinking that he had forgotten himself a little on leaving the factory, and that it was well to take precautions.

"My money—what for?"

"For one reason, because you have no need to keep it in your pocket—you may lose it."

"Or drink it away, you mean?"

"Well! then you know what I have to pay, that I owe for my last confinement to the doctor, and the tailor has called ——"

"The tailor! You are tricking me out nicely! Monsieur must have his tailor, now, like a fund-holder. And a doctor is to be paid by a workman—there's another good-for-nothing to be put down!"

The blacksmith seized the bottle of wine

that was within his reach and re-filled his glass.

"Jacques," said Marianne, now become slightly pale, "what is the matter with you to-day? I have never seen you like this before."

"I have had enough of this sort of life; it is time to end it, and that we should know a little whether it is not the man who makes the harvest that is to eat the corn."

"Oh!" cried Marianne, "I was sure you had been drinking."

"Yes, I have, but that's neither here nor there. I tell you that at the factory we've had enough of sweating, and have revolted at last."

"Jacques," cried Marianne, trembling, "has any injustice been done to you?"

"There's nothing else but injustice in this world. For whom do we slave? For whom do we toil the life out of us? For the rich and idle! I tell you, you are not going to pay for anything more with my money; I shall want it for myself, for I am not going back to work again."

He rose, snatched up his cap and planted it on his head.

"Where are you going, Jacques?"

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JACQUES?"

"To join the comrades who are waiting for me. If I don't come back to-night, you'll know."

Marianne brushed away a tear which was running down her cheek, and tried to put a cheerful face on the matter. The children were there, and she did not want them to comprehend that anything serious was occurring. Perhaps, too—who could tell?—there might really be nothing in it; men are so foolish when they have been drinking.

"He has been put out in some way," she said to herself; "it has mounted to his head, and he is going to give way a little this evening, to drown his irritation, which will be gone to-morrow."

She put her children to bed, cleared away the dinner things, and resumed her sewing. But, in spite of herself, she could not help recalling what her husband had said. Why this hatred against the classes above him? What had they done to him? M. Hennetier, the principal proprietor of the factory, was a moderately rich man; but, down to the present time, the workmen in his employ had always regarded him as both good and just in his dealings with them. To make everybody as well off as himself was impossible. The position he held had been won by hard work; for he had once been a foreman only in the establishment of which he was now at the head.

### III.—The Strike.

Jacques returned late in the night. He was not drunk, as Marianne feared he would be; but he was highly excited and talked of nothing less than setting fire to the factory they had quitted the evening before.

Next day he was no calmer. He was hardly at home all day. In the evening, Marianne, looking out of window, saw that something was in the air. The workmen were gathered in knots in the street, or walking about and talking together excitedly. On the following day Jacques did what he had never before done, made "Saint Monday." On Tuesday he returned to the factory, but it was with all the pains in the world and with prayers and tears that Marianne was able to induce him to do so.

"We are going to keep on till

the end of the week," he said, when he returned home at night. And, sure enough, on Friday night he came back with a triumphant air, and threw his bag of tools into a corner of the room.

"It's done!" he said.

"What is done?" cried Marianne, in alarm.

"The factory, from to-night, is picketed."

"Picketed!"

"Yes, every hand forbidden to enter it: the first of ours who enters the gates will be a dead man!"

"By what right?"

"Because we've come out on strike!"

"On strike!" repeated Marianne, shuddering at that terrific word. "Then you are not going to work—will have no more wages to receive; but what is to become of us, then? How are we to live?"

"Oh! don't worry yourself about that," replied the blacksmith, feeling a little uneasy in spite of his words; "we have funds, we shall all get two francs a day."

"Two francs—and four children!"

"You have some savings?"

"And when they are gone?"

"Oh, don't bother me!—so long as the workman gets his rights. We've had enough of this miserable existence."

"Miserable on what you have been earning?" said Marianne. "Look about you. In this very house, on the first floor, there is a family: the husband alone works, and has a salary of only eighteen hundred francs a year."

"*Only* eighteen hundred!"

"That's five francs a day, and you earn double that."

"I suppose that is so—when you count it up."

"Well, these people have three children, and when they go out they are dressed like princes."

"Yes, but they don't eat."

"You mean they don't *drink*. Well, they find the means for going out on Sundays, for going once or twice a year to the theatre, to receive friends—in short, they appear to be at ease, and make no complaint as to their condition."

"What!" cried the blacksmith, bringing down his clenched fist heavily on the table, "do you compare me with a paper-scratcher? Are such things as him men at all? He has not even a trade! A paper-scratcher!—a pack of useless idlers the whole lot of them—as bad as tradesmen and the rest of the bloodsuckers!"

Marianne saw that he had no other answer to give. For some time he was no longer himself. He did not get exactly drunk, but he was constantly in a state that was half-way towards intoxication, and a mere nothing roused his anger. It was still worse some days later, and if the wife was resigned, the mother asked herself in terror, whether it was possible for her to continue to live with him. He did no work, and his days were spent at the cabaret, sometimes part of his nights. He, formerly so kind and tender to

"AT THE CABARET."

his wife, regarded her with nothing but savage looks; and as to his children, of whom he had been so fond, he ceased to notice them even.

Marianne cried when she was alone, for it was the future which, more than all, terrified her. There was no more money coming in, and her little savings, so painfully amassed, were, day by day, dwindling. She had been obliged to sell a railway share, a tiny piece of paper of which she had been so proud. Linen, clothes, all took the same road; the handsome gilt clock had to be sold, the commode—even the children's playthings and books, one day, when they were hungry.

It must be told, too, that she herself earned nothing. Not only had work been brought to a standstill since the outset of that detestable strike: people who had, before that, employed her, now shut their doors in her face.

"We don't give work to the wife of a striker," they said.

She had swallowed her tears and had felt a movement of anger. Was it her fault that it had happened? More than all, was it the fault of her poor little ones, who, if the present state of things continued, would become destitute? No; but it was a contest—war between classes. What a frightful misfortune that men could not come to an understanding and help, rather than hate and fight, each other!

## IV.—Seditious Placards.

One evening Jacques slunk like a thief up the stairs of his house and entered his room furtively. He was pale, his face contorted, his eyes haggard; and it was with a panting voice he called Marianne.

"I am pursued," he said; "I have come to let you know and to share what money you have—for I must escape."

She threw herself upon his neck.

"What is it you have done?"

"Oh! a mere nothing: posted up some bills on the walls; they say these placards are seditious."

"And you are being pursued?"

"Yes, they are trying to arrest me. I'm not afraid of a prison, but I don't fancy being made to pay for others."

"Yet that is all you will do, Jacques; for you are weak-minded, and allow yourself to be led away."

"They say it is revolutionary."

"Yes, and they will make an insurgent of you. They will push you on to fight behind a barricade; they will get themselves made Deputies or Ministers, and leave you to be put in irons and sent to die five thousand leagues away, if you are not shot against a wall. It is wrong of you, Jacques, to have allowed yourself to be led into this position; women see further than you—because they are mothers."

All the while she was weeping and talking she was hurriedly making up a bundle of clothes. Then kissing Jacques — holding him in a long embrace—she placed two five-franc pieces in his hand, perhaps the only two left in the house.

"Don't go yet," she said; "I want you to see the children."

But sounds were heard on the stairs—the whisperings of men stealthily ascending.

"The police!" cried Houdaille. "Oh, the brutes!—Adieu! I have no time to lose. Don't be afraid—they won't take me!"

He opened the door suddenly and darted down the stairs, striking out with his fists,

"STRIKING OUT WITH HIS FISTS."

and with such whirling rapidity, that the poor fellows in pursuit of him had nothing but their pains for their labour in the long and fruitless chase which followed.

Marianne breathed again—he was saved. Saved, yes—but what was to become of him?

During the greater part of the night she stood with her face pressing the window-pane, shuddering at the slightest sound made without, expecting every moment to see him re-appear. For an instant a cold perspiration burst out upon her forehead; it was a troop of soldiers, a whole battalion of infantry, the commander at its head, passing under her windows, and when the sound of their feet had died away into the icy silence of the night, it was the turn of cavalry, the iron hoofs of the horses clattering upon the frosted pavement in the moonlight. It was part of a regiment of dragoons, with down-bent heads, enveloped in their grey cloaks and sabre in hand.

## V.—A Gleam of Gaiety.

Three weeks passed after that, and the strike still continued—the strike—that is to say, the ruin of the country, discomfort to the rich, misery to the poor, excitement amongst the masses, alarm everywhere.

Jacques Houdaille had not re-appeared. He knew that a warrant for his arrest was out against him, and he was not so stupid as to come and throw himself into the wolf's jaws.

Several of his comrades had been arrested and were awaiting their trial. What would become of them? Poor fellows! They still held up their heads behind the bars of their prison.

Their counsel, a tall, thin man, who wished to fatten himself and become a somebody at the Bar, excited them in their bravado. He quite well knew what he was about, that glib speaker; in any case, it was they, poor creatures, who would pay for the broken pottery.

Jacques Houdaille, more fortunate, was still at liberty. But where was he? How would he escape? Marianne had heard no news of him, and while awaiting the end of all those misfortunes, she had to live, and that was hard to do—nothing left, and four mouths to feed.

At last—for a fortnight past, at least—she had obtained work. Some persons had had pity on her, and had promised to do something for her children. It had come to be recognised that neither she nor her little ones were responsible for the faults of the wretched husband.

On the morning of the 24th December some of these charitably-disposed persons had gone to see her. The next day was a day of rest, and, on the occasion of the Christmas holidays, had brought for her children new and warm winter clothing.

For a moment she hesitated to accept these presents, for all her life she had been able to buy for herself all she needed, and had never held out her hand. But she was made to see that it was not on her own account this assistance was being offered to her—that, in any case, she was in an exceptional position — that her husband had left her and was not likely soon to return to her; and that it would be, on her part, an act of unjustifiable pride to condemn her children to suffer, when it was impossible for her to provide for their needs. She gave in to those good reasons, and her children were loud in the expression of their delight.

"That is not all," said one of her visitors. "At Madame Hennetier's, this evening, there is to be an assemblage of thirty children belonging to our town; they are to keep Christmas, and you must promise us to bring your little ones."

Marianne became very pale.

"Madame Hennetier!" she said; "but she is the wife of the principal manager of the factory where my husband worked!"

"Madame Hennetier knows that, and wishes to give you a proof of her esteem. Efforts are, at this moment, being made to bring the workmen back from the misguided step they have taken; there is no concession which the masters are not prepared to grant, in the hope of putting an end to this horrible strike, for everybody plainly sees that if the situation is continued it will result in a great disaster. But, in this matter of the children's Christmas treat, there is no question of politics. Christmas begins to-night; there is, we know only too well, much poverty in the country; in more than one garret to-night there will be no supper, and to-morrow will find many empty stomachs and many little shoes unvisited in the night by Santa Claus.

"Madame Hennetier and her sister have both been poor; they know what it is to want bread, and do not blush to have it known. They have remained good in their relative prosperity, and they have resolved to give, this evening, some

hours of happy forgetfulness to the poor innocent little ones about them."

Marianne still shrank from making the surrender asked of her, for many thoughts had crowded upon her mind while her visitor was speaking. She said to herself: "My husband would refuse; to him these people are enemies. Yet—why enemies?" she reflected; "they appear, on the contrary, to be animated by the best feelings towards him, and to have but one purpose—to bring him back to calmness and reason."

Then the children were present, listening anxiously; there would be a beautiful supper, sweetmeats, cakes, a profusion of playthings. For days past, nothing else had been talked of in the place but this entertainment. They had been thinking of it, not dreaming that they would be invited to it.

At last Marianne made up her mind.

"What can I give them instead?—nothing. I have no right to deprive them of this happiness." And aloud she replied: "I will come, madame."

The children clapped their hands.

## VI.—PITY!

THE little fête was brilliant and tumultuous. More than forty children were gathered about an immense table laden with flowers and food of all kinds: smoking puddings; geese, stuffed with chestnuts, and roasted to the hue of gold; pastry and ornamented sweets; and hillocks of comfits and lozenges. But what were more beautiful still, were ten Christmas trees, in all their wealth of green, hung with a thousand playthings of all forms and colours.

Marianne and her four children arrived rather late; but as soon as she appeared a place was made for her. A quarter of an hour later she would have found it difficult to single out the elder ones, they were so completely mixed with the joyous crowd. A little before midnight, Marianne rose and her eyes searched for her truants. She was instantly surrounded.

"You are not going to take them away from us?"

"It is getting late, and to-morrow——"

"To-morrow is a holiday, and to-night you belong to us; besides, the playthings will not be distributed before one o'clock, and you would not like your children not to have their share."

"Well, then," replied Marianne, "I will let the two elder ones stay and leave the third in your charge while I go home and put the youngest to bed. You see he is already asleep, and my neighbour has promised to wait for me."

On this engagement she was allowed to go, and the supper, which was drawing to a close, was continued with redoubled gaiety, with bravos and peals of laughter.

In the street Marianne was surprised at the silence and deep darkness all about her. She felt at first cold, then afraid, and hurried on with rapid steps. But she had not gone many yards before she came to a sudden standstill: a cloud seemed to pass before her eyes and a suppressed scream rent her bosom. She fell back a pace.

"You!"

"Yes, it is I!"

"YOU!"

"What are you doing here? You have, no doubt, been to the house? My God, if you have been seen!"

"They may see me now, when they like—I care not! The blow is struck."

"The blow—what do you mean? I don't understand you—you terrify me. What brings you here? You are not a bad-hearted man, you do not seek anybody's life?"

"Don't I? What I want to do is to blow up everybody here!—this kind of thing has lasted too long. The reign of masters and people of fortune is over!"

"Unhappy man, what are you saying? Have you lost your senses?"

"What am I saying?—this! Look at that house blazing with light, where they are feasting—the house of our exploiter, isn't it—where he is regaling his well-to-do friends? Well, in ten minutes, they will all be blown up."

"Blown up!—blown up!" repeated Marianne, almost mad with terror.

"Yes, it is there I have just come from; the dynamite is placed, the fuse lit; at midnight—the explosion!"

Marianne comprehended. Out of herself, she sprang upon Jacques Houdaille.

"Wretch!" she shrieked. "Wretch!—all the children in the country are there—ours—yours—monster!"

"What!—my children?" cried the man, passing the back of his hand across his brow and nearly sinking to the ground, but instantly recovering himself and disappearing into the darkness in the direction of the house.

Marianne was already there. She sprang across the threshold and, flinging the door wide open, cried:—

"The house is mined! Save yourselves! Save yourselves, all of you!"

At any other time, those who heard her might have thought her mad, and hesitated before taking flight; but, in the threatening circumstances of the hour, she had scarcely opened her lips before her appearance had told of danger.

The stronger carried out the weaker and the youngest of the party, while their elders threw open all the doors and drove the little ones out before them. By good fortune, the feast had been given on the ground floor, a few steps only from the street. In a few moments the house was emptied, the outer gates passed.

The twelfth stroke of midnight was sounding on the factory clock when a terrible explosion was heard, and the house, full of light and the odours of the entertainment so rudely interrupted, was blown into the air and fell in a heap of ruins.

There was a frightful panic and flight. The street, but a few moments before so full of cheerful sounds, became suddenly silent, as if death had taken the place of life there.

At a short distance, one woman alone remained—a woman with an infant in her arms and three other children clinging to her skirt.

This woman, followed by her children, advanced.

One gaslight only was burning in the street, lighting the immense hecatomb and casting its trembling rays upon the body of a man.

She wished to reach this body, to see whether she recognised it—praying to God that it might be *him*, preferring rather to know that he was dead than a living assassin.

A glance sufficed, and, hiding her face, forcing back the tears that were swelling her bosom to bursting, she drew her children to her and fell upon her knees.

Through its windows the little workmen's church of the quarter seemed to be on fire, and the bells pealed out with their utmost power of sound, calling the faithful to the midnight service. But in the higher part of the town the news of the explosion had spread with immense rapidity, and presently an ever-growing crowd gathered from all points, manifesting terror and indignation.

The body of the man was examined and identified.

"Jacques Houdaille, the Anarchist!" was cried on all sides.

"Yes," said Marianne, facing the exasperated crowd and protecting her children with her trembling hands; "the Anarchist—but who did not hesitate to rush on to death to save us, and accepted that fate as an expiation."

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## XXXII.—THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

*From a Photo. by]* MR. BURDETT-COUTTS AND THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

A NAME that is a household word; a personage that occupies a position unique; one who is deservedly respected and honoured by all classes; to whom individuals and bodies of people have turned for sympathy and help, and in whose hearts is built a monument of gratitude, such as surely has seldom been accorded to any human being—such is the truly noble woman who has been for upwards of half a century the pioneer of the majority of benevolent movements and the ready helper of the helpless.

Here is a long life of good deeds, of which yet no record exists: nothing beyond paragraphic accounts—which, spread out over so great a lapse of time, are lost to sight and memory. Interviews, too, have never been granted; and when I am told an exception is to be made in my favour, I am not only sincerely gratified, but am also impressed with the magnitude of my task, and the honour conferred upon me by being enabled to give to the world some account of the life and work of one of the most remarkable women of the age.

Miss Burdett was the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., one of the chief political characters of the early part of the century; who married one of the daughters of Mr. Coutts, the banker, and of whom I shall have more to say later on. On the death of the banker's widow, who had, after the death of Mr. Coutts, married the Duke of St. Albans, the subject of this article found the enormous fortune was bequeathed to her.

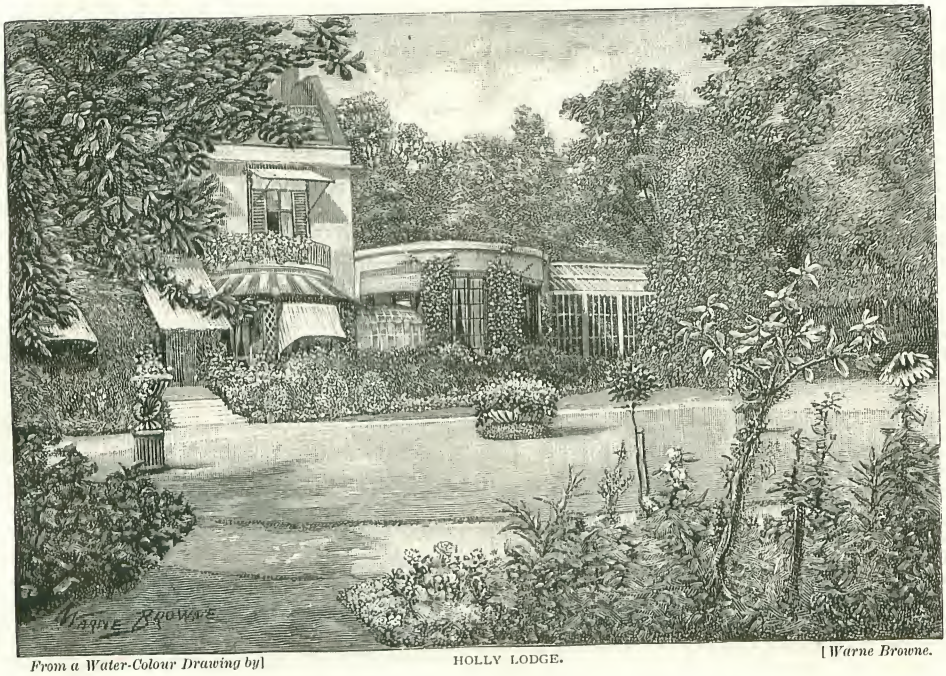
She, at the age of twenty-three, was the head of a banking-house second only to the Bank of England, and veritably the richest woman in the land.

What would she do with it?—was the question that would occur to many, and all sorts of surmises would be promulgated, and various schemes of disbursement planned by many well-intentioned, but too busy, people. We may readily conjecture that, in many hands, this vast wealth would have fulfilled a very different mission; would have contributed rather to the selfish pleasure of its possessor than to the wants of the many. As it is—— but as you read you will gather some idea, though necessarily a limited one, of what *has* been done.

To look back upon the life of the Baroness is an historical education. One recalls the good and the great with whom she has been associated, reads the history of the labouring classes, watches the education of the young, and reviews events which have stirred nations: and in each and every case, where money could help, the Baroness has led the way with munificent benevolence, and what is more, has brought the effect of her example, and so used her enormous influence, that others have thereby been induced likewise to afford valuable assistance.

Every grade of life, from the man of culture, high in his profession, to the mechanic or even the "coster" of the streets, has representatives who owe much to her practical help; financial assistance for those who needed it; with encouragement and kindly patronage, combined with the opportunity of meeting the first in the ranks of the world's genius—to those who, standing alone, would have been lost in the crowd.

Her doors have ever been open. Kings, statesmen, Churchmen, writers, artists, travellers, and scholars—all have been proud to call her friend; and to each and all has she proved herself worthy of their confidence and esteem.




*From a Water-Colour Drawing by]* HOLLY LODGE. *[Warne Browne.*

My interview was accorded at Holly Lodge, a charming retreat on the Northern Heights of London, approached by a steep hill, and standing back in its own grounds in perfect seclusion.

We sat chatting together under the trees: the "we" being the Baroness, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Colonel Saunderson, M.P., Mr. Edmund Caldwell, artist, and myself. A very pleasant spot it was; a natural group of immense trees, under whose branches it was possible to feel cool in almost tropical heat, and to enjoy to the full comfortable basket chairs, with bamboo tables, on which are scattered flowers, fruit, and books. Particularly kind had been my reception, and I had

been at once struck with the charming grace of manner and courtesy of the old school evidenced by the Baroness. Tall, slender, with a carriage that would credit a woman of half her age, and a remarkable personality that at once makes itself apparent, you have before you one gifted with talents of no mean order, with strong power of penetration, and, above all, with a kindly and generous nature, a sympathetic heart, and a sincere Christian feeling that finds happiness in the happiness of others.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts, a man of distinguished appearance, pleasing manners, an active and willing coadjutor in the charitable works of his wife, an excellent speaker, an earnest politician, and regular attendant at the House—where he has piloted one or two Bills successfully—a cultured, scholarly man, the writer of more than one clever work, and possessor of one of the finest studs—Brookfield—in the country.

Everyone knows Colonel Saunderson by reputation. He is often heard in the House, where his keen wit and satire create the strongest interest when he is about to speak, and make him at the same time a veritable "thorn in the flesh" to his opponents. Every inch a soldier, and also the most entertaining of hosts and desirable of guests, you can fancy him leading his men into action with flashing eye and stentorian tones, or keeping the whole table alive with witty speech and keen repartee.

Of Edmund Caldwell's work you will note evidences in the illustrations of this article. Perhaps you have seen some at the Academy, where he has several times made notable exhibits; chiefly of hounds, puppies, and kittens. The one hung in 1887 will be, perhaps, best remembered. "For the Safety of the Public" is its title. It gained immense popularity, and the etching by Hester still commands a large sale. Mr. Caldwell—who is spoken of in art circles as the coming Landseer—is one of the most modest, unassuming men I have ever met; yet if once drawn into conversation, he speaks with earnestness and ability.

So much for the personages with whom I am conversing; now, as minor characters, I dismiss them, and resume with the Baroness.

Holly Lodge has much the appearance of a bungalow—it is quite small, surrounded by a veranda, with its trellis-work covered with hops, Virginia and other creepers; about fifty-two acres of garden and park surround it, so well wooded that, from the house, all one gets of the exterior world is a glimpse of a church spire. The place is old, and was purchased by Mr. Coutts as a residence for himself and second wife. Small as it is, it is most extremely interesting, for it is full of associations of the many friends of the Baroness—of all sorts and conditions of people, and from all parts of the globe.

Stepping over the threshold (where, by-the-bye, I notice a horse-shoe nailed—a reminiscence of Mrs. Coutts), you are at once in a cool entrance-hall, hung with some rare old prints and portraits, amongst them being the Queen, the Prince Consort, and a print of Sir Francis Burdett riding triumphantly on a car of curious construction to the "Crown and Anchor." Everybody knows—who knows anything of political history at all—how fiercely Sir Francis fought for the rights of the people and the Reform Bill. Poor old gentleman! His career was by no means smooth. Do you remember how he was committed to the Tower for breach of privilege? I thought of it when I looked at this queer print, and called to mind a room in the Stratton Street residence of the Baroness, which was pointed out to me as the one where the military had broken in the windows in order to capture him, he having barricaded his house. How, when at last he surrendered, the Guards were pelted with stones, the people shouting: "Burdett for ever!"

A little farther on in the hall is Bassano's "Spoiling the Egyptians"; then a print of a vessel that made one of the first Arctic voyages, the back of it being fitted with a glass case containing small trophies given by the commander to the Baroness; then I note a picture denoting a reception of Volunteers on the lawn of Holly Lodge more than a quarter of a century ago. And here I must remark on the great patriotism always displayed by the Baroness. When the Volunteer movement was quite in its infancy, she was one of its most ardent supporters, as indeed she ever has been of anything for the benefit of a country she holds dear. Now we pause before a print of Mr. Coutts, and I listen to a funny story about him which I must tell you.

It seems he was a very eccentric man, and, despite his great wealth, was often very shabbily dressed. Tall, of singularly refined and stately bearing, he was one day walking out in his favourite attitude—hands behind his back. As he thus walked, he attracted the attention of another gentleman, who was also taking a constitutional; and who was immediately moved with sympathy for the evident poverty of the shabby-genteel indivi-

dual in front of him. Being himself in fairly affluent circumstances, he determined to afford some slight relief to the decayed gentleman who seemed to need it so much, and who, doubtless, would not disclose his position in order to obtain assistance. Accordingly, he slipped quietly and quickly up behind him, and putting a couple of guineas into the outstretched hands, he as suddenly withdrew; before the astonished recipient was sufficiently aroused from his reverie to remonstrate. You can well imagine the surprise of the benevolent old gentleman on the next evening, when, on attending a select dinner-party given in honour of Mr. Coutts, the banker, he recognised in him the "decayed gentleman" on whom he had bestowed his well-meant charity the day before!

HOLLY LODGE—UNDER THE TREES.
*From a Water-Colour Drawing by Warne Browne.*

Were I to particularize the reminiscences of good and great who are departed that I saw at Holly Lodge, it would be an almost endless task. In different parts of the house I came across memories of Dickens, Wellington, Garrick, Gordon, and many others. Wellington was the firmest of friends, taking a fatherly interest in the career of the young girl with her millions of money and her large heart; Dickens and she together visited some of the vilest dens of London, when "slumming" was not fashionable, and even philanthropists were not safe in venturing over the border from West to crime-polluted and poverty-stricken East. If the inimitable writer had never opened the eyes of the many wilful blind to behold the sorrows and sufferings of their plague-stricken fellow creatures, he would not have been unrewarded, for he it was who interested the one of all others who was both able and willing to afford timely help, and to turn sorrow into joy, darkness into light.

Nova Scotia Gardens, a resort of murderers, thieves, disreputable and abandoned, where rubbish and refuse were shot in heaps, a place which had long been a trap for fevers and loathsome diseases: this was the spot where Miss Coutts introduced wholesale and sweeping reform. Struck with the horror and misery, she bought it all up, pulled down the wretched buildings, and put up four blocks of model dwellings, each block containing between forty and fifty tenements, with every accommodation in the shape of laundry, baths, etc., and the luxury of a good library and reading-room. This, for a people who had been surrounded by abominations of every description, whose every breath had sucked in foul stench, and whose every footstep had been in slimy pools and decaying matter shot from dust-carts. These buildings, I may add, not only hold their own with those of much later date, but are actually in advance of some for such general requirements as drainage, ventilation, and light. Columbia Square it was named, and from then till now it has continued to be a much-to-be-desired place of habitation for the class for whom it was intended.

Now, glance at "Brown's Lane," another place brightened and blessed by the practical benevolence of Miss Coutts. Go back between thirty and forty years, to a time when the community known as "Hand Weavers" were almost starving in consequence of loss of trade following on importation of foreign silks; when, despite of an association which

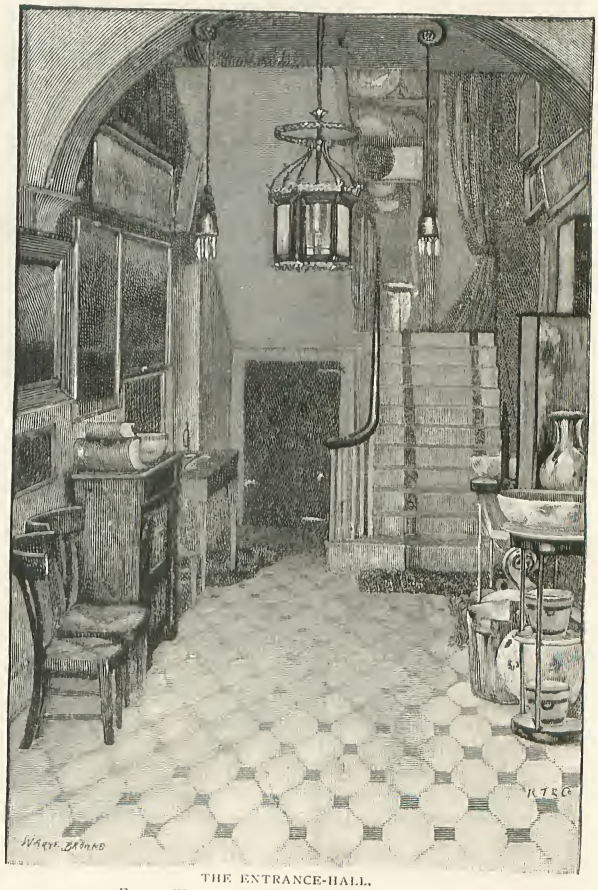
had been formed for the amelioration of the sufferers, distress was so prevalent that nothing short of a miracle could stem it. Then Miss Coutts came forward and became the mainstay and almost the entire support of the association. Some of the people were sent out of the country as emigrants, others were given the means of starting in little businesses; girls were suitably trained for respectable situations, and work was found for the women in a sort of sewing-room, where, after 1.30 in the day, they could earn from 8s. to 15s. per week, thus helping very materially to keep things going. The work consisted of shirt-making for the police and soldiers, and one very good feature of the plan was, that each woman as she came in was given a good, hearty meal to commence with. Some, who on account of their families could not leave home, were allowed to have their work out; thus large numbers were benefited. It must also be added that many had actually to be taught the proper use of their needle, and I am very much inclined to think that the same training is just as necessary now amongst our East-end factory hands.

Nor did the work of this true charity stop there: the people were especially visited in their homes on an organized plan, and help afforded them on the report furnished by the visitors. Such visitors, being clergymen and qualified lay people, were fully competent to judge of the cases with which they came in contact. Clothing, blankets, provisions, and wine were freely distributed; half-day jobs were given to unemployed men, outfits were provided for boys and girls starting for new situations, and nothing that money or care could do was left undone.

Then distress broke out amidst the tanners, and again Miss Coutts found a way of helping. In a practical manner, she appointed a trusty agent to attend the police-courts of the distressed districts, where applications for relief were received. By this means funds for present wants were disbursed, and also the means of saving their homes to them until better times.

Some of you may remember the cholera epidemic in the East-end of London in 1867. Then was Miss Coutts again the active benefactor, and her's was the hand that gave freely, and her's the judicious relief that can never be adequately known or appreciated. Under the superintendence of a qualified medical man, she employed eight trained nurses, two sanitary inspectors, and, under their orders, four men to distribute disinfectants. Let me give you a summary of *one* week's absolute *gifts* during the course of this fearful disease: 1,850 tickets for meat, value 1s., 250lb. of arrowroot, 500lb. of rice, 50lb. each of sago and tapioca, 30lb. black currant jelly, 50 gallons of port wine, 25 gallons of brandy, 20 gallons of beef tea, 560 quarts of milk, 100 blankets, 400yds. of flannel, and 400 garments: all this in addition to doctor, nurse, and money!

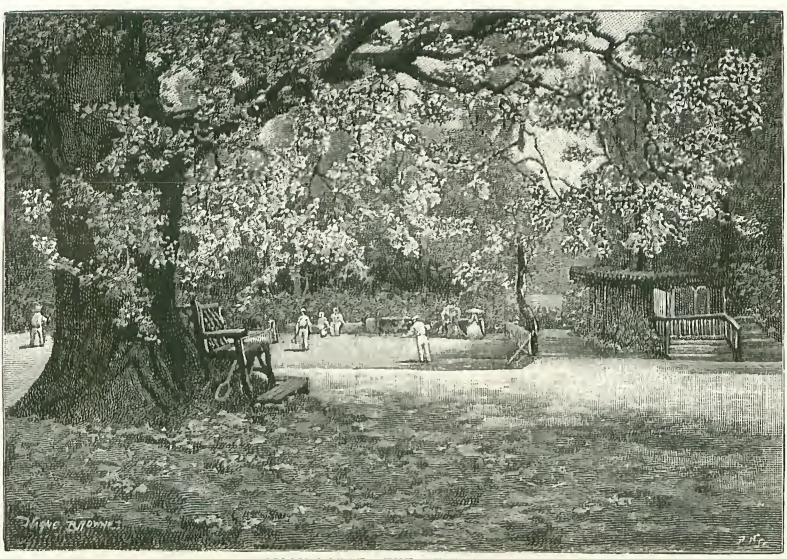
A Shoe Black Brigade, a Boys' Club, and a Relief Committee for discriminate charity may be briefly referred to, as well as the more recent Flower Girls' Brigade; the members of the latter being not only helped and befriended in their present occupation, but



THE ENTRANCE-HALL.
*From a Water-Colour Drawing by Warne Browne.*

also taught the duties of domestic service, or initiated into the art of artificial flower making in the factory specially opened for them. It is satisfactory to hear that this one society has put upwards of 800 girls into a more desirable way of earning their own living.

The portrait of Charles Dickens gave rise to these reminders of work accomplished in this direction; and now I take up another, that of an aged coloured man, who, the Baroness tells me, was the first convert of one of the Colonial churches, in which she has ever been much interested. She does not, however, tell me what I subsequently learn of these churches, for she is not given to talking of her good deeds.



HOLLY LODGE—THE TENNIS LAWN.
*From a Water-Colour Drawing by Warne Browne.*

Now, what are the facts? Briefly these: In her warm admiration of our own Church, and her anxiety for its extension, she actually founded the Bishoprics of Adelaide, British Columbia, and Cape Town. I will give you the cost of one; you will then see somewhat of the magnitude of this branch of her benevolence. For the endowment of the church, £25,000; for the bishopric, £15,000; and for the partial cost for clergy, £10,000.

So much for the Church in foreign lands. Now glance at what has been done for the Church at home. Here we find that almost the first use Miss Coutts made of her wealth was to distribute it largely in assisting to build churches in London and elsewhere.

At Carlisle she erected a handsome edifice, seating about 700 people, to accommodate a congregation formerly worshipping in a disused warehouse; and at Westminster the Church of St. Stephen's, with all its adjuncts of schools and institute, was put up entirely at her own cost, and stands as a lasting monument, not only of her generosity, but also of her practical forethought for all the needs of the congregation, young and old. It was in the year 1847 when the buildings were commenced, the consecration taking place in 1850. The actual cost was close upon £100,000. From then till now, the Baroness has entirely supplied the working expenses, no small item when one considers the manifold branches emanating from this centre of active Christianity. No wants are overlooked: from the tiniest toddler in the infant class to the grey-haired worshipper at the beautiful services, some organization embraces their needs. Clubs, guilds, classes, friendly societies, district visiting, etc., are all in active operation, and, in addition, a self-help club, which deserves more than passing mention. Established at a comparatively recent date on co-operative principles, it can now show a working capital of upwards of £2,000. Of the success of the schools I can give you no adequate idea, for facts and figures fail to convey a thorough grasp of the real benefit conferred upon, literally, thousands of a rising generation. When I tell you that upwards of fifteen thousand boys and girls have in these schools been properly trained for their future position in the world, I tell you but little.

It was not only with these schools, however, that Miss Coutts spent both time and money: Stepney, Highgate, and many outlying places have to thank her for substantial aid in this direction. And what one must admire is the very clear perception of all requirements, as well as the prompt manner of carrying out.

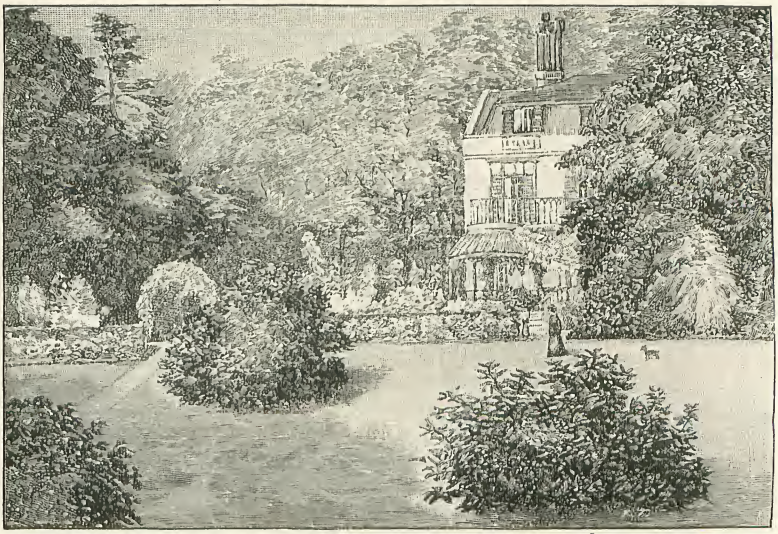
Of the Townshend Schools, at Westminster, I must give you some slight particulars. The schools were, in the first place, the outcome of a fund of which Miss Coutts was left a trustee, and which was also immediately under her superintendence. They were literally crowded with the children of people residing in various districts of that part of London, who, unable to pay the requisite School Board fees, yet compelled to educate their children, were thankful to avail themselves of either the free admission or the nominal charge of one penny, where it could be afforded.

The Free Education Bill becoming law in 1890, made a re-organization of these schools requisite, it being no longer necessary to do what any School Board is compelled to do by the Act. So now the whole of the schools, St. Stephen's and Townshend, run side by side, stepping-stones from each other. Thus, the Townshend are now the "St. Stephen's Elementary"—and entirely free; while the "St. Stephen's Higher Grade," for a charge of from twopence to sixpence per week, are imparting sciences and 'ologies, languages, and many other useful acquirements to the deserving and persevering from the "Elementary Schools"; the transition being made the more easy by a large number of scholarships open to students in the last-named.

The next step is to the "Technical Institute," at which place scholars attending the "Higher Grade" are received for evening study, as are those who have formerly attended them. The Institute is also open to others who may be disposed to join, with this proviso — that every student must be either actually earning his or her living, or purposing to do so, by the arts and crafts here taught.

At the Westminster Institute some hundreds of students are receiving instruction likely to benefit their entire future. That they are deriving immense profit to themselves was strongly evidenced at the last annual meeting, which meeting I had the pleasure of attending. Here were youths and adults, many of them with horny hands of toil, coming forward to receive well-earned prizes and certificates as a result of technical work of no mean order; the Baroness herself bestowing them with kind, encouraging words, and in addition made a capital speech. And, by the way, I thought we never *should* get that speech, for when her ladyship stood up to commence, the ovation was simply tremendous; cheer upon cheer broke forth again and again. When at length it did subside, the immense audience (and hundreds had been turned away), although the hour was late, sat and stood in perfect silence, eager to catch every word that fell from her lips. The entire affair, in fact, had resolved itself into an unmistakable tribute of affectionate regard; for when the Baroness had entered the hall at the commencement of the evening, everyone present had sprung to his feet and continued standing until she herself was seated. No greater respect could have been paid to Majesty itself; and who better deserves it than one who has made herself acquainted with the wants and sorrows of her poorer brethren?

A new building for the students has just been erected by the Baroness, as complete in every way as skill and money can make it: a series of workshops containing all requisite tools, a first-rate library of technical works, and everything one can think of. Here boys and youths can become masters of carpentry and joinery, bricklayers' and



*From a Painting by]* HOLLY LODGE—THE GARDEN. *[Sir Edmund Henderson.*

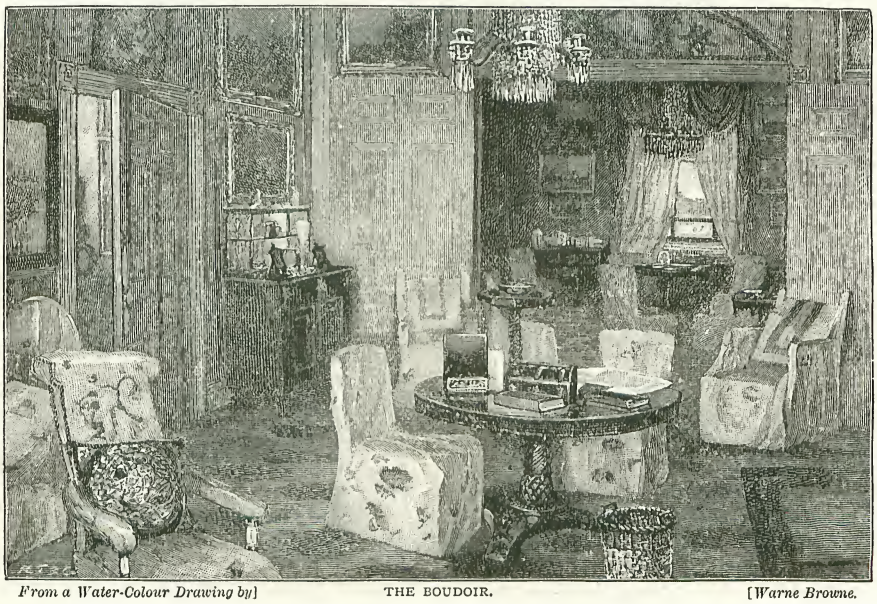
plumbers' work, building construction and builders' quantities, metal plate work, technical and mechanical drawing, and applied art. Girls can become practical cooks and dressmakers; while either sex can go into the Civil Service classes, and acquire book-keeping, shorthand, languages, algebra, mathematics, and a variety of the like useful subjects. I may just add that more than the usual percentage of medals and certificates offered by the City and Guilds of London, the Society of Arts, and the Science and Art and Educational Department were this last year carried off by these students. *Free admission* is given to fifty scholars from the lower school, by means of that number of scholarships founded by the Baroness, other scholarships being awarded annually to deserving children of poor parents.

I may not linger on these educational details, but will just mention the Whitelands Training College and an Art Students' Home, both of them owing their origin to the Baroness, though the latter has since become self-supporting. Then it must also be remembered that some of the really useful things now taught in our schools were first taught there, owing to her persistent efforts; as must also the fact that before education was compulsory, she was a persistent advocate for evening schools, herself entirely supporting a large one in the East of London.

For children the Baroness has always had a large corner in her heart, likewise a large corner in her pocket, for no effort has been too great, if such effort could help the little ones. Cruelty to children to her is one of the greatest of iniquities, and it is mainly due to her unceasing devotion that the Bill of 1889—which has so materially improved the condition of these poor little ones—passed into law. That Bill made it lawful to remove them from the custody of cruel parents, and also to make such parents contribute towards their support. Many of you may not know that the formation of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was chiefly due to her ladyship, the first committee meeting taking place in her own drawing-room. Great things have sprung from it: for now there is an average of ten thousand cases to deal with annually.

The "Destitute Children's Dinner Society" is also dear to her heart; she has, in fact, been its hard-working president since the death of the good Earl of Shaftesbury. This Society gives each season about three hundred thousand substantial dinners, at a charge of one penny or one halfpenny each.

After the children and the poor may be mentioned the love of animals, ever shown by Lady Coutts; she is, indeed, well known everywhere for her good work in connection with the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, often attending meetings in its furtherance, and identifying herself with the annual cart-horse parades at London, Newcastle, etc.; and what a number of animals,



*From a Water-Colour Drawing by]* THE BOUDOIR. *[Warne Browne.*

of all sorts and sizes, one sees at Holly Lodge! Here is a white donkey, the gift of a number of costermongers; and this reminds me that the Baroness has been in the habit of giving prizes to those men who at the periodical shows could produce animals well fed and well kept. And one of her cherished possessions is a silver model of a donkey presented to her by a costermongers' club. These clubs, I may tell you, she has promoted, with the object of assisting street vendors to purchase their own barrows. The requisite amount was advanced to the men, which was repaid by a small weekly instalment. There is no need to recall her valuable help to the costers in the somewhat recent crisis in their trade. Many of you watched the struggle from one court to another; but the donkey and barrow came off triumphant, and the men still ply their calling in our poorer neighbourhoods.

At one time the Baroness kept llamas, but found the climate hardly suitable for such delicate animals, so gave it up. Two of the pretty creatures are now stuffed, and kept indoors in a handsome glass home of their own. She has also some very fine goats, to which special attention is paid. She calls them the "poor man's cow," and believes they might be made highly productive. I go through the goat stables, first looking at the champion, "Sir Garnet," the finest I have ever seen; in fact, his keeper tells me "he has never been beat"; then on to see some "Nubians" — pretty, timid creatures — from a few weeks old upwards. Then I inspect some fine cows, beautiful horses, pigs, fowls, and creatures of all sorts.

We did no stereotyped inspection, but just wandered here and there before and after luncheon, chatting pleasantly, and stopping now and again for anything with which the Baroness was specially interested, or anything that struck me in particular. Ever and anon we sat and rested under the trees, enjoying the welcome shade (for this was in the hot days of last summer), and here we had afternoon tea, surrounded by the sweet-smelling flowers, the singing of the birds, and the hum of the bees; for the Baroness is an enthusiastic bee-keeper, and is, indeed, the president of the Bee Society. Privately, I begin to wonder what society she is *not* connected with.

In one of our wanderings we find ourselves on a site known as "Traitors' Hill," actually in the grounds, though right on the other side. This was the spot where the conspirators stood to watch what never came off—the blowing up of the Houses of Parliament. A clear view right over London, as it lays like a huge panoramic picture that has paused for the explanatory guide. Then we return *viâ* long archways of flowers, gaily arranged beds, and acres of kitchen garden. I notice that the men employed in the grounds are by no means young, and am told that unless they have been there quite a number of years the others look upon them altogether as interlopers. Many are really past actual work, but there they stay until such time as the Baroness pensions them off.

*From a Painting by* "SIR GARNET." *Edmund Caldwell.*

I have told you Mr. Burdett-Coutts has a fine stud near: near enough, in fact, to send to for some of the horses. I have no time to visit the place, and when I hear a clattering and whinnying, and find myself confronted with a splendidly-matched pair called "The Ladies," I am glad to have seen some specimens of the fine English breed for which their master has made himself famous. This is indeed a pretty pair; full of fire, yet easily controlled into the most gentle action. They put me in mind of twin sisters, for I have to walk round them two or three times in my endeavours to tell "t'other from which." This is the pair with which Mr. Coutts is wont to drive the Baroness round the park; generally accompanied by one or two pet dogs. The dogs, they are of great importance at Holly Lodge: "Peter" and "Prince" being the favourites, the

former generally accompanying his mistress wherever she goes; he has a decided taste for geological survey; and indoors there is quite a collection made by him, burrowed from all parts, the Continent and at home. Another valuable canine had for its father a favourite of the Emperor Charles Frederick; and still others possess histories of their own, for which I have not space. One thing I *can* give, though, and that is a good photographic reproduction of a group, specially taken for this Magazine, and given at the head of this article; there you will observe the Baroness, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and the dogs, grouped on the summit of the "Lodge" steps. Also, you have a portrait of "Cocky," a self-asserting cockatoo, one of a tribe of feathered creatures, happy and well fed, who live in and around the house. At one time, the Baroness tells me, she made efforts to induce nightingales to build in the surrounding trees, but ultimately had to give it up, as they were just a prize for the bird-fanciers.

At Haydn Hall, a former residence, large numbers of robins were daily fed, and it was quite a usual thing on a winter's morning to hear their little beaks tapping the windows of the sleeping apartments of the Baroness, as a reminder that they were ready for their breakfast. She is a firm friend of the sweet singing bird, and whether it has been in indefatigably promoting an Act for their protection during the breeding season, or whether it has consisted in earnest remonstrances against the reprehensible practice, followed by so many ladies, of wearing wings and even small birds, they have found in her a zealous and powerful advocate.

*From a Painting by]* "COCKY." *[Edmund Caldwell.*

We are strolling across the lawn, and are suddenly confronted with an Oriental structure in the grounds, named "Candilia," erected in memory of the Turkish Compassionate Fund. Do you remember the horrors which thrilled all Europe when recounted? Filled with sorrowing pity for the sufferings of the thirty thousand families—passive victims—who had fled for refuge to the villages of the Danube, the Baroness took the matter up warmly, and wrote a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, which quickly found sympathetic response throughout the country. I cannot do better than give you an extract from this letter:—

"I would pray one and all to bear in mind the unhappy sufferers in a far-away country, of another creed, whose lives are ebbing fast away, uncheered, desolate, and abandoned. We cannot, perhaps, stanch their life-blood; we can wash our hands, though, free of its stain, by binding up their wounds, if not by our money, by our sympathy. If silver and gold there is none, we have prayers still; and He to whom all flesh comes, hears the cry of the poor for His creatures suffering from the sword, as He also accepts the gifts of the rich. . . . . When your vast public reads these few lines, I trust much bodily or mental anguish will begin to be soothed, through that real Christianity which is still, in God's providence, the appointed means by which hunger and thirst are assuaged, sickness alleviated, and consolation given."

This letter was eminently characteristic of her whole manner and conversation: kindly, gentle, mindful of her "duty to her neighbour," and anxious to do that duty. How much better and happier the world would be for more of such!

Well, the

"Compassionate Fund" was at once formed, the Baroness starting it with a subscription of £1,000 — which sum she afterwards doubled. Collections were made in all parts, and in a few days £30,000 and a prodigious amount of clothing and food were ready for dispatch. Mr. Burdett-Coutts went out as "Special Commissioner," Sir Francis de Winton and other officers affording valuable assistance. What they had to contend with was simply appalling: famine, pestilence, bitter weather, roads crowded with destitute masses of people—many being literally frozen to death; women actually throwing their children into the rivers to save them further sufferings. Driven from place to place, they at length reached Constantinople, where some found refuge in mosques, some

*A Christmas Card by* THE PETS OF THE BARONESS. *Edmund Caldwell.*

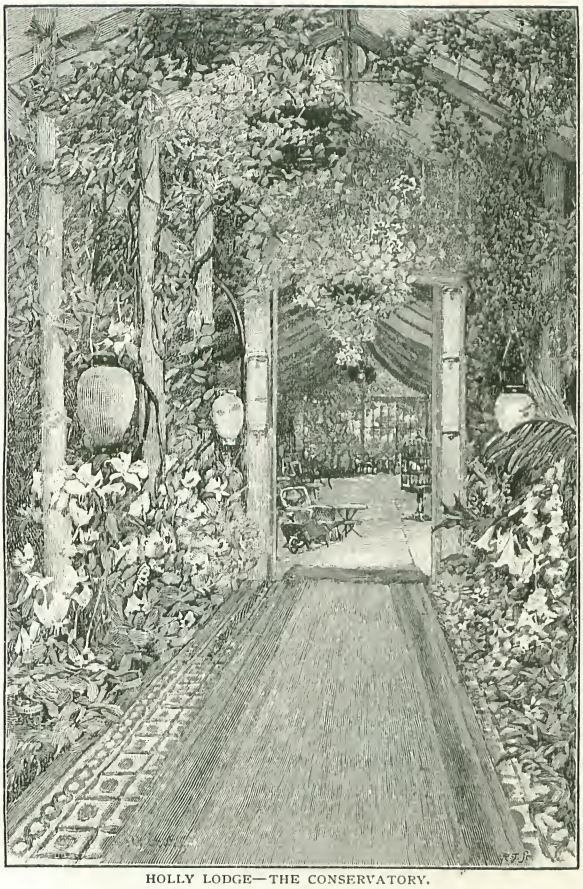
in the houses of the rich, and a large number in the Royal Palace itself, which the Sultan at once threw open for them.

Nearer the house the Baroness shows me the tent dressing-rooms for gentlemen visitors, which she has had put up on account of the extreme smallness of the house, rendering further accommodation necessary when guests are invited to dinner. From there we go to view the kitchens—models of neatness, and bright with tiled walls and polished steel.

Then up into the house again, through a long, roomy apartment, that seems wholly intended for a conservatory, and, indeed, communicates with it actually: an apartment that contains all sorts of curios and precious things; that is cool, comfortable, and homelike, and has, moreover, a beautiful view of the grounds. Here we stop to inspect what is the finest—because most perfect—collection of minerals extant. This mineral museum was formerly the property of Professor Tennant: it is a study in itself. Then there is quite a collection of china, all fashioned in imitation of vegetables, a Chinese dragon, a clock tower carved by Russian prisoners, and many other objects of interest.

In the other rooms I note some fine paintings by Wilkie, Brenghel, Harrison Weir, Frith, Teniers, and Hogarth; in addition to several by the before-mentioned Edmund Caldwell. One of his, a comic Christmas card, is here reproduced; it shows the pets of the Baroness. The Baroness is essentially English in her tastes; and at her residence shows her preference for English workmanship—even the piano in her boudoir is from the old English firm of Broadwood and Son; and other articles in unison.

I am not done with portraits yet: here is one of Sir James Brook, an old friend of the Baroness, and another living instance of one who has been materially assisted by her. An ordinary English gentleman in the first place, he became King of Borneo, and founded a sovereignty! Then there is Dr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone, and other illustrious men; and last, but not least, the brave Christian General and martyr, Gordon. In quiet



HOLLY LODGE—THE CONSERVATORY.
*From a Water-Colour Drawing by Warne Browne.*

tones and with saddened mien, the Baroness tells me how much she valued his friendship, and how he often came to see her; how his almost, if not quite, last visit was paid to her; and how, during that visit, he took up a small letter-case lying handy, asking, "Might he have it for a keepsake?" and how she had since had proof of this keepsake being carried with him in his breast-pocket until his death.

How much his captivity must have grieved his friend can only be faintly surmised by her scheme, in conjunction with a few friends, for opening up communication with Khartoum by means of a Morocco merchant, who, disguising himself, managed to convey to poor Gordon the last letters and papers he ever received from England.

No efforts were made by us to rescue him; and well and nobly did the Baroness publicly plead on behalf of her friend. The shame and the disgrace made men and women blush for their country; and when Lady Coutts's letter found its way into the *Times*, it awoke a universal thrill from all classes. We mourn still the loss of his noble life; and some of us wonder at the necessity of the public appeal for funds by the late Lord Tennyson in order that the Boys' Home, a work dear to the brave General, could be carried on. Is it that we forget?

I might keep on indefinitely telling you of the different things taken up by the Baroness, for everywhere I turn I have something to remind me of such. Now it is the portrait of a most handsome bouquet which had been presented to her by a deputation of Irish women. Everybody knows how again and again the Baroness has spent immense sums in relieving this unfortunate people: in famine and sickness she has come forward for years past and tendered timely help, always seeking, as she herself said, "to improve their moral as well as their material condition." Of the amount of money, food, fuel, clothing, etc., disbursed I cannot give you any correct total, spreading as the work has over so long a period; but I *can* tell you how, thirteen years ago, she offered the munificent sum of £250,000 to the Government for them to use beneficially in aid of the Irish destitute.

Some of this great work was carried on in the fishing villages, where dire famine had made such havoc, that craft had either gone or was in such a battered condition for want of repair that fishing was practically impossible. Scots were actually fishing in the Irish waters, and selling the same fish to those of the Irish who had money to buy with. Then the Baroness made loans to the deserving men of sums of £300, in order that they might purchase new boats, the loans to be repaid by small yearly instalments. Later on, her ladyship established a Fishing School, in which four hundred boys from all parts of Ireland could be thoroughly initiated into boat-building, net-making and mending, etc., carpentering, coopering, and fish-curing. This school the Baroness opened herself in the year 1887, and can it be wondered at that when their well-tried friend came among them, arriving at night by yacht, flags, table-cloths, and pocket-handkerchiefs bedecked the place,

the people came together in huge crowds, and large bonfires gave ruddy lights on all the surrounding hills? When the actual opening took place on the next day, the scene of enthusiasm was almost unexampled —not in any degree lessened by the presence of a large number of deputations to present addresses.

When I come to the question of her private and individual charities, I must honestly confess that this is a subject upon which I can give you no information. As you may imagine, begging letters arrive in batches, and few that are really deserving apply altogether in vain. Of this the public learns nothing, neither did I, beyond the actual fact above stated.

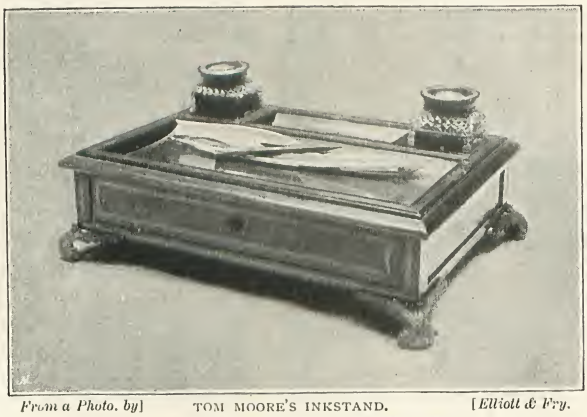
Everyone was glad when the honour of a peerage was conferred upon Miss Coutts in 1871. This is an instance unique when connected with a woman for her own worthy deeds. The bestowal, to my mind, conferred as much honour upon the Queen who gave it as upon the subject who received it. The Baroness also wears the Orders of the Medjidieh and the Shafakat, given by the Sultan in token of his gratitude for her services to the unfortunate refugees. In addition to this she has had the freedom of several cities conferred upon her.

The last undertaking I shall mention is a literary one; this, by the way, not the first. The Chicago Exhibition is now a thing of the past; but Lady Coutts has given us a work in connection with it that deserves a place on the shelves of every library in the land. I refer to the book, "Woman's Mission," undertaken by the Baroness at the express wish of H.R.H. the Princess Christian. Certainly the Princess could not have placed the commission in more able hands; and the result confirms her judgment. The Baroness set about it in the very best possible manner, and instead of collecting reports, statistics, etc., which would only have proved dull and uninteresting, she put herself in communication with a large number of such well-known ladies as Florence Nightingale, Miss Agnes Weston, etc., and from them obtained accounts of the different works in which they were engaged as women *for* women—each and every paper being stamped with an individual personality which gives life and interest as well as facts and truisms. No fewer than thirty-five of such papers are here presented to the readers of the book, two of them written by the Baroness herself, who has, in addition, also written a lengthy appendix touching upon each; and a preface of remarkable power and earnestness, treating, as it does, of the progressive education of women during the last sixty years.

This, to even a casual observer, is a marvellous production for anyone who has spent the best years of so long a life; and was, as the Baroness herself told me, only undertaken at earnest solicitation, and with the hope that good might be done by its publication, not only by bringing our American sisters more closely in touch with us, but also as a useful review of work accomplished by the women of our country, from the richest to the poorest.

I feel I have far exceeded the limits of a magazine article, but could have continued interminably, so vast has been the goodness and the magnitude of true charity and loving sympathy of the subject of this interview. Not only England, but the world has been better for such a life in our midst; and from many a thousand homes scattered in every part of the globe the name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is blessed and honoured.

As I drive to the station in her comfortable carriage, laden with some of her fairest flowers, I feel that this day's interview will be memorable to me for all time to come.



*From a Photo. by]* TOM MOORE'S INKSTAND. *[Elliott & Fry.*
*In the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.*

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Baroness for the loan of some valuable water-colours by Sir Edmund Henderson and Mr. Warne Browne, from which some of the accompanying illustrations are taken.

# *Martin Hewitt, Investigator.*

## II.—THE LOSS OF SAMMY CROCKETT.

IT was, of course, always a part of Martin Hewitt's business to be thoroughly at home among any and every class of people, and to be able to interest himself intelligently, or to appear to do so, in their various pursuits. In one of the most important cases ever placed in his hands, he could have gone but a short way toward success had he not displayed some knowledge of the more sordid aspects of professional sport, and a great interest in the undertakings of a certain dealer therein. The great case itself had nothing to do with sport, and, indeed, from a narrative point of view, was somewhat uninteresting, but the man who alone held the one piece of information wanted was a keeper, backer, or "gaffer" of professional pedestrians, and it was through the medium of his pecuniary interest in such matters that Hewitt was enabled to strike a bargain with him.

The man was a publican on the outskirts of Padfield, a northern town pretty famous for its sporting tastes, and to Padfield, therefore, Hewitt betook himself, and, arrayed in a way to indicate some inclination of his own toward sport, he began to frequent the bar of the "Hare and Hounds." Kentish, the landlord, was a stout, bull-necked man, of no great communicativeness at first; but after a little acquaintance he opened out wonderfully, became quite a jolly (and rather intelligent) companion, and came out with innumerable anecdotes of his sporting adventures. He could put a very decent dinner on the table, too, at the "Hare and Hounds," and Hewitt's frequent invitation to him to join therein and divide a bottle of the best in the cellar soon put the two on the very best of terms. Good terms with Mr. Kentish was Hewitt's great desire, for the information he wanted was of a sort that could never be extracted by casual questioning, but must be a matter of open communication by the publican, extracted in what way it might be.

"Look here," said Kentish one day, "I'll put you on to a good thing, my boy—a real good thing. Of course, you know all about the Padfield 135 Yards Handicap being run off now?"

"Well, I haven't looked into it much," Hewitt replied. "Ran the first round of heats last Saturday and Monday, didn't they?"

"They did. Well"—Kentish spoke in a stage whisper as he leaned over and rapped the table—"I've got the final winner in this house." He nodded his head, took a puff

"I'VE GOT THE WINNER IN THIS HOUSE."

at his cigar, and added, in his ordinary voice, "Don't say nothing."

"No, of course not. Got something on, of course?"

"Rather—what do *you* think? Got any price I liked. Been saving him up for this. Why, he's got twenty-one yards, and he can do even time all the way! Fact! Why, he could win runnin' back'ards. He won his heat on Monday like—like—like that!" The gaffer snapped his fingers, in default of a better illustration, and went on. "He might ha' took it a little easier, *I* think—it's shortened his price, of course, him jumpin' in by two yards. But you can get decent odds now, if you go about it right. You take my tip—back him for his heat next Saturday, in the second round, and for the final. You'll get a good price for the final, if you pop it down at once. But don't go makin' a song of it, will you, now? I'm givin' you a tip I wouldn't give anybody else."

"Thanks very much—it's awfully good of you. I'll do what you advise. But isn't there a dark horse anywhere else?"

"Not dark to me, my boy, not dark to me. I know every man runnin' like a book. Old Taylor—him over at the Cop—he's got a very good lad—eighteen yards, and a very good lad indeed; and he's a tryer this time, I know. But, bless you, my lad could give him ten, instead o' taking three, and beat him then! When I'm runnin' a real tryer, I'm generally runnin' something very near a winner, you bet; and this time, mind, *this* time, I'm runnin' the certainest winner I *ever* run—and I don't often make a mistake. You back him."

"I shall, if you're as sure as that. But who is he?"

"Oh, Crockett's his name—Sammy Crockett. He's quite a new lad. I've got young Steggles looking after him—sticks to him like wax. Takes his little breathers in my bit o' ground at the back here. I've got a cinder sprint path there, over behind the trees. I don't let him out o' sight much, I can tell you. He's a straight lad, and he knows it'll be worth his while to stick to me; but there's some 'ud poison him, if they thought he'd spoil their books."

Soon afterward the two strolled toward the tap-room. "I expect Sammy'll be there," the landlord said, "with Steggles. I don't hide him too much—they'd think I'd got something extra on, if I did."

In the tap-room sat a lean, wire-drawn-looking youth, with sloping shoulders and a thin face, and by his side was a rather short, thick-set man, who had an odd air, no matter what he did, of proprietorship and surveillance of the lean youth. Several other men sat about, and there was loud laughter, under which the lean youth looked sheepishly angry.

"IN THE TAP-ROOM.

"'Tarn't no good, Sammy lad," someone was saying. "You a makin' after Nancy Webb—she'll ha' nowt to do with 'ee."

"Don' like 'em so thread-papery," added another. "No, Sammy, you aren't the lad for she. I see her——"

"What about Nancy Webb?" asked Kentish, pushing open the door. "Sammy's all right, anyway. You keep fit, my lad, an' go on improving, and some day you'll have as good a house as me. Never mind the

lasses. Had his glass o' beer, has he?" This to Raggy Steggles, who, answering in the affirmative, viewed his charge as though he were a post, and the beer a recent coat of paint.

"Has two glasses of mild a-day," the landlord said to Hewitt. "Never puts on flesh, so he can stand it. Come out now." He nodded to Steggles, who rose, and marched Sammy Crockett away for exercise.

On the following afternoon (it was Thursday), as Hewitt and Kentish chatted in the landlord's own snuggery, Steggles burst into the room in a great state of agitation and spluttered out: "He—he's bolted; gone away!"

"What?"

"Sammy—gone. Hooked it. *I* can't find him."

The landlord stared blankly at the trainer, who stood with a sweater dangling from his hand, and stared blankly back. "What d'ye mean?" Kentish said, at last. "Don't be a fool. He's in the place somewhere; find him."

But this Steggles defied anybody to do. He had looked already. He had left Crockett at the cinder-path behind the trees, in his running-gear, with the addition of the long overcoat and cap he used in going between the path and the house, to guard against chill. "I was goin' to give him a bust or two with the pistol," the trainer explained, "but when we got over t'other side, 'Raggy,' ses he, 'it's blawin' a bit chilly. I think I'll ha' a sweater—there's one on my box, ain't there?' So in I coomes for the sweater, and it weren't on his box, and when I found it and got back—he weren't there. They'd seen nowt o' him in t' house, and he weren't nowhere."

Hewitt and the landlord, now thoroughly startled, searched everywhere, but to no purpose. "What should he go off the place for?" asked Kentish, in a sweat of apprehension. "'Tain't chilly a bit—it's warm—he didn't want no sweater; never wore one before. It was a piece of kid to be able to clear out. Nice thing, this is. I stand to win two years' takings over him. Here—you'll have to find him."

"Ah—but how?" exclaimed the disconcerted trainer, dancing about distractedly. "I've got all I could scrape on him myself; where can I look?"

Here was Hewitt's opportunity. He took Kentish aside and whispered. What he said startled the landlord considerably. "Yes, I'll tell you all about that," he said, "if that's all you want. It's no good or harm to me, whether I tell or no. But can you find him?"

"That I can't promise, of course. But you know who I am now, and what I'm here for. If you like to give me the information I want, I'll go into the case for you, and, of course, I sha'n't charge any fee. I may have luck, you know, but I can't promise, of course."

The landlord looked in Hewitt's face for a moment. Then he said, "Done! It's a deal."

"Very good," Hewitt replied; "get together the one or two papers you have, and we'll go into my business in the evening. As to Crockett, don't say a word to anybody. I'm afraid it must get out, since they all know about it in the house, but there's no use in making any unnecessary noise. Don't make hedging bets or do anything that will attract notice. Now we'll go over to the back and look at this cinder-path of yours."

Here Steggles, who was still standing near, was struck with an idea. "How about old Taylor, at the Cop, guv'nor, eh?" he said, meaningly. "His lad's good enough to win, with Sammy out, and Taylor is backing him plenty. Think he knows anything o' this?"

"That's likely," Hewitt observed, before Kentish could reply. "Yes. Look here—suppose Steggles goes and keeps his eye on the Cop for an hour or two, in case there's anything to be heard of? Don't show yourself, of course."

Kentish agreed, and the trainer went. When Hewitt and Kentish arrived at the path behind the trees, Hewitt at once began examining the ground. One or two rather large holes in the cinders were made, as the publican explained, by Crockett, in practising getting off his mark. Behind these were several fresh tracks of spiked shoes. The tracks led up to within a couple of yards of the high fence bounding the ground, and there stopped abruptly and entirely. In the fence, a little to the right of where the tracks stopped, there was a stout door. This Hewitt tried, and found ajar.

"That's always kept bolted," Kentish said; "he's gone out that way—he couldn't have gone any other without comin' through the house."

"But he isn't in the habit of making a step three yards long, is he?" Hewitt asked, pointing at the last footmark and then at the door, which was quite that distance away

from it. Besides," he added, opening the door, "there's no footprint here nor outside."

The door opened on a lane, with another fence and a thick plantation of trees at the other side. Kentish looked at the footmarks, then at the door, then down the lane, and finally back towards the house. "That's a licker," he said.

"This is a quiet sort of lane," was Hewitt's

"THAT'S A LICKER!"

next remark. "No houses in sight. Where does it lead?"

"That way it goes to the Old Kilns—disused. This way down to a turning off the Padfield and Catton Road."

Hewitt returned to the cinder-path again, and once more examined the footmarks. He traced them back over the grass toward the house. "Certainly," he said, "he hasn't gone back to the house. Here is the double line of tracks, side by side, from the house—Steggles's ordinary boots with iron tips and Crockett's running pumps—thus they came out. Here is Steggles's track in the opposite direction alone, made when he went back for the sweater. Crockett remained—you see various prints in those loose cinders at the end of the path where he moved this way and that, and then two or three paces toward the fence—not directly toward the door, you notice—and there they stop dead, and there are no more, either back or forward. Now, if he had wings, I should be tempted to the opinion that he flew straight away in the air from that spot—unless the earth swallowed him and closed again without leaving a wrinkle on its face."

Kentish stared gloomily at the tracks, and said nothing.

"However," Hewitt resumed, "I think I'll take a little walk now, and think over it. You go into the house and show yourself at the bar. If anybody wants to know how Crockett is, he's pretty well, thank you. By-the-bye, can I get to the Cop—this place of Taylor's—by this back lane?"

"Yes, down to the end leading to the Catton Road, turn to the left, and then first on the right. Anyone'll show you the Cop," and Kentish shut the door behind the detective, who straightway walked — toward the Old Kilns.

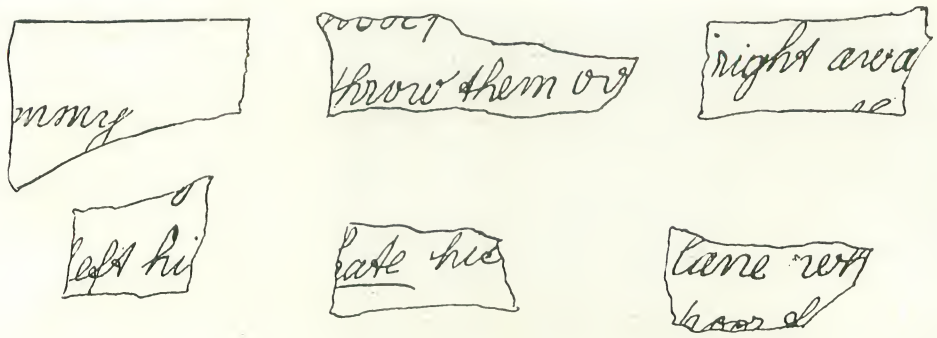
In little more than an hour he was back. It was now becoming dusk, and the landlord looked out papers from a box near the side window of his snuggery, for the sake of the extra light. "I've got these papers together for you," he said, as Hewitt entered. "Any news?"

"Nothing very great. Here's a bit of handwriting I want you to recognise, if you can. Get a light."

Kentish lit a lamp, and Hewitt laid upon the table half-a-dozen small pieces of torn paper, evidently fragments of a letter which had been torn up, here reproduced in facsimile.

The landlord turned the scraps over, regarding them dubiously. "These aren't much to recognise, anyhow. *I* don't know the writing. Where did you find 'em?"

"They were lying in the lane at the



back, a little way down. Plainly they are pieces of a note addressed to someone called Sammy or something very like it. See the first piece with its 'mmy'? That is clearly from the beginning of the note, because there is no line between it and the smooth, straight edge of the paper above; also, nothing follows on the same line. Someone writes to Crockett—presuming it to be a letter addressed to him, as I do for other reasons—as Sammy. It is a pity that there is no more of the letter to be found than these pieces. I expect the person who tore it up put the rest in his pocket and dropped these by accident."

Kentish, who had been picking up and examining each piece in turn, now dolorously broke out :—

"Oh, it's plain he's sold us—bolted and done us; me as took him out o' the gutter, too. Look here—'throw them over'; that's plain enough—can't mean anything else. Means throw *me* over, and my friends—me, after what I've done for him. Then 'right away'—go right away, I s'pose, as he has done. Then," he was fiddling with the scraps and finally fitted two together, "why, look here, this one with 'lane' on it fits over the one about throwing over, and it says 'poor f' where it's torn; that means 'poor fool,' I s'pose—*me*, or 'fathead,' or something like that. That's nice. Why, I'd twist his neck if I could get hold of him; and I will!"

Hewitt smiled. "Perhaps it's not quite so uncomplimentary after all," he said. "If you can't recognise the writing, never mind. But if he's gone away to sell you, it isn't much use finding him, is it? He won't win if he doesn't want to."

"Why, he wouldn't dare to rope under my very eyes. I'd—I'd——"

"Well, well; perhaps we'll get him to run after all, and as well as he can. One thing is certain—he left this place of his own will. Further, I think he is in Padfield now—he went toward the town I believe. And I don't think he means to sell you."

"Well, he shouldn't. I've made it worth his while to stick to me. I've put a fifty on for him out of my own pocket, and told him so; and if he won, that would bring him a lump more than he'd probably get by going crooked, besides the prize money, and anything I might give him over. But it seems to me he's putting me in the cart altogether."

"That we shall see. Meantime, don't mention anything I've told you to anyone—not even to Steggles. He can't help us, and he might blurt things out inadvertently. Don't say anything about these pieces of paper, which I shall keep myself. By-the-bye, Steggles is indoors, isn't he? Very well, keep him in. Don't let him be seen hunting about this evening. I'll stay here to-night and we'll proceed with Crockett's business in the morning. And now we'll settle *my* business, please."

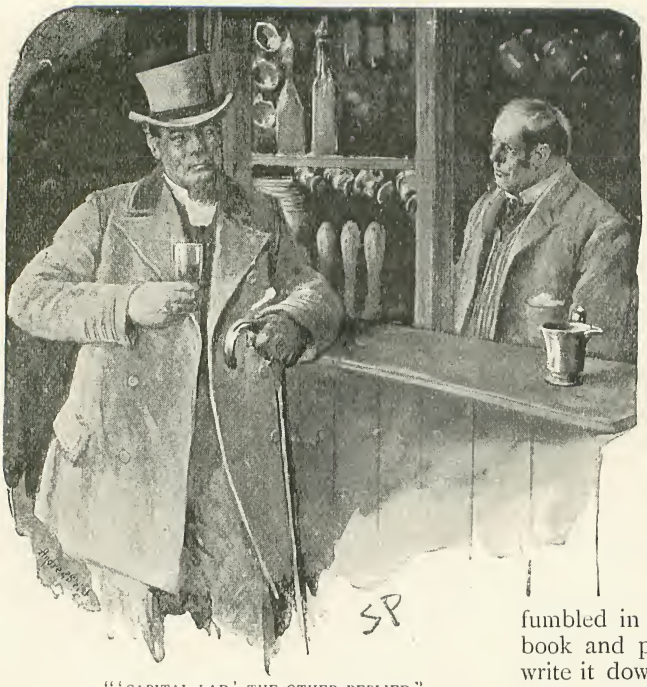
In the morning Hewitt took his breakfast in the snuggery, carefully listening to any conversation that might take place at the bar. Soon after nine o'clock a fast dog-cart stopped outside, and a red-faced, loud-voiced man swaggered in, greeting Kentish with boisterous cordiality. He had a drink with the landlord, and said: "How's things? Fancy any of 'em for the sprint handicap? Got a lad o' your own in, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," Kentish replied. "Crockett. Only a young 'un—not got to his proper mark yet, I reckon. I think old Taylor's got No. 1 this time."

"Capital lad," the other replied, with a confidential nod. "Shouldn't wonder at all. Want to do anything yourself over it?"

"No—I don't think so. I'm not on at present. Might have a little flutter on the grounds just for fun; nothing else."

There were a few more casual remarks, and then the red-faced man drove away.



"'CAPITAL LAD,' THE OTHER REPLIED."

"Who was that?" asked Hewitt, who had watched the visitor through the snuggery window.

"That's Danby—bookmaker. Cute chap; he's been told Crockett's missing, I'll bet anything, and come here to pump me. No good though. As a matter of fact, I've worked Sammy Crockett into his books for about half I'm in for altogether—through third parties, of course."

Hewitt reached for his hat. "I'm going out for half an hour now," he said. "If Steggles wants to go out before I come back, don't let him. Let him go and smooth over all those tracks on the cinder-path, very carefully. And, by-the-bye, could you manage to have your son about the place to-day, in case I happen to want a little help out of doors?"

"Certainly; I'll get him to stay in. But what do you want the cinders smoothed for?"

Hewitt smiled and patted his host's shoulder. "I'll explain all my little tricks when the job's done," he said, and went out.

On the lane from Padfield to Sedby village stood the "Plough" beerhouse, wherein J. Webb was licensed to sell by retail beer to be consumed on the premises or off, as the thirsty list. Nancy Webb, with a very fine colour, a very curly fringe, and a wide-smiling mouth revealing a fine set of teeth, came to the bar at the summons of a stoutish old gentleman with spectacles, who walked with a stick.

The stoutish old gentleman had a glass of bitter beer and then said, in the peculiarly quiet voice of a very deaf man: "Can you tell me, if you please, the way into the main Catton Road?"

"Down the lane, turn to the right at the cross roads, then first to the left."

The old gentleman waited with his hand to his ear for some few seconds after she had finished speaking, and then resumed, in his whispering voice, "I'm afraid I'm very deaf this morning." He fumbled in his pocket and produced a note-book and pencil. "May I trouble you to write it down? I'm so very deaf at times, that I—thank you."

The girl wrote the direction, and the old gentleman bade her good morning and left. All down the lane he walked slowly with his stick. At the cross roads he turned, put the stick under his arm, thrust the spectacles into his pocket, and strode away in the ordinary guise of Martin Hewitt. He pulled out his note-book, examined Miss Webb's direction very carefully, and then went off another way altogether, toward the "Hare and Hounds."

Kentish lounged moodily in his bar. "Well, my boy," said Hewitt, "has Steggles wiped out the tracks?"

"Not yet—I haven't told him. But he's somewhere about—I'll tell him now."

"No, don't. I don't think we'll have that done, after all. I expect he'll want to go out soon—at any rate, some time during the day. Let him go whenever he likes. I'll sit upstairs a bit in the club room."

"Very well. But how do you know Steggles will be going out?"

"Well, he's pretty restless after his lost *protégé*, isn't he? I don't suppose he'll be able to remain idle long."

"And about Crockett. Do you give him up?"

"Oh, no. Don't you be impatient. I can't say I'm quite confident yet of laying hold of him—the time is so short, you see—

"NANCY WEBB."

but I think I shall at least have news for you by the evening."

Hewitt sat in the club-room until the afternoon, taking his lunch there. At length he saw, through the front window, Raggy Steggles walking down the road. In an instant Hewitt was downstairs and at the door. The road bent eighty yards away, and as soon as Steggles passed the bend the detective hurried after him.

All the way to Padfield town and more than half through it Hewitt dogged the trainer. In the end Steggles stopped at a corner and gave a note to a small boy who was playing near. The boy ran with the note to a bright, well-kept house at the opposite corner. Martin Hewitt was interested to observe the legend "H. Danby, Contractor," on a board over a gate in the side wall of the garden behind this house. In five minutes a door in the side gate opened, and the head and shoulders of the red-faced man emerged. Steggles immediately hurried across and disappeared through the gate.

This was both interesting and instructive. Hewitt took up a position in the side street and waited. In ten minutes the trainer reappeared and hurried off the way he had come, along the street Hewitt had considerately left clear for him. Then Hewitt strolled toward the smart house and took a good look at it. At one corner of the small piece of forecourt garden, near the railings, a small, baize-covered, glass-fronted notice-board stood on two posts. On its top edge appeared the words "H. Danby. Houses to be Sold or Let." But the only notice pinned to the green baize within was an old and dusty one, inviting tenants for three shops, which were suitable for any business, and which would be fitted to suit tenants. Apply within.

Hewitt pushed open the front gate and rang the door-bell. "There are some shops to let, I see," he said, when a maid appeared. "I should like to see them, if you will let me have the key."

"Master's out, sir. You can't see the shops till Monday."

"Dear me, that's unfortunate. I'm afraid I can't wait till Monday. Didn't Mr. Danby leave any instructions, in case anybody should inquire?"

"Yes, sir—as I've told you. He said anybody who called about 'em must come again on Monday."

"Oh, very well, then; I suppose I must try. One of the shops is in High Street, isn't it?"

"No, sir; they're all in the new part—Granville Road."

"Ah, I'm afraid that will scarcely do. But I'll see. Good day."

Martin Hewitt walked away a couple of streets' lengths before he inquired the way to Granville Road. When at last he found that thoroughfare, in a new and muddy suburb, crowded with brick-heaps and half-finished streets, he took a slow walk along its entire length. It was a melancholy example of baffled enterprise. A row of a dozen or more shops had been built before any population had arrived to demand goods. Would-be tradesmen had taken many of these shops, and failure and disappointment stared from the windows. Some were half covered by shutters, because the scanty stock scarce sufficed to fill the remaining half. Others were shut almost altogether, the inmates only keeping open the door for their own convenience, and, perhaps, keeping down a shutter for the sake of a little light. Others again had not yet fallen so low, but struggled bravely still to maintain a show of business and prosperity, with very little success. Opposite the shops there still remained a dusty, ill-treated hedge and a forlorn-looking field, which an old board offered on building leases. Altogether a most depressing spot.

There was little difficulty in identifying the three shops offered for letting by Mr. H. Danby. They were all together near the middle of the row, and were the only ones that appeared not yet to have been occupied. A dusty "To Let" bill hung in each window, with written directions to inquire of Mr. H. Danby or at No. 7. Now, No. 7 was a melancholy baker's shop, with a stock of three loaves and a plate of stale buns. The disappointed baker assured Hewitt that he usually kept the keys of the shops, but that the landlord, Mr. Danby, had taken them away the day before, to see how the ceilings were standing, and had not returned them. "But if you was thinking of taking a shop here," the poor baker added, with some hesitation, "I—I—if you'll excuse my advising you—I shouldn't recommend it. I've had a sickener of it myself."

"I'VE HAD A SICKENER OF IT MYSELF."

Hewitt thanked the baker for his advice, wished him better luck in future, and left. To the "Hare and Hounds" his pace was brisk. "Come," he said, as he met Kentish's inquiring glance, "this has been a very good day, on the whole. I know where our man is now, and I think we can get him, by a little management."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, down in Padfield. As a matter of fact, he's being kept there against his will, we shall find. I see that your friend, Mr. Danby, is a builder as well as a bookmaker."

"Not a regular builder. He speculates in a street of new houses now and again, that's all. But is he in it?"

"He's as deep in it as anybody, I think. Now, don't fly into a passion. There are a few others in it as well, but you'll do harm if you don't keep quiet."

"But go and get the police—come and fetch him, if you know where they're keeping him; why——"

"So we will, if we can't do it without them. But it's quite possible we can, and without all the disturbance and, perhaps, delay that calling in the police would involve. Consider, now, in reference to your own arrangements. Wouldn't it pay you better to get him back quietly, without a soul knowing — perhaps not even Danby knowing—till the heat is run to-morrow?"

"Well, yes, it would, of course."

"Very good, then, so be it. Remember what I have told you about keeping your mouth shut—say nothing to Steggles or anybody. Is there a cab or brougham your son and I can have for the evening?"

"There's an old hiring landau in the stables you can shut up into a cab, if that'll do."

"Excellent. We'll run down to the town in it as soon as it's ready. But, first, a word about Crockett. What sort of a lad is he? Likely to give *them* trouble, show fight, and make a disturbance?"

"No, I should say not. He's no plucked 'un, certainly—all his manhood's in his legs, I believe. You see, he ain't a big sort o' chap at best, and he'd be pretty easy put upon—at least, I guess so."

"Very good, so much the better, for then he won't have been damaged, and they will probably only have one man to guard him. Now the carriage, please."

Young Kentish was a six-foot sergeant of Grenadiers, home on furlough, and luxuriating in plain clothes. He and Hewitt walked a little way towards the town, allowing the landau to catch them up. They travelled in it to within a hundred yards of the empty shops and then alighted, bidding the driver wait.

"I shall show you three empty shops," Hewitt said, as he and young Kentish walked

down Granville Road. "I am pretty sure that Sammy Crockett is in one of them, and I am pretty sure that that is the middle one. Take a look as we go past."

When the shops had been slowly passed, Hewitt resumed: "Now, did you see anything about those shops that told a tale of any sort?"

"No," Sergeant Kentish replied. "I can't say I noticed anything beyond the fact that they were empty—and likely to stay so, I should think."

"We'll stroll back, and look in at the windows, if nobody's watching us," Hewitt said. "You see, it's reasonable to suppose they've put him in the middle one, because that would suit their purpose best. The shops at each side of the three are occupied, and if the prisoner struggled, or shouted, or made an uproar, he might be heard if he were in one of the shops next those inhabited. So that the middle shop is the most likely. Now, see there," he went on, as they stopped before the window of the shop in question, "over at the back there's a staircase not yet partitioned off. It goes down below and up above; on the stairs and on the floor near them there are muddy footmarks. These must have been made to-day, else they would not be muddy, but dry and dusty, since there hasn't been a shower for a week till to-day. Move on again. Then you noticed that there were no other such marks in the shop. Consequently the man with the muddy feet did not come in by the front door, but by the back; otherwise he would have made a trail from the door. So we will go round to the back ourselves."

It was now growing dusk. The small pieces of ground behind the shops were bounded by a low fence, containing a door for each house.

"This door is bolted inside, of course," Hewitt said, "but there is no difficulty in climbing. I think we had better wait in the garden till dark. In the meantime, the gaoler, whoever he is, may come out; in which case we shall pounce on him as soon as he opens the door. You have that few yards of cord in your pocket, I think? And my handkerchief, properly rolled, will make a very good gag. Now over."

They climbed the fence and quietly approached the house, placing themselves in the angle of an outhouse out of sight from the windows. There was no sound, and no light appeared. Just above the ground about a foot of window was visible, with a grating over it, apparently lighting a basement. Suddenly Hewitt touched his companion's arm, and pointed toward the window. A faint rustling sound was perceptible, and as nearly as could be discerned in the darkness, some white blind or covering was placed over the glass from the inside. Then came the sound of a striking match, and at the side edge of the window there was a faint streak of light.

"That's the place," Hewitt whispered. "Come, we'll make a push for it. You stand against the wall at one side of the door and I'll stand at the other, and we'll have him as he comes out. Quietly, now, and I'll startle them."

He took a stone from among the rubbish littering the garden and flung it crashing through the window. There was a loud exclamation from within, the blind fell, and somebody rushed to the back door and flung it open. Instantly Kentish let fly a heavy right-hander, and the man went over like a skittle. In a moment Hewitt was upon him and the gag in his mouth.

"Hold him," Hewitt whispered, hurriedly. "I'll see if there are others."

He peered down through the low window. Within, Sammy Crockett, his bare legs dangling from beneath his long overcoat, sat on a packing-box, leaning with his head on his hand and his back towards the window. A guttering candle stood on the mantelpiece, and the newspaper which had been stretched across the window lay in scattered sheets on the floor. No other person besides Sammy was visible.

They led their prisoner indoors. Young Kentish recognised him as a public-house loafer and race-course ruffian well known in the neighbourhood.

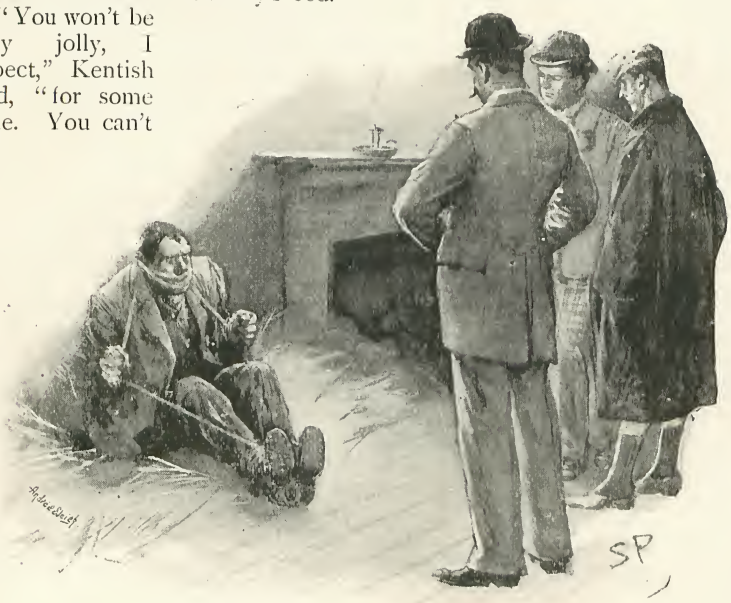
"So it's you, is it, Browdie?" he said. "I've caught you one hard clump, and I've half a mind to make it a score more. But you'll get it pretty warm one way or another, before this job's forgotten."

Sammy Crockett was overjoyed at his rescue. He had not been ill-treated, he explained, but had been thoroughly cowed by Browdie, who had from time to time threatened him savagely with an iron bar, by way of persuading him to quietness and submission. He had been fed, and had taken no worse harm than a slight stiffness from his adventure, due to his light under-attire of jersey and knee-shorts.

Sergeant Kentish tied Browdie's elbows firmly together behind, and carried the line round the ankles, bracing all up tight. Then he ran a knot from one wrist to the other

over the back of the neck, and left the prisoner, trussed and helpless, on the heap of straw that had been Sammy's bed.

"You won't be very jolly, I expect," Kentish said, "for some time. You can't shout and you can't walk, and I know you can't untie yourself. You'll get a bit hungry, too, perhaps, but that'll give you an appetite. I don't suppose you'll be disturbed till some time to-morrow, unless our friend Danby turns up in the meantime. But you can come along to gaol instead, if you prefer it."



"THE PRISONER—TRUSSED AND HELPLESS."

They left him where he lay, and took Sammy to the old landau. Sammy walked in slippers, carrying his spiked shoes, hanging by the lace, in his hand.

"Ah," said Hewitt, "I think I know the name of the young lady who gave you those slippers."

Crockett looked ashamed and indignant. "Yes," he said; "they've done me nicely between 'em. But I'll pay her—I'll——"

"Hush, hush!" Hewitt said; "you mustn't talk unkindly of a lady, you know. Get into this carriage, and we'll take you home. We'll see if I can tell you your adventures without making a mistake. First, you had a note from Miss Webb, telling you that you were mistaken in supposing she had slighted you, and that as a matter of fact she had quite done with somebody else—left him—of whom you were jealous. Isn't that so?"

"Well, yes," young Crockett answered, blushing deeply under the carriage-lamp; "but I don't see how you come to know that."

"Then she went on to ask you to get rid of Steggles on Thursday afternoon for a few minutes, and speak to her in the back lane. Now, your running pumps, with their thin soles, almost like paper, no heels and long spikes, hurt your feet horribly if you walk on hard ground, don't they?"

"Ay, that they do — enough to cripple you. I'd never go on much hard ground with 'em."

"They're not like cricket shoes, I see."

"Not a bit. Cricket shoes you can walk anywhere in."

"Well, she knew this—I think I know who told her—and she promised to bring you a new pair of slippers, and to throw them over the fence for you to come out in."

"I s'pose she's been tellin' you all this?" Crockett said, mournfully. "You couldn't ha' seen the letter—I saw her tear it up and put the bits in her pocket. She asked me for it in the lane, in case Steggles saw it."

"Well, at any rate, you sent Steggles away, and the slippers did come over, and you went into the lane. You walked with her as far as the road at the end, and then you were seized and gagged, and put into a carriage."

"That was Browdie did that," said Crockett, "and another chap I don't know. But—why, this is Padfield High Street!" He looked through the window and regarded the familiar shops with astonishment.

"Of course it is. Where did you think it was?"

"Why, where was that place you found me in?"

"Granville Road, Padfield. I suppose they told you you were in another town?"

"Told me it was Newstead Hatch. They drove for about three or four hours, and kept me down on the floor between the seats so as I couldn't see where we was going."

"Done for two reasons," said Hewitt.

"First, to mystify you, and prevent any discovery of the people directing the conspiracy; and, second, to be able to put you indoors at night and unobserved. Well, I think I have told you all you know yourself now as far as the carriage.

"But there is the 'Hare and Hounds' just in front. We'll pull up here and I'll get out and see if the coast is clear. I fancy Mr. Kentish would rather you came in unnoticed."

In a few seconds Hewitt was back, and Crockett was conveyed indoors by a side entrance. Hewitt's instructions to the landlord were few but emphatic. "Don't tell Steggles about it," he said; "make an excuse to get rid of him, and send him out of the house. Take Crockett into some other bedroom, not his own, and let your son look after him. Then come here, and I'll tell you all about it."

Sammy Crockett was undergoing a heavy grooming with white embrocation at the hands of Sergeant Kentish, when the landlord returned to Hewitt. "Does Danby know you've got him?" he asked. "How did you do it?"

"Danby doesn't know yet, and with luck he won't know till he sees Crockett running to-morrow. The man who has sold you is Steggles."

"Steggles?"

"Steggles it is. At the very first, when Steggles rushed in to report Sammy Crockett missing, I suspected him. You didn't, I suppose?"

"No. He's always been considered a straight man, and he looked as startled as anybody."

"Yes, I must say he acted it very well. But there was something suspicious in his story. What did he say? Crockett had remarked a chilliness, and asked for a sweater, which Steggles went to fetch. Now, just think. You understand these things. Would any trainer who knew his business (as Steggles does) have gone to bring out a sweater for his man to change for his jersey in the open air, at the very time the man was complaining of chilliness? Of course not. He would have taken his man indoors again and let him change there under shelter. Then supposing Steggles had really been surprised at missing Crockett, wouldn't he have looked about, found the gate open, and *told* you it was open, when he first came in? He said r. thing of that—we found the gate open for ourselves. So that from the beginning, I had a certain opinion of Steggles."

"What you say seems pretty plain now, although it didn't strike me at the time. But if Steggles was selling us, why couldn't he have drugged the lad? That would have been a deal simpler."

"Because Steggles is a good trainer and has a certain reputation to keep up. It would have done him no good to have had a runner drugged while under his care—certainly it would have cooked his goose with *you*. It was much the safer thing to connive at kidnapping. That put all the active work into other hands, and left him safe, even if the trick failed. Now you remember that we traced the prints of Crockett's spiked shoes to within a couple of yards of the fence, and that there they ceased suddenly?"

"Yes. You said it looked as though he had flown up into the air; and so it did."

"But I was sure that it was by that gate that Crockett had left, and by no other. He couldn't have got through the house without being seen, and there was no other way—let alone the evidence of the unbolted gate. Therefore, as the footprints ceased where they did, and were not repeated anywhere in the lane, I knew that he had taken his spiked shoes off—probably changed them for something else, because a runner anxious as to his chances would never risk walking on bare feet, with a chance of cutting them. Ordinary, broad, smooth-soled slippers would leave no impression on the coarse cinders bordering the track, and nothing short of spiked shoes would leave a mark on the hard path in the lane behind. The spike tracks were leading, not directly toward the door, but in the direction of the fence, when they stopped—somebody had handed, or thrown, the slippers over the fence and he had changed them on the spot. The enemy had calculated upon the spikes leaving a track in the lane that might lead us in our search, and had arranged accordingly.

"So far, so good. I could see no footprints near the gate in the lane. You will remember that I sent Steggles off to watch at the Cop before I went out to the back—merely, of course, to get him out of the way. I went out into the lane, leaving you behind, and walked its whole length, first toward the Old Kilns and then back toward the road. I found nothing to help me except these small pieces of paper—which are here in my pocket-book, by-the-bye. Of course, this 'mmy' might have meant 'Jimmy' or 'Tommy,' as possibly as 'Sammy,' but they were not to be rejected on that account. Certainly Crockett had been decoyed out of

your ground, not taken by force, or there would have been marks of a scuffle in the cinders. And as his request for a sweater was probably an excuse — because it was not at all a cold afternoon—he must have previously designed going out—inference, a letter received; and here were pieces of a letter. Now, in the light of what I have said, look at these pieces. First there is the 'mmy'—that I have dealt with. Then, see this 'throw them ov' —clearly a part of 'throw them over'; exactly what had probably been done with the slippers. Then the 'poor f,' coming just on the line before, and seen, by joining up with this other piece, might easily be a reference to 'poor feet.' These coincidences, one on the other, went far to establish the identity of the letter, and to confirm my previous impressions. But then there is something else. Two other pieces evidently mean 'left him,' and 'right away'—send Steggles 'right away,' perhaps; but there is another, containing almost all of the words 'hate his,' with the word 'hate' underlined. Now, who writes 'hate' with the emphasis of underscoring—who but a woman? The writing is large and not very regular; it might easily be that of a half-educated woman. Here was something more—Sammy had been enticed away by a woman.

"Now, I remembered that when we went into the tap-room on Wednesday, some of his companions were chaffing Crockett about a certain Nancy Webb, and the chaff went home, as was plain to see. The woman, then, who could most easily entice Sammy Crockett away was Nancy Webb. I resolved to find who Nancy Webb was and learn more of her.

"Meantime I took a look at the road at the end of the lane. It was damper than the lane, being lower, and overhung by trees. There were many wheel tracks, but only one set that turned in the road and went back the way it came—towards the town—and they were narrow wheels, carriage wheels. Crockett tells me now that they drove him about for a long time before shutting him up—probably the inconvenience of taking him straight to the hiding-place didn't strike them when they first drove off.

"A few inquiries soon set me in the direction of the 'Plough' and Miss Nancy Webb. I had the curiosity to look round the place as I approached, and there, in the garden behind the house, were Steggles and the young lady in earnest confabulation!

"Every conjecture became a certainty. Steggles was the lover of whom Crockett was jealous, and he had employed the girl to

"STEGGLES AND THE YOUNG LADY IN EARNEST CONFABULATION."

bring Sammy out. I watched Steggles home, and gave you a hint to keep him there.

"But the thing that remained was to find Steggles's employer in this business. I was glad to be in when Danby called—he came, of course, to hear if you would blurt out anything, and to learn, if possible, what steps you were taking. He failed. By way of making assurance doubly sure, I took a short walk this morning in the character of a deaf gentleman, and got Miss Webb to write me a direction that comprised three of the words on these scraps of paper—'left,' 'right,' and 'lane'—see, they correspond, the peculiar 'f's,' 't's,' and all.

"Now, I felt perfectly sure that Steggles would go for his pay to-day. In the first place, I knew that people mixed up with shady transactions in professional pedestrianism are not apt to trust one another far —they know better. Therefore, Steggles wouldn't have had his bribe first. But he

would take care to get it before the Saturday heats were run, because once they were over the thing was done, and the principal conspirator might have refused to pay up, and Steggles couldn't have helped himself. Again I hinted he should not go out till I could follow him, and this afternoon when he went, follow him I did. I saw him go into Danby's house by the side way and come away again. Danby it was, then, who had arranged the business; and nobody was more likely, considering his large pecuniary stake against Crockett's winning this race.

"But now, how to find Crockett? I made up my mind he wouldn't be in Danby's own house—that would be a deal too risky, with servants about, and so on. I saw that Danby was a builder, and had three shops to let—it was on a paper before his house. What more likely prison than an empty house? I knocked at Danby's door and asked for the keys of those shops. I couldn't have them. The servant told me Danby was out (a manifest lie, for I had just seen him), and that nobody could see the shops till Monday. But I got out of her the address of the shops, and that was all I wanted at the time.

"Now, why was nobody to see those shops till Monday? The interval was suspicious—just enough to enable Crockett to be sent away again and cast loose after the Saturday racing, supposing him to be kept in one of the empty buildings. I went off at once and looked at the shops, forming my conclusions as to which would be the most likely for Danby's purpose. Here I had another confirmation of my ideas. A poor, half-bankrupt baker in one of the shops had, by the bills, the custody of a set of keys; but *he*, too, told me I couldn't have them; Danby had taken them away—and on Thursday, the very day—with some trivial excuse, and hadn't brought them back. That was all I wanted, or could expect in the way of guidance; the whole thing was plain. The rest you know all about."

"Well, you're certainly as smart as they give you credit for, I must say. But suppose Danby had taken down his 'to let' notice, what would you have done then?"

"We had our course even then. We should have gone to Danby, astounded him by telling him all about his little games, terrorized him with threats of the law, and made him throw up his hand and send Crockett back. But as it is, you see, he doesn't know at this moment—probably won't know till to-morrow afternoon—that the lad is safe and sound here. You will probably use the interval to make him pay for losing the game—by some of the ingenious financial devices you are no doubt familiar with."

"Aye, that I will. He'll give any price against Crockett now, so long as the bet don't come direct from me."

"But about Crockett, now," Hewitt went on. "Won't this confinement be likely to have damaged his speed for a day or two?"

"Ah, perhaps," the landlord replied; "but, bless ye, that won't matter. There's four more in his heat to-morrow. Two I know aren't tryers, and the other two I can hold in at a couple of quid apiece any day. The third round and final won't be till to-morrow week, and he'll be as fit as ever by then. It's as safe as ever it was. How much are you going to have on? I'll lump it on for you safe enough. This is a chance not to be missed—it's picking money up."

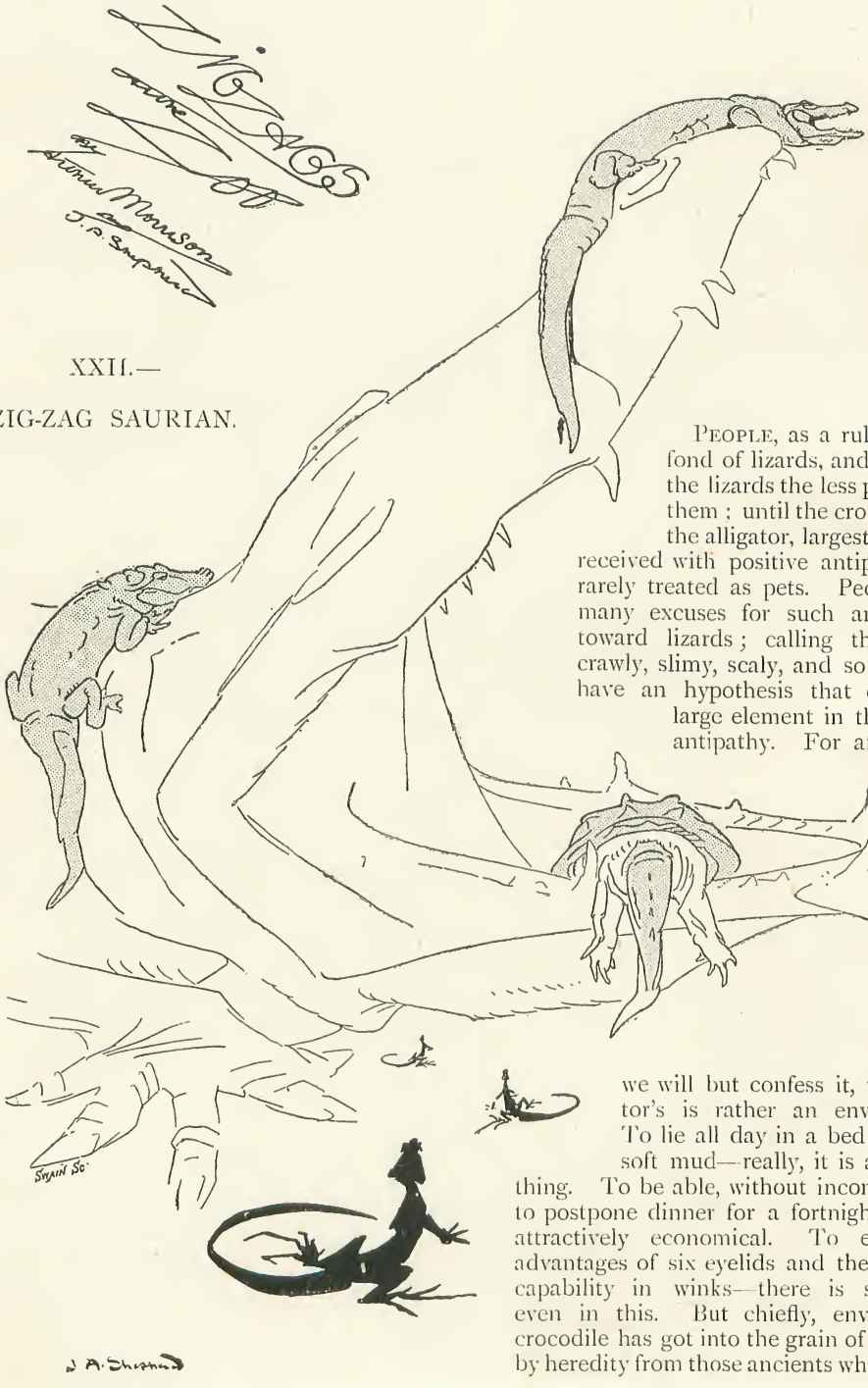
"Thank you; I don't think I'll have anything to do with it. This professional pedestrian business doesn't seem a pretty one at all. I don't call myself a moralist, but, if you'll excuse my saying so, the thing is scarcely the game I care to pick up money at in any way."

"Oh! very well, if you think so, I won't persuade ye, though I don't think so much of your smartness as I did, after that. Still, we won't quarrel—you've done me a mighty good turn, that I must say, and I only feel I aren't level without doing something to pay the debt. Come, now, you've got your trade as I've got mine. Let me have the bill, and I'll pay it like a lord, and feel a deal more pleased than if you made a favour of it—not that I'm above a favour, of course. But I'd prefer paying, and that's a fact."

"My dear sir, you have paid," Hewitt said, with a smile. "You paid in advance. It was a bargain, wasn't it, that I should do your business if you would help me in mine? Very well, a bargain's a bargain, and we've both performed our parts. And you mustn't be offended at what I said just now."

"That I won't. But as to that Raggy Steggles, once those heats are over to-morrow, I'll——well——!"

It was on the following Sunday week that Martin Hewitt, in his rooms in London, turned over his paper and read, under the head "Padfield Annual 135 Yards Handicap," this announcement: "Final Heat: Crockett, first; Willis, second; Trewby, third; Owen, 0; Howell, 0. A runaway win by nearly three yards."



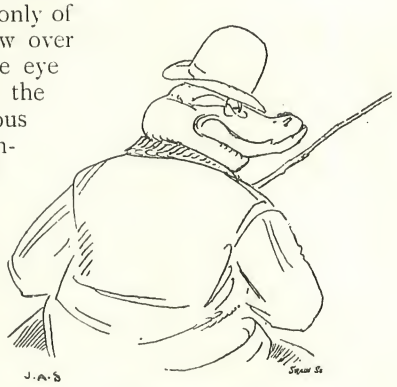

XXII.—

ZIG-ZAG SAURIAN.

People, as a rule, are not fond of lizards, and the larger the lizards the less people like them; until the crocodile and the alligator, largest of all, are received with positive antipathy, and rarely treated as pets. People make many excuses for such an attitude toward lizards; calling them ugly, crawly, slimy, scaly, and so forth. I have an hypothesis that envy is a large element in this human antipathy. For after all, if we will but confess it, the alligator's is rather an enviable lot. To lie all day in a bed of warm, soft mud—really, it is a pleasant thing. To be able, without inconvenience, to postpone dinner for a fortnight—that is attractively economical. To enjoy the advantages of six eyelids and the resulting capability in winks—there is something even in this. But chiefly, envy for the crocodile has got into the grain of humanity by heredity from those ancients who believed

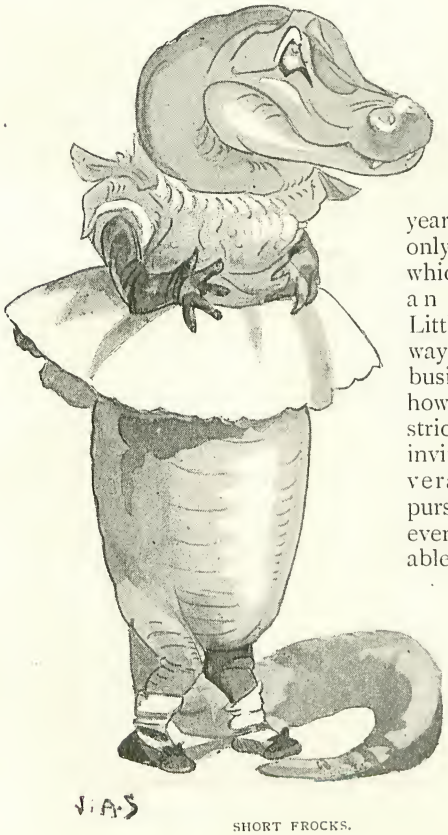
THE CROCODILE-CREASE.

everything that Plutarch told them in his book, *De Iside et Osiride*. The crocodile, he informs us therein, can render itself invisible at will, everything else being perfectly visible to it the while. This is a noble privilege, and worthy of the most respectful envy. Jack the Giant Killer performed the trick by means of a cloak; but Plutarch's crocodile does it "merely by the power of the heye," as the street-corner mesmerist has it—does it "like winking," in fact. The mechanism is very simple, and quite easy to understand. It consists only of a membrane to draw over the eye; and as the eye it is drawn over is the crocodile's, it is obvious that he becomes invisible at once. His ability to see others is provided for by the ingenious expedient of having the membrane transparent—and there you are. What could be simpler? Anybody who can run to a transparent membrane fitting for his eyes may dodge his creditors at will, thanks to the tip of the benevolent and ingenious Plutarch.



A PASSING PLEASANTRY.

In the reptile-house at these Gardens, the largest saurian bears the apt name of Little-'un. He is a youthful alligator, although, being rather more than 10ft. 6in. long, he has quite grown out of short frocks. Nothing infantile remains about his appearance, and he has in full development that curious cravat of fleshy folds and creases noticeable in no animals but alligators and 'bus-drivers, and among the latter species only in the stout and red-faced variety. Little-'un's name was not given him by way of a joke, but because, nine years ago, he was only a foot long—which *is* little for an alligator. Little-'un has always been a good business alligator, however, and by strict industry and invincible perseverance in the pursuit of whatever might be eatable, has risen to an honoured and considerable eminence in the higher Zoo circles. To observe the open countenance of Little-'un bearing down on a piece of meat that ought properly to belong to some other alligator, is to get a sight of a truly original edition of "Smiles's Self-Help." Little-'un's one moral



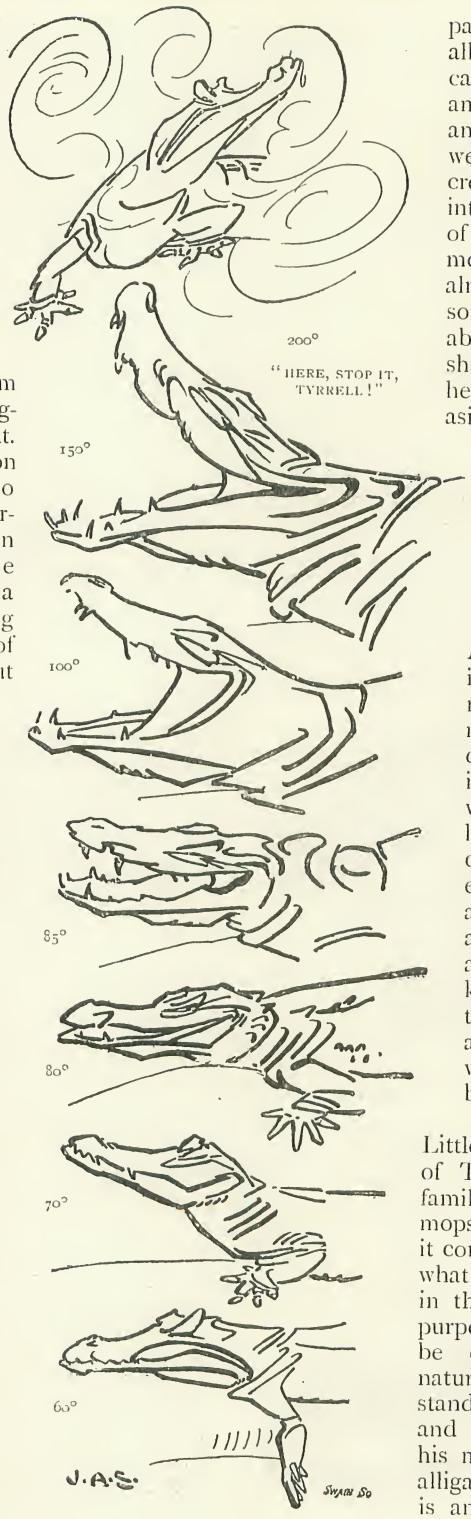
SHORT FROCKS.

"'EAR THAT, BILL?"

principle is—the greatest good of the greatest alligator. His business maxim is—get something to eat; honestly, if there is no other way, but, anyhow, get it as large as possible, and as often as you can. He would, without the least bashfulness, proceed to eat his friends in the same tank if Tyrrell (the keeper, whom you know already) neglected the commissariat. Indeed, he once began on one fellow-lodger, with no other excuse than opportunity. Feeding was in progress, and, in the scramble and confusion, a smallish crocodile, lunging his nose in the direction of the desired morsel, without particularly noticing where that direction led, found himself up to the eyes in Little-'un's dental establishment. Little-'un's prudent habits rendered it unlikely that he would deliberately fling away anything that Providence had actually thrust into his mouth, even if it were his own grandfather; and only a vigorous application of Tyrrell's pole saved the crocodile from making a meal in a sense he didn't originally intend.

Eighty-five degrees is the temperature prescribed for the water here, and every crocodile is a thermometer unto himself, soon showing signs, notwithstanding his thick hide, of any variation in the rate of his gentle stewing—Little-'un being as sensitive as any, in spite of his assiduous attention to business.

With Tyrrell, by the way, Little-'un is comparatively affable, for an alligator. Tyrrell climbs calmly into the basin, among its inmates, to swill and mop it out at the weekly cleaning, herding crocodiles and alligators into a corner by the flourish of a mop, in a manner more than disrespectful—almost insulting. There is some mysterious influence about that mop. Why should alligators shut their heads and stand meekly aside at its potent waggle?




THE CROCODILE THERMOMETER

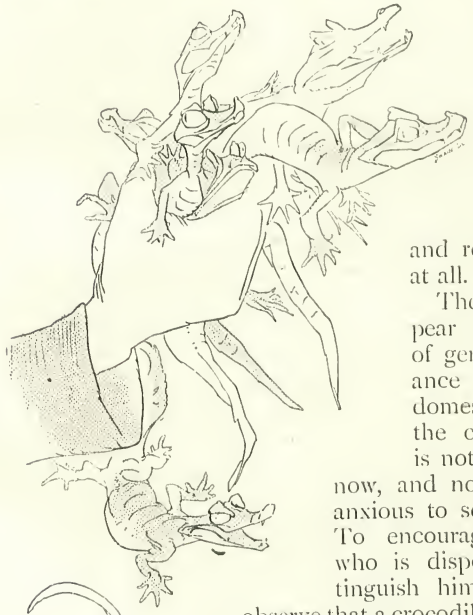
I would never venture up the Nile without Tyrrell's mop. With one wave of that mystic sceptre I would assume immediate sovereignty over all the crocodiles in Africa, and drive them into corners. There is no withstanding that mop. If it will intimidate crocodiles, plainly it would be successful with leopards, cobras, lions, and tigers. If I could borrow it I would even try it on the beadle at the Bank of England, and if I could wave *him* aside with it, I should know that thenceforth the world was at my feet; and I'm afraid Tyrrell wouldn't get his mop back.

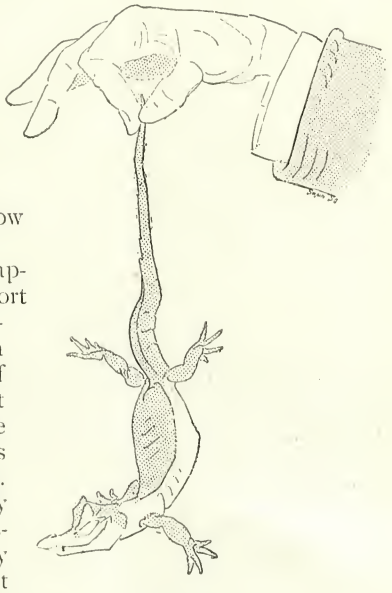
But I was speaking of Little-'un: his affability; and of Tyrrell: his irreverent familiarity. When Tyrrell mops out the basin, he finds it convenient to leave somewhat under a foot of water in the bottom for cleaning purposes, and as this would be damp (as is water's nature) to tread in, he calmly stands on Little-'un's back and proceeds placidly with his mopping. To wave an alligator aside with a mop is an insult altogether, but to stand on his back for the

AT NURSE.

sake of dry shoes is an outrage unutterable. Little-'un seems a very appropriate name as it stands, but if ever a time should arrive when it must be changed, I think, with every respect and honour to the departed statesman, I should suggest John Bright. "Mr. Speaker," said an honourable member, who spoke before he thought, but whose name I have forgotten, "Mr. Speaker, the right honourable gentleman" (Mr. Bright) "accuses me of making allegations. Why, sir, the right honourable gentleman is the greatest alligator in this House!" Which is precisely what Little-'un is now.

Round at the back, in his private domains, Tyrrell keeps a crocodile and alligator nursery. It is a metal box fixed against a wall and holding about a gallon. Here are all the infants, eight inches to a foot long, squirming, wriggling, and struggling, with a lively activity foreign to the nature of the full-grown alligator. Tyrrell will plunge his hand into the struggling mass and produce a handful for your inspection. They are charming little pets and as ready to bite as if they were twenty feet long. An alligator may be pardoned some impatience in growing; if he is to be ten feet and a half long at nine years of age, there is a deal of lee-way to make up. Most creatures would be discouraged at being born only to a measurement in inches,





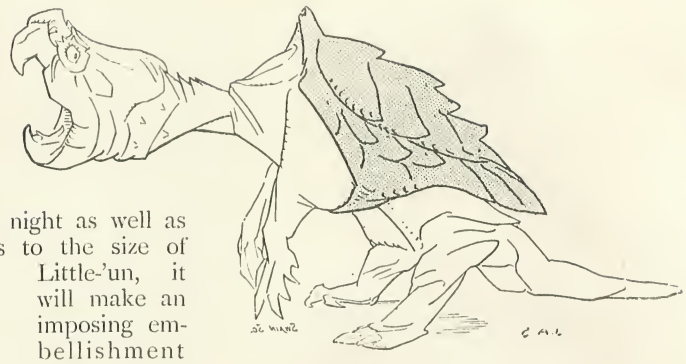
A FINE BABY.

and refuse to grow at all.

There would appear to be a sort of general reluctance to make a domestic pet of the crocodile; it is not fashionable now, and nobody seems anxious to set the *mode*. To encourage anybody who is disposed to distinguish himself, I may observe that a crocodile is cheapest when young. This is doubly fortunate, because for a less sum you have a longer run for your money—the last expression not being intended in any uncomfortable sense. I believe the usual price of young crocodiles and alligators, up to a certain size, is a guinea a linear foot; at any rate, I know you could buy them at that rate of my old friend Mr. Jamrach, and I have no doubt that the Zoological Society may be able, from time to time, to spare a foot or two of

"BITE? NO."

alligator at the price. If you buy a foot—or a yard, as the case may be (the *case*, of course, will be a little longer, but that is unworthy trifling) — you must be careful to keep it in a warm place, in water at the right temperature, at night as well as day. Then when it grows to the size of Little-'un, it will make an imposing embellishment for your entrance-hall, and useful to receive subscription-collectors. And to take them inside.

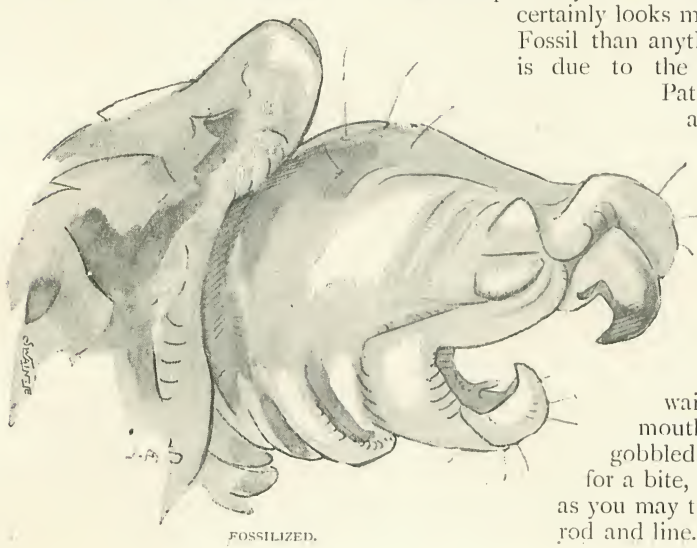


WAITING FOR A BITE.

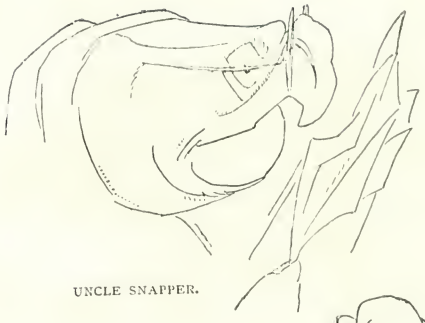
"WELL, OF ALL THE——"

It is a bad thing to generalize in a world containing China. China upsets everything. If you venture to put a date to the invention of gunpowder, somebody is sure to remind you to except China; the same with printing and everything else. There is nothing China hasn't got or hasn't had. So that naturally, after America has many years flaunted and gloried in the exclusive possession of the broad-nosed alligator as distinguished from the sharp-snouted crocodile, China, in the old familiar aggravating way, bobs up serenely with *her* alligators—perfectly authentic and genuine, and here some of them are, in the small basin. There's no getting ahead of China.

But Temminck's Snapper is the wonder and gaping-stock of this house. Bring the most impassive country cousin, let him sneer at the snakes, lounge past the lizards, turn up his nose at the tigers, elevate it more at the elephants, ridicule the rhinoceros, and disparage the donkeys. Let him do all this, and then confront him with the Snapper. He will be beaten. "Well, of all the——" He will probably refuse to believe the thing alive, and it certainly looks more like a fine old Paleozoic Fossil than anything else imaginable. This is due to the operation of Misdirected Patience—a virtue so noticeable as to demand capital letters. For the Snapper has been in this not very large tank for ten years, and has not yet become convinced that there are no fish in it. Wherefore he laboriously and patiently fishes without a moment's cessation. Fishing, with him, means waiting immovably with open mouth for a fish to come and be gobbled. He has waited ten years for a bite, but that is nothing unusual, as you may try for yourself, if you buy a rod and line. It is calculated, I believe,



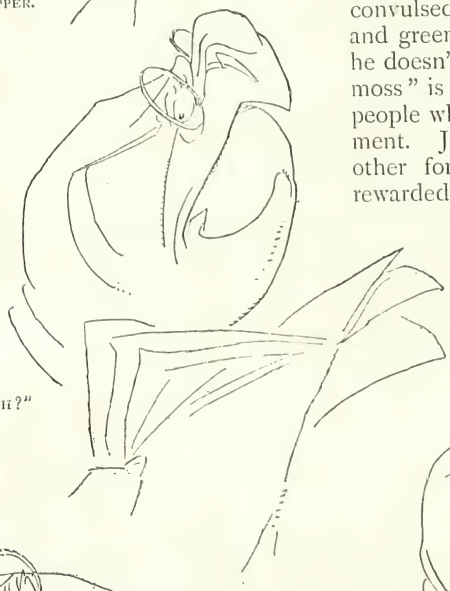
FOSSILIZED.



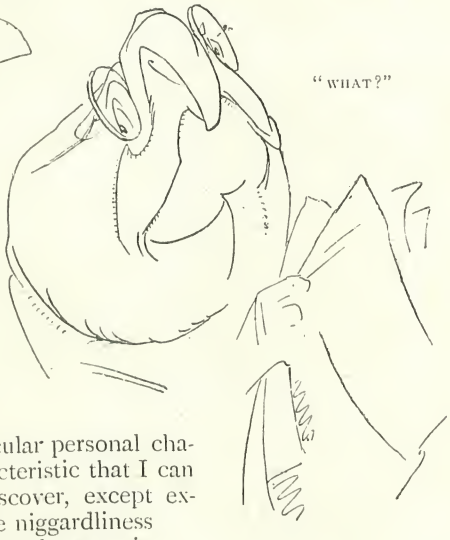
UNCLE SNAPPER.

that a hundred years more in his present attitude will be sufficient to fossilize him, when, no doubt, he will be passed on to the Geological Society. He has never yet found the need for an individual name; but I am thinking of suggesting a suitable combination—I think it should be Job Walton.

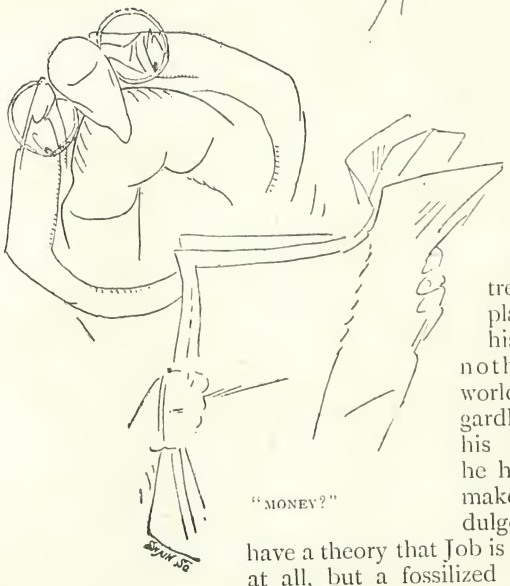
Job is not an emotional person. He never exhibits enthusiasm, even for fishing. I shouldn't myself, after ten years' waiting for a bite. There he floats, with all the mental activity of an ordinary brick, while visitors come and go, nations are convulsed, elections, boat-races are decided, and green weed grows all over his back, but he doesn't care. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is a capital proverb for the guidance of people who care for moss as a personal adornment. Job avoids all rolling, in common with other forms of movement, and is lavishly rewarded with moss of the greenest, on back, legs, toes, and tail. Beyond his patience (a negative sort of virtue, after all), Job Walton has no particular personal characteristic that I can discover, except extreme niggardliness plain and patent in his face. He has nothing in the world to be niggardly with, except his moss, but if he had, he would make a very unindulgent uncle. I have a theory that Job is not an animal at all, but a fossilized concretion of the twin virtues (or what you like to call them), patience and stinginess; a sort of petrified fungus, produced by the chemical action consequent on the mingling of the two qualities. Probably some very shocking old miser (perhaps it was Scrooge himself) lost all his stinginess at once, just at the



"EH?"

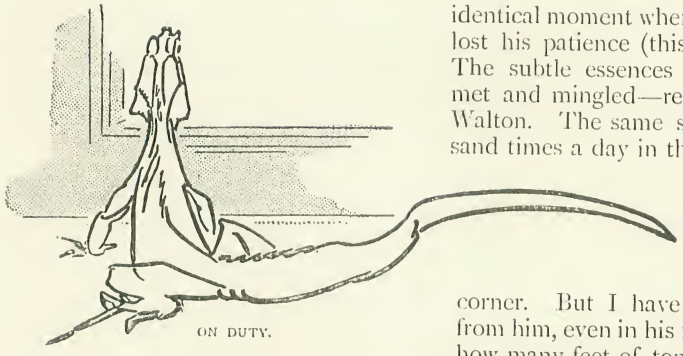


"WHAT?"



"MONEY?"

"NOT ANOTHER HALFPENNY."



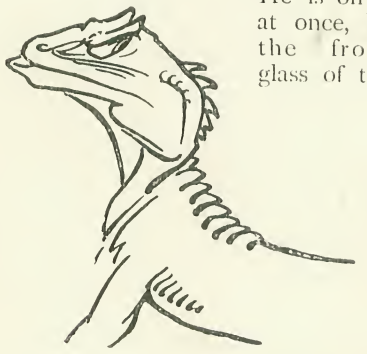
ON DUTY.

identical moment when some long-suffering person lost his patience (this was, probably, an angler). The subtle essences comprising these qualities met and mingled—result, a fungus growth, Job Walton. The same sort of thing occurs a thousand times a day in the case of toadstools.

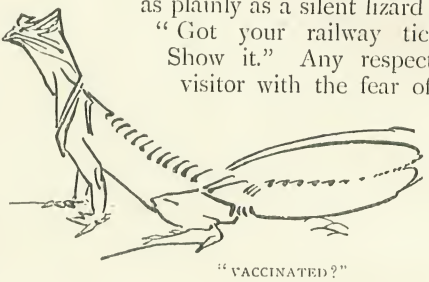
I am really friendly with only one of the smaller lizards here—and he is a large one; the big monitor at the corner. But I have never been able to learn from him, even in his most confidential moments, how many feet of tongue he really has. It is a round, whip-lash sort of tongue, like the ant-eater's, and I have a private superstition in both cases that there actually is no other end to that tongue. The monitor is fond of rats, but the rats are not at all partial to his society.

Lesueur's Water Lizard is a curious specimen. He has not been here long, but has already assumed, on his own nomination, a position of great responsibility and importance. He is Inspector of Visitors. He won't have questionable characters in the reptile-house. When not actively inspecting, he is watching for his victims. He observes a visitor approaching. He is on guard at once, by the front glass of the case. His aspect is official and stern, his manner abrupt and peremptory; he is not a lizard to be trifled with. "Paid your shilling?" he demands, as plainly as a silent lizard may. "Got your railway ticket? Show it." Any respectable visitor with the fear of the law before his eyes will comply at once. "Where do you live? Produce your last water-rate receipt."

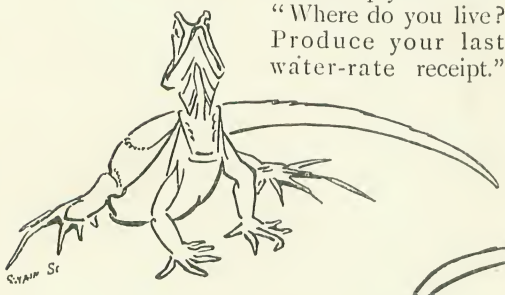
"PAID YOUR SHILLING?"



"TICKET?"

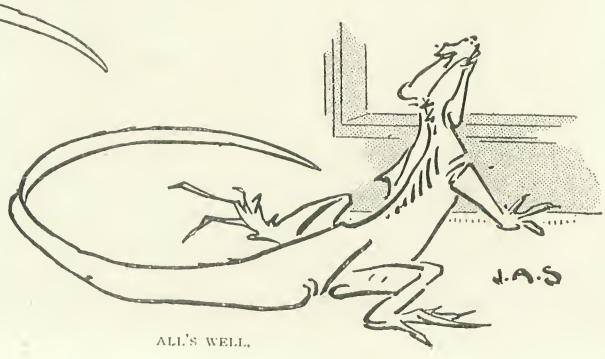


"VACCINATED?"



"?—?—?"

He looks you up and down suspiciously. "Been vaccinated lately? Date? All right. Pass along." And he swings abruptly round to watch for somebody else.

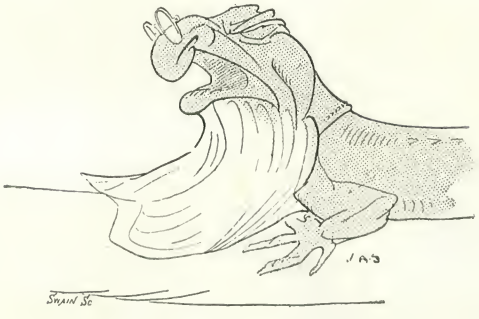


ALL'S WELL.

"MINE!"

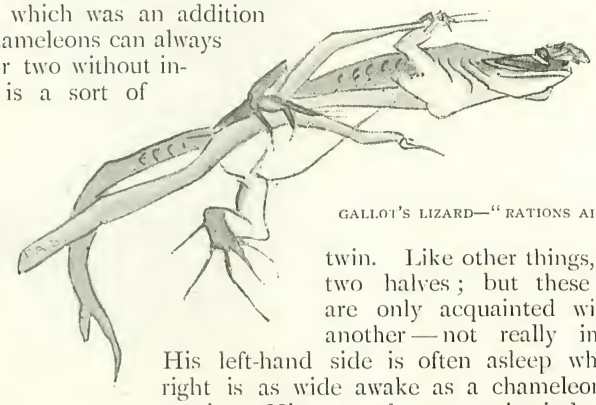
The Australian Bearded Lizard (most quaint lizards are Australian) is supposed to derive his colloquial name —the Jew Lizard—from his beard. But he has an Israelitish acquisitiveness of his own, too. He goes about his shop—everything he does makes it seem a shop—and brings his paw down on one pebble and one twig after another with an unmistakable air of assertive proprietorship. "Mine," he intimates, "mine, every one of them; and you keep your hands off them, unless you're ready to do business." He would pronounce it "pishnesh" if mere gesture-talk admitted of it. A little irritation goes a long way with the Jew lizard. His beard stands out tremendously, he swells to a rib-threatening degree, and stands at bay with open mouth, ready to smite the Philistines hip and thigh and spoil the Egyptians of their finger-tips—let them but come near enough. But he is a very respectable lizard, not so lazy as most, and pleasant to the touch.

"MINE, I TELL YOU!"



"YESH, MINE, MY TEAR."

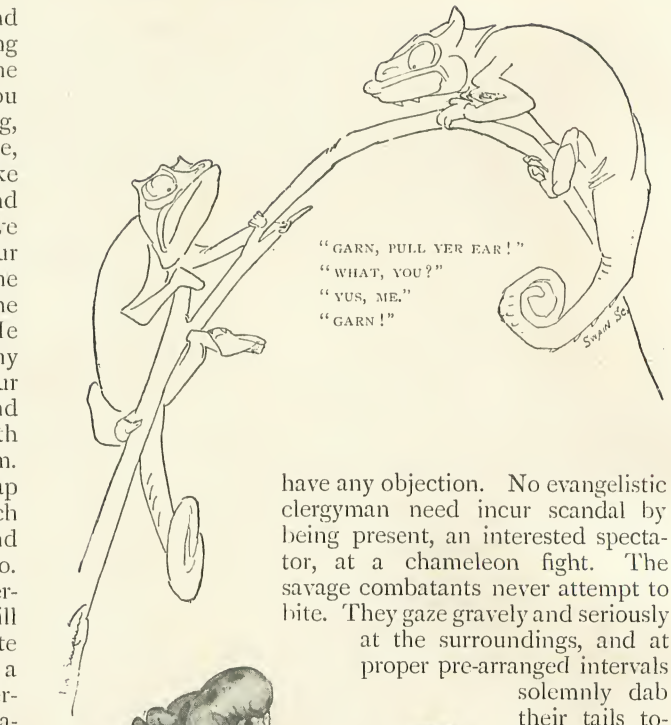
He is not so lazy, for instance, as the chameleon. The chameleon is the slowest creature alive. If there were a race between a chameleon and a pump, it would be safest to back the pump. An active little Gallot's lizard was placed here lately, with a pair of chameleons, but the contrast was so disgraceful to the chameleons that he was removed, and made to chum with a Gecko, a few cases off. He absorbed all the rations, too, which was an addition of injury to insult, although chameleons can always put off dinner for a month or two without inconvenience. A chameleon is a sort of twin. Like other things, he has two halves; but these halves are only acquainted with one another—not really intimate. His left-hand side is often asleep while the right is as wide awake as a chameleon's side can be. His eyes, also, are quite independent of one another, and roll in opposite directions as often as not, so that he would be inconvenient as a Speaker. Everybody would catch his eye at once and there would be quarrels —possibly even fights—a thing impossible in the House of Commons as it is. A chameleon never walks, he proceeds in

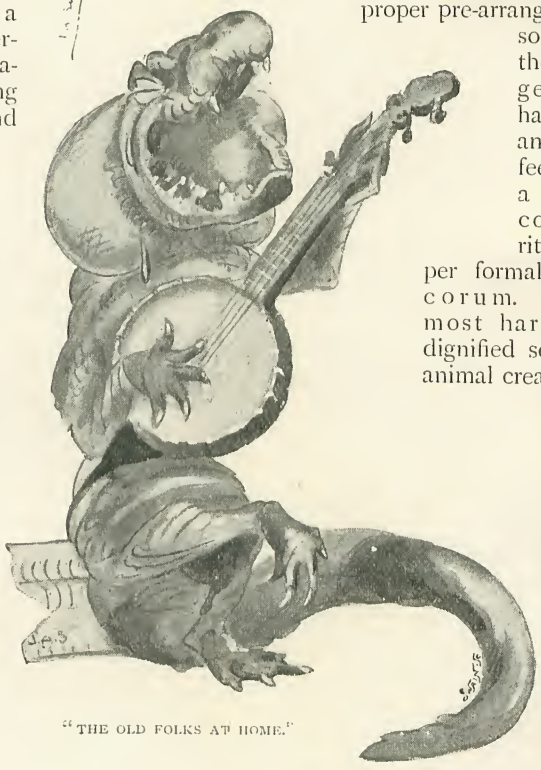


GALLOT'S LIZARD—"RATIONS AHOY!"

CATCH WHICH?

this way: After a long and careful deliberation, extending over half an hour or so, he proceeds to lift one foot. You may not be able to see it moving, but it is moving all the same, like the hand of a watch. Take a look round the Gardens and come back, when, if you have not been too hurried in your inspection, you may see the lifted foot in mid-air, and the chameleon probably asleep. He usually takes a nap after any unusual exertion. In an hour or two he will wake up, and proceed to plant that foot, with proper deliberation, before him. Then there will be another nap and a good think, after which the tail will begin to unwind from the branch it clings to. This process, persistently persevered in for many days, will carry the intrepid gymnast quite a number of inches. But a journey of this sort is an enterprise rarely ventured on. Chameleons prefer the less exciting sport of sitting face to face and daring each other to mortal combat, secure in the assurance that neither will think of moving toward the other. They *have* been known to fight. A chameleon fight is an amusement whereunto neither the Peace Society nor the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals need have any objection. No evangelistic clergyman need incur scandal by being present, an interested spectator, at a chameleon fight. The savage combatants never attempt to bite. They gaze gravely and seriously at the surroundings, and at proper pre-arranged intervals solemnly dab their tails together—not hard, nor with any particular feeling beyond a desire to conduct the rite with proper formality and decorum. It is the most harmless and dignified scuffle in the animal creation.



"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

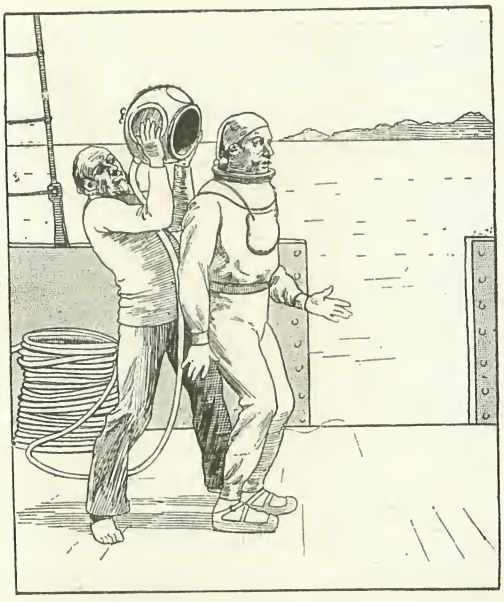
# *My Diving-Dress.*

By One Who Has Done With It.

A LARGE part of my life has been spent in seeking and experiencing novel sensations. Precisely what quality of mind it is that urges me to try experiments with myself and other things I do not know positively; but I firmly believe it to be dauntless intrepidity. My fond mother, in early days, used to call it a noble thirst for information, and predicted for me a life of scientific eminence; other people have been so ill-natured as to call it abject imbecility, and to predict an early grave from a broken neck or a dynamite explosion, or something equally sensational and decided. Never mind what it is. In boyhood's days it led me once up the chimney, once on a river in a wash-tub, once down a gravel-pit with a broken head, and frequently across my father's knee, with a pain in another place. Since I have arrived at years of discretion (or greater indiscretion—just as you please), it has taken me up in a balloon, out to sea in a torpedo-boat, up the Matterhorn (with no guide but a very general map of Europe, having the height of the mountain marked on it in very plain figures), along Cheapside on a bicycle at mid-day, to a football match in the capacity of referee, and lastly, and most recently, down under water in a diving-dress. Many of these experiences were sharp enough while they lasted, and the diving was as disturbing as most; but, still, I believe nothing was quite so uncomfortable as the football refereeship.

But, just now, I am concerned only with the diving. I have been now and again to Whitstable, where, I believe by some remarkable process of Nature, every third male person is born a diver. Anyway, Whitstable is the place where divers mostly grow, and where I caught the temptation to go a-diving myself. I should feel grateful to any obliging Anarchist who would blow up Whitstable to-morrow.

I mentioned my desire to one or two old divers who had permitted me to make their acquaintance in consideration of a suitable succession of drinks, but met with jeers and suspicion. I believe they were afraid of opposition in the business. But Whitstable never produced a diver that could put me off. I took the royal road. I bought a diving-dress for myself—how much I paid I shall not say here, for why should an unsympathetic world measure my lunacy by pounds, shillings, and pence?—especially as that would make rather a long measurement of it. Never mind what I paid. I got the dress, and I also got permission to go down and amuse myself on a sunken coasting vessel lying off Shoeburyness.

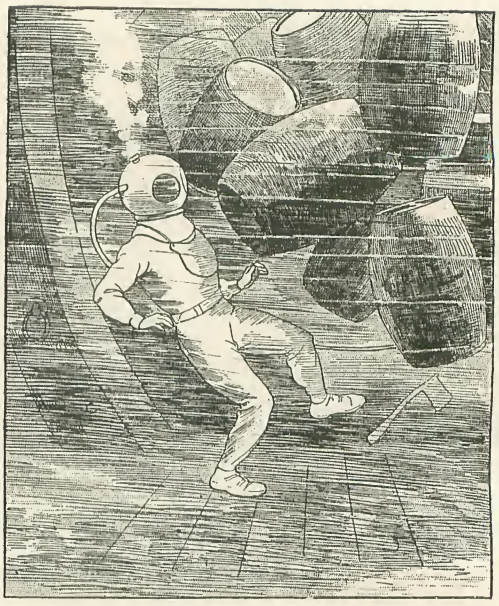


"My Diving-Dress."

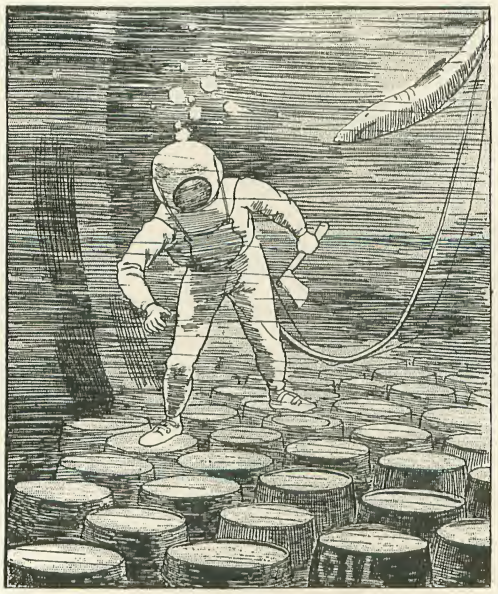
It was a very noble diving-suit, and the new india-rubber squeaked musically as I moved, and smelt very refreshing. There was a shield-shaped plate, rather like a label on a decanter, hanging on my chest, that would have looked more complete with "Whisky," or some similar inscription, on it. There was a noble metal collar—about thirty-two, the size would have been, on the usual scale. I had also a very fetching red night-cap,

while my helmet was a terror to all beholders. I don't mind confessing to a certain amount of discomfort while they were building me up in this dress—partly due to a vivid imagination. The helmet made me think of the people in the story who put hot-pots on the heads of strangers, and I seemed stifling at once. What if I were unpacked at last from this smelly integument—a corpse? But this was unmanly and undiverlike. There wasn't much comfort to be got out of the leaden shoes—try a pair for yourself and see—but when all was ready I made a shift to get overboard and down the ladder provided. It was not a great deal of the outer world that I could see through my windows, and I hung on to that ladder with something of a desperate clutch. When at last the water stretched away level around my windows, then, I confess, I hesitated for a moment. But I made the next step with a certain involuntary blink, and I was under water. All the heaviness—or most of it—had gone out of my feet, and all my movements partook of a curiously easy yet slowish character. It looked rather dark below me, and I tried to remember the specific gravity of the human body in figures by way of keeping jolly. At the top of my helmet the air-escape-valve bubbled genially, and I tried to think of myself as rather a fine figure of a monster among the fish, with a plume of bubbles waving over my head. You do think of trivial things on certain cheerful occasions. Remember Fagin in the dock, for instance.

It was not as long as it seemed before I was on the wreck, and down below in the nearest hold. Regular professionals had already been at work, and access to different parts of the ship had been made easy. Now, in this big hold was an immense number of barrels, stood on end and packed tightly together—barrels of oil, to judge from externals. I tried to move one, but plainly they were all jammed tightly together, and not one would shift. I took the light axe with which I had furnished myself, using it alternately as wedge and lever, and at last felt the barrel move. I had certainly loosened it, and pulled up the axe with the intention of trying to lift the barrel, when I was suddenly engulfed in an awful convulsion as of many earthquakes in a free fight. The world was a mob of bouncing oil-barrels, which hit me everywhere as I floundered in intricate somersaults, and finally found myself staggering at the bottom of the hold, and staring at the roof, whereunto all the barrels were sticking like balloons, absolutely blocking up the hatchway above me.



"I WAS ENGULFED IN AN AWFUL CONVULSION."



"IN THE HOLD WERE AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF BARRELS."

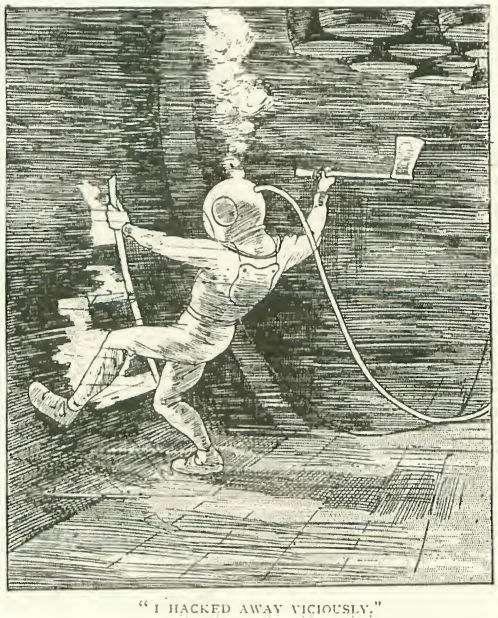
What was this? Some demoniac practical joke of fiends inhabiting this awful green sea about me? Were they grinning at me from corners of the hold? or had some vast revolution in the ways

of Nature taken place in a second, and the law of gravity been reversed? It was not at all warm down there, but I perspired violently. Then a notion flashed upon me. Those barrels must have been *empty*. Jammed together, they stayed below, of course, but once the jam was loosened they would fly at once towards the surface. Then I thought more. I had been an ass. Of course, those barrels would do as they had done, even were they full of oil. Oil floats on water, as anybody should know. They might be either full or empty, it didn't matter a bit. I had forgotten that I was moving in a different element from the air I was used to, where barrels of oil did *not* incontinently fly up into space without warning. Obviously, I had made a fool of myself, but I had some comfort in the reflection that there was nobody about to see it. Then it came upon me suddenly that I would rather have someone there after all, for I was helpless! Those horrible barrels were having another jam in the hatchway now, and my retreat was cut off entirely. Here I was like a rat in a cage, boxed in on every side. My communication-cord and my air-pipe led up between the barrels, to outer safety; but what of that? I perspired again. What would happen to me now? Why did I ever make a submarine Guy Fawkes of myself, and thus go fooling about, where I had no business, at the end of a flexible gas-pipe? If I could have dated myself back an hour at that moment, I believe I should have changed my mind about going in for this amusement. At this, I began thinking about trivial things again—how, paraphrasing a certain definition of angling, diving might be described as matter of a pipe with a pump at one end and something rather worse than a fool at the other. I determined, if ever I got out alive, to fire off that epigram at the earliest possible moment — so here it is.

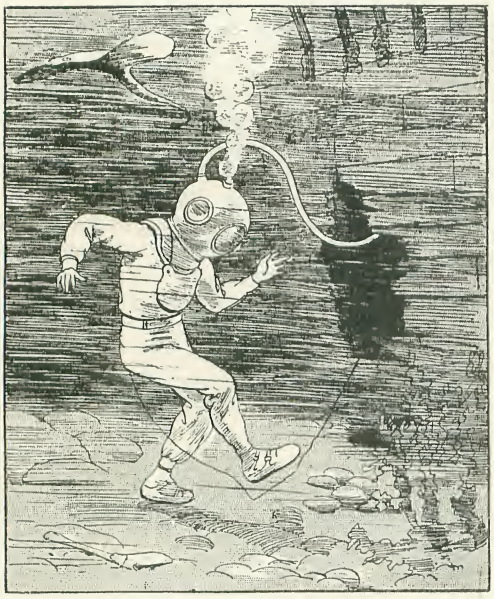
I made an effort, pulled myself together, and determined on heroic measures. My axe lay near, and, with a little groping, I found it. I would hew my way out of this difficulty through the side of the vessel. I turned on the inoffensive timbers at my side and hacked away viciously—with, I really fancy, a certain touch of that wild, stern, unholy joy that anyone feels who is smashing somebody else's property with no prospect of having to pay for it. Every boy with a catapult, who lives near an empty house, will understand the feeling I mean—especially if the empty house has a large conservatory.

The timbers were certainly stout. The work was a bit curious to the senses—the axe feeling to work with a deal more dash and go than the arm that directed it. At any rate, the exercise was pretty hard. Any millionaire in want of an excellent, healthy, and expensive exercise should try chopping his way through the sides of ships—it will do him a world of good, and will be as expensive as anybody could possibly desire. After a while I found I had well started a plank, and, once through, chopping away round the hole was not so difficult. Still, when I had a hole big enough to get through, I did not feel by any means as fresh as I had done when first that horrible copper pot was screwed down over my head.

I squeezed through the hole, and at the first step I had ever made on the real sea-bottom, I fell a savage and complicated cropper over my communication-cord. I got up, but, as I stepped clear of the cord, a frightful conviction seized my mind that I was a bigger fool than I had ever given myself credit for being. What in the world was the good of getting out through the side of the vessel when that communication-cord —my only means of signalling—and that air-pipe — my only means of submarine life—led up through the boat itself and among those execrated oil-barrels? Awful! Awful! I sat down helplessly on a broken rock and stared blankly through my windows. To weep



"I HACKED AWAY VICIOUSLY."



"AWFUL!"

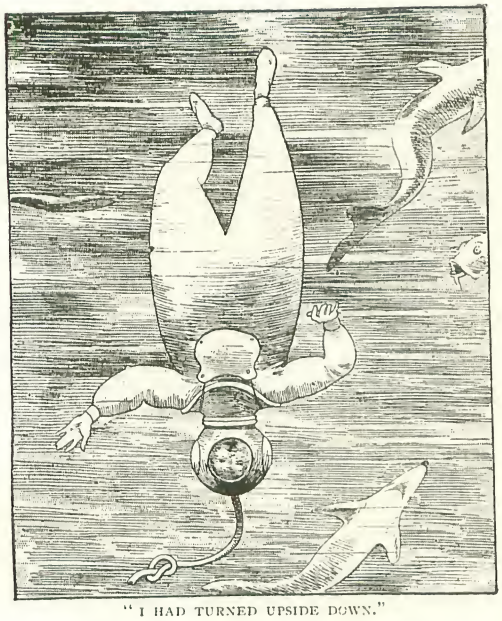
would have been mere bravado, with so much salt water already about me. I tried to signal with the communication-cord, but it was caught somewhere in that congregation of oil-barrels. It seemed to be all up, except myself, who was all down, with no prospect of ever rising in the world again. Shadowy forms came and went in the water about me, and I speculated desperately in how long or how short a time these sea-creatures would be having a dinner-party, with *me* as the chief attraction. I wondered, casually, whether the india-rubber would agree with them, and hoped that it would not. Then I wondered what they would take for the indigestion, and I thought they would probably take each other—it's their way, I believe. I was wandering on in this way, and had just feebly recollected that there was four pounds eight and something in my pockets above, which was a pity, because I might have spent it first, and that I owed my landlady fifteen-and-six, which was a good job, because it would compensate for that claret she said the cat drank, when an inspiration seized me—a great inspiration. I should probably have called out "Eureka!" as did the venerable discoverer of that principle of specific gravity that had lately (literally) taken a rise out of me, if I had thought of it, but I didn't, which was fortunate, because it is rather a chestnut after all.

This was my notion—a desperate one, but still one with hope in it. I would shut off the air-escape valve on my helmet, so that the air being pumped in would inflate my india-rubber dress like a bladder. Then I would cut my air-pipe and communication cord, stuffing the pipe and tying it as best I might, take off my leaden shoes and rise to the surface triumphantly, like an air-cushion, or, say, an oil barrel. Specific gravity having taken a rise—all the rise—out of me, I would proceed to take a rise out of specific gravity; a great, glorious, and effective rise to the upper world. No office-boy on promotion ever looked forward to his rise with more hope than I to mine. It was a desperate expedient certainly, but what else to do?

I took off one leaden shoe and loosened the other, ready to kick away. I shut the escape-valve. I cut the cord with my axe on the rock I had been sitting on, and then, when the air had blown out my dress to most corpulent proportions, I took the decisive stroke. I chopped through the air-pipe. I stuffed it as well as possible and tied it in some sort of a knot—it was *very* stiff—in a great hurry, and then—I kicked off the leaden shoe.

"I TOOK OFF ONE LEADEN SHOE."

Never, never, never—even if I live on Jupiter after this planet is blown to shivers—shall I forget the result of my forlorn-hope dodge. I kicked off the shoe, as I have said, and, in an instant, the whole universe of waters turned upside down and swirled away beyond my head. In sober fact, *I* had turned upside down—as I might have known

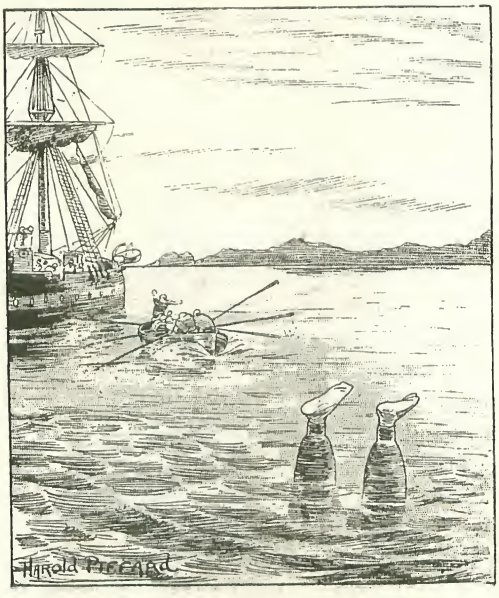


"I HAD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN."

I should do, if only I hadn't been a bigger fool than ever.

Of course, the moment my leaden shoes went, *down* came my copper head-pot, being my heaviest part, and up went my feet. I had a pretty quick rise, certainly, but I prefer not to recall my feelings during the rush. I can quite understand now why a rise in the world makes some people giddy. All that I had before felt of amazement and horror, I now felt multiplied by fifty and squeezed into about two seconds, so that they felt like ten hours. Up through that awful water and those moving shadows I went, feeling that I was in reality held still, like a man in a nightmare. When at last I stopped, I felt that it was but a matter of moments, and the air would leak away through that cut tube, and I should go down again, still head under, for the last time, to die in that grisly combination of mackintosh and copper kettle; also I felt choking, stifling, when—something had me roughly by the ankle, and I was dragged, a wretched rag of misplaced ambition, into a boat. The appearance of my legs sticking out above water had, it seemed, caused intense amusement among the boat's crew—a circumstance which probably ought to have gratified me, although it didn't.

I have little more to add, except that I shudder, to this day, whenever I see an acrobat standing on his head, because it is so graphically remindful. But, if anybody is thinking of going in for diving by way of placid enjoyment, I shall be delighted to treat with him for the sale and purchase of a most desirable diving-dress in unsoiled condition, cut in the most fashionable style, with a fascinating copper helmet and commodious collar, and a neat label for the chest. The shoes will not be included in the bargain, having been inadvertently left in a damp place.



# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

## XIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE EMPTY SEAT.

THE new Session is already fairly advanced, and in some sense it is sad to reflect that business goes forward very much as if Mr. Gladstone were still in his place by the brass-bound box. It seemed when the first announcement of his retirement was made that the House of Commons could scarcely survive the withdrawal. There is not a man in the House to-day who remembers the place when Mr. Gladstone was not a prominent figure in it. It is true Mr. Villiers, having continuously sat since he was first elected for Wolverhampton in 1835, is known as "The Father of the House." But in a Parliamentary sense Mr. Gladstone was born before his father, seeing that he took his seat for Newark in the year 1832. Moreover, whilst Mr. Villiers, literally bent under the weight of his more than ninety years, has long withdrawn from regular attendance on Parliamentary duties, Mr. Gladstone was, up to the end of last Session, daily in his place, actively directing affairs and ready at a moment's notice to deliver a speech which, standing alone, would make a Parliamentary reputation.

LISTENING.

Up to the last his passion for Parliamentary life was overmastering. He was, probably, never so happy as when seated in the House following a debate. Some speeches, to others unbearably blank of interest, were to him irresistibly attractive. During the last Parliament he, in deference to an undertaking extorted by Sir Andrew Clark, promised to limit his regular attendance on debate up to a point marked by the dinner-hour, not returning save upon exceptional occasions. He made up for restraint of opportunity by exacting use of the measure provided. Often between seven and eight o'clock, when the House was almost empty and some unimportant, unattractive member found his chance, he had among his scanty audience the Prime Minister, sitting with hand to ear, apparently entranced. During the interminable Home Rule debates, Mr. Gladstone formed a habit, at which less excitable members used to smile, of moving to the gangway-end of the Treasury Bench, sitting there by the hour eagerly listening to a member whose measure of attraction for ordinary men was indicated by the emptiness of the benches. When in Opposition he carried this habit a step further, occasionally seating himself below the gangway the better to hear an Irish member.

"LISTENING."

THE UNDERTAKER.

Although immersed in affairs of State, Mr. Gladstone had that intimate personal knowledge of the House of Commons which seems more natural among the gossips in the smoke-room. He knew every man above the level of the absolutely silent members, and had formed a keen and well-defined judgment of their qualities. He was always on the look-out for promising young men among his own party, and sometimes found them, as in the cases of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Acland, Mr. Robertson, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Sydney Buxton. One evening during the Midlothian campaign, the conversation turned upon new members on the Conservative side who had made some mark in the last Parliament. I ventured to name one Irish member, seated above the gangway, who had taken frequent part in debate on Irish affairs, and had shown intimate knowledge of the Irish question.

"Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, "but his manner is so funereal. In my humble way," he added, his face wrinkling into the smile that illumined it when he was much amused, "I call him the Undertaker."

There was something charming in this way of putting it, as if he were only a

beginner in the way of affixing nicknames to Parliamentary personages, and must not be understood in his "humble way" to be competing with practitioners.

BAITED.

One feeling that weighed with everyone when Mr. Gladstone withdrew from the forefront of Parliamentary life was that he, the greatest, is also the last of a type not cast for modern Parliaments. There was about him in the heat of battle a certain chivalry of manner, and in the minutest relationships a courtesy, which is too truly known as "old-fashioned." With his departure the House of Commons loses a standard of daily conduct which, though unattainable for the average man, was ever a wholesome incentive. To gentlemen below the gangway this courtly bearing under, sometimes, almost brutal provocation, was an incomprehensible and undesirable thing. They wanted to see him hit back, give stroke for stroke, and could not understand his patient, dignified bearing. No man, under my observation in the House of Commons—and I have lived in it for more than twenty years—was ever assailed with such bitterness as Mr. Gladstone; and none have shown so little resentment. During his Ministry of 1880–5, he was nightly the object of vituperation on the part of the Irish members, who came nearer to the language of Billingsgate than of Westminster. It seems now, as it seemed then, that no man could ever forget, or forgive, the savagery of that prolonged onslaught. I do not know whether Mr. Gladstone has forgotten it. Certainly, through the last seven years he sat on one or other of the Front Benches he comported himself as if it had never been; as if the men whom he alluded to as "my hon. friends" had ever, as then, cooed him as gently as a sucking dove.

"DIGNITY AND COURTESY."

In private I have heard him speak of only two members of the House of Commons with abhorrence, and then the tone of voice and visage were terrible to hear and see. When he has appeared at the table following some bitter personal attack, and the House has hushed every sound in expectation of an avalanche of scathing wrath, he has but lightly touched on the personal matter, and returned to the course of argument it had spitefully broken in upon. Once or twice last Session he turned upon Mr. Chamberlain, and delighted the House by the courtly grace and delightful skill of his reprisal. But it was never savage, or with any under-current of nastiness—which possibly, after all, made it the more effective.

The late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck was much treasured by the House of Commons by reason of the temptation, invariably irresistible, he laid in the way of Mr. Gladstone to indulge in lofty banter. Oddly enough, in these later years, the man who stirred the blackest water of his ire was Mr. Jesse Collings, whose almost venerable inoffensiveness of appearance, as Mr. Gladstone turned upon him, completed the enjoyment of the episode. Mr. Finlay was another member who seemed quite inadequately to stir his wrath. At one time a promising recruit to the Liberal party, Mr. Finlay in 1886 seceded with Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. Like the other Dissentient Liberals he retained his old seat, which happened to be immediately behind the Front Opposition Bench. His contiguity seemed to affect Mr. Gladstone with physical repulsion. In the heat of debate he would turn round to face Mr. Finlay, at the moment innocent of wrong-doing, fix him with flaming eye, and pour over him a torrent of scorching denunciation.

MONUMENTAL PATIENCE.

Mr. Gladstone's marvellous patience has been shown most conspicuously in his bearing towards temporary recalcitrant followers. For at least a quarter of a century his worst enemies have been those of his own household. As soon as he has completed the structure of a Ministry, so soon have "caves" been dug around it by hands that assumed to be friendly. His progress has ever been clogged by Tea Room cabals, the incessant unrest culminating in the great disruption of 1886.

I do not remember seeing Mr. Gladstone

more angry than he was one Wednesday afternoon in the Session of 1870. Here again his wrath was excited by an ordinarily inoffensive person. The Irish Education Bill was before the House, and there was, naturally, a Tea Room Party formed by good Liberals for the destruction of their Leader and the bringing in of the other side. Mr. Fawcett was foremost in the cabal, laying the foundation, after a manner not unfamiliar in politics, of the Ministerial position he later attained under the statesman whom he had attacked from the flank. Mr. Miall, in genial Nonconformist fashion, accused Mr. Gladstone of profiting by the support of the Opposition, thus earning the suspicion, distrust, and antagonism of his most earnest supporters.

By an odd coincidence, Mr. Miall sat that afternoon in the very seat where last year Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to find Mr. Chamberlain. When he sat down the Premier leaped to his feet and, turning upon him with angry gesture, as if he would sweep him bodily out of the House, said: "I hope my hon. friend will not continue his support of the Government one moment longer than he deems it consistent with his sense of duty and right. For God's sake, sir, let him withdraw it the moment he thinks it better for the cause he has at heart that he should do so."

Twenty-four years have sped since that Wednesday afternoon. But I can see, as if it were yesterday, the figure with outstretched hand, and hear the thunderous voice in which this never since repeated invocation to the Deity rang through the House. The outbreak was memorable because rare. Since then the provocation has been as persistent as that which on this same Irish Education Bill prepared for the foundering of the Liberal party in the earliest months of 1874, and led to all that came to pass in the next six years of the Disraeli Parliament. Occasionally Mr. Gladstone has been moved to outburst of resentment. But it has been slight compared with the incentive.

We have heard and read in recent months much about the courage, eloquence, and statesmanship of this great career. To me it seems that the most strongly marked feature in it has been its quiet long-suffering, its sublime patience. The fight is finished now, well done up to the very last, and to-day—

> For thee, good knight and grey, whose gleaming crest
> Leads us no longer, every generous breast
> Breathes benediction on thy well-won rest,

YOUTH AND AGE.

Mr. Gladstone is so accustomed to make passing references to his extreme age, and those in close intercourse with him have grown so habituated to the phenomenon, that the marvel of it comes to be considerably lessened. There are two personal recollections which serve to place the fact in full light. One was revived by Sir William Harcourt at one of the Saturday-to-Monday parties with which the Prince of Wales occasionally brightens Sandringham. A reference to the Premier's then approaching eighty-fourth birthday being made, Sir William Harcourt said he had a perfect recollection of an occasion when he was nursed on the knee of Mr. Gladstone. Sir William is

OLD WILLIAM AND YOUNG WILLIAM.

no chicken, either in years or girth, and recollection of this affecting scene carried him back nearly sixty years. It was too much for Mr. Frank Lockwood, who happened to be amongst the guests forming this particular house party. Through eyes softened with the gleam of tears, the Recorder of Sheffield sketched on the back of the menu a picture of the infantile Harcourt fondled on the knee of his right hon. friend, both unconscious of all the coming years held in store for them. The sketch is, I believe, now among the prized possessions of the Princess of Wales.

The other reminiscence also belongs to the records of a country house, and it is Mr. Gladstone who recalls it. Mr. Henry Chaplin

was a fellow guest. Mr. Gladstone one evening asked him whether his grandmother had not lived in a certain street in Mayfair. Mr. Chaplin assented. "Ah," said Mr. Gladstone, "I remember it very well. I lived next door to her for awhile when I was a child. She used to give evening parties. When the carriages were assembled to take up, my brother and I used to creep out of bed—it was in the summer time—softly open the window, get out our squirts, and discreetly fire away at the coachmen on the boxes. I remember the intense delight with which we used to see them look up to the sky and call out to ask each other whether it wasn't beginning to rain."

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN.

Mr. Gladstone is not, after all, the oldest man in the present House of Commons. Sir Isaac Holden is his senior by two years. Of the twain, I fancy Sir Isaac is the younger-looking. During the winter

SIR ISAAC HOLDEN.

Session, lacking the impulse of the constant fight round the Home Rule standard, disappointed by the success of Obstructionist tactics, Mr. Gladstone, from time to time, showed a distinct falling-off from the splendid form he had presented through the long summer Session. Sometimes he sat on the Treasury Bench, with chin sunk on his chest, a grey paleness stealing over his face, and the light of battle faded from his eyes. He never failed to pull himself together on returning to the House after a division. But the effort was made, not, as heretofore, in advance of his entrance, but after he had walked a few paces, with bent shoulders and weary gait.

Sir Isaac Holden, who has now entered on his eighty-seventh year, is as straight as a dart, and walks with springy step that shows no effort. He shares with Mr. Gladstone the characteristic, rare in a man of fourscore, that his eyes are still bright and clear. On occasions when the Standing Orders are suspended and the House sits late in anticipation of an important division, Sir Isaac waits till whatever hour is necessary in order to record his vote. When the House is up, he walks home.

Unlike Mr. Gladstone, Sir Isaac has leisure, means, and disposition to order his daily life upon carefully-considered rules. His day is automatically parcelled out: work, exercise, food, and recreation each having its appointed place and period. He is neither a vegetarian nor a teetotaler, though the main stock of his daily meals is fruit and vegetables. For wine he drinks a little claret. He has lived a busy, useful life, and owes a large fortune to his own industry and enterprise. Of singularly modest disposition, the only thing he thinks worthy of being mentioned to his credit is the fact that he invented the lucifer match.

THE EFFACEMENT OF THE IRISH MEMBER.

The still new Parliament possesses no more marked characteristic than the self-effacement of the Irish member. If any member of the 1874 or the 1880 Parliament were to revisit Westminster without knowledge of what had taken place since 1886, he would not recognise the scene. In those not distant days the Irish member pervaded the Chamber. Whatever the subject-matter of debate might be, he was sure to march in and make the question his own. If in any direct or indirect manner Ireland was concerned, this was natural enough. But any subject, found in China or Peru, would serve to occupy a night's sitting, and retard the progress of Government business. In the Parliament of 1880 two of the most prolonged and fiercest debates, inaugurated and carried on by the Irish members, related to flogging in the army and the state of affairs in South Africa.

This procedure was, up to 1886, part of a deliberate policy, of which Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell were the earliest exponents. They wanted their own Parliament on College Green. If the Saxon, regardless of entreaties

and demands, insisted on keeping them at Westminster, they would make themselves as obnoxious as possible. The habit of constantly taking part in debate being thus formed, and fitting easily gentlemen to whom public speaking comes by nature, it was observed, though with less persistence, during the last Parliament, when the Irish party was no longer a political Ishmael, but was the acknowledged ally of one of the great English armies.

MR. SEXTON.

With the opening of the present Session a marvellous, almost miraculous, change has been wrought. Its most remarkable development, the fullest measure of rare personal sacrifice, is found in the case of Mr. Sexton. A man of rare gifts as a debater, no one takes so keen a pleasure in the delivery of Mr. Sexton's speeches as does the hon. member himself. This very excess of appreciation was at one time wont to mar his Parliamentary position. For the ordinary speaker, provision of one peroration per speech suffices. So illimitable are Mr. Sexton's natural resources, that he can toss off half-a-dozen perorations in the course of a single speech. In practice this habit grows a trifle tantalizing. Even the most indolent listener draws himself together and concentrates attention when a member, who has been talking for twenty minutes or half an hour, shows signs of coming to a conclusion. When, after declaiming a ringing peroration, the orator, recurring to leveller tones and less ornate style, quietly begins again, the feeling of disappointment is aggravated by a sense of having been betrayed.

MR. SEXTON.

In some of his set speeches, extending from one and a half to two hours, Mr. Sexton, doubtless unconsciously, has been known thus to impose on the confidence of the House three distinct times. This long-irresistible tendency to verbosity was regrettable as spoiling a position won by natural ability, hampered rather than assisted by adventitious circumstances.

Since the first Session of the new Parliament opened the Irish members, including Mr. Sexton, have conducted themselves in a manner that testifies to the potency of patriotism. The one object they have in view is to get a Home Rule Bill added to the Statute Book. It is avowedly, as Lord Randolph Churchill long ago, with brusque frankness, admitted, a race against time. Every week's delay in the accomplishment of the end imperils the success of the movement. In these circumstances any Irish member who lengthens the proceeding by speech-making is a traitor to the cause. The Irish members have, therefore, with one accord taken and kept a vow of silence.

RADICAL MARTYRS.

This is no new thing in Parliamentary tactics. A dozen years ago a similar effacement of another active party was brought about in the House of Commons. This was the active and useful private member, of whom the late Mr. Peter Rylands was a type, accustomed to sit through Committee of Supply worrying the Minister in charge of the Votes with innumerable questions and pin-pricking criticisms. The Irish were then the Obstructionists, and, taking full advantage of opportunity presented in Committee of Supply, they talked at large through the night in order to prevent Votes being taken. It came to pass that any honest, well-meaning member who desired to obtain information touching a particular Vote came to be regarded as a criminal. He was undoubtedly by his interposition playing the game of the Obstructionists. It was not only the time appropriated by his remarks that had to be taken into account. The quick-witted Irishmen, making the most of every opportunity, went off on the new trail opened, and followed it for the greater part of a sitting. The well-meaning economist was shunned by his friends, frowned on by his leaders, and took care not to repeat the indiscretion. Between 1880 and 1885 the old-fashioned custom of narrowly examining the Civil Service Estimates, not the least interesting function of a member of the House of Commons, received a blow from which it has not yet recovered.

The consequent self-repression was bad enough for sober Saxons like Mr. Peter Rylands and his mates in Committee. For the Celtic nature the strain must be much more severe. What Mr. Sexton suffers, as night after night he sits below the Gangway,

hearing other members talk and recognising how much better he could put the points, who shall say? As for Mr. Tim Healy, he providentially finds partial relief in a running commentary that occasionally draws upon him reproof from the Speaker or Chairman. Mr. Balfour, with the instincts of a leader partially responsible for good order in the House, once welcomed these little ebullitions. They were, he said, equivalent to the blowing-off of steam. Shut off the means of partial relief, and fatal explosion might follow.

THE EXTINCT IRISH MEMBER.

It is curious but not inexplicable how the type of Irish member familiar eighteen or even thirteen years ago has disappeared. Of the band Isaac Butt reappeared on the political stage to lead, but few are left. Even of their successors, the body Mr. Biggar inspired and Mr. Parnell organized, those still in the House may be counted on the fingers of one hand. And what a rare group of individuals they formed! There were many characters that might have stepped out of the pages of Lever or Lover. Butt himself was an interesting figure, a relic of Parliamentary time and manner that to-day seem prehistoric. It is a pity that such a man, with his great gifts and his wide experience, should have been allowed to drop behind the horizon without the tribute of that biography rendered to many far less interesting and important people. There was something pathetic about the renunciation of his leadership by the party he had created. When Parnell was a youth at college, Butt was fighting for Home Rule for Ireland. He was the Moses of this Irish pilgrimage. Some failings and shortcomings may have justified the edict which forbade him to enter the Promised Land. But it was a little hard that he should have been ousted from the command whilst still on the march he had planned.

I remember the night when, entering the House whilst the usual flood of questions was pouring from the Irish camp, he walked on, crossed the Gangway, and took his seat behind the Front Opposition Bench. He did not long survive this severance from the majority of his party. He was not old as years are counted. But he had lived his days, had heard the chimes at midnight, was bowed in body, harassed in mind, and this last blow shattered him.

There were few to migrate with him above the Gangway. Almost alone, McCarthy Downing followed the old leader, a lachrymose comforter, sitting near him, as Butt, with his back turned to the Irish quarter, sat with his head leaning on his hands listening to the shrill gibes of Joseph Gillis, or the more polished but not therefore less acrid taunts of Parnell.

Mr. Mitchell Henry was one of the few who stood by the old chief, the rift thus developed widening as the influence of Parnell and Biggar prevailed, and open war was declared against law and order and the House of Commons. When the Liberals came in in 1880, and the Irish members, breaking through a new tradition, decided to remain stationary on the left of the Speaker, Mitchell Henry crossed the floor, sat with the Ministerialists, and became a favourite target of the Parnellites.

MR. TIM HEALY.
*From an Irish MS. of the 19th Century.*

SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN.

With him went Sir Patrick O'Brien, the most delightful embodiment of genuine Irish humour of the unconscious, inconsequential order known to the present generation. Sir Pat, with his left hand in his trousers pocket, his right hand shaking defiance at his countrymen opposite, was a precious possession, for ever lost to an increasingly prosaic Parliament. He could not away with the new kind of Irish member represented by Mr. Kenny, "the young sea-sarpent from County Clare," as in a flight of lofty but vague eloquence he called him. "Order! order!" cried the Speaker, sternly. "Then, Mr. Speaker," said Sir Pat, with a courtly bow, "I will withdraw the sea-sarpent and substitute the hon. member for County Clare."

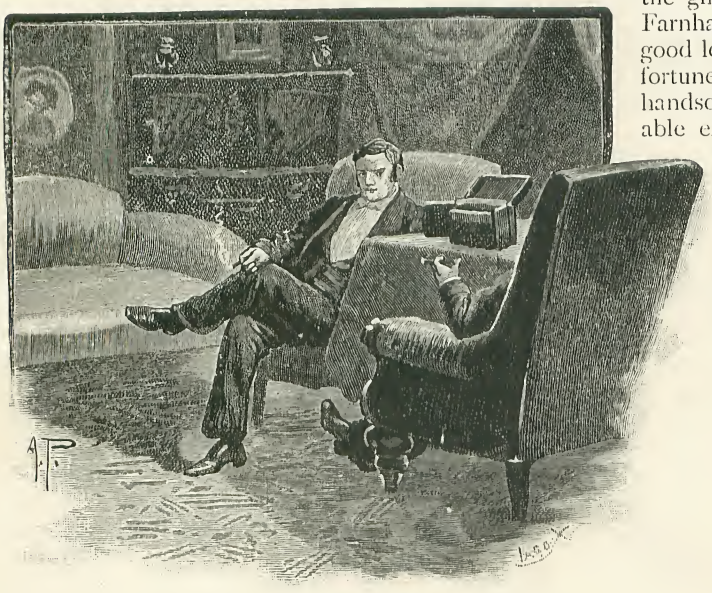
# *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.*

*By the Authors of* "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## X.—WITHOUT WITNESSES.

IN the October of 1890 I went to pay a short visit to my friends, the Brabazons, of Penporran, in Cornwall. I could only spare a week out of town, and looked forward to my visit with the pleasure which a busy man must feel when he can relax his labours for a short time.

Brabazon was an old college friend, and on the first evening of my stay we had many memories to revive and many friends to talk over. We sat until the small hours in his smoking-room, and it was early morning before we retired to bed. Just as I was leaving the room, he said to me :—



"WE HAD MANY MEMORIES TO REVIVE."

"By the way, you will find some disturbing elements at work here. I know you are fond of attributing everything to some psychological cause. I wonder what you will say to the love affairs of Randall, Carleton, and Miss Farnham."

I naturally asked what my host meant.

"Randall and Carleton are both desperately in love with the same girl," he replied. "Did you not notice the state of affairs this evening at dinner?"

"I naturally noticed Miss Farnham," I answered at once. "It would be difficult not to be attracted by so striking a personality."

"Barbara Farnham is, without exception, the most dangerous girl of my acquaintance," replied Brabazon, with a slight laugh. "Before her advent on the scene, Randall and Carleton were the best possible friends. Now they are at daggers drawn."

"I confess I did not particularly observe them," I answered.

"Oh, they are just ordinary good young fellows," replied Brabazon. "I am sorry for Carleton, of course, for I don't think he has the ghost of a chance with Miss Farnham. He is not particularly good looking, and he has the misfortune to be poor. Randall is a handsome lad, and has considerable expectations. His father is Lord Hartmore—but the fact is, I don't think the girl means to marry either of them—she is simply playing one against the other for her own ends. She is a handsome witch, and a dangerous one. She plays as carelessly with edged tools—as carelessly and unconcernedly as a baby would with its rattle."

I said nothing further. Brabazon conducted me to my room, and wished me good-night. I sat down by the fire, and thought in an idle manner over the events of the evening. There was a large house party at Penporran. Shooting was going on vigorously, and cub-hunting had begun. Some of the guests were acquaintances of mine. In short, I looked forward to a pleasant week in this genial house. As I laid my head on my pillow I thought again, but without any specially keen interest, of Brabazon's story about the disturbing elements which were now agitating the air of this otherwise peaceful mansion.

Two young men were in love with the same girl. Surely the situation was a very ordinary one. Such a complication happened daily.

I wondered why Brabazon should have troubled himself to mention such an ordinary event, but as I was dropping off to sleep, I

saw rising up before me, in my mind's eye, the proud, beautiful face of Barbara Farnham, and a kind of intuition told me that these commonplace incidents might assume the form of tragedy in her cruel and careless hands.

I dreamt of Miss Farnham that night, and came down to breakfast the next morning with my curiosity considerably aroused about her.

She was in the room when I entered, and was idly helping herself to a cup of coffee, which she carried to a distant window where a small table was also laid for breakfast. She sat down, and, sipping it leisurely, looked around her with a careless glance. Her eyes fell on me—she smiled and motioned to me to approach.

"Pray bring your breakfast to this table," she said, in a light tone. "I was immensely interested in you when I heard you were coming. I adore doctors, particularly if they are clever. Are you going to ride this morning?"

I answered in the affirmative, and asked her if she was fond of horses.

"Fond?" she replied, a flash of added warmth lighting up her peculiar red-brown eyes. "I am going to whisper a secret to you—I never could compare horses and human beings. I consider the horse the infinitely nobler creature of the two."

I laughed, and we entered into an animated conversation.

While we were talking, Carleton came into the room. He was a squarely built young man, with deeply set dark eyes, and a determined chin and mouth. His figure was slightly above the middle height; he was extremely spare, but had good shoulders and was well set up. As soon as ever he appeared in sight, Miss Farnham, by an almost imperceptible movement, slightly turned her back to him and her talk with me became even more animated and full of wit than before. Her gay, light laugh must have reached Carleton, who came straight across the room to her side.

"You are in your favourite seat," he said.

"Yes," she replied, "and Dr. Halifax is having breakfast with me."

Then she turned to continue her conversation with me, while Carleton stood perfectly erect and silent by her side.

"Why don't you eat something?" she said to him, presently.

"There is time enough," he answered.

Finding he would not go away she tried to draw him into conversation, but he was evidently not in the humour to make himself agreeable. His answers were confined to monosyllables, and to some of Miss Farnham's remarks he did not reply at all.

I confess that I began to think him an unmitigated bore.

A change was, however, quickly to take place in the situation—Randall, the other lover, appeared on the scene, and his coming acted like a flash of sunshine. He was a gay, handsome, debonair-looking young fellow. He had good teeth, good eyes, a genial smile, a hearty manner. His voice was musical, and he knew well how to use it. He nodded carelessly to one or two acquaintances when he entered the room, and then came straight to Miss Farnham's table.

She shook hands with him, and he nodded a cheerful good morning to Carleton and me.

"That is right," he said, smiling brightly at the handsome girl; "you promised to reserve a seat for me at this table, and I see you have kept your word. Have you done breakfast, Carleton?"

"I had something an hour ago," replied Carleton.

Randall went to a sideboard to help himself to a generous portion of a dish which was being kept hot with a spirit lamp. On his return our conversation became gayer and more lively than ever.

I must confess that I saw nothing to object to in Miss Farnham's manners. I could not imagine why Brabazon spoke of her as a dangerous witch. She tried to be polite to both men—or rather, she was polite without effort, but there was not a trace of the flippant in her manner or bearing. Her beauty was undoubtedly of a remarkable order. Her eyes were her most striking characteristic. There was a great deal of red in their brown, which was further accentuated by the red-brown of her long eyelashes. The eyes were capable of every shade of expression, and could be at times as eloquent and as full of meaning as those of that bewitching creature, the collie. Her eyebrows were dark and delicately pencilled. Her hair was tawny in shade — she had quantities of it, and she wore it picturesquely round her stately, statuesque head. In some lights that brilliantly coloured hair looked as if a sunbeam had been imprisoned in it. Her complexion was of a warm, creamy whiteness. Her figure was slight and graceful. But for her eyes she might have been simply remarked as a handsome girl; but those eyes made her beautiful, and lifted her completely out of the commonplace.

We had nearly finished breakfast, when I was startled by seeing Randall suddenly press his hand to his eyes, and turn so white that I thought he was going to lose consciousness. He recovered himself almost immediately, however, and so completely, that no one else remarked the circumstance. Miss Farnham rose from the breakfast-table.

"I am going to ride with you, Dr. Halifax," she said, nodding brightly to me. "I shall come downstairs in my habit in half an hour."

She was crossing the room to speak to some of the other guests when Carleton came up to her.

"I want to say something to you," he said—"can we go to some room where we shall be quite undisturbed?"

His words were distinctly audible, not only to me, but to several other people in the room.

Randall in particular heard them, and I could see that he was waiting anxiously for the reply.

"I want to ride this morning—I have no time for private confidences," replied Miss Farnham, in a distinctly vexed tone.

"I won't keep you long," replied Carleton—"what I have to say is of great importance, at least to me."

"I will give you ten minutes after lunch; will that suffice?"

"Five minutes now will do better. I am very much in earnest when I make this request."

"Very well," said Miss Farnham, in a light tone; "importunate people generally have their way. Come into the conservatory—there is a rose there on which I have set my heart; it is too high for me to reach."

She left the room as she spoke, and Carleton quickly followed her. As they disappeared, I noticed more than one guest looking significantly after them. Carleton's pluck was distinctly approved of—I could see that by the expression on some of the ladies' faces—and one, as she passed close to Randall's side, was heard to murmur, audibly:—

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

Randall came up to me and asked me to join him in a smoke on the balcony. As we walked up and down, he talked cheerfully, and, whatever anxiety he may inwardly have felt, was careful not to betray a trace of it.

In less than half an hour Miss Farnham joined us. She was in a dark brown riding-habit, which toned perfectly with her rich and peculiar colouring. Her spirits were gay, not to say wild, and the warm, creamy whiteness of her face seemed to glow now as if with hidden fire.

"Are you not ready for your ride?" she said, looking at me with a certain reproach. "The horses will be round in less than ten minutes. It is a splendid morning for a gallop. You are coming, too?" she added, turning suddenly to Randall.

"I only waited for you to invite me," he said. "Of course I shall come, with pleasure. But I thought," he added, in a low tone, coming close to her side as he spoke, "that you arranged to ride with Ronald Carleton this morning?"

"That is off," she replied, in a light tone. "Mr. Carleton has, I believe, another engagement."

The balcony on which we were walking led round to one of the entrances to the house; at this moment a groom was seen leading a smart mare up to the door, and at the same instant Carleton ran down the steps, and sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Where are you off to?" exclaimed Randall, bending out of the balcony to speak to him. "Miss Farnham, Dr. Halifax, and I are all going out immediately. Won't you join us?"

"Not this morning, I think," said Carleton, constraint in his tone. He gathered up the reins, and the mare began to prance about.

"You are holding her too much on the curb," exclaimed Randall.

"Thanks, I think I know what I'm about," replied Carleton, with evident temper. "Quiet, you brute, quiet," he continued, vainly endeavouring to restrain the movements of the impatient animal.

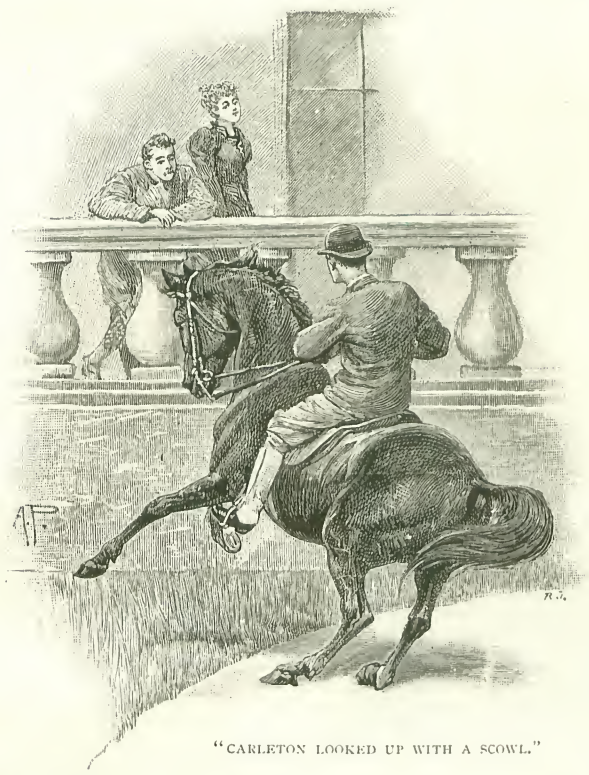
"I tell you, that mare won't stand the curb," shouted Randall. "Give her her head, and she'll do anything you ask her. I know, for I've often ridden her."

"When I require a riding lesson from you, I'll inform you of the fact," answered Carleton, in a sulky voice, which was rendered almost ridiculous by the frantic movements of the mare, now thoroughly upset.

Miss Farnham, who had been standing in the background, came up at this juncture, and took her place conspicuously by Randall's side.

"Mr. Randall is right and you are wrong," she exclaimed. "It is absolutely cruel to ride that mare on the curb."

Carleton looked up with a scowl, which anything but improved him. He would not even glance at Miss Farnham, but his eyes



"CARLETON LOOKED UP WITH A SCOWL."

flashed an angry fire at his more fortunate rival.

"Of course, Randall is right," he exclaimed. "All the odds are in his favour."

"Nonsense," retorted Randall, with heat.

"Come, come, gentlemen, pray don't quarrel on this lovely morning," said Miss Farnham. "Mr. Carleton, I wish you a pleasant ride."

She left the balcony as she spoke, and Randall and I immediately followed her example.

We had a splendid ride over an extensive moorland country, and returned to lunch in excellent spirits and in high good humour with each other. Carleton had not yet come back, but his absence did not seem to depress anyone, certainly not Miss Farnham, whose bright eyes and gay, animated manner made her the life of the party. Randall was radiant in the sunshine of her presence. She was confidential and almost affectionate in her manner to him; and he undoubtedly looked, and was, at his best.

I could not help cordially liking him and thinking that the pair were well matched. Notwithstanding Brabazon's words of the night before, I had no doubt that Miss Farnham was sincerely attached to Randall, and would tell him so presently.

I spent the greater part of the afternoon alone with my host, and did not see the rest of the guests until we met at dinner. Carleton had then returned. He sat between a red-haired girl and a very fat old lady, and looked as *distrait* and bored as man well could. Randall, on the other hand, was in his best form. His clothes sat well on him. He was, undoubtedly, a handsome, striking-looking man.

I cannot describe Miss Farnham's dress. It was ethereal in texture and suited her well. She was not seated in the neighbourhood of either Randall or Carleton, but once or twice I noticed that her eyes wandered down to their part of the table. For some reason, she was not in such high spirits as she had been in the early part of the day. My neighbour, a quiet, middle-aged spinster, began suddenly to talk to me about her.

"I see you are interested in Barbara Farnham," she began. "I am not the least surprised—you but follow the example of all the other men who know her."

"Miss Farnham is a very beautiful girl," I replied.

Miss Derrick gave a short sigh.

"Yes," she replied, "Barbara has a beautiful face. She is a fine creature too, although of course terribly spoilt."

"Have you known her long?" I asked.

"Yes; since she was a child. Of course you must notice, Dr. Halifax, the state of matters. Barbara's conduct is more or less the talk of the whole house. I presume from his manner that poor Mr. Carleton's chances of success are quite over, and for my part I am sorry. He is not rich, but he is a good fellow—he is devotedly attached to Barbara, and his abilities are quite above the average. Yes, I am sorry for Mr. Carleton. Barbara might have done worse than return his affection."

I did not feel inclined to pursue the subject any further with this somewhat garrulous lady. After a pause, I remarked:—

"Miss Farnham looks tired, and does not seem in her usual spirits."

Miss Derrick shrugged her thin shoulders.

"What else can you expect?" she

answered. "Barbara is a creature of moods. She was quite *exaltée* all the morning; now she will be correspondingly dull, until a fresh wave of excitement raises her spirits."

At this moment the signal for the ladies to withdraw was given. After their departure, Carleton and Randall found themselves sitting close together. I noticed that neither man spoke to the other, and also observed that after a time Carleton deliberately changed his seat for one at a distant part of the table.

'CARLETON DELIBERATELY CHANGED HIS SEAT."

We did not sit long over wine, and when we came into the drawing-room a lady was playing some classical music with precision and sufficient brilliancy to attract several musical men to the vicinity of the piano. Her place was quickly taken by the droll man of the party, who entertained the company with comic songs. The evening dragged on in the usual manner. For some unaccountable reason no one seemed quite in good spirits. As for me, I found myself constantly looking in the direction of the door. I heartily wished that either Carleton or Randall would come in—I acknowledged to myself that the presence of one at least of these gentlemen in the room would give me relief.

An hour and more passed away, however, and neither of them appeared. I glanced towards Miss Farnham. She was standing near the piano, idly playing with a large feather fan. I thought I read both solicitude and expectation in her eyes.

The funny man was trolling out a sea-song to which a lively chorus was attached. Brabazon came up and touched my arm.

"When that is over," he said, in a low voice, "I will ask Barbara Farnham to sing."

"Can she sing?" I asked.

"Can she!" he reiterated. "Yes, she sings," he replied, emphatically. "Wait—you will hear her in a moment. Her voice is the most absolutely sympathetic I have ever listened to."

Soon afterwards Miss Farnham went to the piano. She played her own accompaniment. One grand sweep her hands seemed to take of the instrument, as if they meant to embrace it, and then a voice, high, full, sweet, magnificent in its volume of melody, rose on the air and seemed to fill the room.

Brabazon was right. Barbara Farnham could sing. As the words fell from her lips, there was no other sound in the listening room.

I jotted those words down afterwards from memory—they seemed to me to be a fit prelude to the scene which was immediately to follow:—

Thou hast filled me a golden cup
With a drink divine that glows,
With the bloom that is flowing up
From the heart of the folded rose.
The grapes in their amber glow,
And the strength of the blood-red wine,
All mingle and change and flow
In this golden cup of thine
With the scent of the curling wine,
With the balm of the rose's breath—
For the voice of love is thine,
And thine is the Song of Death!

The voice of the singer sank low as she approached the end of her song. The final words were in a minor key. I looked full at Miss Farnham, and her dark eyes met mine. They were full of apprehension. A kind of premonition of coming sorrow might well have filled her breast from the look in their depths.

There was a noise and sense of confusion in the outer drawing-room. People stood back to make way for someone, and hurrying steps came quickly towards the piano.

Miss Farnham sprang to her feet, the last notes of the song arrested on her lips.

Carleton, an overcoat covering his evening dress, his hair dishevelled, his eyes wild, had come hastily to her side.

"You will think that I have killed him, Barbara; but, before God, it is not true!" he said in a hoarse whisper—then he grasped my arm.

"Come, I want you," he said, and he dragged me, as if he were a young fury, out of the room.

"What, in the name of Heaven, is the matter?" I asked of him when we found ourselves in the hall.

"Randall has fallen over the cliff down by Porran's field," he gasped. "I have found the—the body. Oh! no, no, what am I saying? Not the body yet—not a body when I left it—it breathed—it just breathed when I left. I tried to drag it up here, but it was too heavy. Come at once, for the love of Heaven."

Other people had followed us out of the drawing-room. I encountered a glance of fire from Miss Farnham's dark eyes—her face was like death itself. Brabazon, in a tone full of authority, as befitted the host, began to speak.

"Come!" he said. "Accident or no, there is not a moment to be lost in trying to help the poor fellow. You will lead us to the spot at once, Carleton. Come, Halifax; what a blessing that you happen to be on the spot!"

"Get some brandy and something which we can improvise into a litter or shutter," I exclaimed. "I am going to my room to fetch my surgical case."

I ran upstairs. A moment or two later we were on our way to the scene of the accident. Every man of the party accompanied us, and several of the ladies. The foremost of the group was Miss Farnham herself. She had hastily flung a shawl over her head, and the train of her rich dinner dress was slung across her arm. She looked at Carleton, and with a peremptory gesture seemed to invite him to come to her side. He did so, and they rushed on—too quickly for many of the rest of the party to keep up with them.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and we had scarcely any need of the lantern which Brabazon was thoughtful enough to bring with him. We had to go some distance to reach the spot where poor Randall was lying, but by-and-by we found him stretched partly on his back, partly rolled over on his left side, on a little strip of sand which gleamed cold in the moonlight.

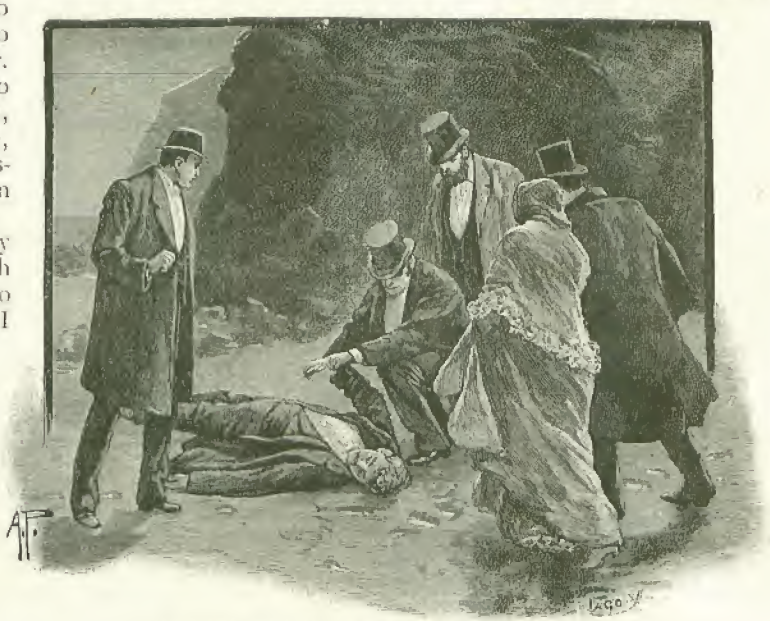
"Yes, it was here I left him," exclaimed Carleton. He fell on his knees as he spoke and looked intently into the poor lad's face.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, looking up at me, "he can't be dead. I dragged him as far as this, and then left him lying on his back. See, he has moved—he is partly on his side now!"

I motioned to Carleton to make way for me to approach. I felt for the pulse in the limp and powerless wrist. I laid my hand on the heart—then I gently raised the head, and felt along the region of the skull.

"You will give him a little brandy," exclaimed Brabazon; "here is the flask."

Miss Farnham took it out of Brabazon's



"I FELT FOR THE PULSE IN THE LIMP AND POWERLESS WRIST."

hands, unscrewed it, and began to pour some into the cup. As she did so, she knelt also on the sand. I looked at her and felt that she would probably need the stimulant which could avail nothing now to the dead.

"It is all over," I said; "he is dead, poor fellow!"

As I spoke, I stretched out my hand and took the brandy flask from Miss Farnham. She looked wildly round, glanced at Carleton, gave a piercing cry, and fell forward over Randall's body. She had completely lost consciousness. I laid her flat on the sand, and, applying some restoratives, she quickly came to her senses.

The body of the dead man was lifted up and laid on some boards which we had brought with us, and we returned slowly to the house. Brabazon gave his arm to Miss Farnham, who truly needed it, for she staggered as she walked. I looked round for Carleton. There was a wild expression in his eyes, which made me anxious about him. I saw, too, that he wished to linger behind the others.

"Come," I said, going up to him, "this has given you a terrible shock; why, you are just as much overcome as Miss Farnham."

I dragged his hand through my arm, and we followed in the rear of the sad procession. All the way up to the house he did not speak, nor did I trouble him with questions. I saw that his misery had made him dumb for the time being—in short, he was in a stunned condition. I dreaded, however, the return tide of strong emotion which must inevitably follow this apparent calm. I guessed that Carleton was a man of strong sensibilities. I could read character well—most men in my profession have much practice in this art. The human eye tells a doctor a good deal. The lips may falter out certain utterances, which the eyes will belie. I read truth and sincerity in the honest eyes of this young man. He was intensely reserved—he was jealous to a morbid degree—he in all probability possessed anything but a good temper; nevertheless, his eyes were honest, and I felt certain that he had nothing whatever to do with poor Randall's death. Nevertheless, I knew well that appearances were strongly against him.

When we got to the house I turned to him and said, abruptly:—

"I should like to see you in Brabazon's smoking-room in about half an hour."

He raised sullen eyes to my face.

"Come," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder, "I tell you at once I do not believe that you killed that poor fellow, but we must talk the matter over. I am anxious to be your friend. It is absolutely necessary that you should confide in someone. I am as unbiased in my views of the whole situation as man can be. Come and talk to me in half an hour in the smoking-room."

He did not say a word, but I knew by the way in which he suddenly grasped my hand that he would come.

The dead man was carried into the library, where he was laid reverently on a table. Brabazon then had a consultation with me as to the best means of breaking the news to Lord and Lady Hartmore. Poor Randall was their only son; it was a terrible business altogether, and Brabazon was naturally greatly distressed.

I asked after Miss Farnham. He told me that she had gone straight to her room. His tone was scarcely sympathetic, and I looked at him in wonder.

"I have no patience with her," he exclaimed. "She has behaved very badly—this awful thing would not have occurred but for her. She has driven poor Carleton ——"

I put up my hand to arrest the words.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "You surely don't——?"

He laughed aloud in his agitation.

"I surely do," he began. "There, Halifax, we won't give the thing a name to-night. Of course, there must be a coroner's inquest."

"Yes," I replied.

"It is a terrible thing altogether," continued Brabazon; "and to think of its happening here. And to Randall, of all people—a man with his expectations. Well, it is a lesson which Miss Farnham may well lay to heart."

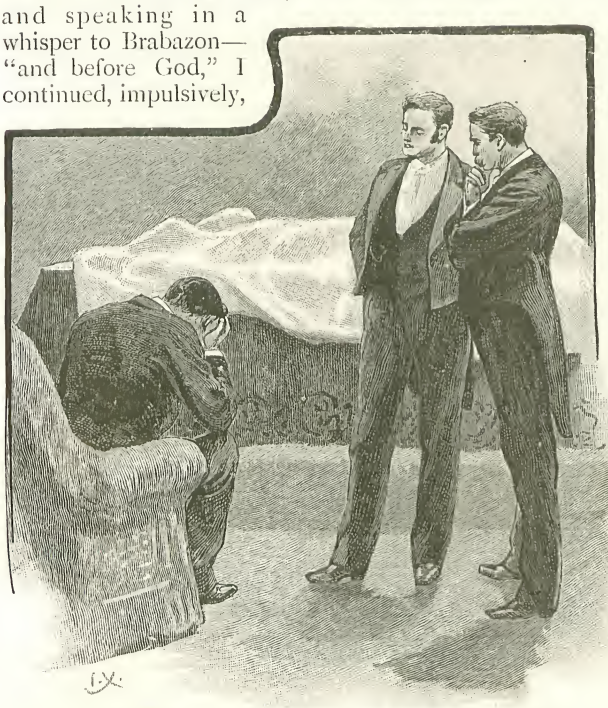
We were standing together in the library—the hour was now nearly midnight. The body of the dead man lay on the centre table covered with a white sheet. There came a knock at the door, and to my dismay and astonishment I saw Carleton enter the room.

"I heard voices, and guessed you would be here," he exclaimed. "I have recovered my nerves to a certain extent, and wish to tell you, sir," looking at his host, "and you also, Dr. Halifax, exactly what has occurred."

"Come into the smoking-room," said Brabazon, not unkindly.

"No," answered the poor lad. "If you will allow me, I will tell my story here. There is not much to tell, but what there is had best be told in the presence of——" his lip trembled—he could not get further words out. He sank suddenly into a chair, and

covered his white face with his shaking hands. "We must humour him," I said, turning and speaking in a whisper to Brabazon—"and before God," I continued, impulsively,



"HE COVERED HIS WHITE FACE WITH HIS SHAKING HANDS."

"I believe he is as innocent as I am."

I drew forward a chair for myself as I spoke, but Brabazon stood by the hearth.

Carleton began to speak almost directly—his emotion was quickly mastered.

"I have loved Barbara Farnham for two years. At intervals she has given me great encouragement, and I had fair hopes of winning her until she met Randall in this house a fortnight ago. This morning I felt desperate, and resolved to put my fortunes to the test. I asked her to give me an interview after breakfast, as you doubtless noticed." He paused, and looked at me—I nodded my head, and he continued: "We went into the conservatory, and I—I spoke to her. I told her the naked truth, perhaps a little too bluntly. I asked her if she really meant to—no, I must not say what I did ask her. It is unfair—unfair to her. From her manner and her words I plainly gathered that she preferred Randall to me, and that I had no chance whatever of winning her. Perhaps I lost my temper—anyhow, it was unmanly of me to say what I did. I accused her of valuing Randall's position. I told her plainly that if Randall and I could change places, I should be the favoured one. We had a disagreement: our interview was full of pain, at least to me.

When I left Miss Farnham the Evil One seemed to enter into me, and I hated Randall as I never knew before that I could hate anyone. I would not ride with the others, but went away by myself, and the whole day has been a long agony to me.

"My hatred to Randall grew worse and worse, until its vehemence half frightened me. We used to be good friends, too. After dinner I felt that I could not bear a couple of conventional hours in the drawing-room, and went out to nurse my misery in the open air. I had no idea that Randall was also out. I went along by the shore, but mounted to the higher cliffs on my way back. I intended to leave Penporran early to-morrow, and felt impatient for the hour when I could get away from the loathsome sight of my successful rival.

"As I was walking along by the edge of the cliffs, and had just entered Porran's field, I felt my heart jump into my mouth, for Randall was coming to meet me. He was about a hundred yards away when I first saw him. He is a taller man than I, and he seemed to stand out sharply between me and the sky. I knew by his attitude that he was smoking a cigar. I stood still for a moment. I did not want to pass him. My heart was full of torment, and I hated to meet him out there, with not a soul to stand between us. You know that part of the cliff, Mr. Brabazon? Randall had just come to that portion of it which is railed in to keep the cattle from tumbling over. I don't know what possessed him to take the outside path, which is very narrow and slippery. He did so, however; and now, for the first time, he must have noticed me. I was within fifty yards of him, coming also along the edge of the cliff. He stood stock still, as if something or somebody had shot him. I thought he was about to shout to me, but instead of doing so, he threw up one hand and clutched his brow. The next instant he began to sway from side to side, and before I could approach him, he had fallen over the cliff, sheer down that awful height!

"My absolute surprise stunned me for a moment—then I ran up to the spot where he had fallen, and throwing myself on my face and hands, looked over the cliff, in the hopes that he might have clung on to something. The moon was bright, but I could not see him. Looking down from that height made me dizzy, and I saw there was nothing for it but to retrace my steps as fast as possible to the shore. I ran quickly, and was breathless when I got up to him. He was lying on his back, with his arms stretched out—some blood was oozing from his mouth. I wiped it away and called to him, and putting my arms under his head, tried to lift him. He moaned and moved faintly. I felt his limbs—they seemed all right. I had a wild hope that he was only stunned, and tried to drag him along the shore. He was too heavy for me, however, and I feared that I was only injuring him in my attempt to get him back to the house. I laid him as easily as I could on a piece of sand above high-water mark, and then ran back to Penporran. It was on my way back that the awful idea first occurred to me that Barbara would think I had killed him. I seemed to see all the circumstances of his terrible death with preternatural clearness, and I felt sure that the gravest suspicion would attach to me. I have come to this room now to tell you both, before Heaven, and in the presence of the dead man, the solemn truth. Of course, I cannot compel you to believe me."

Carleton stood up as he uttered these last words. His attitude was very manly, and the look on his face was at once straightforward and quiet. I liked him better than I thought I ever could have liked him. I felt deep sympathy for him, and looked at Brabazon, expecting him to share my sentiments. To my surprise, however, I saw by the expression round his lips that he was not favourably impressed by Carleton, and that his feelings towards him were the reverse of sympathetic.

Carleton looked full at him, expecting him to speak. When he did not, the poor fellow repeated his last remark, a faint quaver perceptible in his voice:—

"Of course, I cannot compel you to believe me."

"Thank you for coming to see us," said Brabazon then; "you have been the first to give name to a suspicion which will, doubtless, be harboured by more than one person who has known all the circumstances of this unhappy case. I sincerely pity you, Carleton, but I prefer to keep my judgment in abeyance for the time being. Halifax will tell you that a coroner's inquest will be necessary. At the inquest the whole matter will be gone carefully into. You may be certain that all possible justice will be done you."

"Justice!" exclaimed Carleton, a faint smile playing for an instant round his lips. "Justice, when there were no witnesses! Oh, that the dead could speak!" He turned abruptly and prepared to leave the room.

Brabazon called after him.

"You must give me your word of honour that you will not attempt to leave Penporran before the inquest."

"You may rest assured on that point," said Carleton.

He left the room. The restraint he was putting upon himself gave a dignity to his whole bearing which impressed me much.

"I fully believe in that poor fellow's innocence," I said, as soon as the door had closed behind him. Brabazon gave me a keen glance.

"You are a good judge of character," he said, after a pause; "still, I prefer to keep my judgment in abeyance."

Shortly afterwards he bade me good-night, and I retired to my own room. I closed the door and stood by the hearth, where the ashes of the fire, which had been lit some hours previous and had long ago burnt itself out, were to be seen.

I felt too restless to go to bed, and wished the morning would come. I was standing so, thinking over all the circumstances which had turned our gay party into one of mourning, when I heard a footfall outside my door. I thought it might possibly be Carleton, and going across the room, I opened the door and went out into the corridor. To my astonishment, Miss Farnham, still wearing her gay evening dress, stood before me.

"I was thinking of knocking at your door," she said, "but had scarcely courage to do so. I want to speak to you."

"I will see you in the morning," I said.

"It is morning already," she replied. "This is no time for conventionality, Dr. Halifax; I wish to speak to you now. You cannot sleep, and no more can I. Please follow me to Mrs. Brabazon's sitting-room, where a fire and a lamp are still burning."

She led the way, and I obeyed her without a word.

"Now tell me the truth," she said, the moment we found ourselves in the room. "Will Mr. Carleton be accused of having murdered poor Arthur Randall?"

"PLEASE FOLLOW ME."

"There is no doubt that grave suspicion will attach to him," I answered, without hesitation.

"But you think him innocent?" she queried.

"I think him innocent. As innocent as you or I."

"Oh, don't speak of me," she said, sinking suddenly on the sofa. "Pray don't mention my innocence. But for me this tragedy would never have happened."

I looked long at her before I replied.

"In one sense you may be right," I answered; "it is quite possible that but for you Carleton would not have witnessed Randall's death. Still, you must not be unfair to yourself—you are not accountable for the sudden brain seizure which must have caused Randall to reel and fall over the cliff."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Carleton has just described the accident to Brabazon and me," I answered. "He saw Randall sway and fall over the cliff. I believe his story, although I fear few people will agree with me."

"I don't know the story," she said, faintly. "Pray tell it to me."

I did so in a few words.

"You believe all this?" she said, with intense eagerness, when I had done speaking.

"Yes."

"How do you account for Mr. Randall's death?"

I could not help sighing deeply.

"You allude now to the difficulty of the position," I said. "At the present moment I cannot account for Randall's death. A man in perfect health is not often attacked with such violent vertigo as to cause him to lose the power of keeping himself upright." Then I paused—I was thinking deeply. "Undoubtedly there have been such cases," I said, "but they are rare."

I remembered, as I spoke, Randall's change of colour and the sudden pressure of his hand to his head that morning at breakfast.

"You have seen a good deal of the poor fellow," I said. "Did he ever at any time complain of peculiar symptoms to you? Did you ever notice anything about him which would lead you not to suppose him in perfect health?"

"Never," she said at once, emphatically. "He always seemed to me to be the perfect embodiment of the rudest health and strength."

"The death is very mysterious," I said; "and while I personally believe poor Carleton's story, I fear matters will go hard with him."

I was about to leave the room, as I did not imagine Miss Farnham could have anything further to say to me, when she exclaimed, impulsively, her eyes filled with the most terrible anguish, her face turning white as death: "If, indeed, this thing is true, and if Ronald Carleton has to suffer in consequence of Mr. Randall's death, I shall put an end to my own life."

"Nonsense!" I said, sharply. "You must not speak in that wild way. You know you don't mean a word that you say."

"You mistake me," she replied. "I exaggerate nothing. I state a simple fact when I tell you that if Ronald Carleton suffers for this, my remorse will be greater than I can bear. I have behaved badly to him."

"Yes, God knows you have!" I interrupted. I felt angry with her, and did not want to spare her at that moment. "You have

behaved badly to as honest and true-hearted a man as ever breathed. When will beautiful women like you learn that men's hearts are not mere balls to be kicked here and there?"

"Oh, yes, you are right to abuse me," she said. "Go on, go on. I am so unhappy that nothing you can say will add to my pain. My cup of misery is full. I have ruined the man I love."

"The man you love?" I queried, looking at her in astonishment. "Nay, you must not be too hard on yourself. You surely are not accountable for Randall's tragic end. If Carleton's story is true, he died from sudden vertigo. You were kind to him while he lived — you have nothing to reproach yourself with on that score."

"Yes, I have," she answered, with sudden passion. "I deceived him. I made him think that I loved him; in reality, he was nothing to me. It is Ronald Carleton whom I love."

"Then, in the name of the Evil One——" I began.

"Yes, you may well quote the Evil One," she retorted. "I think he has been about the house all day. I think he entered into me this morning when poor Ronald spoke to me. The Evil One held me back then from telling him what I really thought. I gave him to understand that I—I hated him, and all the time I loved him—I loved him then—I love him now—I shall love him for ever! The dead man is nothing to me: less than nothing!"

She began to walk up and down the room; fever spots burnt on her cheeks; her eyes looked wild; she clenched her right hand.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, after a pause. "You have been good enough to confide in me: you must have done so for a reason."

She stopped her restless walk and came close to me.

"I have heard of you before, Dr. Halifax," she said. "This is not the first time you have been asked to help people in trouble. I want you to help me—will you help me?"

"With all my power, if I can."

"You can. Find out what killed Mr. Randall. Save Ronald Carleton."

"I wish I could," I said, reflectively.

"Oh, it won't be difficult," she replied.

I looked at her in surprise.

"What can you mean?" I asked.

To my amazement, she flung herself on her knees at my feet.

"You can invent something," she said, clasping my hand and pressing it frantically between both her own. "Oh, it would not be a crime—and it would save a life—two lives. Say you saw symptoms of apoplexy. Say—oh, you will know what to say—and you are a great doctor, and you will be believed."

"SHE FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES AT MY FEET."

"Get up," I said, sternly; "I will forgive your wild words, for circumstances have excited you so much that you do not quite know what you are saying. Believe me that nothing would give me more sincere satisfaction than to be able to discover the real cause of poor Randall's death. But you mistake your man utterly when you make the suggestion you do. Now I must leave you. It is almost morning, and I have

promised to meet Brabazon downstairs at an early hour."

I went back to my own room, where I sat in anxious thought until the time which Brabazon had appointed for us to meet arrived. I then went down to the smoking-room, where I found him.

He looked harassed and ill—no wonder. The subject we had met to discuss was how best the news of their only son's death was to be broken to Lord and Lady Hartmore. The Hartmores' place was situated about a hundred miles away. Brabazon said that there was nothing whatever for it but to telegraph the unhappy circumstance to them.

"And I fear doing so very much," he added, "for Hartmore is not strong: he has a rather dangerous heart affection."

"Don't telegraph," I said, impulsively; "I will go and see them."

"You!" exclaimed Brabazon. "That would be an immense relief. You will know how to break the news in the least startling way. I should recommend you to see Lady Hartmore if possible first—she is a strong-minded woman, and has a fine character. But, at best, the shock will be terrible—it is good of you, Halifax, to undertake so fearful a mission."

"Not at all," I replied. "Will you come with me?"

"I fear I cannot. My wife is very much shaken, and I ought not to leave her with a house full of people."

"I suppose most of your guests will leave to-day?"

"Probably; still, for the time being, they are here. Then there is the inquest, which will most likely take place to-day."

"I was going to propose," I said, "that a post-mortem examination should precede the inquest."

Brabazon raised his brows—he looked annoyed.

"Is that necessary?" he asked—"a post-mortem examination will only add needlessly to the sufferings of the unfortunate parents. In this case, surely, the cause of death is clearly defined—fracture of the skull?"

"The cause of death *is* clearly defined," I answered, "but not the cause of the sudden vertigo."

"The sudden vertigo, according to Carleton's account," corrected Brabazon. He did not say anything further for a moment—nor did I. After a pause, he continued: "As you are good enough to say you will go to Tregunnel, I will ask you to take poor Randall's last letter with you. I went into his room yesterday evening, and found one directed to his mother on the writing-table. She will prize it, of course. Now I had better look up your train."

He did so, and half an hour afterwards I was driving as fast as a pair of horses could take me to the nearest railway station. I caught an early train to Tregunnel, and arrived there between nine and ten that morning. A cab conveyed me to the castle, which stood on a little eminence above the sleepy-looking town.

My errand was, in truth, a gloomy one. During the journey I had made up my mind for every reason to see Lady Hartmore first. When the servant opened the door, I asked for her, and giving the man my card, told him that I wished to see his mistress alone on a matter of urgent importance. I was shown into a morning-room, and in a very short time Lady Hartmore came in. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, with a likeness to her dead son about her kindly, well-opened eyes and pleasant mouth.

My name and the message I had sent to her by the servant naturally startled her. She gave me a keen glance when she entered the room, which I returned with interest. I saw at once that her heart was strong enough, her nature brave enough, to stand the full weight of the terrible calamity without breaking down.

"I have come to see you on a most painful matter," I began at once. "I am just now visiting the Brabazons at Penporran."

"Then it is something about my son," she exclaimed, instantly. Her face grew very pale; she pressed her hand to her left side, and looked hurriedly towards the door.

"Lord Hartmore may come in, if you are not quick," she said. "He was in the breakfast-room when the servant brought me your card and message. Please tell what you have got to say at once—I can bear a shock, but he cannot."

Poor wife! poor mother! Her eyes looked at me with dumb entreaty, while her lips uttered the words of courage.

"Women like you, Lady Hartmore," I could not help uttering, impulsively, "are always brave. It is my terrible mission to inflict a great blow upon you—your son has met with an accident."

"Is he dead?" she asked. She came close to me as she spoke, her voice had sunk to a hoarse whisper.

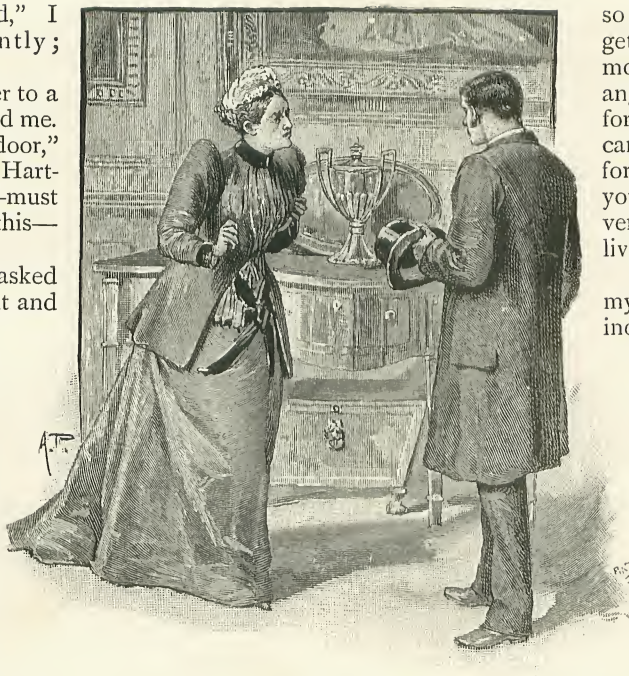
"He is dead," I replied, instantly; "sit down."

I motioned her to a chair—she obeyed me.

"Lock the door," she said; "Lord Hartmore must not—must not know of this—quite yet."

I did what she asked me, and then went and stood with my back to her in one of the windows.

As I did so I felt in my pocket for the letter which Brabazon was to have given me. It was not there. I then remembered that in the excitement of my getting off in time to catch the train we must both have forgotten it.



"'IS HE DEAD?' SHE ASKED."

After a time Lady Hartmore's voice, sounding hollow and low, reached my ears.

"Tell me the particulars," she said.

I did so. I sat down near her and told them as briefly as possible. She listened attentively. When I had finished she said, in a puzzled tone:—

"I cannot account for the sudden giddiness. Arthur always had excellent health." Then she looked me full in the face. "Do you believe the story, Dr. Halifax?"

I thought for a moment, then I said, emphatically:—

"Yes, I believe it."

She did not speak at all for the best part of a moment. Then she gave a heavy sigh.

"After all," she said, "the thing that affects us is the death. He is dead. The inevitable has overtaken him. It scarcely matters how it happened—at least not now—not to me."

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "it matters a great deal how it happened. The cause of your son's death will be a question of anxious investigation—of the gravest and most searching inquiries. I fully believe the story which Carleton told us last night, but there are others who will—who must—suspect him of foul play. Is it possible, Lady Hartmore—is it in any way within the province of woman, so completely to forget herself in this moment of terrible anguish, as to live for another? You can do nothing now for the dead, but you can do much, very much, for the living."

"You mean for my husband?" she inquired.

"Not alone for your husband—not even principally for him. You can do much for the man who will be accused of the crime of having murdered your son. I can only repeat my firm conviction of his innocence, but the grounds for my belief, at present, go for nothing; circumstances prove a grave case against him. Your son, to all appearance, was much attached to the girl whom Carleton loved and loves. Yesterday morning Carleton received what he considered a final rejection from Miss Farnham. She spent the day with your son; she gave him every encouragement. Carleton was morose, gloomy, jealous. His jealousy and gloom were noticed by every member of our party. Carleton and your son both absented themselves from the drawing-room after dinner. It was during that time that the accident, which deprived your son of his life, took place. There will, of course, be a coroner's inquest. At the inquest the circumstances which I have just alluded to will come out, and there is no question but that Carleton will be arrested on suspicion and sent to trial—unless, indeed, you will help me."

"How can I help you?" she asked. "What am I to do? You ask me to share your belief, which seems to me to be based on nothing. Suppose I cannot share it?"

I was silent for a moment.

"I will tell you what I want you to do," I said then. "I want you to join me in insisting on having a post-mortem examination."

She gave me a glance of horror.

"Why?" she asked. "Why must the sleep of the dead be disturbed?"

Before I could answer her, Lord Hartmore's voice was heard at the door.

She was a brave woman, but at the sound of her husband's voice her courage for a moment deserted her.

"How—how can I break it to him?" she gasped. "Oh, please, don't leave me."

"No," I said, "I will stay with you."

I unlocked the door myself, and a white-headed, feeble-looking man came querulously into the room.

His wife rose to meet him. She put her arms round him and some way, somehow, conveyed the terrible tidings to his mind. I need scarcely linger over the hour that followed. At the end of that time I was accompanying the Hartmores back to Penporran. During the journey my companions were almost completely silent. Lady Hartmore kept her veil down, and, I felt sure, wished to avoid speaking to me. The old lord was completely prostrated with grief. Not by word or hint had either parent given me the slightest clue by which I could insist on a post-mortem examination. Their son had evidently enjoyed perfect health during his brief life. I saw that circumstances were very black against Carleton.

It was evening when we reached Penporran. Lord and Lady Hartmore went at once to a private suite of rooms which had been got ready for their reception. As soon as I could I sought an interview with Brabazon.

"Most of our visitors have left us," he said. "But Miss Farnham and, of course, Carleton, remain. The inquest is to take place in the library at an early hour to-morrow."

I was silent for a moment, then I said, abruptly:—

"Even at the risk of annoying you, Brabazon, I must repeat my strong desire that a post-mortem should precede the coroner's inquest."

"Have you spoken to the Hartmores on the subject?" inquired Brabazon.

I told him that I had mentioned my wish to Lady Hartmore.

"And what did she say?" he asked.

"She shrank from the idea with horror," I was obliged to confess.

"You can scarcely blame her," said Brabazon. "Why should the poor fellow's body be unnecessarily disturbed? The fact is, I have the greatest faith in your judgment, Halifax, but I think in the present instance you carry your sympathy for Ronald Carleton too far. The cause of death in the case of poor Randall was so absolutely apparent, that I do not think you will get the coroner to consent to a post-mortem."

"There is one thing that occurred to me," I said: "if Randall met his death by violence, there would be some traces of a struggle at the spot where he fell over. Randall would not tamely submit to murder—he was a big man and muscular. Has the path along the cliff been carefully searched?"

"Yes," replied Brabazon, "and there is no trace anywhere of a struggle. A little blood has been discovered on a sharp point of rock just where Carleton described the fall to have taken place. The marks of a heavy body being dragged along the sands above high-water mark have also been seen. All these evidences are, of course, I am bound to say, quite consistent with Carleton's story. The blood on the rock indicates also the exact spot of the accident."

"That was where the vault of the skull was broken," I said. "By the way, you forgot to give me poor Randall's letter to his mother. Doubtless Lady Hartmore would like to have it without a moment's delay."

Brabazon started, and put his hand in his pocket.

"I put the letter here," he said, "intending to give it to you as you were starting; of course, I forgot it. Here it is: no, though, there is nothing in my pocket. Surely I can't have dropped it anywhere. I know I put it here this morning. I rushed up to the poor fellow's room to fetch it just when the brougham was coming round."

"You did not give it to me," I said; "that letter ought to be found: it may be of the utmost importance. Was that the coat you wore this morning?"

"Yes, I have not been out of it all day; you don't know what a rush and confusion the whole place has been in."

"You will look for the letter, won't you, Brabazon? I cannot quite tell you why, but it will give me a sense of relief to know that it has been found before the inquest takes place to-morrow morning."

Soon afterwards we parted. I went into one of the morning-rooms, where I found Mrs. Brabazon. I made inquiries with regard to Carleton and Miss Farnham.

"I have not seen either of them," replied my hostess. "I believe Mr. Carleton has spent the day in his room, and a servant told me that Barbara Farnham was not well. I hear she has not risen at all to-day."

"Poor girl!" I ejaculated.

Mrs. Brabazon looked at me with languid interest—she was a very lethargic person.

"Yes," she ejaculated, after a pause—"this tragedy will be a sad blow to Barbara. She is as ambitious as she is handsome. She would have made a regal-looking Lady Hartmore."

I said nothing further—I could not betray the poor girl's secret, nor let Mrs. Brabazon know what a small place high position and greatness occupied just now in Miss Farnham's thoughts.

Just before the inquest the next morning, I asked Brabazon if the missing letter had been found.

"No," he said—"I cannot tell you how vexed I am about it. Every conceivable hole and corner both in the house and out has been searched, but no trace of the letter has been discovered. What I fear is that when I was down on the shore yesterday making investigations, it may have dropped out of my pocket and been washed away with the incoming tide. I cannot think of any other cause for its absolute disappearance. I beg of you, Halifax, not to say anything to Lady Hartmore about it for the present."

"Of course not," I answered, in some surprise at the request.

I then ran upstairs. I must, of course, be present at the inquest, but I had still a moment at my disposal. I went boldly to Miss Farnham's door and knocked. After a very brief pause she opened it herself and stood before me. She was fully dressed. Her face was of a dead white—all the beautiful warmth of colour had fled.

"I am told I must be present at the inquest," she said. "Is it time for me to go downstairs? Have you come to fetch me?" She shuddered visibly as she spoke.

"I have come to ask you to help me," I said, eagerly. "I will manage to account for your absence in the library. Put on your hat; I want you to go out at once."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in astonishment.

"I will tell you," I said. "On the day of his death Randall wrote a letter to his mother. That letter has been lost. Brabazon had it in his pocket and has dropped it—no one knows where. There is no saying, Miss Farnham, what important evidence that letter may contain. I am sure it is not in the house. Brabazon believes that he dropped it when exploring the coast yesterday. Will you go at once and look for it? The moment you discover it, bring it to the library. Now, be as quick as ever you can."

"Yes," she replied, the soul in her eyes leaping up with a sudden renewed joy. She turned, pinned a hat on her head, wrapped a shawl round her, and ran downstairs. Her woman's wit grasped the whole situation at a glance. I went to the library, feeling assured that if poor Randall's letter were still in existence, Miss Farnham would find it.

There were present at the inquest Lady Hartmore, Brabazon and his wife, Carleton, and two gentlemen who had not yet left the house. Also, of course, the coroner and the jury. The moment I entered the room I glanced at the coroner; I had not seen him before. He was a little old gentleman, with a somewhat irascible expression of face, and a testy manner. I looked from him to poor Carleton, whom I had not seen since the time when he told his story in this room. The body of the dead man had been placed in a shell, and still occupied the central table of the library. Lady Hartmore sat near it. A sheet covered the face of the dead. Once I saw her raise her hand and touch the sheet reverently. She had the attitude of one who was protecting the body from intended violence. Her position and the look on her face reminded me of Rispah.

I looked again from her to Carleton. It was necessary for me to glance at the poor fellow, and to notice the despair on his face, to enable me to go up to the coroner, and urge upon him the necessity of a post-mortem preceding the inquest. He did not take my suggestion kindly.

"The cause of death is abundantly evident," he said, with irritation. "I cannot counsel a post-mortem examination."

"And I will not hear of it," said Lady Hartmore, looking at me with eyes full of reproach.

"Pray say nothing more about it," exclaimed Carleton.

I bowed, and sat down.

The inquest was conducted with extreme care, but soon Miss Farnham's presence was found necessary, and her absence commented upon. I saw Carleton start when her name was mentioned, and a look of extreme distress filled his eyes.

"I will go and find her," said Mrs. Brabazon, leaving the room.

She returned in a moment to say that Miss Farnham was not in her room, and that no one seemed to know anything about her.

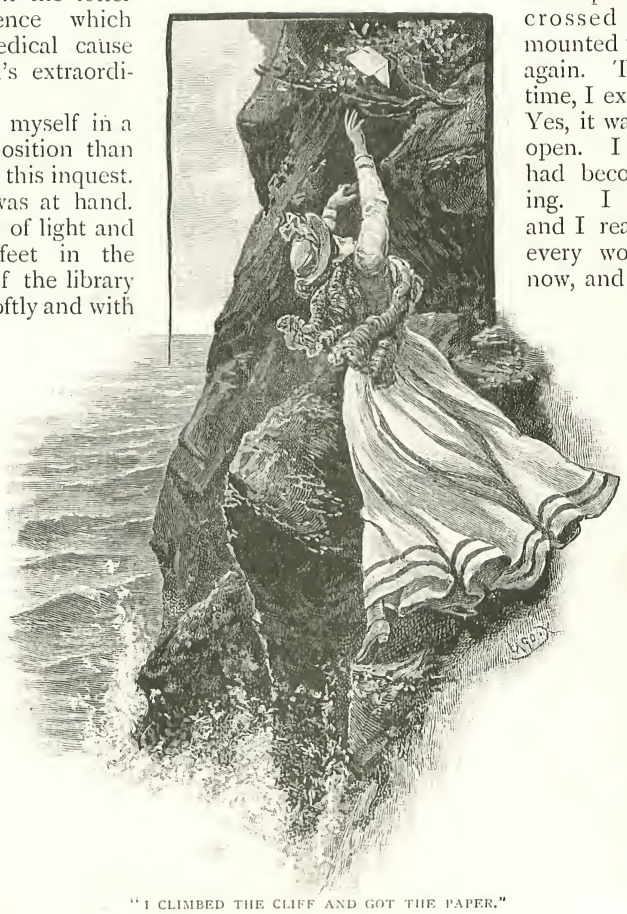
"I have sent several servants into the grounds to look for her," she said.

As Miss Farnham was an important witness, having spent almost the entire day previous to his death with poor Randall, proceedings were delayed during her absence.

The case, however, seemed as black as could be against Carleton, and I had not the least doubt that the coroner would order a warrant to be issued for his arrest on suspicion.

My one last hope now hung on Miss Farnham's being able to find the missing letter, and then on the letter containing evidence which would give a medical cause for poor Randall's extraordinary death.

I seldom found myself in a more torturing position than during the time of this inquest. Relief, however, was at hand. I heard the sound of light and quickly moving feet in the hall. The door of the library was opened, not softly and with reverent hush, but with the eager, impetuous movement of someone in hot haste. Miss Farnham came into the room with a wild colour in her cheeks and a wild, bright light in her eyes. Her skirts were draggled and wet, her hair was loosened and fell over her shoulders—she had cast away both hat and shawl.



"I CLIMBED THE CLIFF AND GOT THE PAPER."

"There," she said, going straight up to Lady Hartmore; "there's your letter—the last letter your son ever wrote to you. It was lost, or supposed to be lost, but I found it. I walked along the cliff, close to the edge—very close. There is a part where the cliff is undermined. I lay on my face and hands and looked over. I saw, far below me, a tiny ledge of rock: there was a bush growing there, and, sticking in the bush, something white—it might be a useless rag or a piece of torn paper, or it might be a letter of importance. The tide was coming in fast; still, I thought that I had time. I put wings to my feet and rushed down a narrow path which led to the beach below. The tide had already come up and was wetting the base of the rock above which the bush which contained the white paper stood.

"I waded through the water and climbed the cliff and got the paper. I scrambled down again. When I came back the water was up to my knees. I crossed it safely, and mounted to the higher cliff again. Then, for the first time, I examined my prize. Yes, it was a letter—it was open. I don't know what had become of its covering. I sat on the grass and I read it—yes, I read every word. Here it is now, and you can read it. Read it aloud, please, for it is important — it explains—it saves! Ronald, it saves you!" Here the excited girl paused in her eager narrative, and turned her full gaze upon Carleton, who was bending forward to listen to her. "It saves you," she repeated; "it exonerates you completely!"

The commotion and interest which Miss Farnham's words and manner excited can be better felt than described. Lady Hartmore stood up and confronted the breathless girl. She held out her hand and clutched the letter, which was torn and dirty from its long exposure to wind and weather. She held it close and looked at it. It was in the beloved writing of the dead. The dead man was her only son—the letter was addressed to her, his mother. It contained a

last message from the brain now silent—from the heart now still.

Tears filled her eyes.

"I must read this letter in private," she faltered. "This last letter of my boy's is too sacred for anyone but his mother to hear—I must read it alone."

"No," interrupted Miss Farnham, "it contains important information. I will call upon the coroner to insist on its being read aloud. I risked my life to get it. Another life hangs upon the information it contains. Dr. Halifax, you are a medical man—will you insist on this letter being read aloud?"

I went up to Lady Hartmore and said something to her in a low voice. She listened attentively—she considered my words. After a pause she put the letter into my hands.

"If it must be, it must," she said. "This is the last drop in the bitterness of my cup."

She sat down, and flinging out her two arms, stretched them over the body of the dead man. Once more her attitude and manner reminded me of Rispah.

Miss Farnham stood close to Lady Hartmore. She forgot her dishevelled hair, her disordered appearance. All her soul filled the eyes which she raised expectantly to my face.

I glanced hurriedly through the letter—then I spoke.

"There is a good deal in this sheet of paper which is strictly private," I said, "and need not be read for the benefit of the coroner and the jury; but there are some sentences referring to the state of Mr. Randall's health which are, as Miss Farnham remarked, of the utmost importance. I will now proceed to read that portion of the letter."

I did so in a loud, clear voice.

These were poor Randall's words:—

"As far as I can tell, I am in perfect health, but for the last week or so, I have been suffering at intervals from a strange form of giddiness. I feel as though I were made to turn round and round, or against my will impelled to go forwards, or backwards, or to one side. Sometimes the giddiness takes another form—I fancy that objects are revolving round *me*. I am perfectly conscious all the time, but the giddiness is generally accompanied by a distinct sensation of nausea. Very often the act of closing my eyes removes the vertigo completely for the time being. When the attack goes off I feel perfectly well, only I fancy I am suffering from continued deafness in my right ear. I don't know why I am impelled to tell you this—it is not worth making a fuss over. If I were to consult a medical man, he would probably set it down to a form of indigestion. I had a slight attack this morning at breakfast. If it continues or gets worse, I will take the opportunity of consulting a London doctor who happens to be in the house."

I did not read any more, but folding up the letter returned it to Lady Hartmore. Both Carleton and Miss Farnham had approached each other in their excitement.

I looked beyond them to the coroner.

"I am sure," I said, "that I now express Lady Hartmore's sentiments as well as my own, when I demand that this inquest be adjourned until a post-mortem examination has been made on the body of the dead man. The symptoms which he describes in the letter which I have just read aloud distinctly point to a disease of the inner ear, well known to the medical faculty, although not of common occurrence. I will ask the coroner to take immediate steps to get the services of two independent doctors to conduct the post-mortem, at which I should wish to be present."

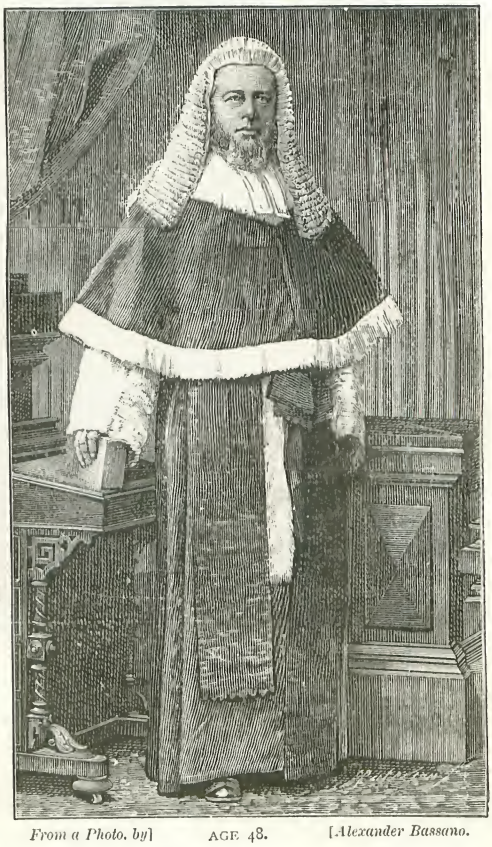
My words were followed by a slight pause—the coroner then agreed to my wishes, and the inquest was adjourned.

The post-mortem took place on the afternoon of that same day, and the results amply accounted for the strange symptoms which poor Randall had so faithfully described in his last letter to his mother. On the right side of that portion of the base of the skull which contains the delicate organs of hearing, we found a small, bony excrescence growing down into the labyrinth or inner ear. This, though small, was undoubtedly the cause of the terrible attacks of vertigo which the poor fellow complained of, and in one of which he met with his tragic death.

The coroner's inquest was resumed on the following day, and, of course, Carleton was abundantly exonerated.

It was two years afterwards, however, before I accidentally saw in the *Times* the announcement of his marriage with Miss Farnham.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 34. *[J. P. Long, Exeter.*



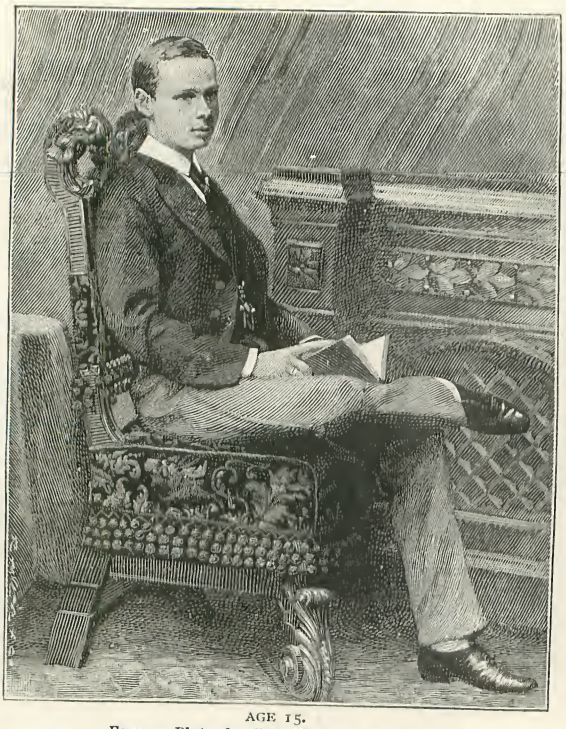
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 48. *[Alexander Bassano.*

## MR. JUSTICE LOPES.

BORN 1828.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CHARLES LOPES, P.C., Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal, third son of the late Sir Ralph Lopes, the second baronet of Maristow, was born at Devonport, and received his education at Winchester School and at Balliol College, Oxford (B.A. 1850). He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1852. Mr. Lopes was made Recorder of Exeter in 1867, obtained his silk gown in 1869, and was elected a Bencher of his Inn shortly afterwards. In April, 1868, he was returned to the House of Commons as member for Launceston. On November 3rd, 1876, he accepted the vacant Judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas, and shortly afterwards received the honour of Knighthood. In 1885 he was appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal, and subsequently sworn of the Privy Council. Sir Henry was Treasurer of the Inner Temple for the year 1890, and is a member of the Council of Legal Education.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *Elliott & Fry.*



AGE 15.
*From a Photo. by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.*

AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.*

## THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

BORN 1868.

THE marriage of the Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg and Edinburgh to the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, which is fixed to take place on April the 22nd, and at which Her Majesty the Queen, the Emperor of Germany, and other notabilities will be present, will almost coincide with the appearance of these portraits. H.R.H. the Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse Darmstadt was born in Darmstadt, Germany, on the 25th of November, 1868, and succeeded his father, Louis IV., to the throne in March, 1892. On his accession to the throne he concluded his speech with the following words: "I shall try to follow in the footsteps of my dear father. And I beg of you to help me as you have helped him, not for duty only, but also out of love." The Duke is the eldest son of the late Princess Alice, and is, therefore, a grandson of the Queen. In offering our sincere congratulations and best wishes to the youthful pair, we are sure that every reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will cordially join us.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 2. *[Schevegerle, Coburg.*

## PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA OF SAXE-COBURG AND EDINBURGH.

BORN 1876.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA, of whom we have the pleasure of here presenting a most charming set of portraits, is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Edinburgh. She was born on the 25th of November, 1876, and it will be seen that the happy pair therefore celebrate their respective birthdays on the same date.

*From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.* AGE 10.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 14. *[W. & D. Downey.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 4. *[W. & D. Downey.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Heath, Plymouth.*

*From a]* AGE 4. *[Drawing.*

## THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

BORN 1824.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN JAS. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., was born at Burdwan, Bengal, of a family of French extraction, that came over to this country at the revocation of the French Edict of Nantes. He was

*From a]* AGE 24. *[Daguerreotype.*

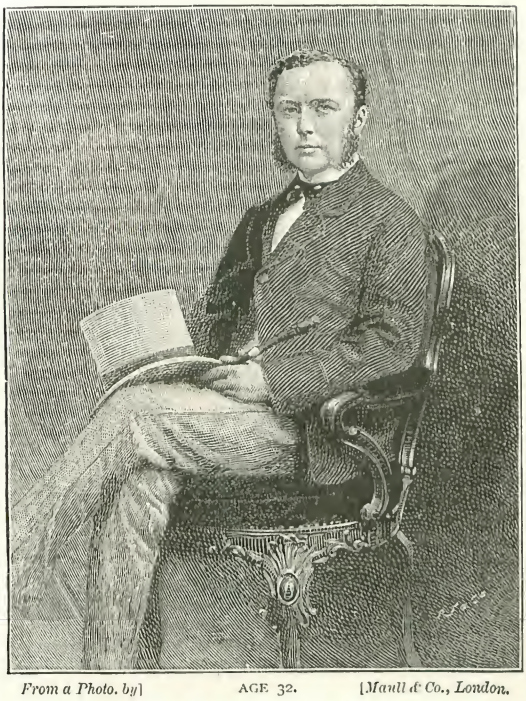
educated at Norwich Grammar School, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Dr. Perowne took his B.A. degree in 1845, and that of M.A. in 1848, and was elected a Fellow of his College in 1849. He

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 38. *[Kilburn, Regent St.*

was appointed Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in 1875. In 1890 he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, in succession to Dr. Philpott, who resigned.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a*] AGE 15. [*Bust.*



*From a Photo. by*] AGE 32. [*Maull & Co., London.*

MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.

BORN 1836.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P., is the second son of the late Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, Forfarshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A., 1858—M.A., 1861). He is a magistrate for the counties of Lanark and Kent, and has represented the Stirling Boroughs in the Liberal interest since December, 1868. He was Financial Secretary at the War Office from 1871 to 1874; was again appointed to that office in 1880; and in May, 1882, succeeded Mr. Trevelyan as

*From a Photo. by*] AGE 41. [*Van Bosh, Paris.*

Secretary to the Admiralty. On the resignation of Mr. Trevelyan he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1884–5, and has held the office of Secretary of State for War since 1892.

*From a Photo. by*] PRESENT DAY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

# *Crimes and Criminals.*

## No. III.—COINERS AND COINING.

FIG. 1.—BURNISHING BOARD.

THE up-to-date counterfeit-money coiner is one of the most difficult individuals with whom the police have to deal. He is a positive artist. He no longer cuts shillings with a pair of scissors out of brass and silvers them over, as was done in the early part of the present century. He employs more scientific means, and his methods are such that only men of considerable ingenuity and inventive powers could possibly hope to bring them to a successful issue. But, alas! as in most things—woman's in it!—and to the fair sex belongs the first case on record in which any person appears to have been executed for counterfeiting the coin of the realm.

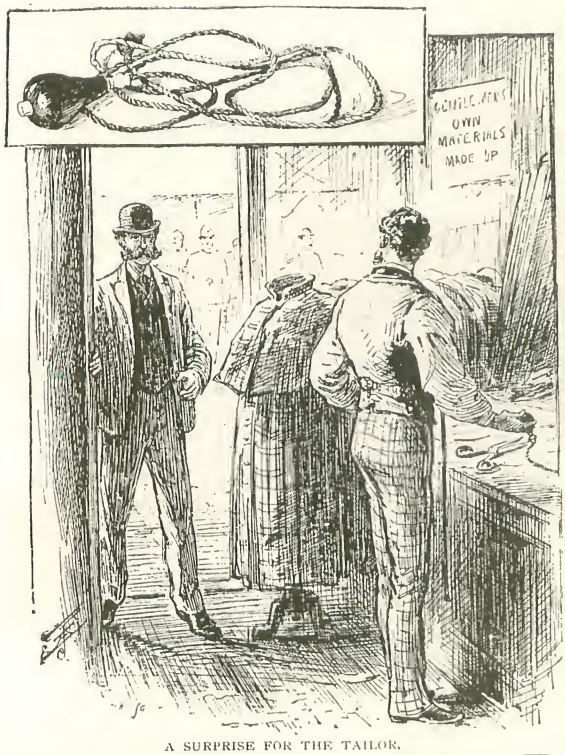
In May, 1721, Barbara Spencer had the crime brought nome to her of indulging in the—in those days—highly treasonable pastime of manufacturing shilling pieces. She employed two other women, Alice Hall and Elizabeth Bray, to act as her agents, or "passers," and it is a significant fact that in almost every case of counterfeiting up to the present day women are employed in this particular branch of the profession. Barbara, it should be mentioned, was strangled and burned at Tyburn, on the 5th July, 1721, her accomplices being acquitted.

The question may be asked: Is the manufacture of counterfeit coin in a flourishing condition? The answer is a very decided affirmative. True, the convictions against counterfeiters are few and far between; but that is owing to the very elaborate measures adopted by the counterfeiters themselves of preventing a knowledge of their whereabouts becoming the property of the police. Your next-door neighbour may be a magnificent hand at turning out "five-bob" pieces; your butcher, greengrocer, and milk purveyor may all be adepts at the game. In proof of this, examine this bell and its companion. One is an ordinary electric bell—the other an invalid's bell-push.

Thomas Raven, *alias* Cooper, Beauchamp, and "Tom the Tailor," was a tailor in the salubrious neighbourhood of Bethnal Green. The police made a raid upon the premises and discovered something like 200 pieces of base coin in the cellar below, and between the joists some lampblack, plaster of Paris, and a spoon which had contained molten metal. The coiners were fairly caught. It was the duty of the gentleman in charge of the shop upstairs to give a certain signal with the bell, to warn the enterprising personages downstairs. A mistake was made, and the irrepressible Tom remarked, when told the charge: "Well, I have had a long run; but if they had given the signals right this morning, you would not have had me now."

It was, indeed, a long run. It took three years to run "Tom the Tailor" and a lady who helped to get rid of the coin to earth; and it was believed that the *pseudo* coat-cutter had been making counterfeit coin for the last seventeen years, and before that he had acted as coiners' agent. If time is money, Tom is still at his old occupation—fourteen years' penal servitude.

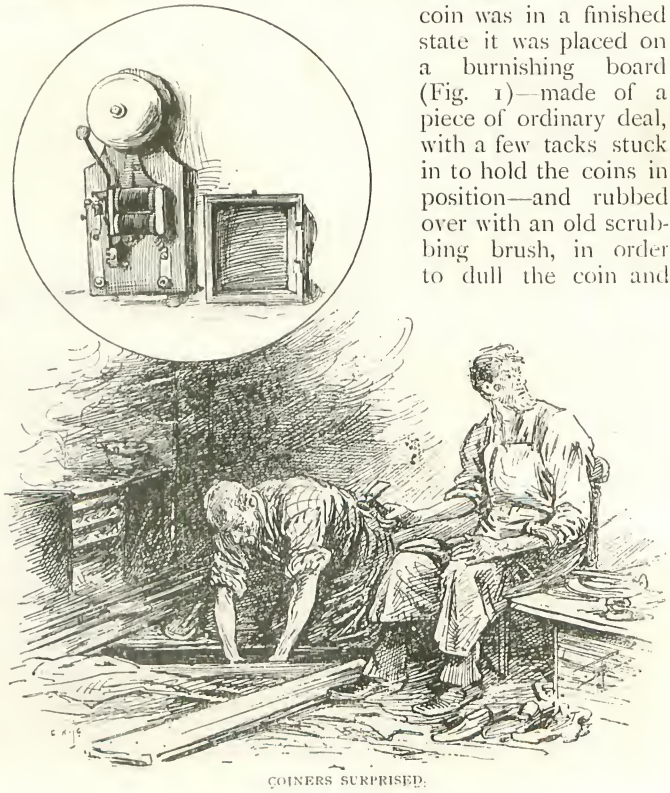
New Scotland Yard has every reason to




A SURPRISE FOR THE TAILOR.

be proud of its counterfeit collection—it certainly has real and original samples of everything associated with this glittering profession, which we shall now proceed to specify. We do so without the slightest qualms of conscience, and without any fear that anything we may say may lead to anybody admiring these remarks too greatly, and seeking to imitate. We are informed that years of practice are necessary to come up to the standard counterfeit coin of to-day. Take this sovereign, which is accorded the place of honour in one of the glass cases. It was made in Barcelona, and actually contains sixteen shillings' worth of gold in its composition. It would deceive a banker—there is the true, honest, unadulterated ring about it. Its date is 1862. To those whom it may concern—that is, those who happen to be in possession of sovereigns of this date—this fact may be interesting. Beware of Barcelonas!

But this gold piece is an exception. There are two or three thousand gold and silver coins here—all arranged in the prettiest and most delightful of heaps—that would not deceive the easiest-going of individuals. Pennies, sixpences, shillings, two-shilling pieces, half-crowns, crown pieces, half-sovereigns, and sovereigns are all here, the most popular, however, amongst the fraternity being the shilling, two-shilling piece, and half-crown, as people, when they accept change, are less likely to "try" these than coins of a higher value. There are some coins here, however, which positively call for respect. These George IV. half-crowns are perfect. The King's head is partially worn away by time—grit and dirt, from constant use of seventy years, are lodged in the creases of the coin. But time did not wear the King's features away, or constant use provide the dirt. After the coin was in a finished state it was placed on a burnishing board (Fig. 1)—made of a piece of ordinary deal, with a few tacks stuck in to hold the coins in position—and rubbed over with an old scrubbing brush, in order to dull the coin and



COINERS SURPRISED.

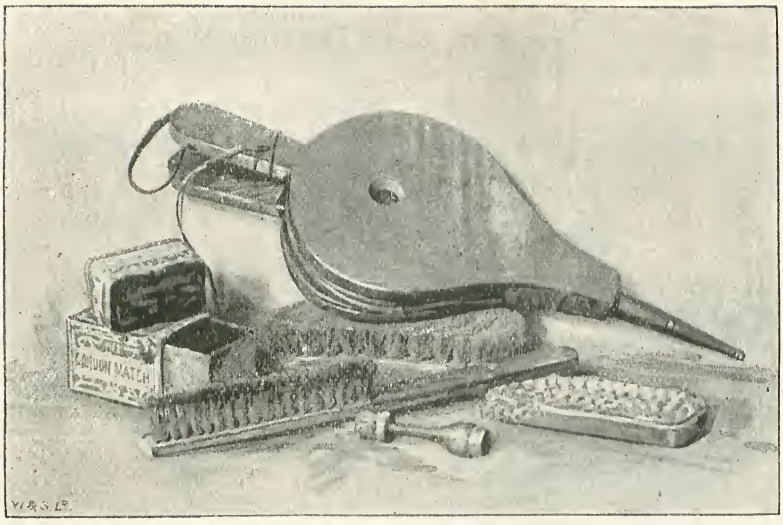



FIG. 2.—LAMPBLACK, BRUSHES, AND BELLOWS.

give it an ancient appearance. And the dirt? It is here quite handy. It is in a match-box bearing a portrait of General Gordon, whilst another deposit is in a small tin whose label tells that it was originally intended for mustard. Both the match-box and the mustard-tin contain lampblack. The bellows is used for "blowing-up" purposes (Fig. 2).

But George IV. is, or was, a great favourite with counterfeiters. There are such things in this world as lucky sixpences, and they are signalled out as such charms, should they happen to have a hole bored through them. Who would not give a mere paltry ordinary sixpence for one of these bringers of luck, and a George IV. at that? Echo answers—everybody. We hope Echo will be more careful after learning the use of this little drill which we are now examining (Fig. 3). It is used by counterfeiters to bore holes into sixpences, which they can warrant, seeing that they are their own make. The counterfeit brooch is not missing from the collection. It had its birth with the issue of the Jubilee coins, when those who could afford it had one of the gold Jubilee five-pound pieces — which were coined to the value of over £250,000 — mounted as a brooch, and worn or treasured as a souvenir of the fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne. Once again the counterfeiter had a chance. True, the Jubilee sixpences offered him admirable opportunities in the way of giving further point to the old adage that "All is not gold that glitters." But he went farther. He made counterfeit half-crowns and five-shilling pieces, fastened pins to them, and put them on the market, charging but a small sum for the supplementary fastener.

"Well," argued the purchaser, "the coin will always be worth the money!" Permit

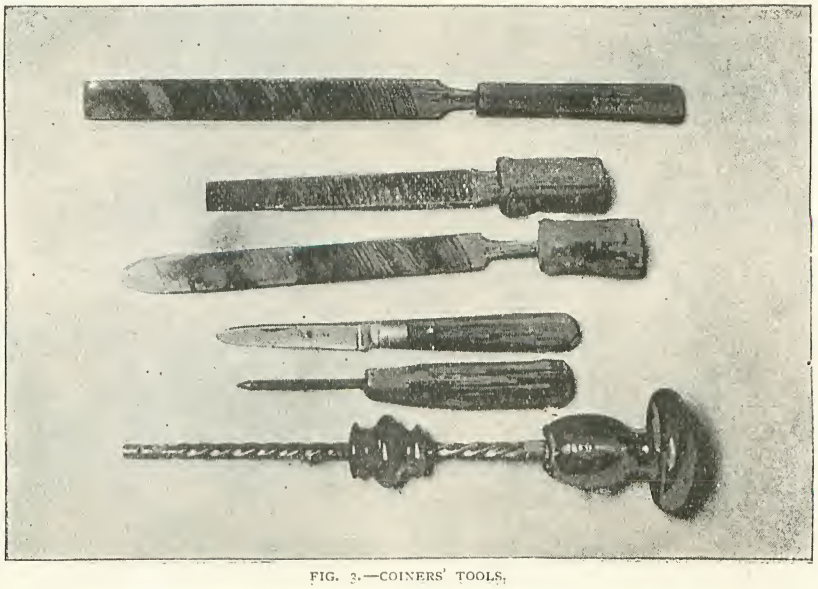


FIG. 3.—COINERS' TOOLS.

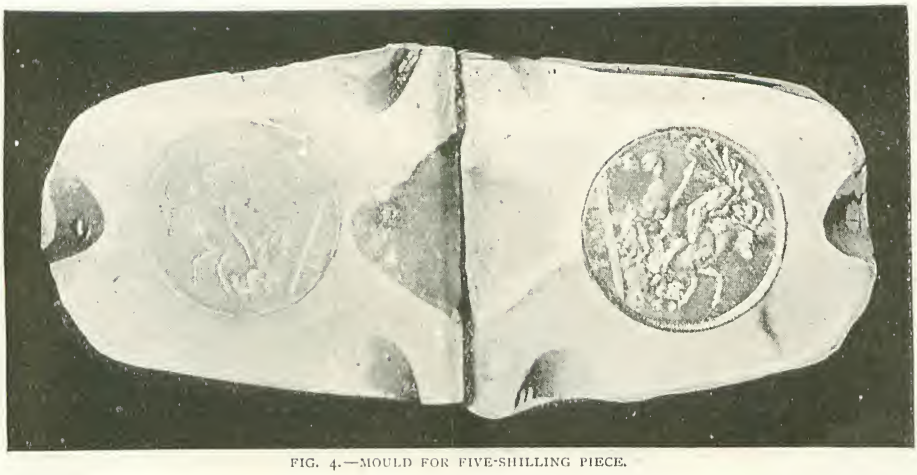


FIG. 4.—MOULD FOR FIVE-SHILLING PIECE.

us to observe that the price realized for sham coins rarely exceeds twopence to twopence-halfpenny in the shilling, whilst a true, sterling shilling would buy four base half-crowns.

In order to arrive in some measure at the exact method of manufacture, it is proposed to examine the curiosities of the New Scotland Yard counterfeiting cases more minutely.

Every coiner has his "pattern" piece, that is, a genuine piece of money, which is to give the cast of the coin intended to be copied. The cast from the true coin is taken in plaster of Paris of the finest possible quality. There are enough moulds here to thoroughly colonize a country with counterfeiters! They may be accepted as excellent examples, for the greater proportion formed part of the stock-in-trade of the notorious John H——, *alias* Sydney A——, who was rewarded with twenty years; some were also found on the premises occupied by a famous Fulham coiner—whose name we are asked not to publish, but of whom more anon; others belonged to a worthy who made the fine and large crown-pieces a speciality (Fig. 4). Some are quite clean, others are burnt through constant use, not a few show the coin in its rough state, with the edge uncut and unfiled (Fig. 5), a process performed by an ordinary pocket-knife and file; whilst a "half-crown" mould reveals the "get" (Fig. 6), or surplus liquid, which is poured into this receptacle for making false impressions.

Here are the lead and ladles (Fig. 7). The ladles belonged to a man who was forced to submit to twelve years' penal servitude as recently as 1891. They are about one and a half feet long, and are used for melting the composition on the fire. The ladles are similar to those used by plumbers, costing perhaps eighteenpence or a couple of shillings. When a ladle is not used, then a melting-pot or crucible is called into requisition (Fig. 8); even a saucepan would not be despised. When a pot or a saucepan is used the glittering liquid is taken out in a boiling state by iron spoons—and these spoons, of all shapes and sizes, designs and prices, are provided with a special corner.

Much speculation has always existed as to the real ingredients of a counterfeit coin. Solder—here is another item in the plumber's outfit—is often the original foundation. But such lead is very poor in itself, and tin and bismuth have both been found to possess excellent hardening properties (Fig. 9). But the finest foundation for a counterfeit coin is obtained out of a certain receptacle from which your average working man invariably blows the froth previous to sampling the contents—pewter-pots! Here we have a reason for the frequent thefts

FIG. 5.—COUNTERFEIT COINS (UNFINISHED).

FIG. 6.—A HALF-CROWN MOULD, SHOWING "GET."

of the traditional holders of mild and bitter, and when such a theft is brought home to a man, he is at once surmised, and very properly so, to be in league with coiners.

Whilst on the subject of pewter-pots, the writer is inclined to relate an amusing incident, communicated to him by an East-end publican. Some curious contests take place in Whitechapel and its environs, one of the most popular of which is that of pewter-pot cleaning, when James, the potman at the "Three Boot Brushes," meets William, who holds a similar position at the "Laughing Lobster," in friendly rivalry, to decide who can clean the greatest number of pewter-pots in an hour.

This particular East-end publican had such a contest at his "house" one Sunday morning, and after a most exciting contest his own particular potman won. This was all very comforting. But, by some mysterious means, the same evening the public-house was robbed of a number of pots — and all clean, too!

"I wouldn't 'ave minded *that*, sir," said the communicative publican, with a decided emphasis on the "that," when relating this—"I wouldn't 'ave minded *that*; but what annoyed me was the remarkable number of bad two-shilling pieces me and the missus took over the counter a week afterwards!"

The pewter having been melted, the coins having been cast—the two sides of the mould being kept together by clamps made of strong hoop-iron, in order to secure a firm impression (Fig. 10)—filed and edged, and got as near the proper weight of a good coin as possible, a very important process now takes place. We will take "silver" coins as an example. The coins are put on battery racks. Several of these are to be found here—a pair (Fig. 11) near a couple of batteries (Fig. 12) will suit our purpose well. One is empty, and shows the wires made in various sizes to hold securely the coin intended to be immersed in the bath containing the silvering solution. The other, as will be seen in the illustration, is well charged with coins. The process of silvering coins is exactly similar to that of plating knives, spoons, forks, etc., though the vat—which is usually made of iron with a thin

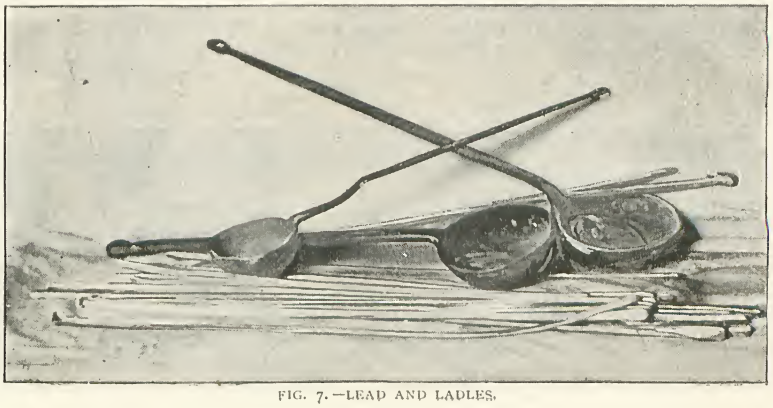


FIG. 7.—LEAD AND LADLES.

lining of wood—containing the plating liquid is very much smaller than those used by men engaged in a legitimate business.

FIG. 8.—MELTING-POT AND CRUCIBLES.

The "charged" rack is now put into the vat. Coins made out of Britannia metal, tin, or pewter are not dropped into acid before plating, but into a very strong and boiling hot solution of pure caustic potash. The coins are then scratched with a small brush especially made for this purpose, or at once taken from the alkali without having been immersed in water, and plunged direct into a cyanide of silver solution at about 190° Fahrenheit. An electric current of great strength is run through the vat in which are the coins until they begin to receive a thin coating. After this they undergo a treatment of ordinary plating solution to receive the full amount of silvering required. This completed, they are fixed on a burnishing board to relieve them of any undue brightness.

We have already referred to a board of this kind, but there is one at New Scotland Yard of peculiar interest. In the first place, it is curious from the fact that it is made out of the seat of a common wooden kitchen chair (Fig. 13), and, further, it is surrounded by far more curiosity when it is known that it once formed part of the stock-in-trade of one of the most scientific coiners of modern times. His name can only be hinted at as "the Party from Fulham." He approached coining from a thoroughly artistic point of view. His ideas of counterfeiting and gilding were all carried out on the highest scientific principles, and an examination of his property revealed an extraordinary state of affairs.

When arrested he had in his possession 8s. 10½d. in good money, together with a shilling and two sixpences, which, judging from their appearance, had evidently been used as "pattern" pieces. But his home-made coins were as extensive as they were peculiar. They included 1 five-pound piece, 8 two-pound pieces, 31 sovereigns, 18 half-sovereigns, 125 half-crowns, 51 florins, 101 shillings, and 174 sixpences. A capital and convincing collection! In addition, he had in the way of manufacturing paraphernalia, 17 moulds, 1 battery, 2 ladles, a quantity of plaster of Paris, melting-pot, plate of sand, 9 bottles of chemicals—including gold plating solution and liquid ammonia, a selection of which receptacles is shown in company with a Leclanché battery (Fig. 14), made out of a common three-pound jam jar—files, clamps, brushes, etc.; in short, everything to prove that he was the one to whom the expression of "You're coining money, old boy!" would be honestly applied by any enterprising detective anxious to slap him on the back and to decorate him with "the bracelets."

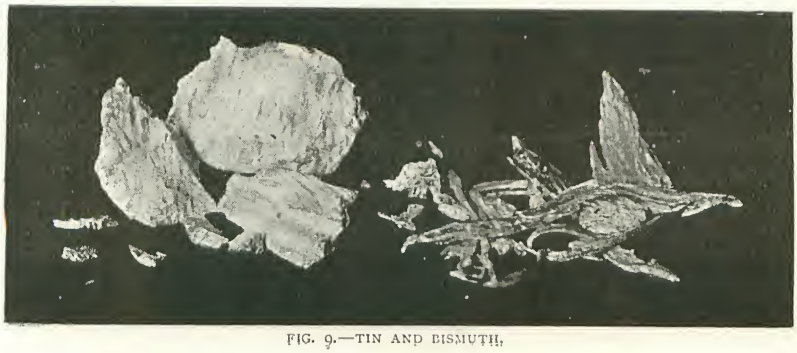


FIG. 9.—TIN AND BISMUTH.

Perhaps, how-

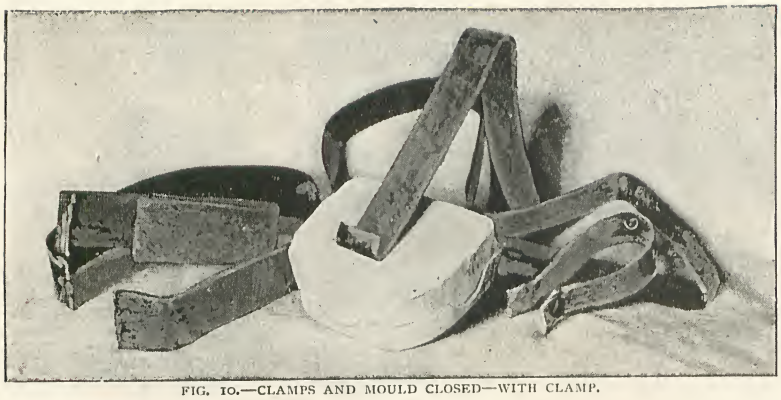


FIG. 10.—CLAMPS AND MOULD CLOSED—WITH CLAMP.

ever, the books he used are the most interesting. These consist of a couple of standard works on chemistry, which he had freely interpolated with marginal notes and pencil marks against anything calculated to assist him in the pursuit of his profession. But his "private" reference book is the good thing in his pack of literature. It is a book similar to that which any schoolboy would use to do his home-work in. It contains the addresses of English taverns in Paris, servants' registry offices, sewing machine dealers, shops where furniture may be obtained on hire, house agents, money-lenders, addresses of statesmen, etc. The newspaper cuttings in this volume are of a varied character, and include an advertisement of "A Young Gentleman who has a Grand Piano for Sale," "A Good Cure for a Cold," "Cure for Chilblains," "Furniture Polish," and prescriptions for removing surplus hair from the back of the neck, the right treatment of headaches, the proper ingredients for making a highly satisfactory mustard plaster, and a certain cure for sluggish livers!

"The Party from Fulham" adopted—probably in his early career—an ingenious means of becoming possessed of useful information—a method which it would be well if those papers who reply indiscriminately to questions sent them would make note of. He would write to periodicals asking such simple conundrums as, "Will you kindly tell me the simplest way to make a battery?" or, "Would you kindly say in an early issue the simplest way to make solder for silver?" He often got replies, as is proved from a newspaper cutting, giving an answer to the last query—an answer we refrain from publishing, seeing that it gives a very efficacious recipe for the first step towards "making money."

Further, it is presumed that "the Party from Fulham" either kept a shop, was a receiver of stolen property, or else attended sales and purchased articles in the hopes of pawning them and securing a profit—the latter a distinct business in the East-end of London. The book contains an entry against the name of a well-known pawnbroker, of "a wedding-ring, 4s.," followed by the bitterly suggestive words, "ticket lost"! And there are entries relating to everything between a violin and a paillasse, a brass fender and a blue beaver coat. There is actually a ticket of admission to a cookery lecture, which all goes to prove that "the Party from Fulham" was a most prolific personage.

We propose saying something as to how counterfeit coins are circulated, with one or two instances of ingenuity on the part of those responsible for putting them about. The coins being completely finished, they

FIG. 11.—BATTERY RACKS.

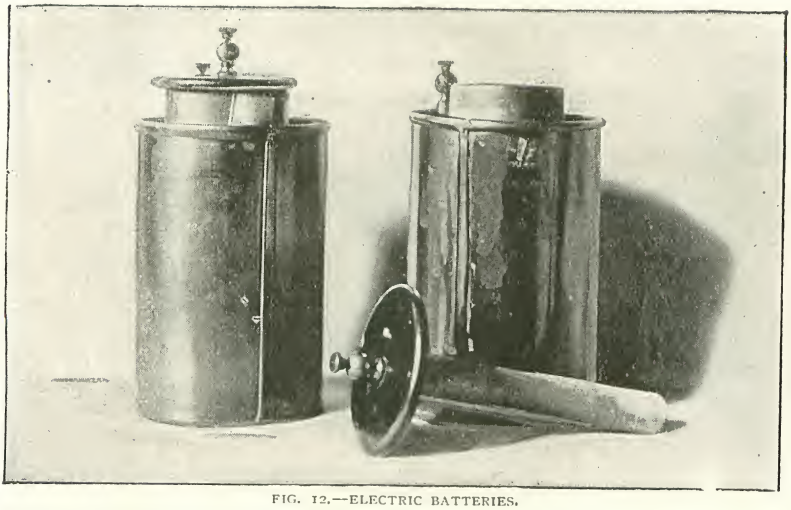


FIG. 12.—ELECTRIC BATTERIES.

are wrapped up in tissue paper (Fig. 15) in parcels of a dozen or so, with a piece of paper between each coin in order to keep them from scratching and chinking when passed from one person's hand to another's. There are usually four persons employed in a delivery of counterfeit coin to the public: the maker, the agent, or go-between—in most cases a woman—the buyer, and the passer proper, the latter individual never knowing who the actual maker is. The bundles of coins are generally sold at street corners—by appointment only—or in public-houses. They are conveyed to the rendezvous in many ways, perhaps the most original of which was that of the man who carried a couple of bird-cages—one containing a beautiful little singer which trilled away to its heart's content, and the other full of counterfeit money!

Women, more often than not, lead to a conviction, as the would-be passer, say of a bad half-crown on a too-confiding grocer, has seldom more than one bad coin on him. He makes a small purchase at the grocer's and tenders the coin. The man of sugar and spice looks at it.

"Excuse me, sir," he remarks, "but I think this half-crown is bad!"

Artful one takes it back.

"Dear me, so it is! Ah! that's all right," giving a good one this time. "Thanks. No, don't trouble to send it home. Good day!"

Had he succeeded in passing the half-crown, ten minutes afterwards he would have been supplied with one equally bad by the lady in waiting round the corner. This is where the police find such difficulty in bringing home a conviction to the actual passer, as anybody in these deceitful days might find himself the unfortunate possessor of a spurious coin. Perhaps the before-mentioned grocer would complain to a policeman. The man would be watched. He would be seen to "speak to the woman." That would be quite enough—and the possibilities are that they would find the counterfeit coins concealed about her person, as was the case with a lady whose Christian name was Harriet, and who owned to thirty-nine years of age at Clerkenwell Police-court, who had no fewer than forty counterfeit florins sewn up in her dress. It was sufficient to cast her husband on the hospitality of a country, the inhabitants of which are not inclined to grumble at being obliged to provide him with convict comforts for a period of eight years.

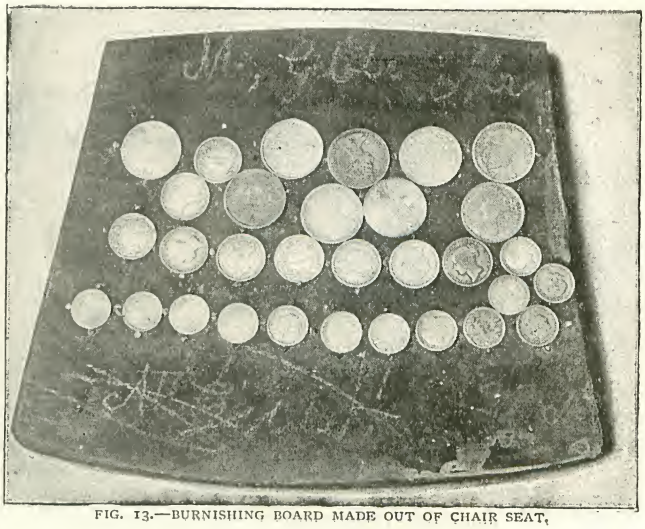


FIG. 13.—BURNISHING BOARD MADE OUT OF CHAIR SEAT.

FIG. 14.—LECLANCHÉ BATTERY, AND BOTTLES OF GOLD SOLUTION, ETC.

A frequent method employed is to "work" a publican—and this is the more enterprising on the "passer's" part, seeing that the generality of publicans are men who are not often to be caught asleep.

Scene: "The Last House."

Enter well-dressed man smoking big cigar.

Polite Publican: "Good evening, sir."

Big Cigar Proprietor: "Good evening. Brandy and soda, please!" (Throws down a sovereign, receives brandy and soda and change, the change all in silver. Big Cigar Proprietor picks up change.)

Big Cigar Proprietor: "Oh! excuse me—could you let me have half-a-sovereign for ten shillings' worth of this silver?"

Polite Publican (always ready to oblige): "Certainly, sir." (Does so.)

The publican gets, as he thinks, ten shillings' worth of silver back. Does he? Oh, dear, no! There were three bad two-shilling pieces amongst it!

It would be difficult to hit upon two more contrasting illustrations than the following. The first instance goes to prove that children are called into play as "passers"—though unconsciously so—in the case when the smallest "coined" piece is to be thrust on the public.

A man used his little girl to go into small confectioners' shops and purchase a farthing's worth of sweetmeats. The little one tendered a bad penny, obtaining her sweets and giving her father the three farthings change. Both were arrested and charged. The child, however, was taken out of the dock and put in the box to give evidence against her father. Her childish evidence was convincing enough, and at the end of the examination, the man, overcome with better feelings, contrived to catch the little one up in his arms, ere he was sent down below, caressing her fondly and covering her tiny face with kisses.

Such a method—an awkward method, and one in every way calculated to be eventually found out—stands in strong contrast with the really delicate and ingenious means employed by a lady whose efforts at changing a sovereign were worthy a better cause.

Her *modus operandi* was to select say a boot-maker's shop, generally in a well-populated suburban district, and purchase boots to the value of nineteen and sixpence.

"Will you kindly send them to my house, No. 42, Easyway Terrace, in an hour's time?" she asks the shopkeeper.

FIG. 15.—COINS PACKED IN TISSUE PAPER.

CARRYING COUNTERFEIT COIN.

"Certainly, madam."

"I will pay the messenger when he brings them—I find I have not sufficient money in my purse. Mrs. Adams is my name," she further remarks, and leaves the shop.

In an hour's time the boy with the boots is on his way to No. 42, Easyway Terrace. Curiously enough, he is met outside by Mrs. Adams herself!

"Oh! are those boots for Mrs. Adams?"

"Yes, mum."

"Thank you. Let me see," playing with her purse, "nineteen and six. There's a sovereign. You can keep the sixpence for being so punctual."

The lad is delighted, and away he goes whistling. The lady is equally pleased—away she goes with the boots to a pawnbroker's. The shopkeeper is in a rage—for the sovereign is a counterfeit one!

It will be well to state the best means of detecting counterfeit coin. The simplest and most effective test is to bite it. If the coin is bad, the bite will produce a very gritty sensation on the teeth, which is never produced by a genuine piece of money. This test will be found to be an infallible one.

THE COUNTERFEITER AND HIS CHILD.

# *Beauties.*

*From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

*From Catford's Art Gallery, Ilfracombe.*

*From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

*From a Photo. by H. R. White, Birmingham.*

*From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street. N.W.*

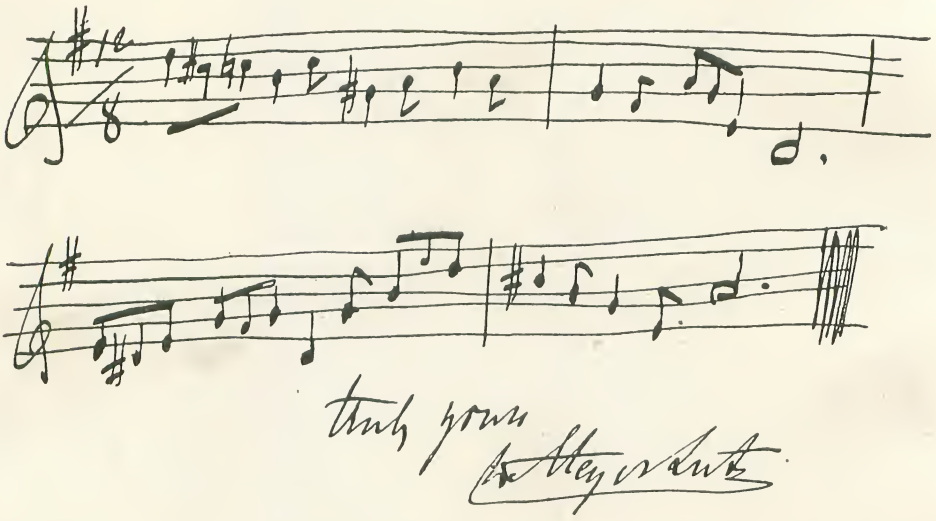
# *How Composers Work.*

## II.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

### Meyer Lutz.

HERR MEYER LUTZ has the rather odd fancy of sitting in the dark for an hour or two at a time, and letting his fingers wander hither and thither over the keys, searching out those measures which set the fashion in the dancing world.



He composes anywhere and everywhere, in the streets, on tops of 'buses, and even in church.

"I remember," says the popular Gaiety composer, "driving one Sunday evening to St. George's Cathedral, when the melody to an 'O Salutaris' struck me. I pencilled it down during the sermon, and my brother-in-law, Furneaux Cook, sang it after the sermon at Benediction the same evening."

Herr Lutz believes in taking up some verses and carefully studying them.

"This I often do," he says, "and soon seem to hear a fitting melody without trying it on the piano till finished."

Fugues and canons, in his opinion, want studying and mathematically experimentalizing. "Composers," he says in conclusion, "are musical poets, and 'Poëta nascitur, non fit.'"

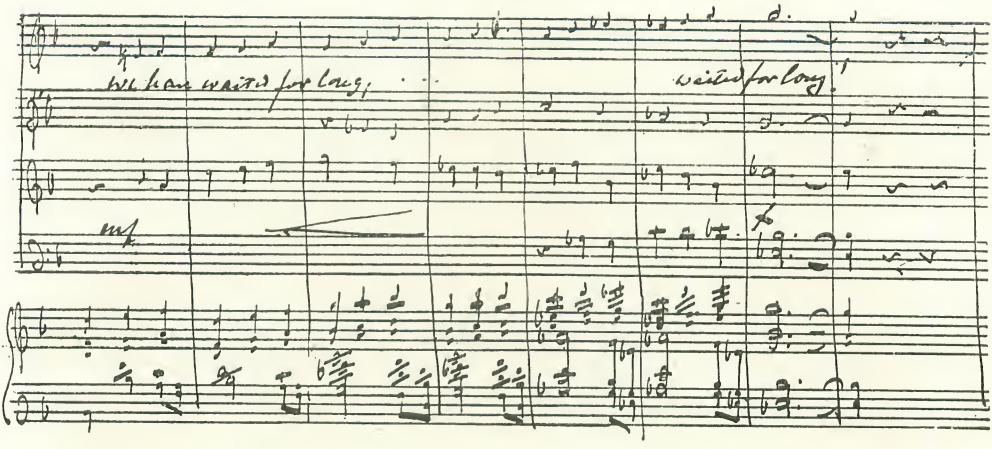
The music in his autograph will, I imagine, be familiar to not a few of my readers.

### A. C. Mackenzie.

Most of Dr. Mackenzie's work is done in the morning from nine to one-thirty, and he never touches it in the afternoon. As a rule he leaves *scoring* for the orchestra or looking over the morning's work for the evening hours. "But," in his own words, "if I feel capable of *inventing*, why, I begin to work again about eight-thirty and continue until I am tired."

As a rule, the principal of the Royal Academy of Music sketches his music on two or three lines, as shown in the illustration.

"When I am engaged upon anything that absorbs my entire attention," he continues, "I carry a little musical note-book about with me and jot down roughly any idea which may occur to me, and I have found this plan useful. When I am composing I never lose the thread of it, morning, noon, or night; even at meals I am unconsciously occupied with it—this goes on until the work is finished."




Dr. Mackenzie decidedly disapproves of the manner in which composers in England are made to work—viz., to order.

"Such pressure," he says, emphatically, "is unproductive of the best work, and highly detrimental to one's general health and comfort."

For those reasons he objects to undertake commissions.

### Tito Mattei.

Signor Tito Mattei composes most of his instrumental music at the piano, but songs are composed anywhere, wherever and whenever he feels so inspired.

One thing he considers absolutely indispensable to the success of a composer, viz., a thoroughly good musical education, without which no one, however gifted, can hope to make a name.

"As a whole," writes this composer, "the English people love music, but are not, strictly speaking, a musical nation, the reason being that they do not give sufficient time and care to the study."

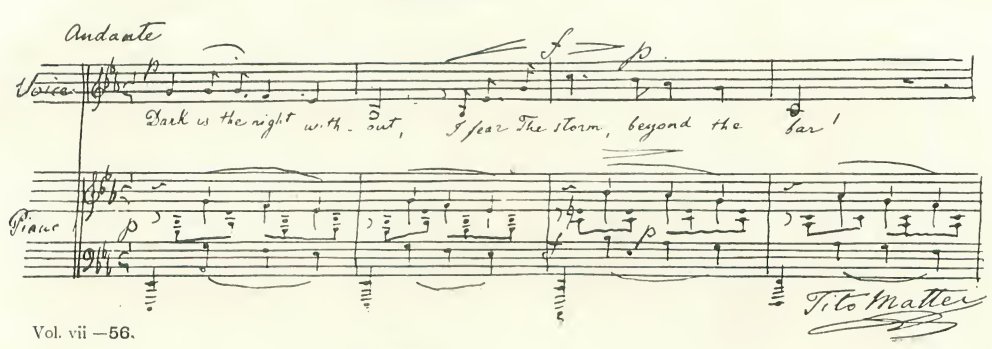
The accompanying few bars of music are taken from his popular song "Beside Me."

### Hubert Parry.

Professor C. Hubert Parry, whose last work, "Job," has been so enthusiastically received and criticised by the musical world, composes according to the nature of the composition on which he is engaged.

"There are a hundred and fifty different kinds of work to be done in composing," he says, "and they vary in accordance with its being a big work like a symphony or an oratorio, or an opera, or a little thing like a song or a pianoforte piece. Then, what one wants may come into one's head when walking or driving, or in bed—anywhere, indeed, but in front of the paper it has to be written on. Then there is the general scheme to be considered, which usually comes first, and has to be thought out in a big, cloudy way, out of which the details emerge into distinctness by degrees, and often want doing over and over again."

Like many another composer, Mr. Parry prefers the morning for the mechanical part of the art, viz., the work of scoring and writing down and getting into order those ideas which have already been conceived.



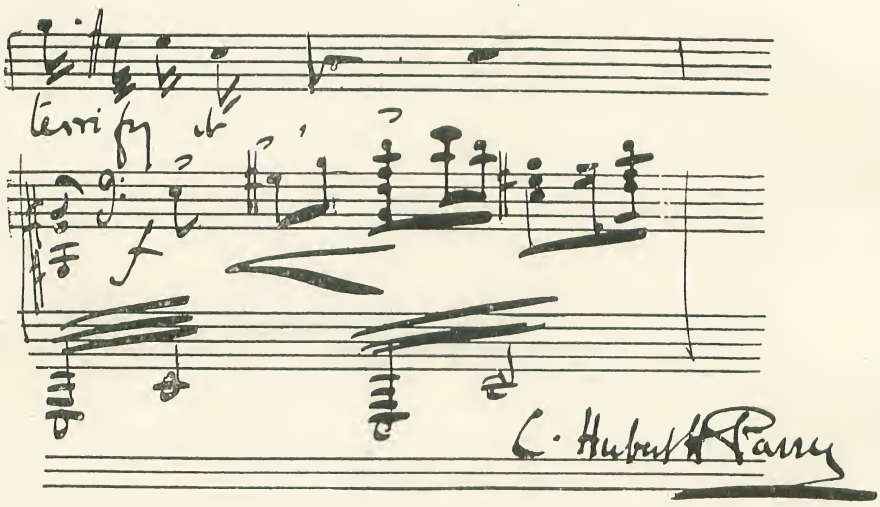
"As far as new ideas and schemes are concerned," he adds, "I am glad enough to take them at any time of the day they are so obliging as to come."

It is wonderful how chary the English composers are of answering the question as to whether or no they consider their countrymen a musical race. It seems a subject on which they fear to express an opinion, and either treat the matter with silence or, like Sir Joseph Barnby, content themselves by saying "We're on the mend." Not so Mr. Parry, however.

"I consider," he says, "that the English are naturally the most musical race in the world, except the Germans. It would take a good many pages to explain my opinion, as it is obviously contrary to all the received and accredited traditions, so I will not attempt to justify it at present beyond saying that I don't mean that the race is gifted with any natural facility, but that taking it all round there is more appreciation of what is genuinely and wholesomely good—Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, Brahms, Handel (at his best), Mozart, and the great madrigalists and so forth—than in any other country except Germany. The fact that the English people have no great taste for opera is all in their favour."

Mr. Parry concludes with a few remarks on the merits and demerits of writing "to order." "Certainly no one could turn out anything worthy of the name of art," he says, "if he had it on his mind that he was writing under pressure; neither will any man do anything really good when he is thinking more of the money payment, or suiting managerial ideas, than of the thorough working out of his own devices. But this should not be confounded with a man's undertaking work that is thoroughly congenial to him when he has plenty of time to carry it out honourably. If the Philharmonic Society or Richter ask a composer to write them a symphony, they put at his disposal a magnificent orchestra for the interpretation of anything that he may have to say in that line; or if the committee of any great festival invite a composer to write them an oratorio several years before it is wanted, they put at his disposal a splendid chorus and soloists, and all the resources a man can desire. With such opportunities, I should have thought a man had a better chance of being inspired to some purpose than if he were pottering about just when the humour took him."

I am fortunate enough to be able to give here, in facsimile, a bar from the original first score of "Job."




EBENEZER PROUT.

Mr. Prout, when composing, makes first a very rapid sketch on two staves—with instrumental works generally only the upper part and a figured bass; with choruses, anthems, etc., usually the four-voice parts. For songs he writes only the melody, with just enough indication of the accompaniment to prevent his forgetting the idea.

"My first sketches," he says, "are always written as fast as the pen will go. I make it an invariable rule *never* to write unless I am in the humour, and if I find that ideas do not come as fast or faster than I can put them down, if I have to stop to think what should come next, I at once put the music-paper aside, knowing that I am not in the mood for composing. After completing my sketch I begin the fair copy, the full score, in the case of orchestral work, putting in the details and often

making considerable improvements. My public works usually differ pretty widely from the original draft; but the first sketch, containing the fundamental idea, is invariably produced at what I may call a 'white heat.'"

Composition, in this composer's opinion, can be taught so far as the technique is concerned; but if a student has no ideas, these cannot be given by any instruction, though a latent talent may often be brought out and cultivated by proper training. By this he means that there may be a natural aptitude for composition of which its possessor is unaware till his teacher discovers and develops it.

Of his own works Mr. Prout thinks he is, perhaps, hardly an impartial judge, but his own favourites are—among the instrumental work, his "3rd Symphony" and the two quartets in B flat and F; and among the vocal works, the cantatas the "Red Cross Knight" and "Damon and Phintias."

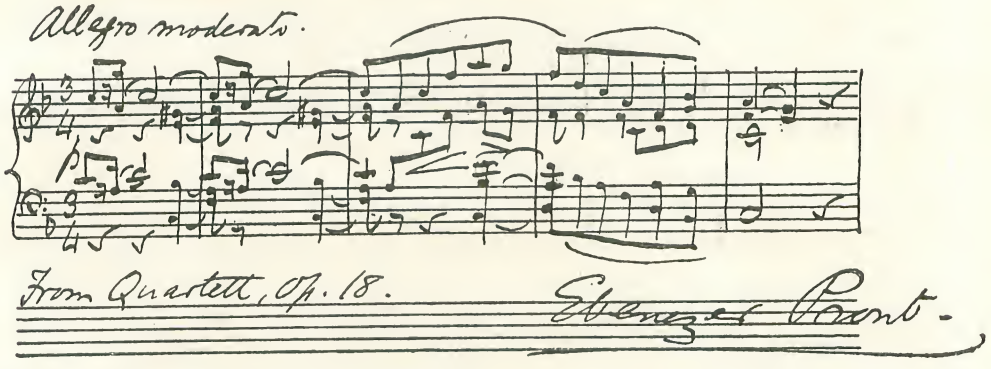
"It is difficult," continues Mr. Prout, "to give a definite opinion as to whether the English are a musical nation; it depends so much on the point of view. Judging by the number of concerts, etc., we are musical enough, but the want of general public appreciation of the best class of music, especially in the Metropolis, would incline me to a far less favourable opinion. In this respect I believe many parts of the provinces are far ahead of London.

"Do I believe in writing 'to order'? Well, I cannot speak for others, but for myself, when I receive a commission to write anything, I always accept, conditionally on the spirit moving me. If the work I am asked to undertake is sympathetic, the spirit generally moves pretty soon. Some of my best work has been commissioned, but to write *merely for money* is repugnant to me. I have never written a 'pot-boiler' in my life, and, please God, I never will."

Mr. Prout concludes by saying:—

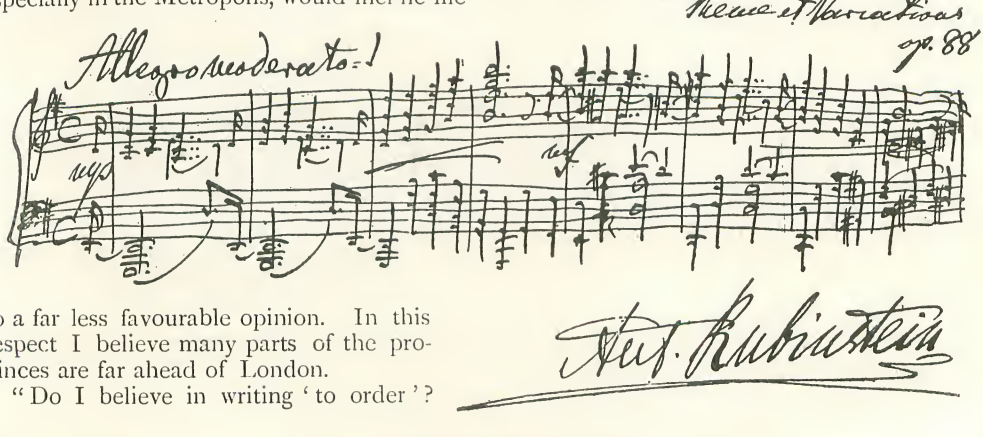
"I usually compose in the evening, mostly between six and ten, seldom later. If I have a morning to spare, which does not often happen except during my holidays, I frequently find that a good time for composing. Recently I have composed very little, my time being too fully occupied with writing the series of theoretical works, which is still a long way from completion."

The MS. is taken from his well-known "Piano Quartet in F."




RUBINSTEIN.

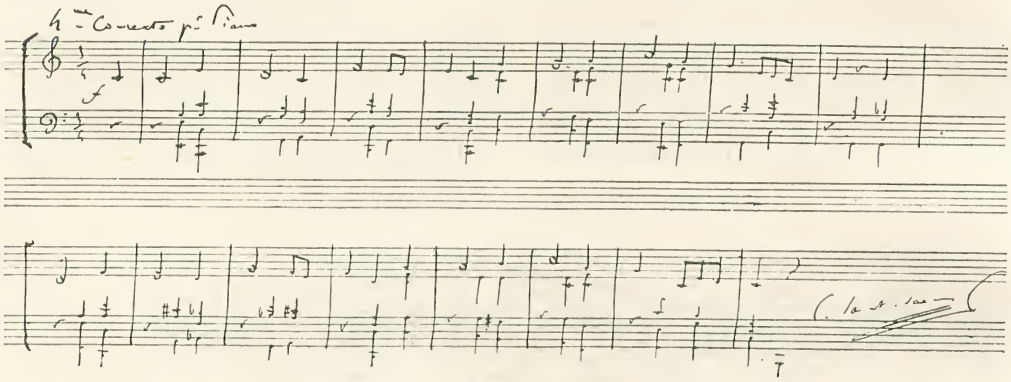
From Herr Anton Rubinstein I have obtained no information whatever. He has, however, with the kindness which characterizes him, sent me the accompanying MS.:—



Some time ago Rubinstein left the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, where he had been for so many years, and visited Dresden, in search of rest and quietness, and laid aside all business for the time. For any further information, I must refer my readers to his "Autobiography," a fragment published in America, and "A Conversation Upon Music," published by Augner.

C. SAINT-SAENS.

The French composer, Saint-Saëns, considers a piano a useless item in the art of



composition, at all events in his case, for he rarely, if ever, makes use of one when composing, even to play over completed works.

Some MS. paper and a pencil are the only materials he works with, and he has composed whole operas without a musical instrument in the house.

This manner of composing M. Saint-Saëns finds a great saving of valuable time (and if composers' time is not important, whose is?), and he does not consider that ideas come any the more readily when seated before a piano; in fact, rather the reverse.

The portion of MS. will be familiar to those who have studied his works.

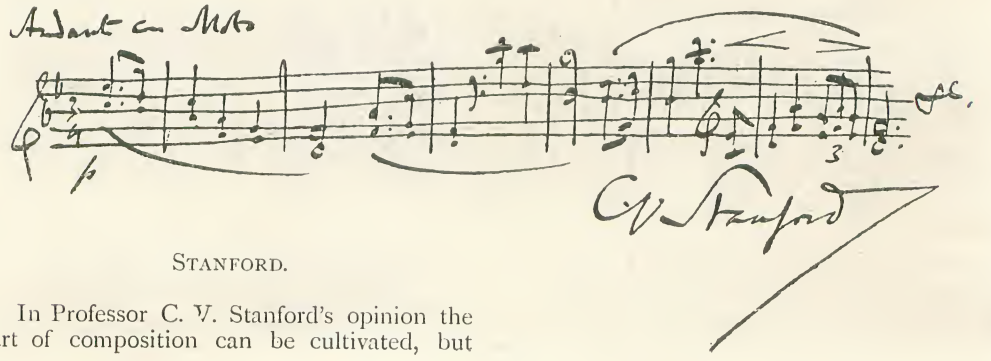
never acquired. He composes according to the mood in which he happens to be, and never keeps to any fixed rule or time.

As to composers working under pressure, he imagines that must depend greatly upon the temperament of the composer. He expresses no opinion as to which he considers his best work, but says: "That is for the future to determine and individual tastes to decide."

The half-dozen bars of music are taken from his "Irish Symphony."

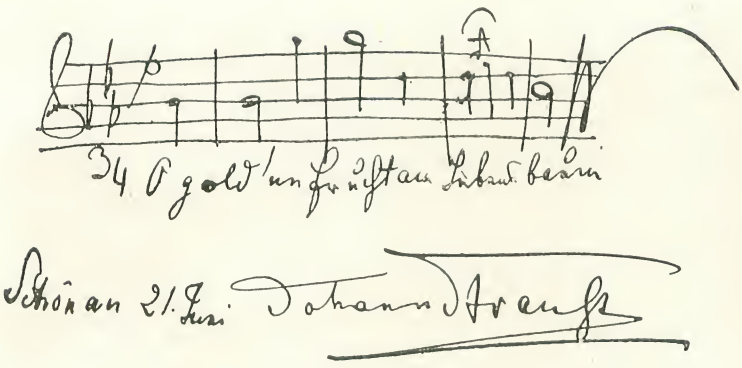
STRAUSS.

Herr Johann Strauss, with whose dreamy waltzes most of us are familiar, for his part says that he is far too modest to designate any composition as his *best*. When he finishes one he forgets it completely for a time in the interest caused by his next work. Method he has none—only inspiration, genius—for in his opinion composers can never be made. "One may compose," he says, "very easily, or—not at all." The divine art must be innate, and a composer—like his brother genius, the poet—must be born, and can never be made. The music is taken from one of his well-known waltzes.



STANFORD.

In Professor C. V. Stanford's opinion the art of composition can be cultivated, but



## BERTHOLD TOURS.

Mr. Berthold Tours, who has written some of the finest anthems and "Services" of the present day, besides numerous songs, prefers the morning for composition, and being an early riser, is generally to be found hard at work soon after 9 a.m., and seldom ceases his labours till two o'clock. He never composes at an instrument, and thinks that people who do are very apt to get their ideas from it and not out of their head; nor does he force himself to compose, preferring to wait till the inclination is upon him or the composition on which he is engaged has matured itself in his brain, when there only remains the mechanical part of writing it down, which very often takes up the most time. If engaged upon a song, he first of all reads his words over two or three times carefully and thoughtfully, so as to obtain a grasp of the style of the verses, and then the music begins and the composition proceeds smoothly to its close. Mr. Tours considers his "Service in F" the best work he has yet done. This composition is a universal favourite with lovers of Church music, and deservedly popular at festivals.

It is pleasant to hear that this composer considers England a musical nation. "Not quite so great as Germany, perhaps, but during the last twenty years there has been great talent shown in music. We are stronger now in clever composers than we have ever been, and no nation is so appreciative of good music as the English, or so quick to recognise and encourage true genius."

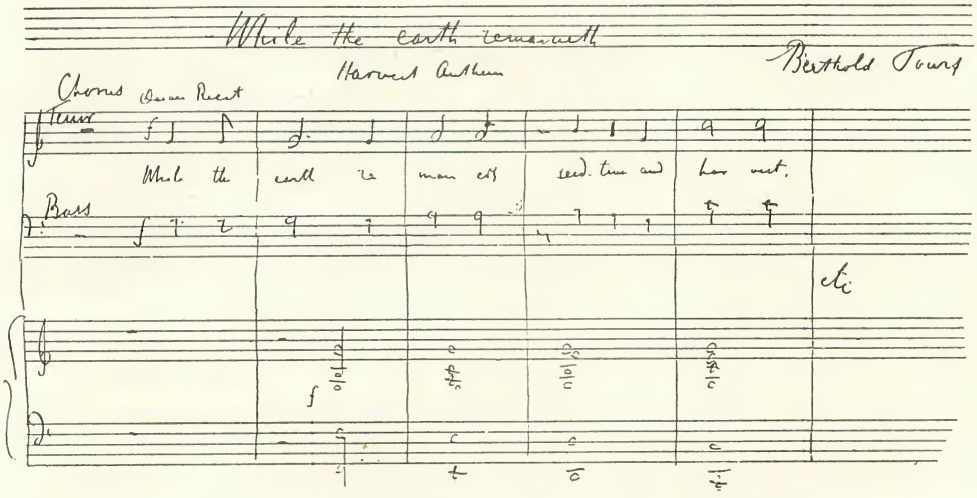
Like Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Tours does not hold with the popular belief that composers produce as fine works when writing for commissions received as when left to follow their own inclinations, but acknowledges that many great works have been thus produced.

In conclusion, Mr. Tours says that the playing of good classical music, to those who know the rules of writing, might be a very great help, and would be an incentive to good composition.

The portion of MS. is taken from his well-known "Harvest Anthem."

## P. TSCHAÏKOWSKY.

Klin, near Moscow, was the home of one of the busiest of men. It is here that the late Russian composer Tschaikowsky, lived

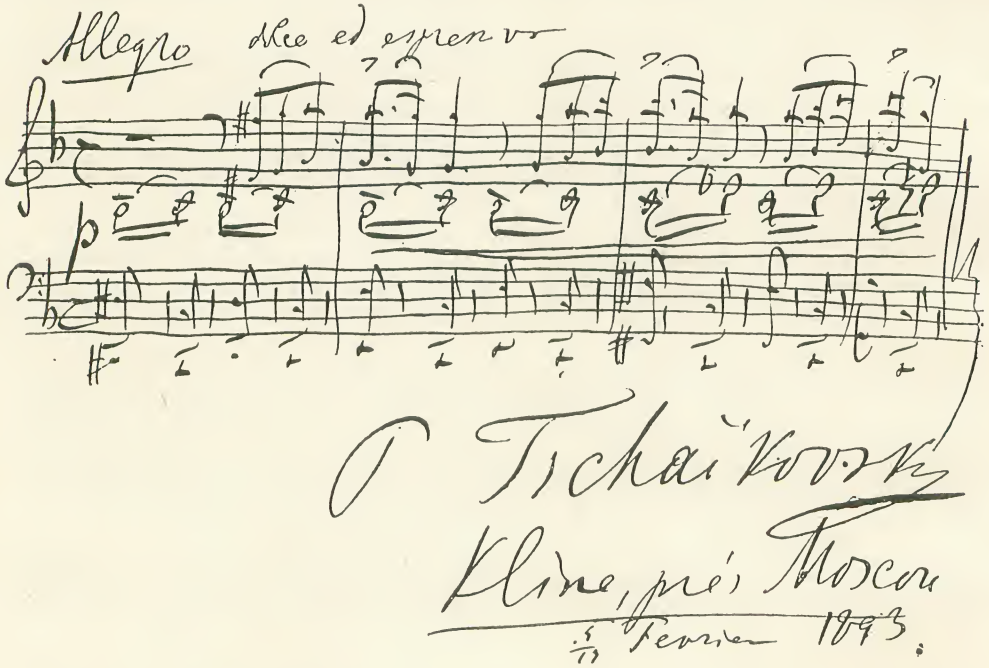


and worked, devoting the greater part of the day to his art. Nine o'clock every morning found him hard at work, and it was one before he stopped for a light lunch. Two hours every afternoon were rigidly set aside for one of the few recreations in which he used to indulge, viz., walking; and it was during these daily strolls that most of the sketches of his pieces were conceived, and entered into a note-book which was always forthcoming. Home was reached soon after four, and from five to half-past eight was employed in arranging and setting in order the sketches jotted down during the walk.

A piano, he considered, is not absolutely necessary, and he composed much without the use of one. For instance, on a journey, or long voyage, or when rusticating in some primitive, far-away little hamlet, where the peacefulness and quietude are suggestive of composition, but where the running brook does duty for a piano and you fit your melodies to the sighing of the wind among the fir-trees. Still, the instrument helped sometimes the development of his musical ideas, and generally when convenient he made use of one. "I believe," he said, "the creating power of music to be a precious gift of Nature, which cannot be obtained by work and study, but only improved and lighted by musical sciences, besides being purely *empérique.* With the belief that composers often work better and produce finer results when put under a certain amount of pressure the professor agrees, pinning his belief on history, which tells us of many masterpieces being done thus.

"I have never thought," he resumed, "of the reasons explaining why England, who produced such great poets, has had, comparatively speaking, but few musicians. It seems to me that the idea that the English are not gifted for music cannot be considered as 'definitive.' Who knows that a musical Shakespeare will not be produced? You have already men of much promise and whose work is very serious."

Of his own compositions, Tschaikowsky considered his opera "La Dame de Pique" the best work he had ever done, an opinion which is shared by many of his admirers.

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NOTE.—Mr. Cowen's opera, referred to in our February number as "Sigrid," should have been "Signa," which had not been produced when this article was written.

# THE ZEALOUS SENTINEL

## AN INCIDENT OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS

IT was a chill and cheerless day towards the end of November of the year 1870. The siege of Paris was in full tide of determinate execution. For two months, and a little more, the German host had environed the city with a circle of glistening bayonets and loud-mouthed cannons, cutting off intercourse with the outside world, and effectually preventing the incoming of provisions; the smoke and fumes of burning powder filled the air; while shot and shell rained down upon the doomed metropolis, by day and by night.

Near the corner of the Boulevard Mazas and the Rue de Bercy was situated the wine-shop of Victor Rameau, a popular resort of the middling classes, but patronized by men of high standing, and often sought by those of the lowest strata of society. On this chill November day the spacious apartment on the street level was filled by a motley assemblage. There were present representatives of almost every trade, profession, and calling, though the military element predominated.

At one of the small oaken tables against the wall sat two men, with whom we have particularly to do; and at the table next to them, also against the wall, sat a third. Of the two, one was a sergeant of the National Guard, named Jacques Carlier, a middle-aged man, with a heavy red moustache, and a head of closely-clipped red hair. His face was likewise very red, and his two eyes were as nearly of the same fiery colour as they could be.

The guardsman's companion was a short, thick-set man, also of middle age, with dark brown hair and a full beard of the same colour. His stoutness was peculiar. It did not seem to be fat, but an unusual size of body and limb—somewhat as though in his youth a ponderous weight had fallen upon his head and shoulders and knocked him into that squat, uncouth figure. His hair was thick and tangled; his face, where the full beard did not hide it, darkly tanned and seemingly unwashed; and his clothing of the very worst—worn and soiled and ragged. He had given his name as Pierre Dubois, claiming to be from Ardennes.

The third man—he at the other table—was Colonel de Brèze, of the National Guard. Both he and the sergeant were in uniform, and, saving only the rags, neither of them could boast of a personal appearance very much better than was that of the poor wayfarer from Ardennes.

Pierre Dubois had dark lines under his eyes; a look of pain and distress marked his face; while a deep-reaching, rasping cough ever and anon shook his frame and interrupted his speech.

"I'd enlist this moment," he said, "if I could be put on duty under cover, out of the way of this miserable wintry wind. But

what should I be good for in the trenches, or at the breast-works? You can see for yourself that I shouldn't last a week."

"Aye," returned the sergeant, "I see very plainly that you wouldn't be good for much in an exposed position. I should say consumption was carrying you off about as fast as it could."

"So—it—(a severe fit of coughing)—is."

"Are you fit to enlist at all?"

"Well, no; I do not suppose I am. But I'll be frank with you. I have a spice of the man Adam in me. It is Vengeance. I was at Sedan, as I have told you, and the Germans made me a prisoner. I wasn't fit to march: I could hardly stand; so they pricked me up with their sabre bayonets. Then, when I was thrown into a dirty prison, and begged for a bit of medicine for my cough, they gave me curses and a kick. I swore then, if ever the opportunity should be mine, I would volunteer to stand sentinel over a squad of German prisoners. You've got those fellows in limbo, haven't you?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"And you've got strong, able, well men standing guard over them?"

"Yes, we have."

"Then, there's my opportunity. Put me there, and I'll do double duty, if I can stand it. At all events, I can perform the duties of a sentinel just as well as any living man."

At this point Colonel Brèze, who had overheard, faced about.

"Sergeant," he said, "we want this man. I want him at La Force."

At the sound of the name of that celebrated prison, a bright light gleamed in the provincial's eyes, and he quickly hid his face behind his beer-mug to conceal the emotion he could not keep back.

The sergeant nodded, and then to the man himself the colonel continued:—

"You are used to military duty, my good man?"

"Yes, Colonel. I was a conscript when I was twenty, and served four years; and I enlisted after that. I would be now with Trochu, in all probability, had not the Germans captured me at Sedan, when out on a sortie, and held me until I escaped."

"How did you manage to get through their lines when you entered our beleaguered city?"

"They did not see me. I crawled in through the rain, on a dark night."

"And you would like to do guard duty over German prisoners, eh?"

"I could like nothing better. I have prayed that the privilege might be mine."

"Very well, it shall be yours. I have command of the guard of La Force. I want you there."

On that same November day—the day on which we heard the conversation between the colonel and the sergeant and the provincial—a prisoner sat in one of the strongest and most gloomy of the cells of La Force. Most of the cells were occupied by several persons, some of them containing as many as could comfortably lie down therein; but this man had been condemned to death, and placed in solitary confinement. He was

IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

a young man, not over thirty, fair-faced and handsome. He was of German birth—a German of Darmstadt—and though clad in the garb of a French labourer, he was yet a gentleman of education and refinement; his name, as had been learned from marked articles in his possession, Otho Maximilian.

Poor Maximilian! In his soldier's ardour and love of country he had volunteered to his Prince to enter the enemy's lines and bring away a correct draught of the outer and inner fortifications, together with proper

plans of the disposition of troops. And all this he had come very near to doing; but, alas! not quite. Had he been content to carry away his observations and computations in his head, and made the visible signs of his espionage in the presence of his Prince, all might have been well. He had gained the interior of the city and its free range; he had made plans of all important things he wished to communicate, and he was apprehended and searched, with those neatly drawn plans upon his person.

Poor Otho! So young and so fair, with wife and three children praying for him, and waiting in the Fatherland, thus to die! He shed no tears; he gave voice to no complaints; he was sure his comrades would keep his memory green; that his Prince would bless him for what he had tried to do, and that his dearly loved ones would seek consolation in the thought that he had given his life to his country.

On the day after to-morrow he was to die. He was not to be shot, like a soldier, nor beheaded, as kings and noblemen had been; he was to suffer the ignominy of hanging. The thought gave him keenest torture.

That dismal day drew to a close, and, at eventide, when the attendant came with his food, he made one last earnest appeal for writing materials, that he might write a brief letter to his wife. But such a grant would be a violation of prison law; it could not be done. Then he closed his lips, resolved not to speak again save to the Heavenly Father.

The night passed, and another dark and dismal day. Another evening came, and another night shut down over the great prison. Otho's last night of earth, as the few grim marks on his dungeon wall told him.

At eleven o'clock he threw himself upon his hard straw pallet and tried to sleep. He heard the solemn bells strike the midnight hour, and a few moments later the warder of that corridor opened the little wicket in his door and looked in upon him.

Had our prisoner been on the outside of his cell at that particular time, he would have seen a movement on the part of the sentinel strange and unusual. This sentinel had softly and noiselessly followed the warder to that door, had stood very near while he looked in at the wicket, and then, when he had started on to the next cell, he leaped upon him as a cat would strike its prey. A single blow of a sand-bag upon the warder's head felled him to the granite pavement as though a lightning-bolt had smitten him. On the next instant the sentinel was upon his knees, those knees upon the fallen man's breast, with a folded napkin, in which was a broad, flat, fine sponge, pressed tightly over the mouth and nostrils. A brief space so, then the guardsman took from his breast pocket a small flask and renewed the chloroform in the sponge.

"A SPONGE PRESSED TIGHTLY OVER THE MOUTH."

Otho Maximilian had heard the opening of the wicket, and had seen the face that had peered in upon him. He had again closed

his eyes, when he heard a dull, heavy thud, as though a ponderous body had fallen upon the adamantine floor. The sound was so unusual, so strange and unaccountable, that he was startled—not with fear, but with a nameless, shapeless spectre of the unseen. He arose and bent his ear attentively.

Ere long he heard the light clatter of a key as it was inserted into the lock of his door, and presently the door was opened and a man came in — a man habited in the uniform of the National Guard.

"— Sh!" whispered the guardsman. "Speak not, but do as I bid you. Throw off that ragged blouse. Sacré!—will you obey? Bah!—it is a friend! Now act, and quickly!"

"What!—you?—Mar——"

"Will you stop your tongue and obey? We will talk by-and-by."

Without another word the prisoner pulled off his blouse and threw it aside. At the same time the guardsman stripped off his uniform, threw off waist-belt and baldric, with the sword; then the coat with its gaudy facings; then the pants, gaiters, and the shoes; and he bade the other to get himself into them with all possible dispatch, which was done.

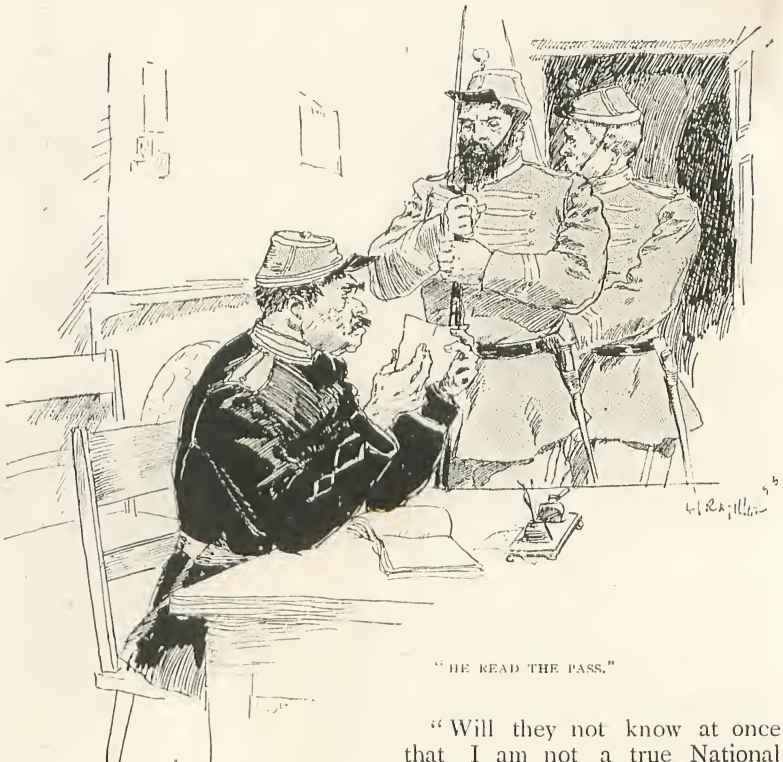
And yet the guardsman stood in full uniform as before. He had come doubly clad, even to the hat and an extra pompon. And there was still another dress inside the uniform in which he now appeared. No wonder he had looked strangely rotund and squat when we met him in M. Rameau's wine-shop.

"Come! Look out that your sword does not clank, yet be ready to use it if need be. Now follow me. Look neither to the right nor to the left. Are you ready? So! Forward! March!"

As they passed out upon the corridor, closing the door behind them, Otho saw the warder prone upon the pavement, and his sensitive olfactories detected the presence of the powerful anæsthetic that held him in thrall.

On that corridor they were at liberty to move as they pleased—for though there was a post of observation commanding that whole floor, yet the officer whose duty it was to occupy it was the warder who now lay senseless, and whose keys the sentinel had taken into his own possession.

"Mark you," whispered the liberator, when they had reached the head of the stairs and were about to descend, "we have our greatest risk directly ahead. The sentinels below have just come on, and may not be wakeful enough to be over-inquisitive. We must make them believe that we have been relieved, and that we stopped behind to help M. Joubert examine a cell."



"HE READ THE PASS."

"Will they not know at once that I am not a true National Guardsman?" asked Otho.

"Not if you hide your face as best as you can. They know not me. I came on last evening for the first time. I

only entered the service yesterday; enlisted on purpose for this bit of work. Oh, God, send that it prove a success! Now, forward! march!"

At the foot of the stairs was a door, which the zealous sentinel unlocked with a key taken from the pocket of the warder. As they were ready to step forth, he called out, imitating the gruff tones of the warder as closely as possible:—

"There—off you go! and I thank you for your help!"

"You are entirely welcome; but you've robbed me of nigh half an hour's sleep, nevertheless; good-night, M. Joubert."

The last words were upon his lips as he stepped forth into the lower hall, and the sentinel there standing supposed, naturally enough, that he was addressing the warder of the above.

"Now, comrade," said our experimenting guardsman, to the sentinel there stationed, "if you will let us out, we shall be grateful. M. Joubert has kept us to help him care for a prisoner who was inclined to be restive."

"Certainly, comrade." And, without hesitation, the honest sentinel ushered the twain forth into the vestibule, whence they made way to the open court.

"Now, my boy, mark me once more: I am Pierre Dubois; you are Julien Bizet—both of the National Guard. I have in my pocket a pass, signed by Colonel de Brèze—or it will answer for his signature. I think this will set us free. Come!"

Boldly they entered the office of the night keeper, where Pierre exhibited his pass. Fortune favoured the adventurers at every turn. This keeper was a plethoric, heavy-eyed man, dull and sleepy. He read the pass and gave it back, and, with only a grunt and a growl at being disturbed, he got up and opened the way for the anxious twain to go free.

In the uniform of the National Guard, and with the pass of Colonel Brèze, it was an easy matter for the fugitives to make their way to the outer fortifications, whence they had no difficulty in slipping through into the German lines, where they were received with great rejoicing.

During the winter of 1875–76, Colonel Alphonse de Brèze was called, by business of State, to the Prussian capital, and while there he went to the theatre. The play advertised on the occasion of his first visit was called "The Guardsman," the leading character of which was a rollicking, fun-making soldier of the French National Guard, said character being enacted by a Berlin favourite, Martin Œsau. When the guardsman made his appearance on the stage, De Brèze was electrified. With the first effort of thought he recognised the man—his recruit of Rameau's wine-shop!—his zealous sentinel of La Force!—his Pierre Dubois!

De Brèze could honour and respect brave men. A few days later he called upon M. Œsau at his home, and spent a pleasant hour; and not long thereafter he met Otho Maximilian at the same place.

"My friends," the colonel said, as he put down his empty wine-glass, "had you seen and heard me on that November morning, five years ago, when my prisoner was demanded of me, and I found an empty cell and a sentinel missing, you would have been slow to believe that an event like this could ever enter into the story of our lives!"

"Thank high Heaven for peace and for friendship!" was Œsau's fervent response.

And they filled up and emptied their glasses to the sentiment.

THERE had been silence for twenty minutes in the circle of our weekly convivial at the "Chain-Harve." The last word had been "ghosts"—or, more accurately, "ghostes." During that twenty minutes' silence, broken only by the puffing of pipes and the setting down of mugs, Mr. Coffin (who had been an undertaker, or something of that sort, up at London, and was considered the leading mind of the convivial club) had sat twinkling his eyes at the kettle-crane in a way that told those who knew him that something was to come out presently. At the end of the twenty minutes Peter broke the silence with :—

"He, he! Ghostes! Them's things as some folks thinks as ther' mebbe more in 'em ner is gen'ly thought—more'n wot some other folks thinks!"

Mr. Coffin transferred his twinkle to Peter, and then spread it over the company. But the company were engaged in twinkling for themselves—or, rather, in blinking (which was their substitute for twinkling)—at the kettle-crane. Most of them were wagging their heads very slowly from side to side,

"There's some as don't believe nothink," said old Billet.

"An' 'ow about Mrs. Skindle and them there lights down in the Low Medder?" said Peter.

"And 'ow about Master George's groom?" said Mr. Armstrong, of the Mill.

"Ar!" murmured the company.

Mr. Coffin had now completed the spreading of his twinkle over the company, and spoke :—

"It seems to me, gentlemen, that this club has a sort of duty in this very matter of ghosts and things. There's a great deal too much ignorance and superstition about."

The company, added to by the dropping in of occasional new arrivals, transferred their gaze—no longer a blink—to Mr. Coffin, in feeble surprise. Then, very gradually, the slow wag of the heads dissolved into a slow nod: as they said, very thoughtfully, "Ar!"

"It isn't only ghosts," continued Mr. Coffin. "It's superstition generally that it's our duty to put our foot down against. There's all sorts of nonsense about ill-luck from going under ladders, and spilling salt, and crossing knives—it's a sheer disgrace to the century!"

"Ar!" said the company, feebly.

"I'm glad you agree with me," went on Mr. Coffin, "because I've always felt strongly about the foolishness of these superstitions. Now, I was reading the other day in the paper about a club they have in London—it was there in my time, too; but that brought it to my mind. That club was established to ridicule those very superstitions; and they go at it with a vengeance when they are at it—regularly perspire over it, you might say. Well, now—why shouldn't we—this club—take up this matter too, just to show the people round about how sensible we are—eh?"

"Ar!" said the company.

"Very well, then, we couldn't have a more suitable occasion to inaugurate the new proceedings than to-night. This is Hallowe'en, gentlemen, the one night of the year on which people have the best chance of seeing ghosts—witches' night, you know; and what's more, there are just thirteen of us present, and that's another lucky thing; and what's more, Mr. Puter's yard dog has been howling all the evening, which is supposed to be a sign that somebody in this house will die shortly; and, by the way, I heard the death-watch most distinctly ticking in your parlour wall when I came in to-day, Peter; so, if you're as eager about the subject as I feel sure you are, why, there's no reason why we shouldn't begin at once."

"Why not?" murmured the company, very low and hesitatingly.

"Very well, then—those who are in favour of the new departure will indicate the same in the usual manner, by holding up their hands," said Mr. Coffin.

And he turned his eye on each of the company in turn, and as he did so, the one gazed at feebly held up his hand, and then dropped it as quickly as possible.

They had failed to notice, before he pointed it out, that they numbered just thirteen. The attendance at the club varied from time to time, owing to some of the frequenters living in neighbouring villages, and to other reasons.

So Mr. Coffin called for two knives and a salt-cellar; and then each one present was blindfolded in turn and made to go through a ceremony of initiation over the crossed knives and to spill some salt; after which Mr. Coffin entertained them with a discourse about ghosts, rising gravestones, banshees, corpse-lights, and other things which it was the duty of the new club to ridicule.

"The time is approaching when the landlord will request us to leave the premises," said Mr. Coffin; "and, as you are aware, the first of us to rise to depart must, according to the superstition, die within the year: a most laughable superstition, of course!"

Mr. Coffin looked round. Each one whom he fixed with his eye chuckled feebly and whispered "Ar—o' course!"

"Who volunteers to rise first?" asked Mr. Coffin, fixing his twinkle on the kettle-crane.

There was a dead silence, broken by a low, blood-curdling, tremulous moan from the yard; a moan which swelled into a howl so prolonged that it seemed as though it would never cease. Then another dead silence, broken by a dreadful grating death-cry from the woods; only the cry of the screech-owl. Then the landlord looked in and said: "Time, gentlemen, please."

"TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE."

But no one stirred; Mr. Coffin's twinkle was still fixed upon the crane.

"I propose, brother Unbelievers," he said, "that Peter, as being the person in whose house the death-watch is ticking at present, is the fittest person to rise. This will give him a great opportunity of showing his contempt for absurd superstitions."

"That's right, any-

how—'ear! 'ear!" said the other eleven, quite heartily this time; and Peter desperately seized and emptied his glass of gin and water, and—pale as a sheet—slowly rose and buttoned his coat. As he did so, there resounded again, simultaneously, the howl of the yard dog and the death-cry of the screech-owl. Peter grinned a ghastly grin, wiped his brow, said tremulously, "Well — goo' night," and crawled out.

Then Mr. Coffin removed his twinkle once more from the crane, and rose, and beamed round upon the company.

"This *is* a magnificent opportunity for the display of our contempt for superstition!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "If I remember rightly, it was on a Hallowe'en, just seven years ago, that the tramp hanged himself to that oak at the turn of the road—your way home, by the way, Mr. Armstrong. Yes, it *was* Hallowe'en! How fortunate! And then there's Master George's groom who was thrown and broke his neck at the Squire's gate, and is said to haunt the avenue just inside so as to be seen from the road. Why, if he's to be seen *any* night, he's safe to be about on Hallowe'en—and that's on *your* road home, Mr. Billet; there's a chance for *you!* Then some of you have to cross the Low Meadow where old Meg was drowned, in the time of William the Fourth, and where the corpse-lights are to be seen, eh? Why, there's some fun for every one of you. There's the churchyard, too, with a lot of queer stories about it. Don't you remember about Joe Watts seeing that grey thing sitting on the grave that had been opened, no one knew how?

"Capital! I'll tell you what. Just come into my place and finish the evening, and then you can all start off in time to pass those places exactly at midnight. Come along; and I'll start you all off at the right time."

Getting skilfully behind them all—(for Peter had been found hanging about just outside the door of the "Chain-Harve")—he edged them into his cottage like a collie showing sheep into a pen; and made them all sit down; and told them about an uncle of his who had gone by a haunted spot for all the world like the turn of the road where the tragedy of the tramp had occurred; and had heard something following him, though he could see nothing; and had felt a feeling like a dead fish sliding down his back; and had been unable to stir from the spot or to turn his head, although he felt a something behind him all the time; and had been found nearly dead in the morning. Then there was another tale of a maniac with blood on his nails, who lurked behind headstones in just such a churchyard as the one some of them had to pass through that night, and sprang out upon persons passing by; and was felt to be cold and slimy; and left those whom he touched paralyzed all down one side. And there was the story of the woman who saw a gravestone slowly rising—rising—rising of its own accord; and several other stories. Between the stories, in the dead silences, were heard the howls of the yard dog and the cries of the screech-owl: for Mr. Coffin lived close to the "Chain-Harve."

"SPRANG OUT UPON PERSONS PASSING BY."

"And now it's about time for some of you to be off," he said, rising. "You shall go one by one. Your road home lies by the Low Meadow, Peter; you'd better start now, and you'll just get there as the clock strikes twelve—you'll hear the church clock down there, so you can hang about a bit if you get there too soon. Good-night! Bless me, look at that thing in the elm tree! Doesn't it look like a man hanging there? Oh, of course, that's the light from my window on the leaves. Well, good-night, good-night all! Don't forget the rising gravestones, and the maniac, and the groom, and the dead fish!"

When the last of them had got round the turn in the road, Mr. Coffin put on his coat and crept out after them, walking on the turf at the side of the road so that his steps could not be heard. Presently he made a short cut across Farmer Worripp's third field so as to head them. At the other end of the field was the tramp's corner, with the fatal tree, now thin as to leaves, standing out blurrily against the dark sky. There, behind the hedge, Mr. Coffin waited to observe how Mr. Armstrong would pass the spot; Armstrong had been started off in good time to pass the spot a little before twelve; but the watcher waited in vain—no Armstrong turned up. So Mr. Coffin started off again, across country, toward the churchyard, arriving there just before twelve, and hiding behind King John's Yew; he strained his ear for the sound of feet, but no sound of feet was to be heard. No one going by the road could possibly have arrived there before him. The clock struck twelve, but no one came; he waited until the quarter-past—still no one came. Then he started off, still across country, to a point on Peter's way home, some three-quarters of a mile beyond the Low Meadow—but no Peter was to be seen. So Mr. Coffin went home across the Low Meadow without meeting a soul—or a spirit. Even down at the Low Meadow he could hear the distant howl of the yard dog—a marrow-chilling sound enough; but Mr. Coffin had absolutely no nerves, and simply chuckled.

How the members of the Unbelievers' Club got home that night nobody ever knew except themselves; but next morning Mr. Coffin was on his pony making the round of their dwelling or working places, and interviewing them.

But they seemed very grumpy and short that morning (one and all): and on his ride home Mr. Coffin twinkled so at the hedges and the trees and the sky, and chuckled so incessantly that even his pony (who was used to his ways) several times stopped and turned a brown eye round at its rider in surprise and inquiry. All that day twelve out of the thirteen members of the Unbelievers' Club were morose and out of humour; and that evening the majority of them happened to drop in at the "Threshing Machine," at the other end of the district from the "Chain-Harve." They said very little beyond "Good evening," and sat in the tap-room looking sheepishly at the fire, the important subject of the newly-established club being strangely avoided.

But reports of the prowess of the club on the previous night had been carefully spread by Mr. Coffin. He had told everybody he came across how Armstrong had sat and smoked right under the tramp's tree while the clock struck twelve, and how Billet had spent nearly an hour by the gate of the Squire's park, challenging the groom's ghost to show up, and making the avenue echo with his laughter; and so forth: so that the members of the new club had become heroes. Thus, one by one, the villagers were attracted to drop in at the "Threshing Machine" to gaze reverentially at the fearless ghost-defiers, and ask them all about it.

"It must hav' give yer a bit of a creepy feelin' when the clock began to strike?" said the saddler.

"Me? Golong with yer! 'Ope *I* ain't sech a turnip-liver as ter be frightened at bogies!" replied Armstrong, scornfully.

"Yur! D'ye take us for a set o' babies?" asked Billet, witheringly.

"Yah!" exclaimed Joe Murzle. "Wot next?"

Then the admirers stood drinks to the heroes; and by the time the latter got up—with more or less difficulty—to go home, there wasn't one among them who would not have given a week's earnings to meet the most creepy ghost about.

But the next morning they were silent once more; and Peter looked gloomily over the fence at Billet.

"Mighty queer about this 'ere pig o' mine, *that's* wot it is!" said he. "Bin ailing, he has, ever since yesterday morning."

"Hum!" said Billet. "We-el—if you ask *me*—I tell yer plain as I do b'leeve my roomatics come on wuss night afore last, and that's pat."

Then they were silent, shaking their heads for several minutes.

"I'll tell yer," said Peter. "'Umbug it may be; an' truck it may be; but there's

"MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THIS 'ERE PIG O' MINE."

things as is best let alone, and that I *do* think. Thur ain't no kind o' weak-mindyness nor credibility about *me:* but I says, wot's the objeck o' goin' a-spillin' o' salt, an' crossin' knives, an' settin' down thirteen?"

"Ar!" said Billet, eagerly, "that's wot I ses—let sleepin' dogs lie, ses I; and then yer won't git bitten, I ses!"

"I've got a kind o' notion as things are a-going somehow queerish like," said Armstrong, passing along the lane at that moment. "Do me if I can git the wind right way round into the mill-sails this mornin' nor yet yesterday; and what on earth shed make that there lot o' flour mouldy—well! That there pig's tail o' yourn don't look kind o' right—it's a-hangin' out straight as a dip. Wot's ailin'?"

Peter and Billet looked at each other and shook their heads. Then Joe Maydew came along, and told how he had his doubts about them turkeys of his being quite as they should be, and how Jem Baker the carrier's horse had gone lame the day before; and how other suspicious things were happening.

Now, as a fact, Peter's pig had been ailing over a week, and the mill had been refractory for five or six days—ever since the wind had been so choppy; and Baker's horse had gradually gone lame from a shoe-nail badly driven ten days previously. But the "Club" had not been nervously looking out for evil signs until some thirty hours ago, and so had failed to find any particular significance in the mishaps.

"It strikes *me*," said Maydew (one of the Unbelievers' Club), "that there's folks as is fools and folks as is bigger fools; and these 'ere last kind is them as must go a-sneerin', and unb'leevin', and defyin', and temptin' o' Providence. Wot's Providence provide bad luck for, if you ain't free to 'elp yerself to it? An' how are yer goin' to 'elp yerself to it if ther' ain't no proper reckernized means o' doing of it—hey?"

"Do jest seem like throwin' away the gifts o' Providence, don't it?" said Peter.

"And wot I ses, them as up and persuades others for to do that same, though bein' nameless, is got to answer to it," said Billet. "There's things as we knows about, and there's other things, as contrariwise, we don't; and when you ses unluck, and ghostes, and sech——"

"All tomfoolery, aren't they, Mr. Billet? and no one's more convinced of that than you and Peter," put in Mr. Coffin, who had come along unobserved, fixing his persuasive eye on Billet.

The influence of Mr. Coffin's eye was remarkable: poor Billet and Peter stood on one foot and then on the other, and grinned feebly, while the other two stood scratching their chins; and, with a cheery wave of the hand, Mr. Coffin passed on; and when he was out of sight those four stuck their fists

defiantly into the very bottoms of their pockets, and put their legs wide apart, and muttered: "Is got to arnswer for it; and it's a mercy if there ain't bad luck for *them*."

For the rest of that week the Unbelievers spent their time in detecting signs of the ill-luck brought upon them by the rash proceedings of that fatal evening; for, in truth, they were as superstitious a set as one could well find. By the end of the week a thousand small misfortunes had happened, exactly on a footing with the small misfortunes which had been happening to them every week of their lives; but *now* these desperate deeds at the "Chain-Harve" caused everything.

Peter's pig got so ill that Peter was forced to sell it at less than quarter value to the local butcher, who was forced to send the carcass to London to dispose of it; and then Peter—always feeble-minded—began to grow moody and to stand about brooding on ills to come; and while he stood brooding with a candle in his hand he set fire to his thatch and burned off half his roof.

"HE SET FIRE TO HIS THATCH."

Then the evening came round for the weekly meeting of the "Unbelievers' Club," and Mr. Coffin sat in state in the club-room chair at the "Chain-Harve"; but at half-past seven (the regulation time for dropping in) not a member appeared, nor until a quarter past eight; and then Mr. Coffin set off for the other end of the parish, and found them all at the "Threshing Machine."

"Ha! Good evening, gentlemen!" said he, taking a big chair by the fire. "So you've decided to hold our club meeting here for a change?"

"'Ear! 'ear!" cried all those who were not of the fated twelve. Then came a ten minutes' silence. Then Armstrong said, doggedly:—

"As to clubs, there's clubs as is all right; and there's clubs as is, what you might say, otherwise—an' that's all about it!"

"Ar! That's jest where it is!" said old Billet.

"An' take it or leave it!" added Joe Maydew.

"Ar!" said the rest.

Peter sat in a dark corner, behind a string of onions, muttering to himself.

"Is it your pleasure, fellow Unbelievers, that we go into committee on the future programme of the club?" asked Mr. Coffin.

"'Ear! 'ear!" cried the curious non-members, eagerly.

But Armstrong rose and stuck his fists again into the bottoms of his pockets, and glared at the proposer.

"W'y, if it comes to that, no, it ain't!" he said, fiercely. "And take it out o' that!" And with that he stamped out of the "Threshing Machine," followed by Joe Maydew.

The non-members were terribly disappointed; Mr. Coffin's influence was powerless to set the proceedings going; the affair was a disastrous frost; and presently the party broke up. At the hour for closing Peter still sat in the dark corner behind the string of onions, rocking his chair on its two hind legs and glowering at his boots; and he had to be nudged three times before he started up and mechanically trudged out, with his eyes fixed on the floor.

Next day, at the time for going to work, Peter sat in his living-room with his chin

upon his chest, and refused to budge. He had not attempted to repair the thatch of his roof; and the rain had soaked his bed, and spoilt his one or two books, and the coloured prints on his wall and other things; but he merely gazed hopelessly round like one under an irremovable curse, and gave it up. He had left the cover off his little flour-tub, and the rain had soaked the flour, and a hen was scratching in it; but there he sat and glowered.

Then he lost his employment at Farmer Worripp's, for the farmer could not wait his pleasure, and had to engage another hand instead; and so Peter had to go to the "house" for out-door relief. So he dragged on, wandering round his garden patch, with his head low, and glowering, and brooding, and waiting for the further developments of the ill-luck he had brought on himself by the proceedings at the "Club."

Then his landlord grew tired of receiving no rent, and Peter had to leave his cottage, after selling his few "sticks" to his neighbours; or, rather, after his neighbours had come forward and given him a trifle for this and that article, which he would otherwise have left behind without an attempt to sell.

And so he wandered out into the road, quietly, at dusk, when no one was observing, and stood for a moment at his gate, wavering which way to go; and then he turned at the sound of a dog barking, and went off slowly in the direction to which he had turned, with no pack—nothing but his clothes and the small amount from the sale in his pocket.

As he passed the "Chain-Harve," his head still on his breast, Mr. Coffin (who had been away for ten days, and had not heard of Peter's latest straits) was standing in the doorway and caught sight of him.

"Halloa, Master Peter," said Coffin. "Whither away now? Coming in to have half-a-pint?"

Peter suddenly stopped in the light from the tap-room window, raised his head, and glared fiercely at the speaker: then spat on the ground before him, and disappeared into the darkness.

The next morning, when Mr. Coffin heard all about Peter's recent troubles, he set off along the road the way he had gone, and searched for him high and low. Peter had been seen in the next village, and had bought a loaf and some cheese at the grocer's; but beyond this the seeker could not trace him. He tried the next day, and the next; but with no success.

It was eight or nine weeks after this that, at sunset, Peter dragged himself from under a haystack where he had been asleep, and drew himself slowly up to a standing position. He was scarcely recognisable: his unwashed face was seared and lined with exposure, misery, and incessant brooding on the ill-luck which had long ago developed in his feeble mind into a crushing curse—a curse deliberately brought down upon himself by some awful and inexpiable blasphemy—for such was the phantasy which had evolved itself out of those harmless acts of spilling the salt and so forth at the inauguration of the Unbelievers' Club. Day and night—until he had fallen down with sheer inability to keep awake—he had wandered on, with his chin on his chest and his eyes on the road, brooding over the "blasphemy" and the "curse." He looked like a skeleton; his eyes had grey hollows all round; his clothes were in rags; and he had been wet through for many days.

Suddenly, now, he glared at the setting sun; then sprang forward to a heap of flints on the roadside, and with trembling hand eagerly selected a large stone, and hugged it up inside the breast of his coat. Then he set off hurriedly—almost at a run—along the road; and walked, walked, at the same pace, into the dusk, into the darkness, under the stars. Now and again he would take out the flint and feel it caressingly; and once he suddenly stopped, and tore off a large piece of his coat, and wrapped the stone in it; and tied his old red handkerchief over that, and put the stone back in his coat. Stumbling along at the same pace, he arrived about ten o'clock at the window of the "Threshing Machine," and peered in; everyone was away that night at a merrymaking in the next village, and Mr. Coffin sat alone in the tap-room.

Peter pushed open the tap-room door, and suddenly appeared before Mr. Coffin, who started up in surprise. After a few moments' scrutiny he recognised the changed figure, and advanced and touched its arm, and sat it down in a chair; and went out and returned with some bread and cheese and a mug of ale.

Peter pushed away the food and swallowed the pint of ale at a gulp, then held out the mug to be refilled. It was strong ale, not "swipes." Mr. Coffin took the mug and set it down; and while his back was turned Peter seized his untouched glass of hot rum and water and swallowed the liquor.

Not once did Peter speak, even in reply; but each time the other turned his back, he would bring out the flint in its wrappings and

"HE WALKED INTO THE DARKNESS."

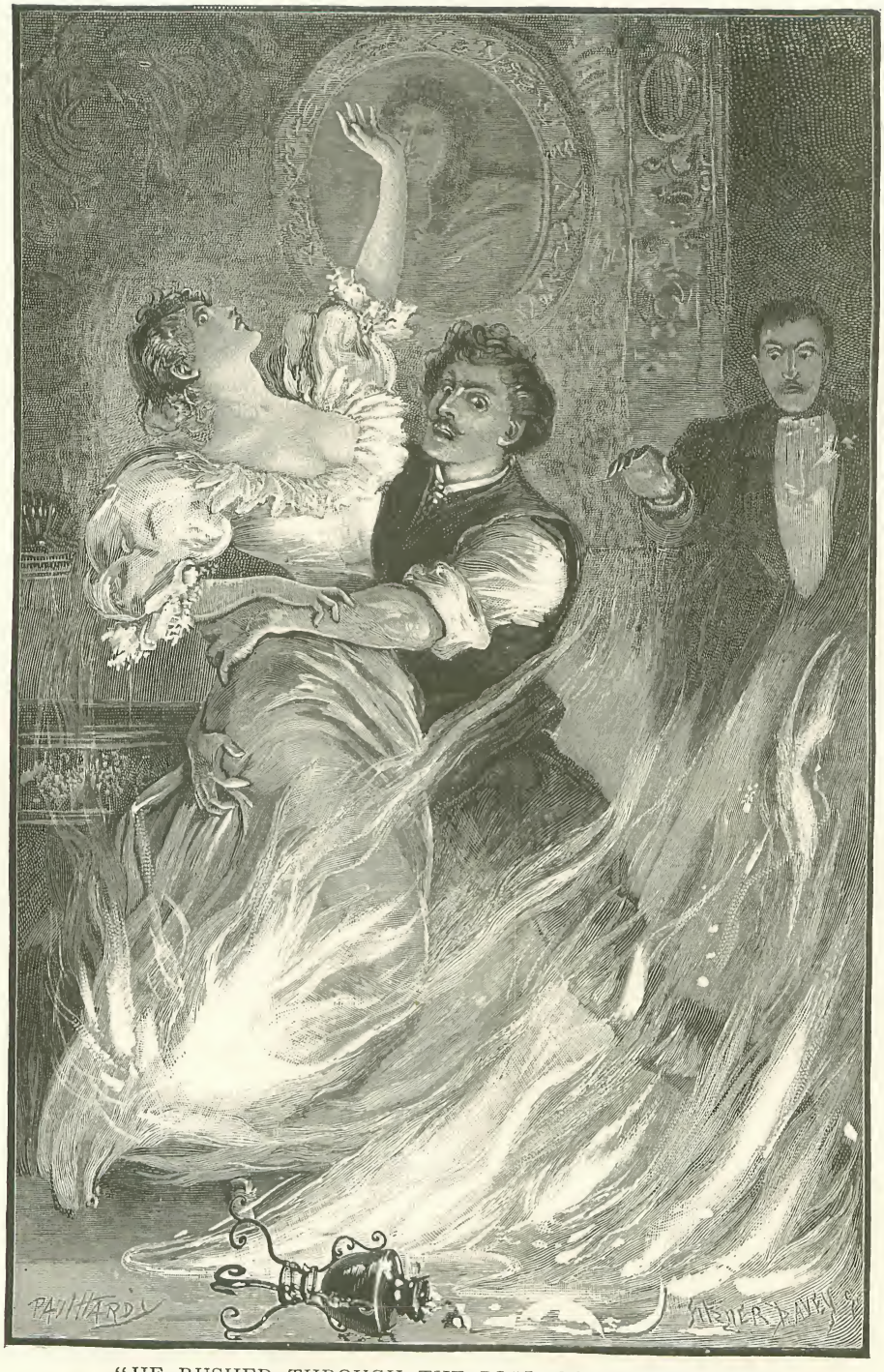
caress it, and glare at Mr. Coffin. Then suddenly Peter sprang up and tottered out; and Mr. Coffin, after a vain attempt to find him in the darkness outside, mounted his pony and set off for home. He took the lane for the Low Meadow; and after him, keeping on the grass or in the soft mud, crept Peter, caressing the flint stone.

Mr. Coffin did not return home that night, although his pony did; and the next day he was found on the Low Meadow with his skull fractured and a large sharp flint lying close by; and Peter was found lying face upwards, glaring at the sky through three feet of water, at the spot where tradition said that old Meg was drowned in the time of William the Fourth.

The Low Meadow is triply haunted now; and the villagers avoid it after nightfall more carefully than ever. The Unbelievers' Club exists no longer.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

RUE DES LAPINS
SE DAFFICHER
VINS TRAITEUR
FIND THE ANARCHIST
FINDHIS GLUM BROTHER
PAL'S PUZZLE PAGE.
FIND THE REFEREE.
PAL



"HE RUSHED THROUGH THE POOL OF BLAZING OIL."

(*See page* 456.)

# ANTONIO'S ENGLISHMAN

ANTONIO was young, handsome, and a gondolier. He lacked but two things; a gondola of his own, and an Englishman. He was too poor to buy a gondola, and though he occasionally hired an old and extremely dilapidated one, and trusted to his handsome face to enable him to capture a party of foreign ladies, his profits had to be divided with the owner of the gondola, and were thus painfully small. The *traghetto* brought him in a few francs per month, and he picked up other small sums by serving as second oar, whenever tourists could be convinced that a second oar was necessary. Still, Antonio was desperately poor, and he and his young wife were often uncomfortably hungry.

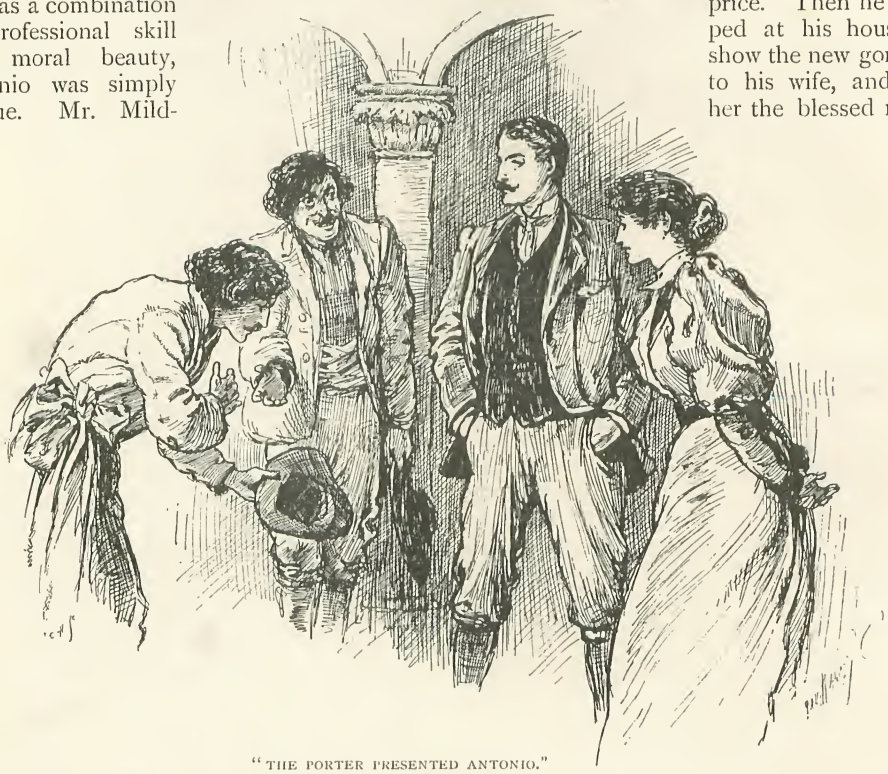
Now, if the Madonna would only send him an Englishman, even if it were only for a single year, Antonio could easily save enough money to buy himself a beautiful gondola, besides living in the lap of luxury. His brother Spiro had owned an Englishman for only seven months and a half, and already he was a capitalist, with his own gondola, and, figure it to yourself!—with four hundred francs in the savings bank! And Spiro had done nothing to deserve this blessing, for he was notoriously an unbeliever, and never went inside a church except when he was escorting English ladies, when, of course, he prayed with fervour at the most conspicuous shrine, which was worth at least ten extra soldi of *buona mano*. Whereas, Antonio was deeply religious, and at least once a year gave a wax candle to the Blessed Virgin of Santa Maria Zobenigo. "But patience!" said Antonio daily to himself. "Some day the Madonna will grow weary, and will say, 'Give that Antonio an Englishman, so that I can have a little peace and quiet.' And then the Englishman will appear, and Antonio's fortune will be made."

Of course Antonio knew of every foreigner who came to Venice with the intention of making a prolonged stay. There is no detective police in the world that can be compared with the Venetian gondolier in learning the ways and purposes of tourists. To know all about the foreigner is at once his business and his capital. The Englishman who comes to Venice and determines to spend six months or a year in that enchanted city, may reach this decision on a Saturday night and mention it to no living soul. Yet by the following Monday morning all the gondoliers in Venice know that there is an Englishman to be striven for, and they have even settled in their own minds precisely what apartment he will probably hire. How they arrive at this knowledge it is not for me to say. There are mysteries in the Venice of to-day, as there were in the Venice of the Ten and of the Three.

Now, it fell out that one day Antonio learned that an Englishman and his wife, a young couple, who had every appearance of sweet temper and scant knowledge of the world, had arrived at the Albergo Luna, and had told the porter that they intended to take a house and live forever in Venice. The porter was an intimate friend of Antonio, and had been promised a handsome commission on any foreigner whom he might place in Antonio's hands. Within an hour after receiving the precious information, Antonio had put on his best shirt, had said ten Aves at lightning speed, had promised the Blessed

Virgin two half-pound wax candles in case he should land this desirable Englishman, and was back again at the Luna and waiting to waylay his prey.

The porter presented Antonio, and asserted that, as a combination of professional skill and moral beauty, Antonio was simply unique. Mr. Mildmay, the Englishman in question, was pleased with Antonio's clean shirt, and Mrs. Mildmay was captivated by his chestnut curls, and the frank, innocent expression of the young fellow's face. He was hired on the spot, with the new gondola which he professed to own, for 150 francs per month, including his board. He was to bring his gondola and his recommendations to the hotel to be inspected that afternoon, and was to begin his duties on the following day, the Mildmays having already secured an apartment in advance of their arrival in Venice.



"THE PORTER PRESENTED ANTONIO."

The long-hoped-for fortune had arrived at last. "He is a man of excellent heart, the *paron*," said Antonio to the porter. "He will be as wax in my hands; already I love him and the sweet *parona*. You shall have your share of him, my Zuane. No one can say that I am not a just man."

Antonio hurried at once from the hotel with a note from the porter to a dealer in gondolas, certifying that the bearer had secured a most eligible Englishman. He had to pay a heavy price for the hire by the month of a nearly new gondola, but the payments were to form part of the purchase-money, and Antonio did not grudge the price. Then he stopped at his house to show the new gondola to his wife, and tell her the blessed news, and then, armed with his baptismal certificate, and an old letter from a notary, informing him that the funeral expenses of his father must be paid or serious consequences would follow, he returned to the hotel.

The Mildmays were satisfied with the gondola, and with Antonio's recommendations; for they could not read Italian handwriting, and when Antonio informed them that the notary's letter was a certificate that he was the most honest man in Venice, and that it had been given him by a German Prince whom he had served ten years, they were not in a position to contradict the assertion. Moreover, they were already half in love with the handsome and happy face of their gondolier, and would have taken him without any recommendation at all, sooner than have taken an old and ugly gondolier with the recommendation of the British Consul and the resident chaplain. The next day Antonio entered upon his duties, and began the joyous task of making hay

"HE SHOWED THE NEW GONDOLA TO HIS WIFE."

while the sun of the Englishman shone on him.

The gondolier in private service in Venice does many things wholly unconnected with his boat. He usually waits on his master's table; he polishes the concrete floors, and he is sent on every variety of errand. Antonio was tireless, respectful, and cheerful, and the Mildmays agreed that he was an ideal servant. Of course they responded to his suggestion that he needed a livery, and he was soon furnished at their expense with a handsome suit of heavy blue cloth, a picturesque hat, a silk sash, and an overcoat. He looked very handsome in his new dress, and the difference between what he paid the tailor and what he charged his master provided his wife and his little boy with their entire wardrobe for the coming winter.

Venice is a cold city after the winter fogs begin, and when Antonio advised the Mildmays to lay in their entire stock of firewood in September instead of waiting until the price should be higher, they said to one another what a comfort it was to have a servant who really looked after their interests. So Antonio was commissioned to buy the wood, and he bought it. He made a handsome commission on the transaction, and, in addition, he had about one-fifth of the whole amount of wood delivered at his own residence. It is true that this was not quite enough to provide him fuel for the entire winter, but the deficiency could easily be remedied by simply carrying home three or four sticks under his coat every night, and Antonio was not a man who shrank from any honest labour when the good of his family was in view.

About ten days after the arrival of his Englishman, Antonio informed him that the gondola needed to go to the *squero* to have its bottom cleaned, at a cost of ten francs. This, however, he insisted upon paying out of his own pocket, because the foulness of the bottom had been incurred before he entered Mr. Mildmay's service. This scrupulous display of honesty still further convinced the Englishman that he had the pearl of gondoliers, and when the next day Antonio asked him to give him as a loan, to be deducted from his future wages, fifty francs, wherewith to make certain essential but wholly unintelligible repairs to the gondola, Mr. Mildmay was of his wife's opinion that it would be a shame to require the poor man ever to repay it.

The first thing that shook the Mildmays' confidence in Antonio was a little incident in connection with a chicken. They had had a pair of roast fowls for dinner and had eaten only one, intending to have the other served cold for luncheon the next day. When late in the evening Mrs. Mildmay accidentally discovered Antonio in the act of going out of the house with the cold fowl stuffed under his coat, she demanded an explanation. "It is true, *parona*," said Antonio, "that I took the fowl. And why? Because all the evening I had seen you and the *paron* sitting together in such love and happiness that my heart bled for poor Antonio, who has no happy fireside at which to sit. And so I said to myself, 'Antonio! surely you deserve a

little happiness as well as these good and noble people! Take the cold fowl, and eat it with love and gratitude in your heart!'"

"TAKE THE COLD FOWL AND EAT IT."

Mrs. Mildmay could not scold him after this defence, and she simply contented herself with telling him that he might keep the fowl for this time, but that such a method of equalizing the benefits of fortune must not occur again. Antonio promised both her and himself that it should not, and though he continued to keep his wife's table fully supplied from that of the Mildmays, the latter never again found him in possession of surreptitious chickens.

One day Antonio found a gold piece, twenty francs in fact, on the floor of his gondola. He knew it must have been dropped by the *paron*, and he promptly brought it to him. "How wrong I was," said Mrs. Mildmay, "to doubt the poor fellow because of that affair of the chicken. No one would ever have been the wiser if he had kept that twenty-franc piece, but he brought it to us like an honest man." For once she was right in believing Antonio to be honest. Nothing could have induced him to sully his soul and hands by unlawfully detaining his master's money. He was determined to make all the money out of his providential Englishman that he could make in ways that every gondolier knows to be perfectly legitimate, but he was no thief, and Mr. Mildmay could fearlessly have trusted him with all the money in his purse.

Antonio was now one of the happiest men in Venice, but one morning he came to Mr. Mildmay with a face of pathetic sadness, and asked for a day's holiday. "It is not for pleasure that I ask it," he said; "my only pleasure is to serve the best of masters. But my little boy is dead, and is to be buried to-day. I should like to go with the coffin to San Michele."

Mr. Mildmay was unspeakably touched by the man's sorrow and the quiet heroism with which he bore it. He gave him the day's holiday and fifty francs towards the funeral expenses of his child. When Antonio appeared in the morning, quiet, sad, but scrupulously anxious to do his whole duty, the Mildmays felt that they really loved the silent and stricken man.

Misfortune seemed suddenly to have run amuck at Antonio. A week after the death of his child, he announced in his usual quiet way that his wife was dead. It was very sudden, so he said. He did not know exactly what was the disease, but he thought it was rheumatism. The Mildmays thought it strange that rheumatism should have carried off a woman only twenty-two years old, but strange things happen in Venice, and the climate is unquestionably damp. Antonio only asked for half a holiday to attend the funeral, and he added that unless the *paron* could advance him two hundred francs of his wages, he should be unable to save his wife from being buried in the common ditch. Of course, this could never be permitted, and Antonio received the two hundred francs, and Mrs. Mildmay told her husband that if he should think of deducting it from the unhappy man's wages, she could never respect him again.

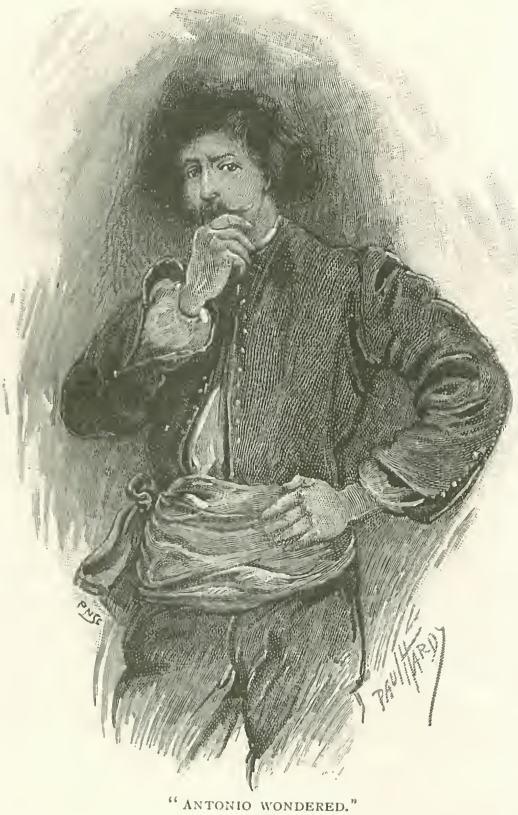
For a time the darts of death spared the household of Antonio. The gondola made its alleged monthly visit to the *squero* to have its bottom cleaned at Mr. Mildmay's expense, and the amount of repairs and paint which

it needed did seem unexpectedly large. But Antonio was not foolishly grasping. So long as he doubled his wages by tradesmen's commissions, and by little devices connected with the keeping of the gondola, he felt that he was combining thrift with prudence. He made, however, one serious mistake, of which he afterwards repented when it was too late. Instead of giving the Madonna the two wax candles which he had promised her, he gave her two stearine candles, trusting that she would not notice the difference. It was not in keeping with his honest and religious character, and there were times when the recollection of it made him feel uneasy.

As the winter wore on Antonio's devotion to his employers never slackened. Beyond the commissions which it is but just and right that the faithful gondolier should exact from those dogs of tradesmen, even if they did charge the same commissions in his master's bills, he was tireless in protecting the Mildmays from imposition. He was never too tired to do anything that he was asked to do, and although, when his brother Spiro was temporarily out of employment, Antonio discovered that there was nearly always too much wind to render it safe to take the gondola out with a single oarsman, and that he would therefore furnish a second oarsman in the person of Spiro at his master's expense, he never intimated that he was not ready to row hour after hour while the Mildmays explored the city and the lagoon. Mr. Mildmay was fascinated by the narrow Venetian streets, and spent hours exploring alone every part of the city. He was probably perfectly safe in so doing, for highway robbery and crimes of violence are almost unknown in Venice; but for all that he was always, though without his knowledge, accompanied on his walking excursions by the stealthy and unsuspected Antonio, who kept out of sight, but in readiness to come to his assistance should the necessity arise.

Toward spring Antonio thought it best to have his wife's mother die, but to his surprise Mr. Mildmay did not offer to pay the old lady's funeral expenses. He drew the line at mothers-in-law, and Antonio received only his half-holiday to accompany the corpse to the cemetery. This miscarriage made Antonio think more than ever of that failure to keep his promise to the Madonna in the matter of the wax candles, and he sometimes wondered if she were capable of carrying her resentment so far as to take his Englishman from him.

There is gas in Venice, but the judicious householder does not use it, save when he desires to enshroud his rooms in a twilight gloom. If he wishes a light strong enough to read by, he burns petroleum. It was, of course, Antonio who supplied the petroleum to the Mildmay household, and equally of course, he bought the poorest quality and charged for the dearest. Now, in spite of all the care which a timid person may lavish on a lamp burning cheap petroleum, it is nearly certain sooner or later to accomplish its mission of setting somebody or something on fire, and Antonio's petroleum, which was rather more explosive than gunpowder, unaccountably spared the inmates of the *casa* Mildmay until late in the month of March, when it suddenly asserted itself.



"ANTONIO WONDERED."

It happened in this way. One evening Mrs. Mildmay took a lamp in her hand, and started to cross the wide and slippery floor of her drawing-room. The rug on which

she trod moved under her, and she came near falling. In the effort to save herself she dropped the lamp. It broke, and in an instant she was in a blaze.

Antonio was in the ante-room. The door was open and he saw the accident. He sprang to Mrs. Mildmay's assistance. He did not attempt to avoid the flames, but rushed directly through the pool of blazing oil, burning his feet and ankles horribly. He seized Mrs. Mildmay, and tore away her dress with his bare hands. He had nothing to wrap around her, for he was wearing no coat at the time, but he clasped her close in his arms, and smothered the flames that had caught her petticoat by pressing her against his bosom She escaped with nothing worse than a slightly burned finger, but Antonio's hands, arms, feet and ankles were burned to the bone. By this time Mr. Mildmay, who had been in his study, heard his wife calling for help, and made his appearance.

Antonio asked the *parona's* permission to sit down for a moment, and then fainted away The cook was called and sent for the doctor. She met Antonio's brother in the *calle*, close to the house, and sent him upstairs. With his help Antonio was carried to Mrs. Mildmay's bedroom, and laid on the bed, and before the doctor came the wounded man had regained consciousness, and had thanked the Mildmays for their care of him.

The doctor, after dressing the wounds, said that the man might very probably recover. But Antonio announced that he was about to die, on hearing which decision the doctor changed his mind.

"When a Venetian of the lower class gives up, and says he is going to die," said the doctor, "no medical science can save him. Your man will die before morning, if he has really lost all hope. There! he says he wants a priest; you might as well order his coffin at once. I can do nothing to save him."

"*Paron*," said Antonio, presently, "would you, in your great goodness, permit my wife to come to see me for the last time?"

"You shall have anything you want, my brave fellow," replied Mr. Mildmay, "but I thought your wife was dead."

"I was mistaken about it," said Antonio. "It was her twin sister who died, and they were so much alike that their own mother could not tell them apart. No, my poor wife is still alive. May she bring my little boy with her?"

"Tell her to bring anybody you may want to see," replied his master, "but I certainly thought your little boy was buried last January."

"The *paron* is mistaken, if he will pardon me for saying so. It was my little girl who died. Was it not so, Spiro?"

Spiro confirmed Antonio's statement, like a loyal brother who is afraid of no fraternal lie, and Mr. Mildmay had not the heart to trouble the sufferer with any more suggested doubts of his veracity.

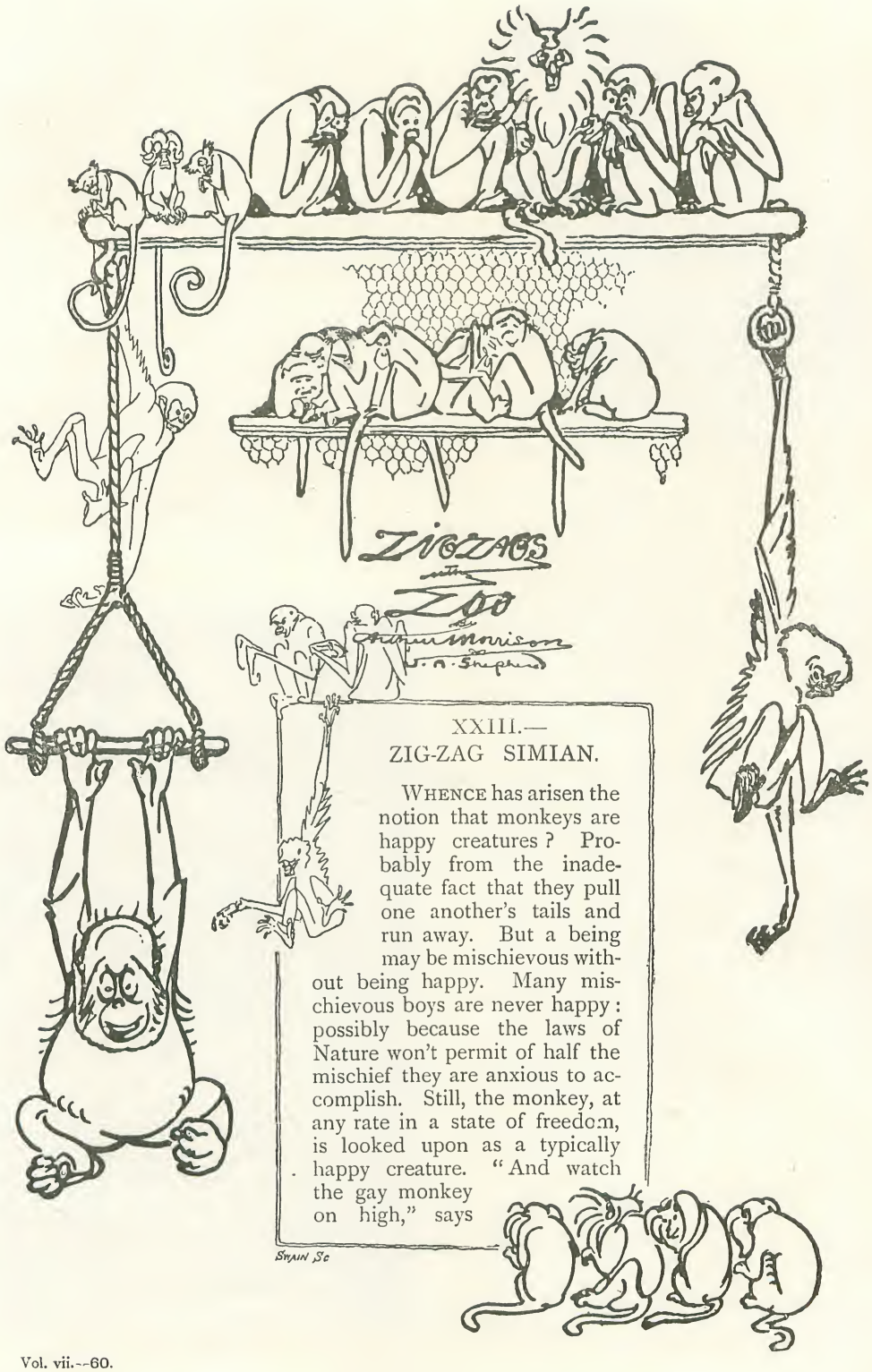
Antonio was duly confessed, and received absolution. "Did you tell the father about the candles?" whispered Spiro after the priest had gone.

"I thought," answered Antonio, "that perhaps the Madonna had not yet noticed that they were not wax, and that it would not be wise to tell her of it, just as one is going where she is."

In the early morning Antonio died. His family, and Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay, were at his bedside. He died bravely, with the smile of an innocent little child on his face. "I have served the dear *paron* faithfully," he said, just as he died. "I know he will take care of my wife and child. And he will take Spiro as his gondolier."

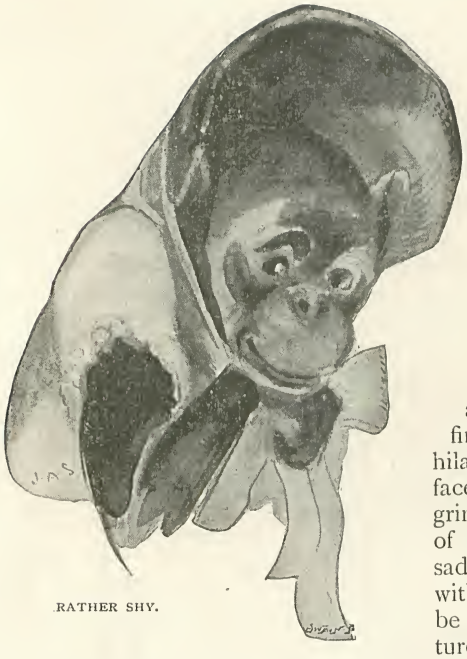
Mr. Mildmay religiously carried out Antonio's dying request. He installed Spiro in the place of the dead man, and he settled an annuity on Zanze, the disconsolate widow. He gave Antonio a grave all to himself in San Michele, and a beautiful white marble tombstone, with the epitaph, "Brave, Faithful, and Honest." He came to know somewhat later how Antonio had enriched himself at his expense, but he said to his wife: "After all, my dear, Antonio was strictly honest according to his own code. I think I have known some Englishmen of unblemished reputation, whose honesty, according to the English code, could not be compared with that of the poor boy who gave his life for yours."

W. L. ALDEN.




## XXIII.—
## ZIG-ZAG SIMIAN.

WHENCE has arisen the notion that monkeys are happy creatures? Probably from the inadequate fact that they pull one another's tails and run away. But a being may be mischievous without being happy. Many mischievous boys are never happy: possibly because the laws of Nature won't permit of half the mischief they are anxious to accomplish. Still, the monkey, at any rate in a state of freedom, is looked upon as a typically happy creature. "And watch the gay monkey on high," says



RATHER SHY.

Bret Harte; and Mr. Kipling addresses the monkey as "a gleesome, fleasome thou," which latter looks like an attempt to make an admissible adjective pass in an unwarranted brother. I have seen monkeys fleasome, treesome, freesome, keysome (opposite adjectives these, you will perceive on reflection), and disagreesome, but cannot call to mind one that looked in the least gleesome. Everything that runs up a fence or swings on a rope is not necessarily jolly, much as the action would appear to justify the belief. Many a human creature has stormed a fence with a lively desire to attain the dogless side, but no noticeable amount of jollity; and a man escaping from fire by a rope wastes no time in unseasonable hilarity, dangle he never so quaintly. Look at their faces; look also at the monkey's face. If a monkey grin, it is with rage; his more ordinary expression of countenance is one of melancholy reflection—of sad anxiety. His most waggish tricks are performed with an air of hopeless dejection. Now, this may be due to any one of three causes, or even to a mixture of them. It may be that, like the boy, he dolorously reflects that, after all, mischief has its limits; that you cannot, so to speak, snatch the wig of the man in the moon, upset the Milky Way, or pull the tail of the Great Bear. Or it may be that a constant life of practical jokes, and of watchfulness to avert them, is a wearying and a saddening thing after all. Or it may be that every ape, meditating on his latest iniquity, tries for ever to look as though it were the other monkey.

With many people, to speak of the Zoo monkeys is to speak of Sally. Poor Sally! Who would not weep for Sally? For Sally is dead and hath not left her peer. A perversion of Milton is excusable in the circumstances. Why is there no memorial of Sally? "Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?" as they say on invitations to bachelor small-hour revels. There should, at least, be a memorial inscription to Sally.

Sally, when first she came here in 1883, was a modest and, indeed, rather a shy chimpanzee. A few years of elementary education, however, quite changed Sally's character, for she learnt to count up to five, and to be rather impudent. Wonderfully uniform are the results of elementary education.

The chimpanzees, orang-outangs, and such near relatives of humanity are kept, when they are alive to keep, in the sloths' house. Such as are there chiefly occupy their time in dying. It seems to be the only really serious pursuit they ever take to. Sudden death is so popular among them,

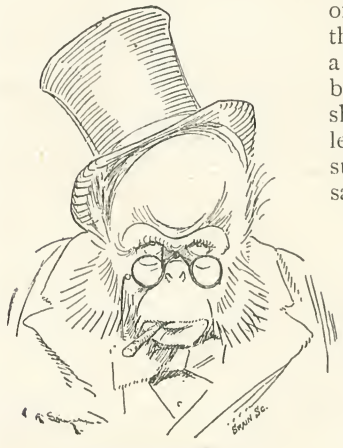
SALLY ON A BUST.

that it is quite impossible to know how many are there at any particular time without having them all under the eye at the moment. A favourite "sell" among them is for a chimpanzee or orang to become a little educated and interesting, then wait till some regular visitor invites all his friends to inspect the phenomenon, and die just before they arrive at the door. This appears to be considered a most amusing practical joke by the dead monkey, and is much persevered in.

Sally was a black-faced chimpanzee. The white-faced kind is more common, and in the days of its extreme youth much more like a stage Irishman, except that his black hair gives him the appearance of wearing dress trousers very much frayed at the ankles.

A STAGE IRISHMAN.

The orang-outang is less intellectual as a rule than the chimpanzee; but he has a deceptive appearance of brain-pan — an illusory height of forehead—that earns undeserved respect. Many a man has conducted a successful business with credit on the strength of a reputation as easily earned. With the orang as with the chimpanzee, it is in infancy that he presents the most decently human appearance. But even then he is a low, blackguard sort of baby—worse than the precocious baby of the Bab Ballad could possibly have been. He should have a pipe for a feeding-bottle and a betting-book to learn his letters from. These anthropoid apes come with such suddenness and die with such uncertainty that I cannot say whether there are any in the Zoo now or not—I haven't been there since yesterday. But wanderoos there are, I feel safe in saying, and Gibbons. The wanderoo is a pretty monkey, and usually gentle. He has a grave, learned, and reverend aspect as viewed from the front, and this is doubtless why, in India, his is supposed to be a higher caste, respected and feared by other monkeys. That same wig, however, that



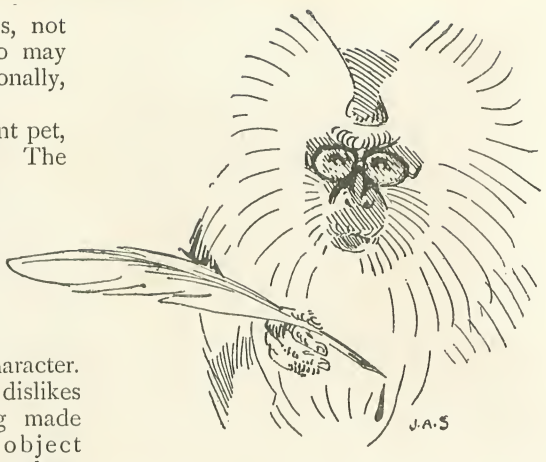
A DECEPTIVE BRAIN-PAN.

looks so venerable in the forefront view, is but a slatternly tangle in profile, like unto the *chevelure* of a dowdy kitchenmaid. But a wanderoo, well taught, and of good-temper, is as clean and quaint a pet as you may desire, and as delicate as the poet's gazelle, with its incurable habit of dying. The same may be said of the Gibbon. In this climate he Declines and Falls

WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

on the smallest excuse, although, perhaps, not quite so readily as the chimpanzee, who may almost be said to Decline and Fall professionally, like Mr. Wegg.

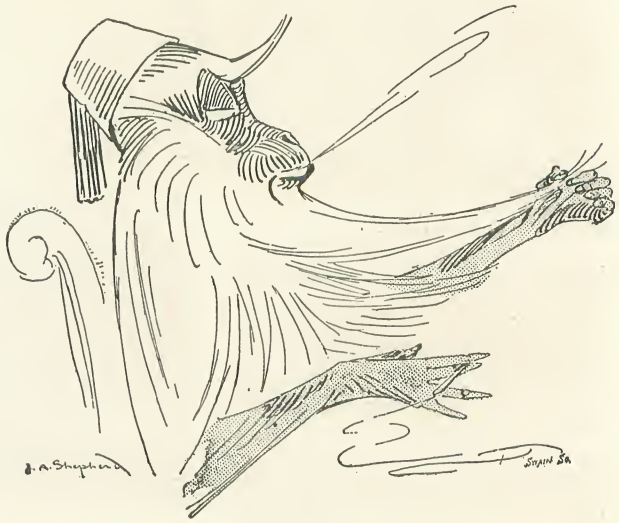
The Diana monkey, too, makes a pleasant pet, and is not so confirmed a dier as some. The Diana monkey here is over in the large monkey-house, in the middle of the Gardens. Her name is Jessie, and her beard is most venerable and patriarchal. But just outside the eastern door of the big house, John, the Tcheli monkey, occupies his separate mansion. John is a notable and a choleric character. He dislikes being made the object of vulgar curiosity, and is apt to repel an inspection of his premises with a handful of sawdust. Any unflattering remark on his personal appearance will provoke a wild dance about his cage and a threatening spar through the wires. But once threaten him with a policeman—do as much as mention the word, in fact—and John becomes a furious Bedlamite, with the activity of a cracker and the intentions of dynamite. Against floor, walls, ceiling, and wires he bounces incontinent, flinging sawdust and language that Professor Garner would probably translate with hyphens and asterisks. John is the most easily provoked monkey I know, and the quaintest in his rage. He is also the hardiest monkey in the world, being capable of enjoying a temperature of ten degrees below zero; but there is a suitable penalty provided in the by-laws for any person so lost to decency as to suggest that this Tcheli monkey is a very Tcheli monkey indeed. For John's benefit I would suggest an extra heap of sawdust on Bank Holidays. On an occasion of that sort it is little less than cruelty to keep him short of ammunition.



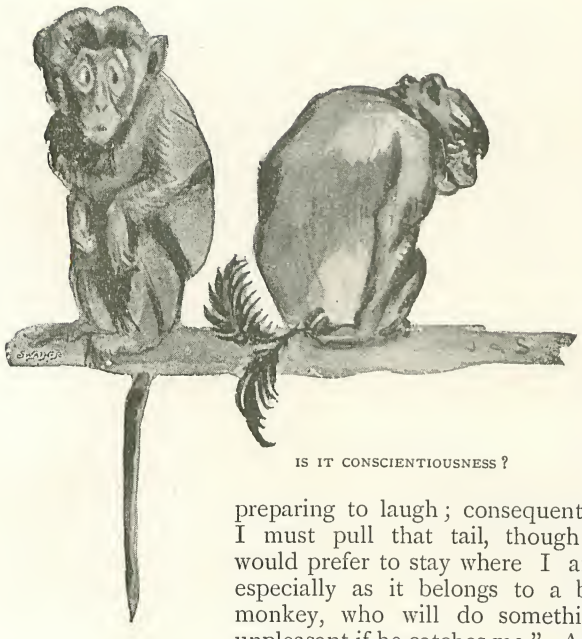

GRAVE AND LEARNED.

DOWDY.

Of the big monkey-house, who remembers more than a nightmare of tails, paws, and chatterings? Here are monkeys with beards, monkeys with none, big monkeys, little monkeys, monkeys with blue faces, monkeys who would appear to have escaped into the grounds at some time and to have sat on freshly painted seats; all thieving from visitors and each other,




THE DIANA.



IS IT CONSCIENTIOUSNESS?

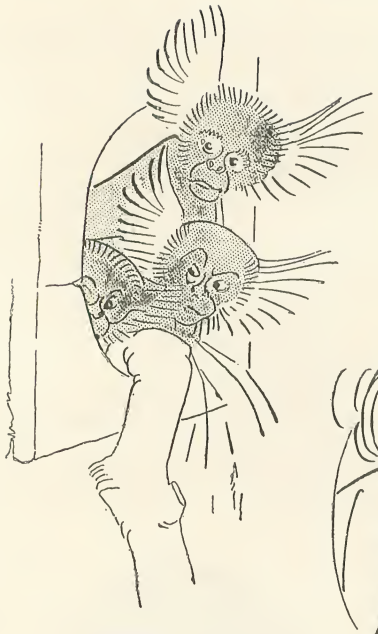
preparing to laugh; consequently, I must pull that tail, though I would prefer to stay where I am, especially as it belongs to a big monkey, who will do something unpleasant if he catches me." And with an inward groan he executes the time-honoured joke and bolts for his life. It is a sad affliction to be born a wag by virtue of species. There is one monkey here who for some weeks displayed a most astonishing reluctance to snatch things through the wires, and a total disinclination to assist or share in the thefts of his friends by "passing on" or dividing. For some time I supposed him to be a moral monkey strayed from a Sunday-school book, and afflicted with an uncomfortable virtue. But afterwards I found that his conscientiousness was wholly due to his having recently grabbed a cigar by the hot end, and imbibed thereby a suspicion of the temperature of everything. Beware especially, in this house, of the paws of Marie, the Barbary ape. She has a long reach, and quickness enough to catch a bullet shot Poole-fashion — softly. Only Jungbluth, her keeper, can venture on familiarities, and him she takes by the eyebrows, gently stroking and smoothing them.

NERVES.

Behind the large room Jungbluth keeps sick monkeys, delicate monkeys, tiny monkeys, and curious monkeys, who have no room outside. Here is a beautiful moustache monkey, segregated because of a slight cold, and at liberty to train his moustache without interference, if only it would grow sufficiently long. Watch the light fur under the chin of a moustache monkey; it is tinted with a delicate cobalt blue, a colour that would seem impossible, except in feathers.

But the little marmosets and the Pinche monkey, all in a cage together, are chiefly interesting here. The pulling tails, swinging, turning somersaults, with faces expressive of unutterable dolor and weariness of the world. The wizen, careworn face of the average monkey appeals to me as does that of the elderly and rheumatic circus-clown, when his paint has washed off. The monkey, I am convinced, is as sick of his regulation jokes as is the clown of his. But he has a comic reputation to keep up, and he does it, though every mechanical joke is a weariness and a sorrow to the flesh. "There is somebody's tail hanging from a perch," reflects the monkey, looking lugubriously across the cage. "I am a joker, and several human creatures are looking at me, and

SOMETHING LIKE A MOUSTACHE.



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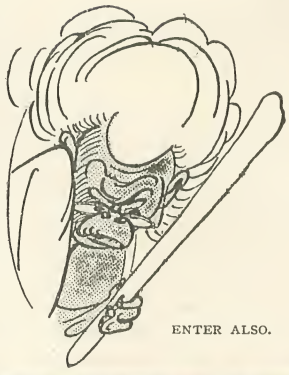


ENTER ALSO.

Pinche monkey is badly afflicted with nerves, and, as he is undisputed chief of the community, the marmosets have to be careful how they sneeze, or cough, or blink, or his indignation may be aroused. So that the whole performance in this cage is a sort of eccentric knockabout act, by the celebrated Marmosetti Eccentric Quartette. Marmoset No. 1 ventures on a gentle twitter, and the rest join in the song. Promptly the irritated Pinche bounds from his inmost lair, and the songsters are scattered. Everybody doesn't know, by-the-bye, that the marmoset is consumed with an eternal ambition to be a singing bird, and practises his notes with hopeless perseverance. Another thing that many seem to be ignorant of, even some who keep marmosets as pets, is that a marmoset's chief food should consist of insects. In a state of freedom he also eats small birds; but for a pet, cockroaches and bluebottles will probably be found, as a dietary, preferable in some respects to humming-birds and canaries.

THE MARMOSETTI TROUP.

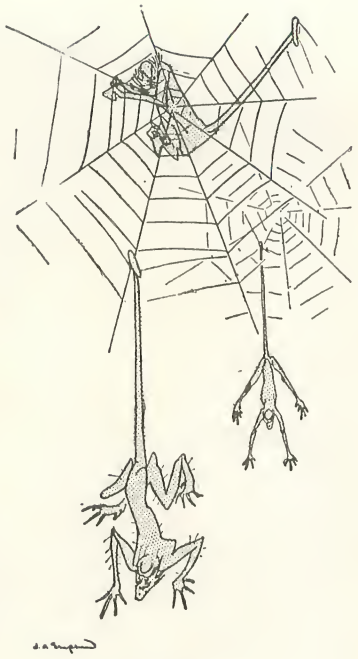
EXIT.

Among the sick in this place is a spider monkey. Mind, I say he *is* there. To-morrow, or in five minutes, he will probably be somewhere else, for that is the nature of a monkey. Sickening, recovering, dying, snatching, jumping, tail-pulling, bonnet-despoiling, everything a monkey does is done in a hurry. This particular spider monkey has two or three names, as Jerry, Tops, and Billy, whereunto he answers

SOLILOQUY.

COINCIDENCE.

indifferently; but I prefer to call him Coincidence, because of his long arms, and he answers as well to that name as to another. He came in here because of a severe attack of horizontal bar in the stomach. I have never seen a monkey fall, and, for that reason, wish I had seen the attack, as a curiosity. For, by some accident, unparalleled in monkey history, Coincidence managed to miss his hold, and fell on his digestive department across a perch. He is a long, thread-papery sort of monkey, and it took a little time to convince him that he wasn't broken in half. When at last he understood that there was still only one of him, he set himself to such a doleful groaning and rubbing and turning up of the eyes, that Jungbluth put him on the sick list at once. But it took a very few hours to make him forget his troubles; and, indeed, I have some suspicion that the whole thing was a dodge to secure a comfortable holiday in hospital. That certainly is the opinion of Coincidence's friend, the Negro monkey, as his face will tell you, if you but ask him the question. It may interest those who already know that Coincidence has a long arm, to know also that he has but four fingers to each hand and no thumb; it is a part of his system. His tail is another part of his system, and you mustn't touch it. There is no more affable and friendly monkey alive than Coincidence, although he is a little timid; but once touch his tail (it is long, like everything else belonging to Coincidence), and you lose his friendship for ever. He instantly complains to Jungbluth, and points you out unmistakably for expulsion.

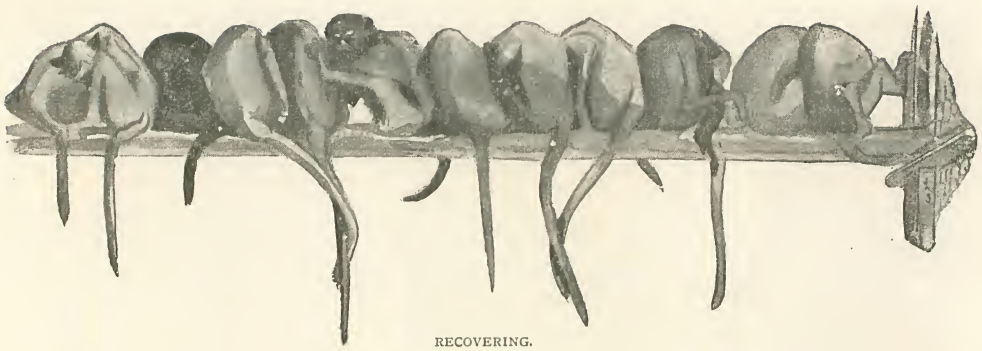


SPIDERS.

ON THE SICK LIST.

It is this house that witnesses most excitement on Bank Holidays. Who would be a monkey in a cage set in the midst of a Bank Holiday crowd? I wouldn't, certainly, if there were a respectable situation available as a slug in some distant flower-pot, or a lobster at the bottom of the sea. Is a monkey

"COINCIDENCE? HE'S ALL RIGHT."



RECOVERING.

morally responsible for anything he may do under the provocation of a Bank Holiday crowd? Is he not rather justified in the possession of all the bonnets and ostrich feathers he can grab by way of solatium? Bank Holiday is the *dies iræ* of these monkeys, and then is Professor Garner avenged. The Professor shut himself in an aluminium cage, and the cage littered about Africa for some time, an object of interest to independent monkeys—a sort of free freak show. Here the monkeys, secure in *their* cage, study the exterior freaks, collecting specimens of their plumage, whiskers, spectacles, and back hair. But it is hard work—and savage.

DIES IRÆ.

It takes even a cageful of monkeys a few days to recover from a Bank Holiday, and for those few days trade is slack indeed. At such times it is possible to observe the singular natural phenomenon of a monkey in a state of comparative rest. But he is more doleful than ever.

# *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.*

*By the Authors of* "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## XI.—TRAPPED.

ON a certain evening in the winter of the year before last, I was sent for in a hurry to see a young man at a private hotel in the vicinity of Harley Street. I found my patient to be suffering from a violent attack of delirium tremens. He was very ill, and for a day or two his life was in danger. I engaged good nurses to attend him, and sat up with him myself for the greater part of two nights. The terrible malady took a favourable turn, the well-known painful symptoms abated. I persevered with the usual remedies to insure sleep, and saw that he was given plenty of nourishment, and about a week after his seizure Tollemache was fairly convalescent. I went to visit him one evening before he left his room. He was seated in a great armchair before the fire, his pipe was near him on the mantelpiece, and a number of *Harper's Magazine* lay open, and face downwards, on a table by his side. He had not yet parted with his nurse, but the man left the room when I appeared.

"I wish you'd give me the pleasure of your company for half an hour or so," said Tollemache, in a wistful sort of voice.

I found I could spare the time, and sat down willingly in a chair at the side of the hearth. He looked at me with a faint dawning of pleasure in his sunken eyes.

"What can I order for you?" he asked. "Brandy-and-soda and cigars? I'll join you in a weed, if you like."

I declined either to smoke or drink, and tried to draw the young man into a light conversation.

As I did so, finding my efforts, I must confess, but poorly responded to, I watched my patient closely. Hitherto he had merely been my patient. My mission had been to drag him back by cart-ropes if necessary from the edge of the valley of death. He was now completely out of danger, and although indulgence in the vice to which he was addicted would undoubtedly cause a repetition of the attack, there was at present nothing to render me medically anxious about him. For the first time, therefore, I gave Wilfred Tollemache the critical attention which it was my wont to bestow on those who were to be my friends.

He was not more than twenty-three or twenty-four years of age—a big, rather bony fellow, loosely built. He had heavy brows, his eyes were deeply set, his lips were a little tremulous and wanting in firmness, his skin was flabby. He had a very sweet and pleasant smile, however, and notwithstanding the weakness caused by his terrible infirmity, I saw at once that there were enough good points in him to make it worth any man's while to try to set him on his legs once more.

I drew the conversation round to his personal history, and found that he was willing enough to confide in me.

He was an American by birth, but had spent so much time in Europe, and in England in particular, that no very strong traces of his nationality were apparent in his bearing and manner. He was an only son, and had unlimited wealth at his command.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty-three, my last birthday."

"In short," I said, rising as I spoke, standing before the hearth, and looking down at him, "no man has brighter prospects than you—you have youth, money, and I doubt not, from the build of your head, an abundant supply of brains. In short, you can do anything you like with your life."

He gave a hollow sort of laugh, and poking the ashes out of his pipe, prepared to fill it again.

"I wouldn't talk cant, if I were you," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, that sort of speech of yours would befit a parson."

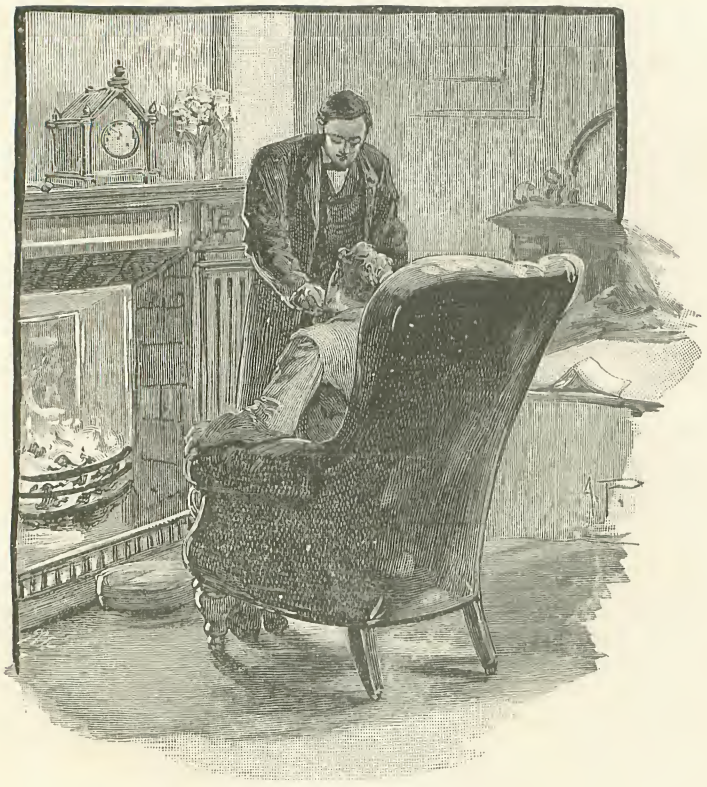
"Pardon me," I rejoined, "I but express the sentiments of any man who values moral worth, and looks upon life as a great responsibility to be accounted for."

He fidgeted uneasily in his chair. He was in no mood for any further advice, and I prepared to leave him.

"You will be well enough to go out to-morrow," I said, as I bade him good-bye.

He scarcely replied to me. I saw that he was in the depths of that depression which generally follows attacks like his. I said a word or two to the nurse at leaving, and went away.

It seemed unlikely that I should see much more of Tollemache; he would be well in a few days and able to go where he pleased;



"I BADE HIM GOOD-BYE."

one more visit would probably be the last I should be obliged to make to him. He evidently did not respond to my overtures in the direction of moral suasion, and, much occupied with other matters, I had almost passed him from my mind. Two days after that evening, however, I received a short note from him; it ran as follows:—

"Will you come and see me as a friend? I'm like a bear with a sore head, but I promise not to be uncivil.

"Yours sincerely,

"WILFRED TOLLEMACHE."

I sent a reply by my man to say that I would have much pleasure in visiting him about nine o'clock that evening. I arrived at Mercer's Hotel at the hour named. Tollemache received me in a private sitting-room. Bottles containing wines and liqueurs were on the table. There was a box of cigars and pipes.

"You have not begun that again?" I could not help saying, glancing significantly at the spirits as I spoke.

"No," he said, with a grim sort of smile, "I have no craving at present—if I had, I should indulge. These refreshments are at your service. At present I drink nothing stronger or more harmful than soda-water."

"That is right," I said, heartily. Then I seated myself in a chair and lit a cigar, while Tollemache filled a pipe.

"It is very good of you to give up some of your valuable time to a worthless chap like me," he said.

There was a strange mingling of gratitude and despair in the words which aroused my sympathy.

"It was good of you to send for me," I rejoined. "Frankly, I take an interest in you, but I thought I had scared you the other night. Well, I promise not to transgress again."

"But I want you to transgress again," said Tollemache. "The fact is, I have sent for you to-night to give you my confidence. You know the condition you found me in?"

I nodded.

"I was in a bad way, wasn't I?"

"Very bad."

"Near death—eh?"

"Yes."

"The next attack will prove fatal most likely?"

"Most likely."

Tollemache applied a match to his pipe—he leant back in his chair and inhaled the narcotic deeply—a thin curl of blue smoke ascended into the air. He suddenly removed the pipe from his mouth.

"Twenty-three years of age," he said, aloud, "the only son of a millionaire—a dipsomaniac! Craving comes on about every three to four months. Have had delirium tremens twice—doctor says third attack will kill. A gloomy prospect mine, eh, Halifax?"

"You must not sentimentalize over it," I said; "you have got to face it and trample on the enemy. No man of twenty-three with a frame like yours and a brain like yours need be conquered by a vice."

"You know nothing about it," he

responded, roughly. "When it comes on me it has the strength of a demon. It shakes my life to the foundations. My strength goes. I am like Samson shorn of his locks."

"There is not the least doubt," I replied, "that the next time the attack comes on, you will have to make a desperate fight to conquer it. You must be helped from outside, for the fearful craving for drink which men like you possess is a form of disease, and is closely allied to insanity. How often do you say the craving seizes you?"

"From three to four times a year—in the intervals I don't care if I never touch a drop of strong drink."

"You ought never to touch wine, or strong drink of any kind; your frame does not need it, and with your peculiar bias it only acts as fuel to the hidden fire."

"You want me to be a teetotaler?" responded Tollemache. "I never will. I'll take no obligatory vow. Fifty vows would not keep me from rushing over the precipice when the demon is on me."

"I don't want you to take a vow against drink," I said, "as you say you would break it when the attack comes on. But if you are willing to fight the thing next time, I wish to say that all the medical skill I possess is at your service. I have a spare room in my house. Will you be my guest shortly before the time comes? You are warned of its approach, surely, by certain symptoms?"

"Yes, I have bad dreams; I am restless and nervous; I am consumed by thirst. These are but the preliminary symptoms. The full passion, as a rule, wakens up suddenly, and I am, in short, as a man possessed."

Tollemache looked deeply excited as he spoke. He had forgotten his pipe, which lay on the table near. Now he sprang to his feet.

"Halifax," he said; "I am the wretched victim of a demon—I often wish that I were dead!"

"You must fight the thing next time," I said. "It will be an awful struggle, I don't pretend to deny that; but I believe that you and I together will be a match for the enemy."

"It's awfully good of you to take me up—'pon my word it is."

"Well, is it a bargain?" I said.

"If you'll have it so."

"You must consider yourself my patient," I continued, "and obey me implicitly from this moment. It is most important that in the intervals of the attacks your health should be built up. I should recommend you to go to Switzerland, to take a sea voyage, or to do anything else which will completely brace the system. You should also cultivate your intellectual qualities, by really arduous study for a couple of hours daily."

"The thing I like best is music."

"Very well, study the theory of music. Don't weaken yourself over the sentimental parts. If you are really musical, and have taken it up as a pastime, work at the drudgery part for the next couple of months as if your bread depended on it. This exercise will put your brain into a healthy condition, and help to banish morbid thoughts. Then you must take plenty of exercise. If you go to Switzerland, you must do all the walking and the tobogganing which the weather will permit. If you go into the country, you must ride for so many hours daily. In short, it is your duty to get your body into training condition in order to fight your deadly enemy with any chance of success."

I spoke purposely in a light, matter-of-fact tone, and saw to my satisfaction that Tollemache was impressed by my words—he seemed interested, a shadow of hope flitted across his face, and his view of his own position was undoubtedly more healthy.

"I AM THE WRETCHED VICTIM OF A DEMON."

"Above all things, cultivate faith in your own self," I continued.

"No man had ever a stronger reason for wishing to conquer the foe," he said, suddenly. "Let me show you this."

He took a morocco case out of his pocket, opened it, and put it into my hand. It contained, as I expected, the photograph of a girl. She was dark-eyed, young, with a bright, expectant, noble type of face.

"She is waiting for me in New York," he said. "I won't tell you her name. I have not dared to look at the face for weeks and weeks. She has promised to marry me when I have abstained for a year. I am not worthy of her. I shall never win her. Give me the case." He shut it up without glancing once at the picture, and replaced it in his breast pocket.

"Now you know everything," he said.

"Yes."

Soon afterwards I left him.

Tollemache obeyed my directions. The very next evening a note in his handwriting was given to me. It contained the simple information that he was off to Switzerland by the night mail, and would not be back in England for a couple of months.

I did not forget him during his absence. His face, with its curious mingling of weakness and power, of pathetic soul-longings and strong animalism, often rose before me.

One evening towards the end of March I was in my consulting-room looking up some notes when Tollemache was announced. He came in, looking fresh and bronzed. There was brightness in his eyes and a healthy firmness round his lips. He held himself erect. He certainly was a very fine-looking young fellow.

"Well," he said, "here I am—I promised to come back, and I have kept my word. Are you ready for me?"

"Quite ready, as a friend," I replied, giving him a hearty shake of the hand; "but surely you don't need me as a doctor? Why, my dear fellow, you are in splendid case."

He sat down in the nearest chair.

"Granted," he replied. "Your prescription worked wonders. I can sleep well, and eat well. I am a good climber. My muscles are in first-class order. I used to be a famous boxer in New York, and I should not be afraid to indulge in that pastime now. Yes, I am in capital health; nevertheless," here he dropped his voice to a whisper, "the premonitory symptoms of the next attack have begun."

I could not help starting.

"They have begun," he continued: "the thirst, the sense of uneasiness, the bad dreams."

"Well," I replied, as cheerfully as I could, "you are just in the condition to make a brave and successful fight. I have carefully studied cases like yours in your absence, and I am equipped to help you at all points. You must expect a bad fortnight. At the end of that time you will be on *terra firma* and will be practically safe. Now, will you come and stay with me?—you know I have placed a bedroom at your disposal."

"Thanks, but it is not necessary for me to do that yet. I will go to my old quarters at Mercer's Hotel, and will give you my word of honour to come here the first moment that I feel my self-control quite going."

"I would rather you came here at once."

"It is not necessary, I assure you. These symptoms may vanish again completely for a time, and although they will inevitably return, and the deadly thing must be fought out to the bitter end, yet a long interval may elapse before this takes place. I promised you to come to England the moment the first unpropitious symptom appeared. I shall be in your vicinity at Mercer's, and can get your assistance at any moment; but it is unfair to take possession of your spare room at this early date."

I could not urge the matter any farther. Helpful as I wished to be to this young man, I knew that he must virtually cure himself. I could not take his free will from him. I gave him some directions, therefore, which I hoped might be useful: begged of him to fill up all his time with work and amusement, and promised to go to him the first moment he sent for me.

He said he would call me in as soon as ever he found his symptoms growing worse, and went away with a look of courage and resolution on his face.

I felt sure that he was thinking of the girl whose photograph he held near his heart. Was he ever likely to win her? She was not a milk-and-water maiden, I felt convinced. There was steel as well as fire in those eyes. If she ever consented to become Tollemache's wife, she would undoubtedly keep him straight—but she was no fool. She knew the uselessness of throwing herself away on a drunkard.

Tollemache came to see me on the Monday of a certain week. On the following Thursday morning, just after I had finished seeing the last of my patients, my servant brought me a letter from him.

"This should have been handed to you yesterday," he said. "It had slipped under a paper in the letter-box. The housemaid has only just discovered it."

I opened it quickly. It contained these words :—

"DEAR HALIFAX,—The demon gains ascendency over me, but I still hold him in check. Can you dine with me to-night at half-past seven? "Yours sincerely,

"WILFRED TOLLEMACHE."

The letter was dated Wednesday morning. I should have received it twenty-four hours ago. Smothering a vexed exclamation, I rushed off to Mercer's Hotel.

I asked for Tollemache, but was told by one of the waiters that he was out. I reflected for a moment and then inquired for the manager.

He came out into the entrance-hall in answer to my wish to see him, and invited me to come with him into his private sitting-room.

"What can I do for you, Dr. Halifax?" he asked.

"Well, not much," I answered, "unless you can give me some particulars with regard to Mr. Tollemache."

"He is not in, doctor. He went out last night, between nine and ten o'clock, and has not yet returned."

"I am anxious about him," I said. "I don't think he is quite well."

"As you mention the fact, doctor, I am bound to agree with you. Mr. Tollemache came in between six and seven last night in a very excited condition. He ran up to his rooms, where he had ordered dinner for two, and then came down to the bureau to know if any note or message had been left for him. I gathered from him that he expected to hear from you, sir."

"I am more vexed than I can express," I replied. "He wrote yesterday morning asking me to dine with him, and through a mistake the letter never got into my possession until twenty-four hours after it was written."

"Poor young gentleman," replied the manager, "then that accounts for the worry he seemed to be in. He couldn't rest, but was up and down, watching, as I gather now, for your arrival, doctor. He left the house soon after nine o'clock without touching his dinner, and has not since returned."

"Have you the least idea where he is?" I asked.

"No, sir, not the faintest ; Mr. Tollemache has left all his things about and has not paid his bill, so of course he's safe to come back, and may do so at any moment. Shall I send you word when he arrives?"

"Yes, pray do," I answered. "Let me know the moment you get any tidings about him."

I then went away.

The manager had strict orders to give me the earliest information with regard to the poor fellow, and there was now nothing whatever for me to do but to try to banish him from my mind.

The next morning I went at an early hour to Mercer's to make inquiries. The manager came himself into the entrance-hall to see me.

"There's been no news, sir," he said, shaking his head ; "not a line or a message of any sort. I hope no harm has happened to the poor gentleman. It seems a pity you shouldn't have got the letter, doctor, he seemed in a cruel way about your not turning up."

"IN A VERY EXCITED CONDITION."

"Yes, it was a sad mistake," I answered, "but we must trust that no disaster has occurred. If Mr. Tollemache were quite well, I should not, of course, trouble my head over the matter."

"He was far from being that," said a waiter who came up at this moment. "Did you tell the doctor, sir, about the lady who called yesterday?" continued the man, addressing the manager.

"No, I had almost forgotten," he replied. "A lady in deep mourning — young, I should say, but she kept her veil down— arrived here last evening about eight o'clock and asked for Mr. Tollemache. I said he was out, and asked if she would wish her name to be left. She seemed to think for a moment and then said 'No,' that it didn't matter. She said she would come again, when she hoped to see him."

In his intercourse with me, Tollemache had never spoken of any lady but one, and her photograph he kept in his breast pocket. I wondered if this girl could possibly have been to see him, and, acting on the conjecture that the visitor might be she, I spoke.

"If the lady happens to call again," I said, "you may mention to her that I am Mr. Tollemache's medical man, and that I will see her with pleasure if she likes to come to my house in Harley Street." I then further impressed upon the manager the necessity of letting me know the moment any tidings came of Tollemache, and went away.

Nothing fresh occurred that evening, but the next morning, just when I had seen the last of my patients, a lady's card was put into my hand. I read the name on it, "Miss Beatrice Sinclair." A kind of premonition told me that Beatrice Sinclair had something to do with Tollemache. I desired my servant to admit her at once.

The next moment a tall girl, in very deep mourning, with a crape veil over her face, entered the room. She bowed to me, but did not speak for nearly half a minute. I motioned her to seat herself. She did so, putting up her hand at the same moment to remove her veil. I could not help starting when I saw her face. I bent suddenly forward and said, impulsively :—

"I know what you have come about—you are anxious about Wilfred Tollemache."

She looked at me in unfeigned surprise, and a flood of colour rushed to her pale cheeks. She was a handsome girl—her eyes were dark, her mouth tender and beautiful. There was strength about her face—her chin was very firm. Yes, I had seen those features before—or, rather, a faithful representation of them. Beatrice Sinclair had a face not easily forgotten.

"If this girl is Tollemache's good angel, there is undoubtedly hope for him," I murmured.

"I COULD NOT HELP STARTING WHEN I SAW HER FACE."

Meanwhile, the astonished look on her face gave way to speech.

"How can you possibly know me?" she said. "I have never seen you until this moment."

"I am Tollemache's doctor, and once he told me about you," I said. "On that occasion, too, he showed me your photograph."

Miss Sinclair rose in excitement from her seat. She had all the indescribable grace of a well-bred American girl.

"The fact of your knowing something about me makes matters much easier," she said. "May I tell you my story in a very few words?"

"Certainly."

"My name, as you know, is Beatrice Sinclair. I am an American, and have spent the greater part of my life in New York. I am an only child, and my father, who was a general in the American army, died only a week ago. It is three years since I engaged myself provisionally to Wilfred Tollemache. We had known each other from childhood. He spoke of his attachment to me; he also told me"—here she hesitated and her voice trembled—"of," she continued, raising her eyes, "a fearful vice which was gaining the mastery over him. You know to what I allude. Wilfred was fast becoming a dipsomaniac. I would not give him up, but neither would I marry a man addicted to so terrible a failing. I talked to my father about it, and we agreed that if Wilfred abstained from drink for a year, I might marry him. He left us—that is three years ago. He has not written to me since, nor have I heard of him. I grew restless at last, for I—I have never ceased to love him. I have had bad dreams about him, and it seems to me that his redemption has been placed in my hands. I induced my father to bring me to Europe and finally to London. We arrived in London three weeks ago, and took up our quarters at the Métrôpole. We employed a clever detective to find out Wilfred Tollemache's whereabouts. A week ago this man brought us the information that he had rooms at Mercer's Hotel. Alas! on that day, also, my father died suddenly. I am now alone in the world. Two evenings ago I went to Mercer's Hotel to inquire for Mr. Tollemache. He was not in, and I went away. I returned to the hotel again this morning. Your message was given to me, and I came on to you at once. The manager of the hotel told me that you were Mr. Tollemache's medical man. If he needed the services of a doctor he must have been ill. Has he been ill? Can you tell me anything about him?"

"I can tell you a good deal about him. Won't you sit down?"

She dropped into a chair immediately, clasping her hands in her lap; her eyes were fixed on my face.

"You are right in your conjecture," I said. "Tollemache has been ill."

"Is he alive?"

"As far as I can tell, yes."

Her lips quivered.

"Don't you know where he is now?" she asked.

"I deeply regret that I do not," I answered.

She looked at me again with great eagerness.

"I know that you will tell me the truth," she continued, almost in a whisper. "I owe it to my dead father not to go against his wishes now. What was the nature of Mr. Tollemache's illness?"

"Delirium tremens," I replied, firmly.

Miss Sinclair's face grew the colour of death.

"I might have guessed it," she said. "I hoped, but my hope was vain. He has not fought—he has not struggled—he has not conquered."

"You are mistaken," I answered; "Tollemache has both fought and struggled, but up to the present he has certainly won no victory. Let me tell you what I know about him."

I then briefly related the story of our acquaintance. I concealed nothing, dwelling fully on the terrible nature of poor Tollemache's malady. I described to Miss Sinclair the depression, the despair, the overpowering moral weakness which accompanies the indulgence in this fearful vice. In short, I lifted the curtain, as I felt it was my duty to do, and showed the poor girl a true picture of the man to whom she had given her heart.

"Is there no hope for him?" she asked, when I had finished speaking.

"You are the only hope," I replied. "The last rock to which he clings is your affection for him. He was prepared to make a desperate fight when the next craving for drink assailed him. You were the motive which made him willing to undergo the agony of such a struggle. I look upon the passion for drink as a distinct disease: in short, as a species of insanity. I was prepared to see Tollemache through the next attack. If he endured the torture without once giving way to the craving for drink, he would certainly be on the high road to recovery. I meant to have him in my own house. In short, hopeless as his case seemed, I had every hope of him."

I paused here.

"Yes?" said Miss Sinclair. "I see that you are good and kind. Why do you stop? Why isn't Wilfred Tollemache here?"

"My dear young lady," I replied, "the best-laid plans are liable to mishap. Three days ago, Tollemache wrote to me telling me that he was in the grip of the enemy, and asking me to come to him at once. Most unfortunately, that letter was not put into my hands until twenty-four hours after it should have been delivered. I was not able to keep

"IS THERE NO HOPE?"

the appointment which Tollemache had made with me, as I knew nothing about it until long after the appointed hour. The poor fellow left the hotel that night, and has not since returned."

"And you know nothing about him?"

"Nothing."

I rose as I spoke. Miss Sinclair looked at me.

"Have you no plan to suggest?" she asked.

"No," I said, "there is nothing for us to do but to wait. I will not conceal from you that I am anxious, but at the same time my anxiety may be groundless. Tollemache may return to Mercer's at any moment. As soon as ever he does, you may be sure that I will communicate with you."

I had scarcely said these words before my servant came in with a note.

"From Mercer's Hotel, sir," he said, "and the messenger is waiting."

"I will send an answer in a moment," I said.

The man withdrew—Miss Sinclair came close to me.

"Open that letter quickly," she said, in an imperative voice. "It is from the hotel. He may be there even now."

I tore open the envelope. There was a line from the manager within.

"DEAR SIR,—I send you the enclosed. I propose to forward the dressing-case at once by a commissionaire."

The enclosed was a telegram. The following were its brief contents:—

"Send me my dressing-case immediately by a private messenger.—WILFRED TOLLEMACHE."

An address was given in full beneath:—

"The Cedars, 110, Harvey Road, Balham."

I knew that Miss Sinclair was looking over my shoulder as I read. I turned and faced her.

Her eyes were blazing with a curious mixture of joy, excitement, and fear.

"Let us go to him," she exclaimed; "let us go to him at once. Let us take him the dressing-case."

I folded up the telegram and put it into my pocket.

Then I crossed the room and rang the bell. When my servant appeared, I gave him the following message:—

"Tell the messenger from Mercer's," I said, "that I will be round immediately, and tell him to ask the manager to do nothing until I come."

My servant withdrew and Miss Sinclair moved impatiently towards the door.

"Let us go," she said; "there is not a moment to lose. Let us take the dressing-case ourselves."

"I will take it," I replied; "you must not come."

"Why?" she asked, keen remonstrance in her tone.

"Because I can do better without you," I replied, firmly.

"I do not believe it," she answered.

"I cannot allow you to come with me," I

said. "You must accept this decision as final. You have had patience for three years; exercise it a little longer, and—God knows, perhaps you may be rewarded. Anyhow, you must trust me to do the best I can for Tollemache. Go back to the Métrôpole. I will let you know as soon as I have any news. You will, I am sure, trust me?"

"Oh, fully," she replied, tears suddenly filling her lovely eyes. "But remember that I love him—I love him with a very deep love."

There was something noble in the way she made this emphatic statement. I took her hand and led her from the room. A moment later she had left me, and I was hurrying on foot to Mercer's Hotel.

The manager was waiting for me in the hall. He had the dressing-case in his hand.

"Shall I send this by a commissionaire?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I should prefer to take it myself. Tell the porter to call a hansom for me immediately."

The man looked immensely relieved.

"That is good of you, doctor," he said; "the fact is, I don't like the sound of that address."

"Nor do I," I replied.

"Do you know, Dr. Halifax, that the young lady—Miss Sinclair, she called herself—came here again this morning?"

"I have just seen her," I answered.

The hall porter now came to tell me that the hansom was at the door. A moment later I was driving to Balham, the dressing-case on my knee.

From Mercer's Hotel to this suburb is a distance of several miles, but fortunately the horse was fresh and we got over the ground quickly. As I drove along my meditations were full of strange apprehensions.

Tollemache had now been absent from Mercer's Hotel for two days and three nights. What kind of place was Harvey Road? What kind of house was 110? Why did Tollemache want his dressing-case? And why, if he did want it, could not he fetch it himself? The case had been a favourite of his—it had been a present from his mother, who was now dead. He had shown it to me one evening, and had expatiated with pride on its unique character. It was a sort of *multum in parvo*, containing many pockets and drawers not ordinarily found in a dressing-case. I recalled to mind the evening when Tollemache had brought it out of his adjacent bedroom and opened it for my benefit. All its accoutrements were heavily mounted in richly embossed silver. There was a special flap into which his cheque-book fitted admirably. Under the flap was a drawer, which he pulled open and regaled my astonished eyes with a quantity of loose diamonds and rubies which lay in the bottom.

"I picked up the diamonds in Cape Town," he said, "and the rubies in Ceylon. One or two of the latter are, I know, of exceptional value, and when I bought them I hoped that they might be of use ——"

Here he broke off abruptly, coloured, sighed, and slipped the drawer back into its place.

It was easy to guess where his thoughts were.

Now that I had seen Miss Sinclair, I felt that I could better understand poor Tollemache. Such a girl was worth a hard fight to win. No wonder Tollemache hated himself when he felt his own want of moral strength, and knew that the prize of such a love as hers might never be his.

I knew well that the delay in the delivery of the note was terribly against the poor fellow's chance of recovery, and as I drove quickly to Balham,

"A MOMENT LATER I WAS DRIVING TO BALHAM."

my uneasiness grew greater and greater. Was he already in the clutches of his foe when he sent that telegram? I felt sure that he was not in immediate need of cash, as he had mentioned to me incidentally in our last interview that he had drawn a large sum from his bank as soon as ever he arrived in England.

We arrived at Balham in about an hour, but my driver had some difficulty in finding Harvey Road.

At last, after skirting Tooting Bec Common we met a policeman who was able to acquaint us with its locality. We entered a long, straggling, slummy-looking road, and after a time pulled up at 110. It was a tall house, with broken and dirty Venetian blinds. The hall door was almost destitute of paint. A balcony ran round the windows of the first floor.

I did not like the look of the house, and it suddenly occurred to me that I would not run the risk of bringing the dressing-case into it.

I had noticed the name of a respectable chemist over a shop in the High Street, a good mile away, and desired the driver to go back there at once.

He did so. I entered the shop, carrying the case in my hand. I gave the chemist my card, and asked him if he would oblige me by taking care of the dressing-case for an hour. He promised civilly to do what I asked, and I stepped once more into the hansom and told the man to drive back as fast as he could to 110, Harvey Road.

He obeyed my instructions. The moment the hansom drew up at the door, I sprang out and spoke to the driver.

"I want you to remain here," I said. "Don't on any account leave this door until I come out. I don't like the look of the house."

The man gave it a glance of quick interrogation. He did not say anything, but the expression of his eyes showed me plainly that he confirmed my opinion.

"I think you understand me," I said. "Stay here until you see me again, and if I require you to fetch a policeman, be as quick about it as you can."

The man nodded, and I ran up the broken steps of 110.

The door possessed no knocker, but there was a bell at the side.

I had to pull it twice before it was answered; then a slatternly and tawdrily dressed servant put in an appearance. Her face was dirty. She had pinned a cap in hot haste on her frowzy head of red hair, and was struggling to tie an apron as she opened the door.

"Is Mr. Tollemache in?" I asked. "I wish to see him at once."

The girl's face became watchful and secretive—she placed herself between me and the hall.

"There's a gentleman upstairs," she said; "but you can't see him, he's ill."

"Oh, yes, I can," I answered. "I am his doctor—let me pass, please. Mr. Tollemache has telegraphed for his dressing-case, and I have replied to the telegram."

"Oh, if you have brought the parcel, you can go up," she said, in a voice of great relief. "I know they're expecting a parcel. You'll find 'em all on the first floor. Door just opposite the stairs—you can't miss it."

I pushed past her and ran up the stairs. They were narrow and dark. The carpet on which I trod felt greasy.

I flung open the door the girl had indicated, and found myself in a good-sized sitting-room. It faced the street, and the window had a balcony outside it.

Seated by a centre table drawn rather near this window were three men, with the most diabolical faces I have ever looked at. One of them was busily engaged trying to copy poor Tollemache's signature, which was scrawled on a half sheet of paper in front of him—the other two were eagerly watching his attempts. Tollemache himself lay in a dead drunken sleep on the sofa behind them.

My entrance was so unexpected that none of the men were prepared for me. I stepped straight up to the table, quickly grabbed the two sheets of paper, crushed them up in my hand, and thrust them into my pocket.

"I have come to fetch Mr. Tollemache away," I said.

The men were so absolutely astonished at my action and my words, that they did not speak at all for a moment. They all three jumped from their seats at the table and stood facing me. The noise they made pushing back their chairs aroused Tollemache, who, seeing me, tottered to his feet and came towards me with a shambling, uneasy gait.

"Hullo, Halifax, old man, how are you?" he gasped, with a drunken smile. "What are you doing here? We're all having a ripping time: lots of champagne; but I've lost my watch and chain and all my money—three hundred pounds—I've telegraphed for my cheque-book, though. Glad you've come, old boy—'pon my word I am. Want

to go away with you, although we have had a ripping time, yes, *awfully* ripping."

"You shall come," I said. "Sit down first for a moment."

I pushed him back with some force on to the sofa and turned to one of the men, who now came up and asked me my business.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired. "We don't want you—you had better get out of this as fast as you can. You have no business here, so get out."

"Yes, I have business here," I replied. "I have come for this man," here I went up to Tollemache and laid my hand on his shoulder. "I am his doctor and he is under my charge. I don't leave here without him, and, what is more," I added, "I don't leave here without his property either. You must give me back his watch and chain and the three hundred pounds you have robbed him of. Now you understand what I want?"

"We'll see about that," said one of the men, significantly. He left the room as he spoke.

During his absence, the other men stood perfectly quiet, eyeing me with furtive and stealthy glances.

Poor Tollemache sat upright on the sofa, blinking with his heavy eyes. Sometimes he tried to rise, but always sank back again on his seat. During the whole time he kept muttering to himself:—

"Yes, good fellows these; jolly time, champagne, all the rest, but *I'm robbed;* this is a thieves' den. Don't leave me alone, Halifax. Want to go. You undershtand. Watch and chain gone, and *all my money;* three hundred in notes and gold. Yes, three hundred. Won't let me go till I give 'em my cheque-book; telegraphed for cheque-book in dressing-case. You undershtand, yes. Don't leave me, old boy."

"It will be all right," I said. "Stay quiet."

The position was one of extreme danger for both of us. There was nothing whatever for it but to carry matters with a cool hand and not to show a vestige of fear. I glanced round me and observed the position of the room. The sofa on which Tollemache was sitting was close to the window. This window had French doors, which opened on to the balcony. I edged close to it.

I did not do this a moment too soon. The man who had left the room now returned with a ruffian of gigantic build, who came up to me at once with a menacing attitude.

"Who are you?" he said, shaking his brawny fist in my face. "We don't want *you* here—get out of this room at once, or it will be the worse for you. We won't 'ave you a-interfering with our friends. This gent 'ave come 'ere of *his own free will.* We like him, and 'e's 'eartily welcome to stay as long as 'e wants to. You'd best go, ef you value your life."

"WHO ARE YOU?"

While he was speaking I suddenly flung my hand behind me, and turning the handle of the French window threw it open.

I stepped on to the balcony and called to the cabman: "Stay where you are," I said, "I may want you in a moment." Then I entered the room again.

"I don't wish to waste words on you," I said, addressing the burly man. "I have come for Mr. Tollemache, and I don't mean to leave the house without him. He comes away with me the moment you return his watch and chain, and the three hundred pounds you have stolen from him. If you don't fetch that watch and chain, and that money, I shall send the cabman who is waiting for me outside, and who knows me, for the police. You are best acquainted with what sort of house this is, and with what sort of game you are up to. It is for you to say how near the wind you are sailing. If you wish the police to find out, they can be here in a minute or two. If not, give me the money and the watch and chain. I give you two minutes to make your choice."

Here I took out my watch and looked at it steadily.

I stepped again on to the balcony.

"Cabby," I shouted, "if I am not with you in *three minutes from now*, go and bring a couple of policemen here as quickly as ever you can."

The cabman did not speak, but he took out his watch and looked at it.

I re-entered the room.

"Now you know my mind," I said. "I give you two minutes to decide how to act. If Mr. Tollemache and I are not standing on the pavement in three minutes from now, the police will come and search this house. It is for you to decide whether you wish them to do so or not."

I was glad to see that my words had an effect upon the biggest of the ruffians. He looked at his companions, who glanced back at him apprehensively. One of them edged near me and tried to peer over my shoulder to see if the cabman were really there.

Tollemache went on mumbling and muttering on the sofa. I stood with my back to the window, my watch in my hand, marking the time.

"Time's up," I said, suddenly replacing the watch. "Now, what do you mean to do?"

"We'd best oblige the gent, don't yer think so, Bill?" said one of the men to his chief.

"We'll see about that," said the chief. He came close to me again.

"Now, look you 'ere," he said, "you'd best go out quiet, and no mischief will come. The gent 'ere 'e give us the watch and chain and the money, being old pals of his as he picked up in New York City."

"That's a lie," shouted Tollemache.

"Stay quiet," I said to him.

Then I turned to the ruffian, whose hot breath I felt on my cheek.

"We do not leave here," I said, "without the watch and chain and the money. My mind is quite made up. When I go, this gentleman goes, and we neither of us go without his property."

These words of mine were almost drowned by the heavy noise of an approaching dray. It lumbered past the window. As it did so, I stepped on to the balcony to acquaint the cabman with the fact that the three minutes were up.

I looked down into the street, and could not help starting—the cab had vanished.

I turned round quickly.

The big man had also stepped upon the balcony—he gave me an evil glance. Suddenly seizing me by the collar, he dragged me back into the room.

"You ere a humbug, you ere," he said, "wid yer bloomin' cabs—there ain't no cab there—no, nor never wor. Ef you don't go in one way you go in another. It ain't our fault ef things ain't quite agreeable. Come along, Sam, lend a 'and."

The next moment the ruffian had laid me flat on my back on the floor, and was kneeling on my chest.

Tollemache tottered from the sofa, and made a vain struggle to get the brute away.

"You get out of this," the fellow thundered at him. "I'll make an end of you, too, ef you don't look out."

He fumbled in his pocket and took out a huge clasp-knife.

I closed my eyes, feeling sure that my last hour had come. At this moment, however, the rapidly approaching sound of cab wheels was distinctly audible. A cab drove frantically up and stopped at the door.

The four ruffians who were clustered round me all heard it, and the big man took his knee off my chest.

Quick as thought I found my feet again, and before anyone could prevent me, leaped out on to the balcony. Two policemen were standing on the steps of the house—one of them had the bell-pull in his hand and was just about to sound a thundering peal.

"Stop," I shouted to him; "don't ring for a moment—stay where you are."

"I FELT SURE THAT MY LAST HOUR HAD COME.

Then I turned and faced the group in the room.

"It is not too late," I said; "I give you one minute's grace. Return this gentleman's watch and chain and the three hundred pounds you have stolen from him, and I say nothing to the two policemen who are now waiting on the steps. If I have not the money back within a minute, the police enter your house—now you can choose."

I saw by the expression on the face of the bully who had knocked me down that he was only too eager to accede to my request.

"Come on, Bill," he said to one of his pals, "I suppose there ain't nothing for it but to do what the gen'leman says. Yes, yes, you be quiet, sir, and you'll have all the swag—lor', we only pulled you down by way of a joke, and as to the money and the other waluables, we was *keeping* 'em for the gent. Who'd want to rob a poor innercent like that? You promise not to peach on us, sir?"

"Be quick," I shouted. "I give you a minute, no more—give me the money and the watch and chain. You had better hurry up."

They did hurry up with a vengeance. The big man was as great a coward as he was a ruffian. As he thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, I saw that he was absolutely shaking with fright. Tollemache's magnificent watch and chain were laid on the table, and all four men turned their pockets out and deposited gold and notes by the side of the other property. I stepped up to the table and reckoned the money. Two hundred and eighty pounds and the watch and chain were returned to me. The remaining twenty pounds were, I plainly saw, hopelessly gone. It was not worth fighting for them. I put the gold and notes and the watch and chain into my pocket, and going up to Tollemache took his arm.

"Come," I said, "we can go now."

The terror which must have seized him when he saw me struggling on the floor had partly sobered him, but now he had returned to the most imbecile stage of his horrible vice. He struggled to his feet and clutched hold of me.

"Want my pipe," he muttered. "I say, old boy, won't go without my pipe."

I had hard work to keep my patience. He was a big man, and I could not control him against his will. We were by no means yet out of the wood. The four ruffians were eyeing us as if they would only too gladly kill us both by slow torture. Never before had I encountered eight such diabolical eyes as those which they fixed upon me. And there stood Tollemache, with an idiotic smile on his face, and imagining that he was doing a wonderful and clever thing when he refused to stir without his pipe.

"Don't be a fool," I said, sternly, to him. "Come, now, I'll get you your pipe to-morrow."

To my relief he seemed satisfied with this assurance, and suffered me to drag him across the room.

When we reached the door the big ruffian came up and intercepted us.

"We have your word not to peach?" he said.

"Yes," I replied—"let me pass."

He did so, and I helped Tollemache as best I could downstairs.

The four men watched our descent over the banisters.

As soon as I had got my patient out on the steps, one of the policemen came up to me.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he demanded. "Can we help you?"

"This gentleman is hopelessly drunk," I replied—"I thought it possible I might need your assistance in getting him from the house. You will oblige me much by helping me now to put him in the cab."

"No other trouble in there, sir?" asked the man, meaningly.

"None," I answered. "Will you kindly take the gentleman's other arm?"

The policeman did so—his eyes were full of significance. He guessed, of course, that I was hiding something, but it was not for him to make any further remarks.

I took Tollemache straight back to my own house, and for the next week I had once again to lend him what aid I could in fighting the terrible demons who attack the victims of delirium tremens. I engaged two skilful men to nurse him, and, between us, we managed to drag the poor fellow away from the shores of death.

All this time I was in daily communication with Beatrice Sinclair. I got to know her well during these dark days. She was a girl to win the respect and admiration of any man, and she undoubtedly won mine. There was something grandly simple and unconventional about her.

"I am alone in the world," she said to me many times; "my mission in life is to save Wilfred Tollemache."

"You will not save him by marrying him in his present state," I answered her.

She raised her brows and looked at me in some slight surprise.

"I have no intention of marrying him at present," she said. "Nothing would induce me to unite my lot with that of a drunkard—besides, I promised my father. I will marry Wilfred when he has abstained from drink for a year—not before."

"If he abstains for a year he will be cured," I replied.

There came an evening when Tollemache was sufficiently convalescent to come downstairs. I had not yet said anything to him about Miss Sinclair, but as I knew she was impatient to see him, I wondered if it might be safe for me to break the news of her arrival on the scene to him that evening. He sat in my consulting-room huddled up by the fire. The evening was a warm one in April, but he looked chilly and depressed.

I drew a chair near him and sat down.

He looked at me with languid eyes out of a cadaverous face.

"I can't make out why you are so good to me," he said. "I am not worth the thought of a man like you."

I did not reply for a moment. Then I said, tersely:—

"It would be a great victory to save you, and I believe it can be done."

"I have a sort of memory," said Tollemache, "of your having already saved my life at the risk of your own."

"That is true," I answered.

"How can I pay you back?" he asked. "Will money——?"

"No," I interrupted, harshly, springing to my feet as I spoke—"money won't. I want you to become a man again: that is my reward."

He seemed to shrink into himself; there was not a scrap of fibre about him at present.

"Will you tell me," I said, "how you got into that den?"

He roused himself a little at this, and some animation came into his eyes.

"That was partly your fault," he said. "You did not keep your word; you never came to me when I wrote to you. I told you that I was losing self-control——"

I interrupted him to explain why I had not received his letter.

"Well," he said, "I spent a day of fear-

ful torture. I knew I was on the brink of a precipice, and that unless you pulled me back, against my will, over I must go. I returned to Mercer's in the evening and looked eagerly for your note. None had arrived. I waited for you until nine o'clock, and then in a sort of frenzy went out. I had a very stiff brandy-and-soda, which pulled me together for a bit, and seeing a music-hall in Oxford Street, I went in. There I was supplied with fresh drink, and while I was indulging, a man of the name of Hawker, who had once seen me in a drunken condition in New York, came up and claimed acquaintance. I knew, the moment

"CAME UP AND CLAIMED ACQUAINTANCE."

I looked at the fellow, that the demon had got the upper hand. Hawker talked, and supplied me with fresh drink. He introduced me to a companion as low as himself. I have a dim remembrance of driving away with these men and of spending the night over cards and unlimited drink. In the morning I wanted to leave, but the fellows threatened me, and in my drunken state I was no match for them. Hawker sat down near me and asked a lot of questions, to which I replied as readily as if I were a baby. I don't know how that day or the next passed. I gave Hawker the address of the hotel where I was staying, and told him about my dressing-case and its valuable contents. Hawker filled in a telegram to the manager of the hotel, which he made me sign. When it was sent off, he gave me a sheet of paper and desired me to write my signature on it. I did so—the men then sat round a table and began to copy it. The horrors of delirium tremens were already upon me, and my mind became filled with all manner of terrible imaginings. I closed my eyes and dozed off. When next I opened them, you were standing in the room."

"You were practically out of your mind," I replied; "but the thing is over, and well over. By the way, have you ever thought, during the last terrible fortnight, of the photograph which you were good enough to show me?"

Tollemache started and clenched his nerveless hand.

"Don't speak of it," he said. "The one thing left to me to be thankful for, is that she has not linked her life with mine."

"You have undoubtedly much cause to be thankful," I replied. "The wife of a drunkard is the most miserable woman on God's earth. Please pardon me, however, if I pain you a little by speaking about the girl whose photograph you showed me. Do you mind telling me her name?"

"Beatrice Sinclair."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty—there is really no use in this catechism, Halifax."

"I am sorry to pain you," I replied, briefly; "but the fact is, I was struck with Miss Sinclair's face—there is a great deal of strength in it. If you conquered your fault, she would be the woman of all others to keep you straight. She is, I am certain, attached to you. To win a girl like Beatrice Sinclair ought to be a motive strong enough to make any man conquer a vice like yours."

Tollemache was now intensely agitated. He sprang to his feet.

"I tell you," he said, "she has forgotten all about me. It is three years since she

has heard my name. She has in all probability married another man long ere this."

"I am sure she has not," I answered.

He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and drew out the case which contained the photograph.

"Many a time I have wanted to put this into the fire," he said. "I dare not part with it, and yet I dare not look at it."

"Keep it," I said: "there is hope for you while you have it."

"There isn't a ghost of hope for me," he said. He threw himself back again into his chair, and covered his face.

My servant came into the room and brought me a message.

"Tollemache," I said, "a lady has called who wishes to see me. Will you forgive me if I leave you for a minute or two?"

He growled out some reply which was scarcely intelligible, and I left the room.

I went into my library, where Beatrice Sinclair was waiting for me.

"Well," she said, coming up to me eagerly, "is he ready for me?"

"He thinks you have forgotten him," I said, "and that in all probability you are married to another."

"What a cruel thought!"

"But he keeps your photograph in his breast pocket."

"Does he, indeed?" Her eyes blazed with sudden joy.

"He is tempted often to throw it into the fire," I continued, "for he feels himself unworthy of you; but he neither dares to throw it away nor to look at it."

"He shall look at me instead. Take me to him at once."

"You will see the wreck of the Tollemache you used to know."

"He shall not be a wreck long. I have vowed to save him. My life is at his service."

"Remember your promise to your father."

"I remember it. I will not break it. Now take me to him."

She came up to me and held out her hand. I took it and went with her to the door of the next room, opened it, and motioned to her to enter.

When she did so, I closed it softly and came away.

I had a firm conviction that with such unexpected aid, Tollemache would have moral strength to overcome the vice which was ruining him.

Subsequent events proved that I was right.

# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

## XIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

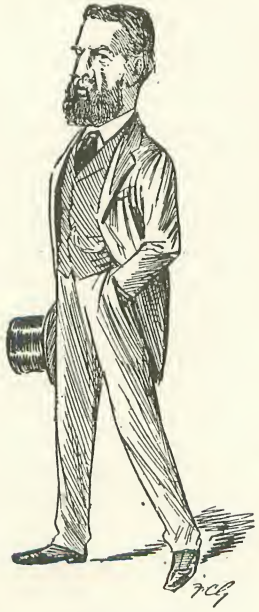
THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THERE is something gravely comical in the manner the London morning newspapers deal with the Queen's Speech on the morning preceding its communication to Parliament. They know all about it, and, as the event proves, are able to forecast it paragraph by paragraph. Yet, withal, they shrink from any assumption of positive knowledge, or even of attempt to foretell what will take place. "Her Majesty," they write, "must of necessity allude to the progress of events in Central Africa and on the East of that dark but interesting continent." You learn half a day in advance of the opening of Parliament exactly what Ministers have resolved to say on this particular topic. Other events of current interest at home and abroad are introduced in the same casual manner, and are dealt with in similar detail. Mr. Wemmick had carefully studied this style, and had successfully assimilated it with his ordinary conversation and methods of transacting business.

The general impression is that editors of the principal London papers receive a copy of the Queen's Speech on the night before the Session opens, with the understanding that they are to treat it gingerly, and, above all, to safeguard Ministers from suspicion of collusion in the premature publication. To adopt the consecrated style, I may observe that this will probably be found to be a misapprehension. Doubtless what happens is that the editor of the morning paper meets at his club a Cabinet Minister of his acquaintance, who, following immemorial usage, feels at liberty to give his friend a conversational summary of the points of the Speech. Or it may happen that an appointment is made with the Whip authorized to make such communication. Certainly it will, upon investigation, appear that there is no foundation for the fiction of a written copy of the Speech being supplied for editorial use. Years ago the editor, either of the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*, profiting by personal acquaintance, was able on the morning of the meeting of Parliament to forecast the Queen's Speech. He invented, as desirable in the circumstances, the roundabout style of communication alluded to. The following year other papers, working the oracle on the same lines, adopted the same primly mysterious style. There is no reason why this should now be done; but done it is, as the eve of the Session, still young, testified. New journalism has been a potent agency in varying Press usages. It has not yet ventured to attack this decrepit old farce.

BEFORE DINNER AND AFTER.

The only copy of the Queen's Speech which passes outside the Ministerial ken before the Session opens is that forwarded, with the compliments of the Leader of the House, to the Leader of the Opposition. This is an act of grace and courtesy, happily and accurately illustrating the spirit in which controversy is carried on in English politics. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone maintained no social relations outside the House of Commons. But that was an exception to the ordinary course of things. At this day the stranger in the gallery hearing Mr. Chamberlain pouring contumely and scorn on Sir William Harcourt, and observing the Chancellor of the Exchequer almost savagely retorting, may be forgiven if he supposes the cleavage in political relations has severed personal friendships. That is certainly not the fact in respect of these two former colleagues, or of other more or less prominent combatants in the Parliamentary arena. It frequently happens, in the course of the Session, that two members who, between the hours of five and seven-thirty, have been engaged in fiercest controversy in the House of Commons, will be found at eight o'clock sitting at the same dinner-table, discussing the situation from quite another point of view. This is a condition of affairs which does not exist,



"LOUNGING IN."

certainly not to equal extent, in any other political battlefield, whether at home or abroad.

THE FOURTH PARTY AND THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

When the Fourth Party was in the plenitude of its power, it pleased its members to assume all the customs of those larger political factions of which it was the microcosm. Since Ministers and the Leaders of the regular Opposition were in the habit of meeting together on the eve of a new Session, dining, and thereafter reviewing the situation and settling their policy, the Fourth Party had their pre-Sessional dinner. Lord Randolph Churchill tells me of a charming incident connected with this custom. Meeting on the eve of the Session of 1881, they solemnly agreed that they, as a Party, were at a disadvantage inasmuch as they had not before them a copy of the Queen's Speech. Lord Randolph accordingly wrote a formal letter, addressed to Lord Richard Grosvenor, then Ministerial Whip, asking him to be so good as to favour him and his colleagues with a copy of Her Majesty's gracious Speech, in accordance with custom when the Leaders of Her Majesty's Opposition were in conference on the eve of a Session. I do not know whether Lord Richard, in the fashion of his reply, rose to the sublime height of this joke. But the copy of the Speech was not forthcoming.

The Fourth Party at the beginning of their career went a step further than the regular Leaders of the Opposition whom they, only half in jest, affected to supersede. Her Majesty's Ministers, in accordance with custom, went down to Greenwich for a whitebait dinner at the end of the Session, the Leaders of the Opposition being content with a festive gathering on the eve of the opening of Parliament. The Fourth Party, equal to both occasions, not only convivially foregathered at the opening of the Session, but had their whitebait dinner at the end. In 1880, the year of their birth, they, never afraid of creating a precedent, invited an outsider to join the feast. This was Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh's standard-bearer, whom they had been fighting hand to hand all through the turbulent Session.

But it is a poor heart that never rejoices, and in their young days the Fourth Party were merry grigs.

COUNTY GUY.

Some time ago inquiry was made in the columns of a country paper as to the origin of the cognomen "County Guy," as attached to Lord Hartington. I happen to know that the phrase, much in vogue seventeen or eighteen years ago, appeared in the series of papers entitled "Under the Clock," published weekly in the *World*. It was suggested by Sir Walter Scott's well-known lines:—

> Bird, breeze, and flower proclaim the hour:
> But where is County Guy?

Lord Hartington was at the time Leader of the Opposition, vice Mr. Gladstone, convinced that "at my time of life"—he was sixty-five when he wrote—his public work was finished, and he had earned the right to spend his declining years in the comparative leisure of his library. Even the eminence of the position, and the hitherto unbroken habit of the Leader of a party being in his place when questions began, did not overcome Lord Hartington's constitutional inability to come up to time. It was characteristic of him that he scorned the opportunity provided for quietly dropping into his place, without fixing attention upon his delayed arrival. He might have entered from behind the Speaker's Chair and taken his seat without any but those in the immediate neighbourhood noting the moment of his appearance on the scene. He always walked in from the doorway under the clock, in full view of the House, usually with one hand in his pocket, his hat swinging in the other hand, lounging towards his seat as if he were rather five minutes too soon than half an hour too late. When, in the last Parliament, he returned to the Front Opposition Bench as Leader of the Liberal Unionists, he observed precisely the same custom. He was invariably late, even at critical epochs, and always walked in by the front door.

On one occasion he arrived very early in the morning, but that was an accident due to misunderstanding. It was during the passage of the Coercion Act of the Salisbury Parliament. The Irish members had kept things going all night. At five o'clock in the morning, Lord Hartington, in common with other absentees of his party, received a telegram to the following effect:—

"*Been on duty all night. Only us two here. Come down to relieve us.*

(Signed) "CHAMBERLAIN,
"RUSSELL."

This was enough to make even Lord Hartington hurry up. The picture of Mr. Chamberlain standing by the Government all night, warring with the common enemy, whilst the Leader was comfortably in his bed, was a reflection not pleasant to dwell upon. Hurrying on his clothes he made his way down to the House, one of a steady stream of Liberal Unionists like himself, abashed to think they had left Mr. Chamberlain in the

lurch. Entering the House, they came upon Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Richard Chamberlain, keeping guard on the heights where the Liberal Unionists encamp. It was all right, of course. But it was not Mr. Richard Chamberlain who was in their mind when they hurried down in obedience to the imperative command.

THE PRIVILEGES OF M.P.'S.

Apart from the question of wages members of the British House of Commons do not condescend to acceptance of the various smaller privileges which ameliorate the condition of legislators in other countries. In some of the Continental Legislatures, and in most of the Colonies, M.P.'s travel free on the railways. For the British member, more especially for the Irish representative, the cost of locomotion when going about the country's business is a serious item. Not to speak of the occasional discomforts of the voyage, it costs an Irish member over £5 to journey to and from Westminster. For many Dublin is merely the starting point for a more or less prolonged trip over the highly-priced and not conveniently-arranged home railways.

"KEEPING GUARD."

At Washington, members of the House of Representatives, in addition to a fixed salary and liberal allowance for railway fares, have various little pickings, in the way, for example, of stationery, which is supplied *ad libitum* for their private use. Another privilege, indispensable to the due performance of their labours, is a bath. Attached to the Legislative Chamber is one of the most luxurious bathing establishments in the world. Anything, from the ordinary cold tub to the most elaborate Turkish bath, is at the disposal of members. The prospect of being able to retire from a heated debate and enjoy the long luxury of a Turkish bath is sufficient to make a British M.P.'s mouth water. Of course, there is the difficulty about the imminence of divisions. The sound of the division bell, suddenly clanging through the various chambers of a Turkish bath, would cause dire consternation. But daily use would suggest a means of minimizing possible inconvenience. There might, for example, come into existence such a thing as a bath pair, corresponding with the present dinner pair.

A DRESSING-ROOM TRAGEDY.

It will appear scarcely credible that the House of Commons, though widely known as the best club in the world, lacks the accommodation, common to an ordinary club, of dressing-rooms where members may change their clothes for dinner. The convenience of such an arrangement is particularly obvious in the case of a body of men, the majority of whom dine out during the Session, and are frequently, by the imminence of a division, kept waiting about to within a quarter of an hour of the time at which they are due for dinner. Ministers have their private room. But for this purpose it is of less use to them than to the private member. They are not supposed to dine out whilst the House is in Session, and if they, greatly daring, dine, they avail themselves of the privilege of presenting themselves in morning dress. Occasionally one lends his room to a private friend, hard pressed to keep a dinner engagement, possible only if he can save the time involved in going home to dress.

A few Sessions ago, a well-known Q.C. had an exciting adventure consequent upon changing his dress at the House. He had arranged with a friend in the Ministry, who had a chamber near the top of the staircase leading into Palace Yard, to use it as a dressing-room. He anxiously watched the course of the debate as it proceeded over seven o'clock, hoping it would conclude in time for him to run into his friend's room, and slip into his dinner-dress in time to keep his appointment. At half-past seven things began to look bad. A member, usually good for at least half an hour, had risen to continue the debate. On second thoughts, here was a chance. Suppose he were to retire now, change his clothes, and be ready to drive off as soon as the division lobby was cleared?

He acted on the idea with characteristic promptitude, and had reached an exceedingly critical stage in the change of raiment, when the division bell rang. The mem-

ber in possession of the House when he left it had been unexpectedly merciful, had brought his remarks within the limits of ten minutes, and the division was called. Only three minutes elapse between the clearing of the House for a division and the putting of the question. Supposing the Q.C. to be fully dressed, there was only time comfortably to reach the House from the Minister's room. He was certainly not dressed, and it was a nice question whether it would be a shorter process to go back to the chrysalis state of morning dress, or proceed to complete the butterfly development upon which he had embarked when almost paralyzed by the sound of the division bell. One thing was clear, he must take part in the division. An issue depended on it which would not incline the Whips to accept frivolous excuse for abstention.

Again a happy thought occurred to him. Suppose he were to put on an overcoat and so hide his collarless condition? But his overcoat was in the cloak-room, a flight lower down. The spectacle of a learned and somewhat adipose Q.C. rushing downstairs in shirt and trousers might lead to misapprehension. There was, however, nothing else to be done, and the flight was successfully accomplished. The hon. member safely reached the cloak-room, was helped on with his coat, and, with collar turned up closely buttoned at the throat, he passed through the Division Lobby, an object of much sympathy to his friends, who thought his cold must be bad indeed to justify this extreme precaution on a summer night.

PRIVILEGE.

It is a well-known fact, much appreciated in quarters personally concerned, that no action for libel may be based upon words spoken in the House of Commons. This understanding has been confirmed by an action to which Mr. Arthur Balfour was an involuntary party. In the course of debate, in which he took part as Chief Secretary, he had spoken disrespectfully of a midwife in the south of Ireland. The lady's friends rallied round her, and guaranteed funds to cover the expenses of a civil action for damages brought against the Chief Secretary. Had the case come before a Cork jury, as was inevitable if it went to trial, it would doubtless have proved a profitable transaction for the plaintiff. Mr. Balfour appealed to a higher Court, on the ground that the words spoken in Parliamentary debate are privileged. The Court sustained this view, and the trial was set aside.

I have high judicial authority for the statement that in spite of this rule the position of a member of Parliament in the matter of libel is not impregnable. He is quite safe, not only as far as words spoken in the House are concerned, but is not responsible for their publication in the newspapers, or their subsequent appearance in "Hansard." "Hansard," however, is accustomed to send to each member a report of his speech, leaving to him the option of revision. If the proof be not returned within a few days it is assumed that no correction is desired, and the speech goes down to posterity in the form it was handed in by the reporter. When a member has revised his speech the fact is intimated by a star.

It is herein the distinction in the matter of legal liability is established. A member having voluntarily revised his speech is assumed, by the fresh and independent action taken outside the House of Commons, to have assumed a liability he would otherwise have escaped. An action would lie against him, not for the speech delivered in Parliament, but for the publication of the libel under his revision, and upon his authority, in a widely circulated periodical. *Verb. sap.*

A PRECIOUS VOLUME.

A glance over any volume of "Hansard" shows that it is only the new or inconsiderable member, whose speeches are not likely to become the texts of subsequent debate, who is at pains to revise reports of his Parliamentary utterances. Old Parliamentary hands like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain are, in the first place, too busy, and, in the second, too wise, to commit themselves to the task.

Mr. Chamberlain once suffered from yielding to the temptation to secure an accurate report of his deliverances on important political questions. In 1885, on the precipice below which unexpectedly lay the fissure in the Liberal Party, Messrs. Routledge brought out a series of volumes containing reports of the speeches of some six or eight statesmen on questions of the day. It was an "authorized" edition, the various contributors revising their speeches. At this epoch Mr. Chamberlain was the risen hope of the Radical Party. His vigorous argument and incisive invective were directed against the Conservative Party, its history, ancient and modern. It is from this little volume that Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at Edinburgh just before the Winter Session, drew the citation of Mr. Chamberlain's indictment of the House of Lords. It was not the first time it had been remembered.

But Mr. Gladstone's joyous discovery sent it trumpet-tongued throughout the English-speaking world. It is this compilation that rescued from the obscurity of daily newspaper reports the happily conceived, perfectly phrased, and now classical similitude drawn between Mr. Gladstone and a mountain.

"Sometimes I think," Mr. Chamberlain said in a passage the perfect literary form of which tempts to quotation, "that great men are like mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. Gladstone a space of time before we shall know how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power. I am certain that justice will be done to him in the future, and I am not less certain that there will be a signal condemnation of the men who, moved by motives of party spite, in their eagerness for office, have not hesitated to treat with insult and indignity the greatest statesman of our time—who have not allowed even his age, which entitles him to their respect, or his high personal character, or his long services to his Queen and his country, to shield him from the vulgar affronts and the lying accusations of which he has nightly been made the subject in the House of Commons. He, with his great magnanimity, can afford to forget and forgive these things. Those whom he has served so long it behoves to remember them, to resent them, and to punish them."

The speech in which this gem lies entombed was delivered at Birmingham, on the 4th June, 1885. In the intervening nine years Mr. Chamberlain has had opportunities of regarding the mountain from other points of view, and has discovered quite new aspects.

This volume of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches has long been out of print. The shilling edition and the half-crown edition command considerably enhanced prices on the rare occasions when they come upon the market. There is one precious copy in the Library in the House of Commons, the condition of which testifies to the frequency of reference. The existence of such a record may be occasionally embarrassing to the politician, but if Mr. Chamberlain were vain, it must be gratifying to the man. It is only a strong personality that could evoke such testimony of eager interest.

LORDS IN THE COMMONS.

It is pretty to note the deathless attraction the House of Commons has for members who have left it to take their seats in another place. They may be peers privileged to sit in the stately Chamber at the other side of the Octagon Hall. But their hearts, untravelled, fondly turn to the plainer Chamber in which is set the Speaker's Chair. Even the Duke of Devonshire has not been able wholly to resist the spell. Whilst he was still member for Rossendale, it was only a

"A CHAT WITH SIR HENRY JAMES."

heroic, predominant sense of duty that brought him down to the Commons. Since he became a peer scarcely an evening passes in the Session that he does not look in, chatting with friends in the Lobby, sometimes sitting out an hour of debate, watched from the gallery over the clock. Lord Rowton never had a seat in the Commons other than that under the gallery allotted to the Private Secretary of the Leader of the House. But in earlier days he had much business in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and when in town and in attendance on the House of Lords, he rarely misses the opportunity of revisiting his old haunts.

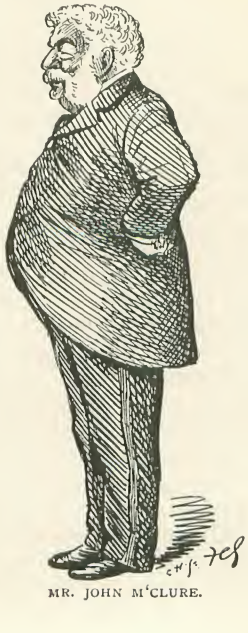
It is many years since Lord Morris was "the boy for Galway," representing the county through several Sessions. Through that avenue he joked his way, first to be Solicitor-General, then Attorney-General, next Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and

finally Lord of Appeal, with a life peerage. During the debates in the Commons last Session on the Home Rule Bill he was in constant attendance. Even when the subject-matter of debate is not one that touches the heart of a patriot, the ex-member for Galway is regularly seen in the Lobby of the House of Commons, his presence being indicated by a ripple of laughter in the group surrounding him.

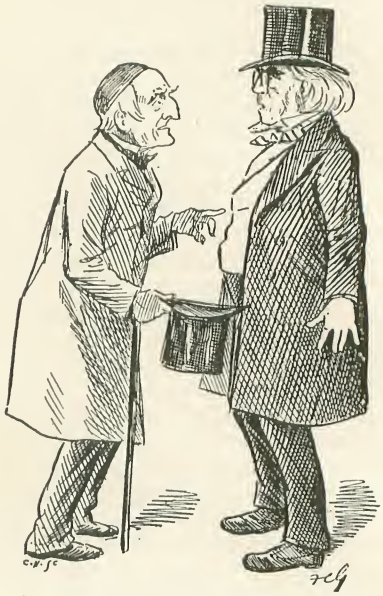
For some Sessions after the House of Commons suffered the irreparable loss of the counsel of Sir Richard Cross, the Lobby was occasionally suffused by the air of wisdom and respectability inseparable from the presence of Lord Cross. Last Session he intermitted this habit, the Lobby becoming in his absence almost a resort for the frivolous. Lord Monk-Bretton is another old Commoner who has not entirely overcome the habit of strolling into the Lobby of the House in whose Chair of Committees he once sat. Lord Playfair, another ex-Chairman of Committees, is often seen there. The Earl of Aberdeen, before Canada claimed him, was almost nightly in the Lobby and corridors of the House of Commons, albeit he was not drawn thither by personal recollections of former memberships. Dukes, except his Grace of Devonshire, rarely descend on the level of the Lobby, and no Bishop has been seen there since the Bishop of London, looking in in surplice and bands after debate in the House of Lords, was accosted by Mr. McClure and genially invited to take a glass of sherry and bitters.

OLD WHIPS AND NEW.

Lord Battersea has rather cut the place in which he long lingered as a Whip, and Lord Dartmouth is not often seen in the place where through many Sessions Lord Lewisham used to walk about, Whips' book in hand, endeavouring to keep a House through the dinner hour. Lord Kensington is a regular frequenter of the Lobby, and instinctively takes his stand near the door leading to the staircase where through many Sessions he kept guard, barring the passage of unpaired members. Lord Kensington is not a man of supercilious manner, but there was something of unmistakable scorn in his eyes when they first alighted on the screen which his successors in the Ministerial Whips' seat last Session introduced. Certainly a searching wind creeps up the staircase from Palace Yard when it is wintry weather. But Lord Kensington sat there from 1880 to 1885



MR. JOHN M'CLURE.



LORD DENMAN AND MR. FARMER-ATKINSON.

without so much as a rug on his knees. A more degenerate race are inconsolable without some contrivance for warding off the draught. In ordinary circumstances this object might easily be attained. A screen of fair proportions flanking the bench by the Whips' side would be fully effective. But this is the main entrance to the Lobby. A full-sized screen would be impossible. Accordingly, a something has been made considerably too tall for the base upon which it stands. The consequence is embarrassing, sometimes appalling. Either the Thing falls outward when the glass door is opened, scaring the new arrival, or it flops inward, threatening to crush Mr. Causton, and cut off, in its flower, a useful life.

LORD DENMAN AND MR. ATKINSON.

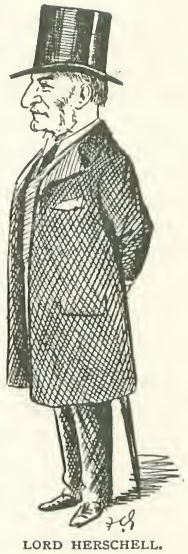
Lord Cranbrook has long got over the habit once dominant of revisiting the scenes in which his political fortunes were established. Lord Denman never had a seat in the Commons, but his sad, grey figure,

crowned with the purple smoking cap, was familiar in the Lobby in the last Parliament. The attraction for him was removed when Mr. Farmer-Atkinson retired from the political stage. In the former member for Boston, Lord Denman found a kindred spirit. They made a pact together whereby the peer was to take charge of the Commoner's Bills when they reached the Upper House, Mr. Atkinson performing a kindred service for his noble friend when his Woman's Suffrage Bill had run the gauntlet of the Lords. It came to pass that opportunity was not forthcoming on either side for fulfilment of this pledge. The Peers would not pass Lord Denman's Bill, nor did the Commons encourage Mr. Atkinson's legislative efforts. Still, they took counsel together, prepared for emergencies. Sometimes they would be found in consultation by the big brass gates that shut off the House of Lords from common people. Oftener Lord Denman, having fuller leisure, sought Mr. Atkinson in the Lobby of the Commons. Beyond particular measures for the good of the country in which they were interested, they cherished a dream of a combination between really sensible men of both Houses, who, rising above party purposes and prejudices, should devote themselves heart and soul to placing the empire on a sounder foundation.

The development of this plan was interrupted by officious friends placing some restraint on the movements of Mr. Farmer-Atkinson, and his (only temporary it is to be hoped) withdrawal from public life.

TWO UMBRELLAS.

Lord Herschell, once a regular frequenter of the Lobby, does not often find time to look in now that he is Lord Chancellor, and in addition to the ordinary weighty calls of his office, has in hand the revision of the Commission of the Peace. Another peer, once a constant visitor, who has abandoned the place, is the Earl of Ravensworth. He was long known in the House of Commons as Lord Eslington, a representative of the highest type of county member. When he succeeded to the peerage he spent more time in the Lobby of the Commons than on the red benches of the House of Lords. Whatever the season of the year or the prospect of the weather, he brought his umbrella with him, a heavily constructed article, capable of sustaining the weight of a properly tall man when he leaned upon it, whilst he conversed with a circle of friends.



LORD HERSCHELL.

The only member whose faithful attachment to his umbrella equalled Lord Ravensworth's was the late Mr. Tom Collins. Judging from the shade of the gingham, the determination of the bulge in the middle where it was tied round with a piece of tape, and the worn condition of the ferrule, the umbrella dated back to the epoch of the Great Exhibition. So dear was it to the heart of its owner that he would not risk accident or loss by leaving it to take its chance with the miscellaneous multitude in the cloak-room. Like Lord Ravensworth, he carried it with him in all weathers, and before entering the House to take part in the solemn institution of prayers, he reverently deposited it behind the chair of the principal doorkeeper. Mr. Collins was not a man of abnormally suspicious nature. All his colleagues in the House of Commons were honourable men. Still, human nature is weak. To see an umbrella like that hanging loosely on a peg, or to find it ready to hand mixed up with a lot of ordinary articles, might prove too strong a temptation for a weak brother. Mr. Collins spared many a possible pang by placing his umbrella out of range of casual sight in personal charge of the doorkeeper.

LORD SPENCER.

SOME OTHER PEERS.

I never saw Lord Salisbury in the Lobby, and do not recall any time when his burly figure was seen looking down from the gallery on the arena in which the first Lord Robert Cecil played a lively part. Earl Spencer comes over occasionally for consultation with his colleagues. Lord Rosebery, with the cares of the Empire on his shoulders, finds time occasionally to look in at the House, for a seat in which, as he has sometimes hinted, he would gladly barter his coronet.

# *A Bohemian Artists' Club.*

By Alfred T. Story.

LONDON numbers many societies for artists; but there is not another so quaint in its style and so characteristic in all its methods as the Langham Sketching Club, or, as it is called in brief parlance, and, in fact, more correctly, "The Langham," for the Sketching Club is in reality only a part of the whole. It is a very modest and retiring body, and does not make much ado, or call public attention to itself by the usual and popular methods of gaining notoriety.

These have always been its leading characteristics. It thought so little of itself, indeed, in the first instance that it allowed itself to be ushered into existence in a lowly shed at the bottom of a mews, or in a stonemason's yard, as some say. This humble abode was situated in Clipstone Street, Fitzroy Square, and the society's nativity took place what time the Sailor King ruled the land, some eight years before Her present Gracious Majesty ascended the throne.

It was started by eight men, who wished by co-operation and emulation to improve themselves and each other in the art which they had adopted as their profession; and it is significant of the oddity which has ever characterized the society and its proceedings that, no sooner had the resolution been carried confining its membership to the eight founders, than it admitted a ninth. These nine original members were: W. Kidd, F. Cary, J. C. Zeitter, A. M. Huffam, John Knight, William Purser, William Derby, J. Mimpriss, and William Brough, the latter being the honorary secretary.

According to the rules they framed for their governance, the society was to be "for the study of artistic human figures." It was to meet three times a week, in the evening, and work for a couple of hours. Each member on joining was called upon to subscribe ten shillings; after which, his contribution consisted in paying his share of the expenses. These were totted up at the end of the week, and then and there settled. Fines were imposed for non-attendance, unless the absentee were able to produce good and sufficient reason for his non-appearance; and for a long time to come the chief business of the committee appears to have been to impose these fines, then remit them, or discuss the means of enforcing their payment upon men who were generally light-hearted, except when weighed down by the lightness of their pockets. Peace be to their souls! If there were not many Michael Angelos among them, there was an infinite amount of good-fellowship.

The actual date of this simple and democratic constitution was March 9, 1830; but it had no sooner been framed than—as in the case of another and more famous constitution—it was found necessary to go to work and tinker it into shape and usability. Hence, between then and now, it has undergone many changes, albeit nothing has been done to detract from its broad fundamental characteristics. The club (for such, in fact, it is) may be said to combine the greatest amount of good-fellowship with the least possible restraint by rule and regulation.

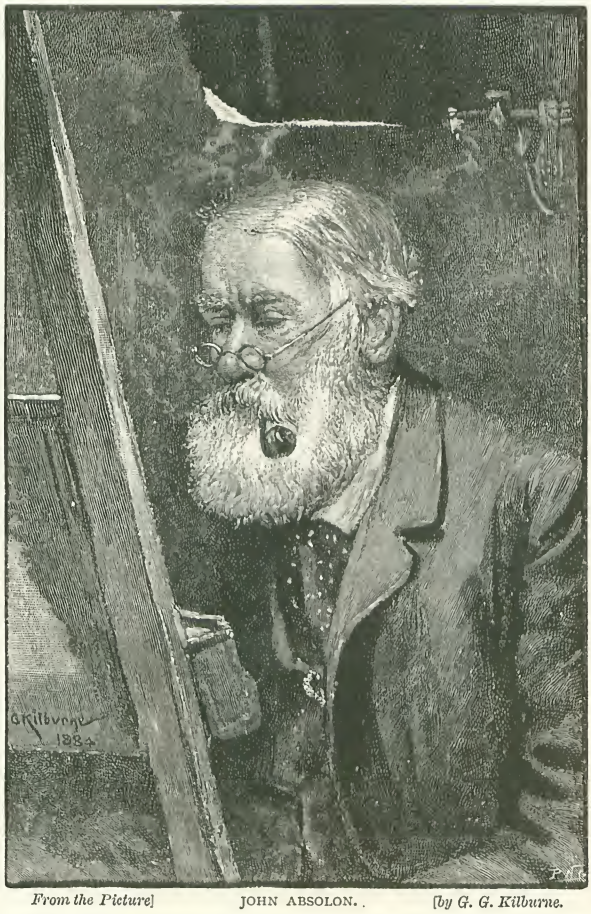
A year after the society's foundation a somewhat radical change took place. It had quickly been found impossible to confine its membership to the original nine founders, and the number was gradually increased to fifteen. Now it was decided to divide the society into members and subscribers; the former paying a pound a quarter and constituting the governing body; while the latter paid twenty-seven shillings and had no part whatever in the management—in this also following the example of our national Constitution as it then was.

At first members and subscribers were alike ten in number; but in course of time the members were increased to fifteen, and a larger proportion of subscribers admitted. This rule still obtains. A still further development took place a month or two later, when it was decided to elect a president, the first gentleman to be accorded the honour being Mr. Knight.

Curiously enough, until this time it had never occurred to the members that their society was without a name. The fact having been accidentally discovered, it was resolved to adopt as style and title, "The Artists' Society for the Study of Historical, Poetic, and Rustic Figures."

From time to time the number of evenings devoted to study was gradually increased, until every week-day evening was occupied. Further developments had in the meantime

taken place. In 1841, on the suggestion of William J. Müller, the study of the antique was included in what we may call the curriculum. This involved the renting of another room (the society was still in its mews) at a cost of £25 a year. About the same time the study of the nude was introduced, and became henceforth a leading feature of the society. In 1838 an attempt had been made to form a society for ladies, in conjunction with the Artists' Society, "for the study of costume and the draped figure," but although started with some *éclat*, it appears before long to have ended without regret a brief and forlorn existence.



*From the Picture]* JOHN ABSOLON. *[by G. G. Kilburne.*

We soon begin to come across historical names. In 1835 Haydon presents the society with a drawing of "The Gate Beautiful," by Raphael, made by his pupil, C. Landseer. Mr. D. V. Riviere is elected, also a Mr. F. Cruikshank, though he appears never to have attended. Two years later Mr. E. Corbould becomes a subscriber, and in the year following, the well-known water-colourist, Frank W. Topham, and Mr. W. Riviere. In 1839 Dodgson and Lee were elected subscribers; and the same year the veteran Louis Haghe, still living, was made president.

During these early years courses of lectures on various subjects connected with art were given by competent gentlemen. Mr. W. R. Toase, F.L.S., discoursed on "Anatomy," illustrated by living models; Mr. Benjamin R. Green lectured on "Perspective"; Mr. C. H. Smith, on the "Importance of Trifles in Historical Design"; Mr. George Foggo, on "Pictorial Composition"; and last, though not least, a Mr. R. Cull (one fancies there should have been an "s" to this name), on "Phrenology as Applicable to Art." At that time phrenology was in high favour, was patronized by the great and the learned, and generally regarded as going to do wonders. Many artists in those days, Blake and Linnell among the number, devoted some attention to it; but now, with the exception of one leading Academician, it would be difficult to find any artist who had given so much as a passing glance at the science: if they had, we should at least have been spared the sight of such monstrosities of heads as we now see.

In 1841, under the presidency of John Absolon, another veteran member who is still amongst us, it was decided to elect a certain number of honorary members, and Mr. James R. Planché, the dramatist and authority on costume and heraldry, was the first gentleman chosen. In honour of this election a conversazione was held, to which a number of distinguished guests were invited. This was the first entertainment of the kind given by the society. Since then it has become noted for its gatherings of a similar nature.

At one time the rule was to hold one every quarter. This was when the treasury was in good order. When funds were low it was necessary to be satisfied with two, or even one, a year. They were—and are still—the very simplest of affairs, and Bohemian to the

A CONVERSAZIONE SUPPER.
*Drawn by W. H. Pike.*

last degree. For this reason it is that they are so much enjoyed by those who have the luck to get an invitation. The invariable fare is bread and cheese and salad—*au naturel*—with ale and stout *ad lib.*, or, as a facetious member once put it, *ad lip.* Anything of the nature of ceremony is altogether dispensed with; and as there is always a crush, the feast generally assumes the form of a scramble. City magnates have been known to take part in these *sans façon* regales, and to confess afterwards that they found them more amusing and enjoyable than a Guildhall banquet; while fashionable R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s have been seen to retire into a corner with a hunk of bread and cheese in one hand and a pot of porter in the other, and set to like costers—showing that we are all built much on the same mould, under the clothes.

On these occasions the members exhibit their works—sketches that have been done in the class-room, or pictures destined for one or other of the exhibitions—and receive the useful, and generally very generous, criticisms of their friends. Then, to round off the evening, there are singing, music, and recitations, or it may be a bit of character acting. Once we had the pleasure of seeing a well-known A.R.A. and another equally clever artist dress up from the club wardrobe (which is a rich and varied one) as "Black Sall" and "Dusty Jim," and give an improvised dance, to the infinite delight alike of members and guests.

But—to go back a little—in 1842 the most characteristic feature of all in connection with the society had its beginning, namely, the Sketching Club. This is, in reality, quite distinct from the society, although members may belong to it; but its membership is recruited chiefly from outside, and is practically unlimited. The club meets every Friday evening, a subject—or, perhaps, two—is given, and each artist realizes it as best he can. The sketch has to be completed in two hours, and when the time is up, there is a general examination of work, with free criticism, suggestion, and so forth. They may be done in any manner—in oil, water-colours, black and white, or modelled in clay. It is a capital school; every man is put on his mettle, and, of course, does his best. Not a few pictures, now celebrated, had their beginnings on these evenings.

Work being done, supper is discussed; the fare consisting of a cold joint, bread and cheese, with, of course, ale and stout to wash them down. It is at this time that new members are elected. Before a candidate can be chosen he has to submit a sketch. This is carried round by the honorary

secretary and shown to each member in turn, his vote for or against the candidate being thus taken.

These suppers are always interesting, and sometimes very amusing, as they can hardly help being when so many men of varied talent, and some of absolute genius, are constantly meeting together and exchanging views. Sometimes, while the others are talking, or "chaffing," one member will be quietly jotting down some characteristic faces in his sketch-book, or taking a sly note on his cuff. At other times the fun becomes a little uproarious, and the wildest pranks are indulged in.

*Drawn by]* "MUSIC AND SONG." *[Robt. Sauber.*

On one occasion the late Charles Keene and Mr. Stacy Marks, both of whom were members for many years, had a jumping match. A rod was laid lightly from the rail round which the members work to a box at a height of about three and a half feet from the ground. Marks cleared the rod with ease at a standing jump. Keene, though he tried several times, could not quite accomplish the feat. When he seemed to be on the point of giving up the contest an artist named Wingfield, "a fellow of infinite jest," and a great character to boot, said, very quietly, "Take a pinch of snuff, Mr. Keene; that will enable you to do it." The suggestion was given with such placid *sangfroid* that it convulsed the room. Keene, however, did not take the hint.

Keene was elected a full member of the society in 1853, though he had already been a subscribing member for several years. He was one of the quietest of men, and seldom had much to say for himself; howbeit, he did occasionally come out with a dry, caustic remark, that told like one of the sly, humorous touches of his pencil; as, for instance, when he bade an old woman who was castigating her ill-mannered donkey, hired for the evening as a model, that she might spare the rod there, as none of them minded his behaviour, because they were not any more thin-skinned than her "moke."

Tenniel, Keene's coadjutor on *Punch*, was president of the society so far back as 1849.

Among other distinguished or notable men who have been, or still are, members, may be mentioned Mr. Poole, R.A., some of whose sketches are as grand as many of his finished pictures are weak. He was a fellow-member with H. B. Pyne and James Müller. The latter was president in 1844, and died during his year of office, killed, as it was thought at the time, by the scant justice done to him by

CHARACTER DANCE BY ARTISTS.
*Drawn by J. Finnemore.*

the Academy; his works, now so highly esteemed, being invariably "skied." While his pictures now fetch thousands, he died in debt to the society. Alfred Fripp, the water-colour painter, and Fred Goodall became members about the same time. Between 1846 and 1848, Stanfield, junr., W. Goodall, W. Dyce, H. J. Boddington, and A. J. Lewis joined the society, and J. P. Knight, R.A., was elected an honorary member. A little while previously the same honour had been conferred upon Mr. G. Field, the colour manufacturer, and Mr. J. H. Rogers, lecturer on anatomy.

In 1860 the society removed from the quarters it occupied in Clipstone Street to its present abode in the Langham Chambers, Portland Place. Of the men who were then members not many are left, but we may name Charles Cattermole, nephew of the famous George Cattermole, and for many years hon. secretary of the society, and J. A. Fitzgerald, son of Byron's "hoarse" Fitzgerald,* and almost as noted as his father for his histrionic gifts. Several who were then members have since left, notably Mr. Lawlor, the sculptor, the late Vicat Cole, R.A., and F. Weekes. A. J. Stark also was a member at that time. G. Kilburne joined the society shortly after it removed to Langham Chambers; B. W. Leader, R.A., Henry Telbin, the scene painter, and C. Armitage joined a year later; while between then and 1865, Robert Landells, a man of great ability, who went through the Franco-German War as artist for the *Illustrated London News*, E. T. Coleman, J. T. Watson, F. Lawson, W. M. Wyllie, G. G. Kilburne, E. Law, the engraver, James Gow, and Fred Barnard became members or subscribers. Later, Sir James Linton joined the society, the late Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., and William Linnell, son of the famous Linnell, and himself a distinguished painter.

There is generally, just before "sending-in day," a special conversazione, at which members exhibit their pictures before forwarding them to the Academy to be accepted or rejected. In many cases, of course, this is the only "show" they get; but not a few famous pictures have there been submitted to public criticism for the first time. At one such conversazione Mr. Stacy Marks exhibited his famous "Gargoyle" before it went to the Royal Academy. Mr. Calderon, R.A., thus exhibited his "Coming of Age," and Fred Walker his celebrated "Philip in Church," the picture which was the beginning of his fame. Calderon was a member of the Sketching Club; as was also Mr. Poynter, R.A. Fred Walker was a regular member

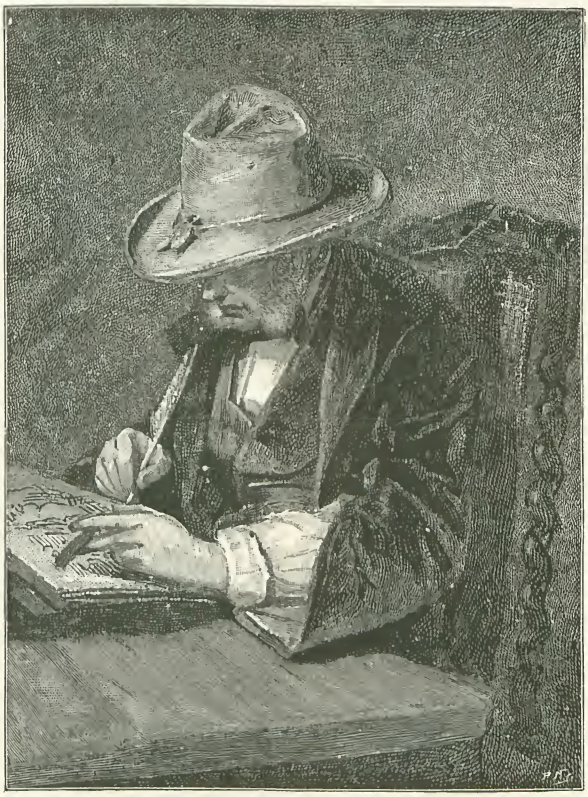
* See "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":—
Still must I hear? Shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall?

A TWO-HOURS' SKETCH BY CHAS. CATTERMOLE.

of the society. At one time Mr. W. Gilbert, since become famous in another line of art, was a member, though not for long. He had not yet found his true *forte*, and so was trying his hand with the brush. What he did was chiefly in the comic vein. He was an amusing companion, however, and noted as a *raconteur*.

An amusing story is told in this connection, albeit not of Mr. Gilbert: At one of the Friday night suppers there was present an artist who had been abroad for some time in connection with one of the illustrated papers. He had been half round the world, and was, naturally, expected to have much to say about his travels. But, no; not a word. "What did you see in China, Mr. Ixe? What in Japan? Did you like the Assyrian maidens, or the *Vrows* of Batavia?" Thus was he questioned on every side. But, like the needy knife-grinder, he had no story to tell. Meanwhile, at the other end of the table was an artist who had that afternoon been as far as Bedford Park, and was bursting with adventures. "Fitz could make a better book of travels out of a walk up Hammersmith Broadway than Ixe from a tour round the world," remarked one of the wits of the club.

This is the time to hear from the artists' own lips their varied experiences—often highly amusing—in the pursuit of their profession. One, who has a supreme hatred of dealers, tells how he once had one delivered completely into his hands, *and he did not drown him.* He and three others had taken a walk up the Wharfe to enjoy its beauties, one of them being a dealer. The dealer and another eventually found themselves on the wrong side of the stream, far from a bridge, and it was necessary, in order to avoid a long détour, to wade across. The dealer was no longer young, was unused to the water, except as a beverage, being a teetotaler, and feared all sorts of evils as the result of wetting his feet. He managed to get across in safety, however.



PORTRAIT OF J. D. WINGFIELD.
*From the Picture by Carl Haag.*

*Drawn by]* POSING THE MODEL. *[W. A. Breakspear.*

"He reached our side of the river all right," continued the narrator; "but as the bank was steep, he had to appeal to me to give him a hand up; and I weakly did so, instead of putting a mop on him. I could easily have done so, the water being quite deep enough to put him out of his misery. But I didn't do it. Of course, I felt considerable chagrin when I had let him escape. Then, to make matters worse, he asked me for some of my whisky: he knew I carried a little in a bottle—'for my stomach's sake.' Naturally, having been so weak as to let him get out of the water, I could not refuse the whisky. And what do you think he did? He washed his feet with it to prevent him catching cold! I implore of you, should it fall to the lot of any of you to have your enemy delivered into your hands in that way, do not do as I did, but *put a mop on him.*"

It is only needful to begin story-telling in this way to bring out an endless variety. The mention of the Wharfe reminded one man of a deep pool below a waterfall on a northern stream, where he had a most gruesome experience. He had planted his easel, and was beginning to work upon the scene—the waterfall, the black pool, dark surrounding trees, and a blurred and reddening evening sky — when suddenly he perceived a dark object bobbing up and down just in front of the fall. Up and down it danced with the motion of the water, gyrating slowly at the same time. At first he thought it must be a dead dog; then it dawned upon him — and the thought produced an uncanny feeling—that it might be a man's head. Suddenly a stronger wave, a more violent gyration, and there was no longer any doubt. A man's face, with its dead, glassy eyes and streaming hair, was presented to his gaze—and he instantly sprang to his feet and ran, leaving easel, canvas, palette, and brushes to take care of themselves.

Another man tells how, when he was busy upon a choice bit of landscape, a couple of yokels approached, and, after watching for a short time, moved off, remarking that it was a pity such a broad-shouldered fellow could not find something better to do than waste his time like that.

Naturally, there are some stock anecdotes told of fellow-members, which never cease to create a laugh. One hears of the sculptor

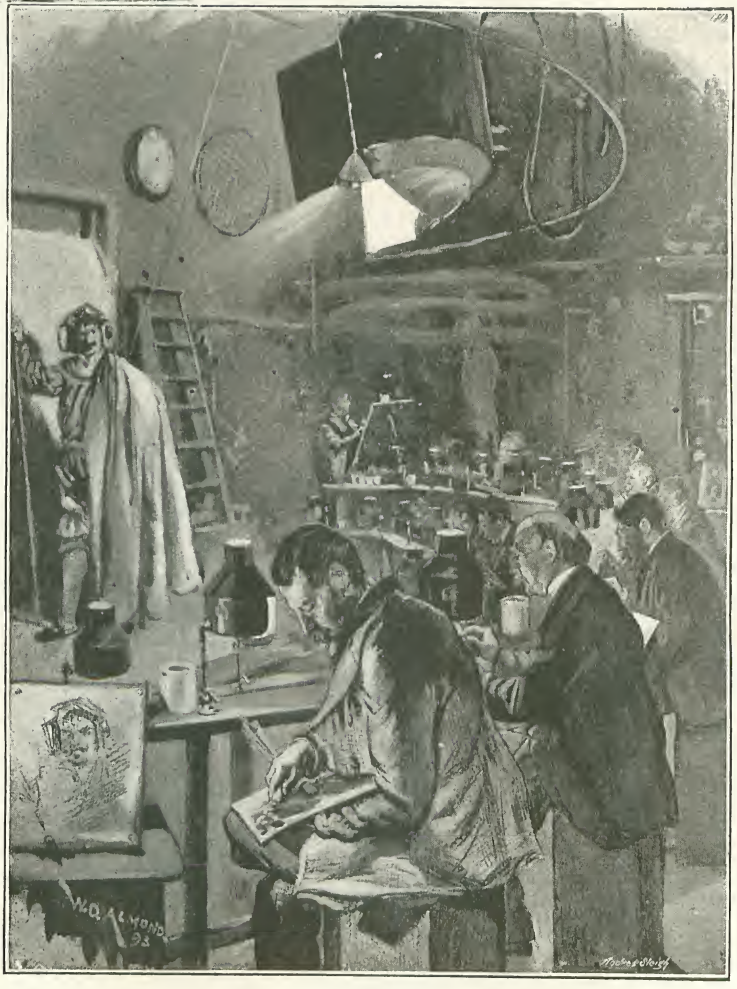
J. A. FITZGERALD.
*Drawn by Robert Sauber.*

who, having been too deep in his potations, made his way home late at night with a large codfish under one arm and a lobster under the other, and who found them lying in bed beside him when he awoke in the morning.

Another artist, presumably in a similar condition of benignity, arriving home very late, softly unlocks the street door, goes up stairs, very softly enters his bedroom, and undresses —very softly, so as not to disturb his wife, and finally creeps into bed — likewise very softly and gently; to be startled by his better half asking him— very softly and gently, no doubt—if he is aware that he has got into bed with his top-hat on!

One member always raises a hearty laugh by his imitation of a brother member—a man of the greatest good humour, but of third-rate ability—who, debating with another artist on the great Whistler question, thus sums the matter up: "If Whistler is right, then you, and me, and Michael Angelo are all wrong."

Sometimes in this way one may pick up some interesting anecdotes of the men of a past generation. Holland, the famous landscape painter, who was once a member, used to have many anecdotes about Turner. On one occasion he was sitting near to him at dinner, when a lady observed to him that she admired his pictures very much, although she could not say that she understood them. "Don't you wish you had the brains to do so?" replied Turner—a little rudely, it must be confessed.




THE LIFE CLASS.
*Drawn by W. Douglas Almond.*

Members take it in turns to "set" the models, who generally pose for an hour, then take a short rest, and afterwards sit for another hour. They are placed on a raised platform under a top light, the artists being ranged in a semicircle facing them. No one is allowed to speak to the model except the member whose duty it is to set him or her, and the utmost silence is enjoined. Some of the models take great interest in the work of the artists, and like to see what they have made them look like. Many curious characters are found amongst them, and the stories of their humours and oddities are endless and infinitely diverting.

E. C. CLIFFORD (SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN).
*From a Photo. by Scott & Sons, Exeter.*

Not the least amusing is that of the man who had posed for apostles and saints so long that he could not be induced to sit for a common coster.

"It would be such a come-down, sir," he said, with a rueful countenance. There is also a story—possibly apocryphal—of a model who had got beyond sitting deploring his changed estate, in that he who had sat for "lords and cardinals" was reduced to "wet-nursing a kangaroo" (having obtained employment at the Zoo).

But perhaps the best story of a model is one that used to be told by Sir Edwin Landseer. It concerned a man named Bishop, a man who will be remembered by nearly all the older generation of artists. Bishop was a bit of a favourite with Landseer, and often sat for him. Once when so employed he thus addressed the famous animal painter: "Sir Ed'n," said he, "I sees from the papers as you of'n dines with Her Gracious Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and as you gets on very well wi' her. Now, Sir Ed'n, I've been a-thinking—if you wouldn't mind the trouble—you might do me and my misses a very good turn—a very good turn, you might. You know, Sir Ed'n, my misses is a rare good washer, and if, next time you dines with Her Majesty—just when you gets cosy like, arter dinner—if you would just pervail on her to give my misses her washing, it would set us up, it would. Now, Sir Ed'n, you'll pard'n me for a-mentionin' of it, but if you could do that for us, we'd take it very kind-like."

It is not stated whether the request was ever put to Her Majesty.

It would be unpardonable to conclude without making mention of some of the artists who are at present members, many of whose names are doubtless familiar to readers of the illustrated papers and periodicals, or from their pictures in the exhibitions. Among the number may be noted W. Breakspear, Dudley Hardy, Robert Sauber, George C. Haité (president of the Sketching Club), Bernard Evans, J. Finnemore, W. Pike, Edward C. Clifford, and W. Douglas Almond—the last two holding the positions respectively of honorary secretary and curator of the society.

W. DOUGLAS ALMOND (CURATOR).
*From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.*

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*All the artists whose drawings have been used to illustrate the above article are members of the Society or of the Sketching Club, or both.*

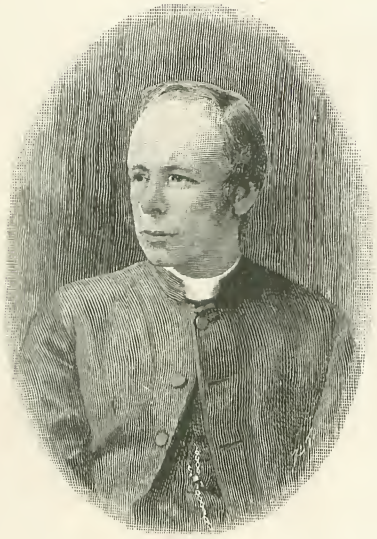
*From a]* AGE 11. *[Daguerreotype.*

## THE REVEREND CANON H. SCOTT HOLLAND.

BORN 1847.

THE REV. CANON HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND was born at Ledbury, Herefordshire, and was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. He was ordained at Cuddesdon in 1872, and was afterwards Theological Tutor at Christ Church. In 1882 he

*From a]* AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

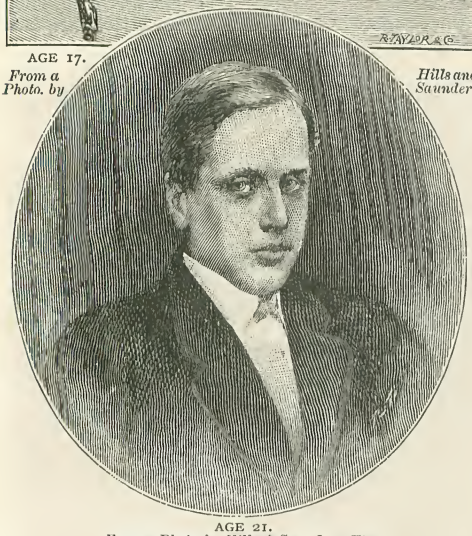


AGE 32.
*From a Photo. by Sutcliffe, Whitby.*

was appointed Canon of Truro and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and in 1884 was made Canon of St. Paul's. Canon Holland has published several volumes of sermons, an article on "Justin Martyr" in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," and an essay in "Lux Mundi."

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 17.
*From a Photo. by*



*Hills and Saunders.*

AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.*

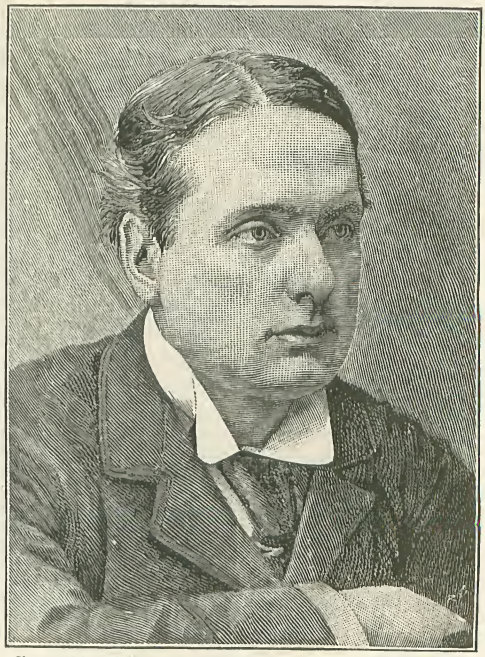
## LORD ROSEBERY.

BORN 1847.

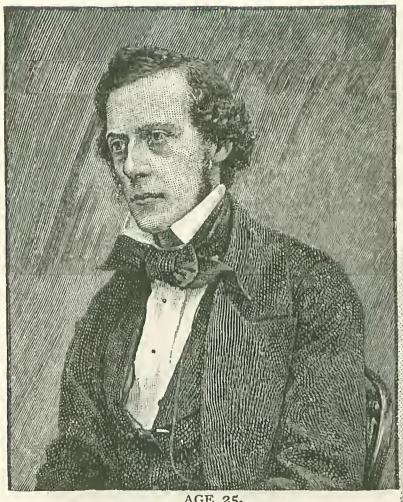
THE RIGHT HON. ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBERY, LL.D., P.C., was born in London, and received his education at Eton, our first portrait showing him at that time. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in August, 1881. He resigned the Under-Secretaryship in 1883 and became First Commissioner of Works.

AGE 38.
*From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker Street.*

In 1886 he was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister in March of this year.



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*



AGE 25.
*From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.*

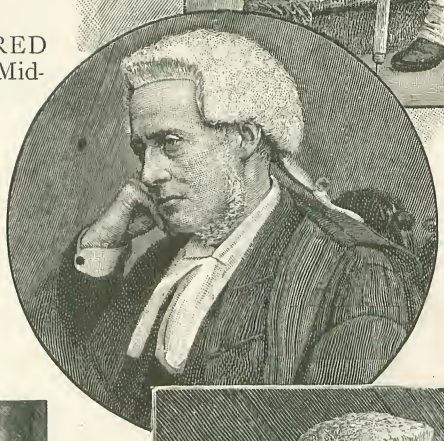
## MR. JUSTICE WILLS.

BORN 1828.

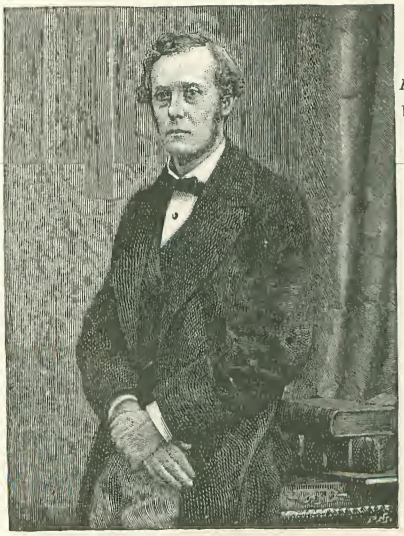
THE HON. SIR ALFRED WILLS entered the Middle Temple, by which Inn he was called to the Bar in 1851. He was made a Q.C. in 1872, and was appointed Judge in 1884. He was made President of the Railway Commission in 1888. Mr. Justice Wills was one of the founders, and is one of the six remaining original members, of the Alpine Club,

AGE 48.
*From a Photograph.*

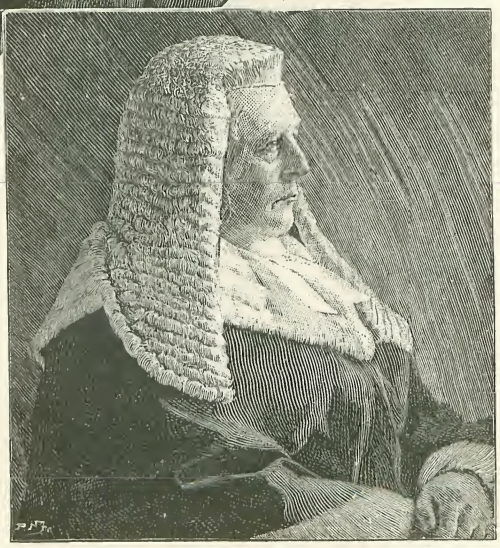
and nearly all the happiest recollections of his life are connected with the Alps, and more especially with his own Alpine home.



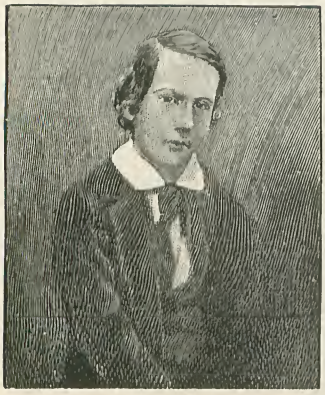
AGE 55.
*From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.*



AGE 33.
*From a Photo. by Disdéri, Paris.*



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*



AGE 12.
*From a Daguerreotype by Antoine Claudet, 107, Regent Street, W.*

## SIR CHARLES DILKE, M.P.

BORN 1843.

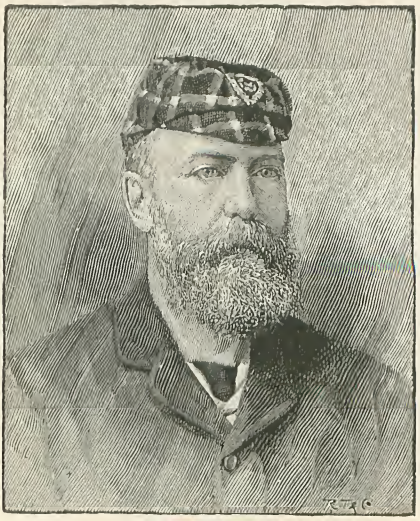
THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHAS. WENTWORTH DILKE, Bart., was born at Chelsea September 4, 1843, being a grandson of Charles Wentworth Dilke, the critic. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge;

AGE 17.
*From a Photo. by Antoine Claudet, 107, Regent Street, W.*

he graduated as senior legalist in January, 1866. In the same year he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. In 1868 he published a book in two vols., "Greater Britain: A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries During 1866–67," which deals with his observations during his travels round the world. In 1868 he was elected as Radical member for Chelsea. Among his many legislative achievements was the creation of School Boards directly elected

AGE 37.
*From a Photo. by John Watkins, Parliament Street, W.*

by the ratepayers. In December, 1882, he was made President of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet. In 1885 he married Mrs. Mark Pattison. In 1887 he published "The Present Position of European Politics"; in 1888, "The British Army," and in 1890, "Problems of Greater Britain." In the General Election of 1892 he was returned M.P. for Forest of Dean.



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Dickinson, 114, New Bond Street, W*

AGE 2.
*From a Painting by Miss Atkins.*

## LADY DILKE.

LADY DILKE (*née* Emilia Frances Strong), daughter of Major Henry Strong, H.E.I.C.S., was born at Ilfracombe in 1842. She was educated by Miss Bodwick, sister of the celebrated African traveller, and received much friendly teaching in drawing from Mr. Mulready, R.A. She married first, in 1862, the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford (who died on July 30th, 1884); and secondly, in 1885, the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. Lady Dilke was long a writer in the *Saturday* and *Westminster Reviews*, and afterwards, on the foundation of the *Academy*, she edited the Art section for one or two years, and also supplied original articles during that time. In 1879, Lady Dilke published a work in two volumes illustrated by herself, and entitled "The Renaissance of Art in France." In 1881 she wrote a biography of Sir Frederick Leighton for the series of "Modern Artists," edited by Mr. Dumas; and in 1882 she lectured at the Birmingham and Midland Institute on "The Industrial Policy of Colbert." In 1884 she published in French, through the Librairie de l'Art, a monograph on Claude. Lady Dilke subsequently published "The Shrine of Death," a volume of stories, in 1886, and "Art in the Modern State," in 1888. In subsequent years she contributed several stories to the *Universal Review*, and wrote in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *New Review* on Trade Unions for Women, in which she takes a deep interest

AGE 10.
*From a Painting by W. B. Scott.*

AGE 25.
*From a Painting by Victor Pollet*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

# *The Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies.*

## I.—OXFORD.

By J. B. Harris-Burland.

THE Oxford Union Society is one of the two most important debating clubs in England, the other being the sister Society at Cambridge. It has been estimated that nearly a fifth of the present House of Commons, and a very considerable number of the House of Lords, have aired their early efforts in the great debating hall in New Inn Hall Street. It might not be uninteresting to our readers to know something of the school in which so many distinguished speakers have been trained.

As the United Debating Society, its foundation dates from 1823; but in 1825 it was broken up to exclude turbulent members, and reconstituted under its present name. It is nominally a social club, with reading, writing, billiard, dining, and smoking rooms, and a good library of 25,000 volumes. But its true importance lies in the debates which are held once a week in term time.

The new debating hall is an exceedingly fine room, lit with the electric light, and decorated with the portraits of the distinguished men who have filled the President's chair, and presented by themselves. There are two of Mr. Gladstone, one as the "rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories," and one as the great leader of the Liberals of England.

At one end of the hall three chairs of carved oak are raised on a daïs, the central one higher than either of the others. Here sits the President, with the Treasurer and Librarian on either side of him, and the Secretary at a table at his feet. An electric bell is fixed to the President's chair, with which he warns speakers that their allotted time is drawing to a close. Members have been known to speak for twenty minutes without launching into their subject, so the bell is not without its use.

The gallery is reserved for visitors, chiefly ladies, and is crowded on the night of an important debate. It has a reputation of being unsafe, and whenever it is unusually full, someone is sure to rise in private business and ask if any steps have been taken to strengthen it. The alarm of the fair occupants is only allayed by the assurance of its complete stability.

The Society consists of over 900 subscribing and 20,000 life members. Its officers are elected by ballot, and canvassing is strictly forbidden on pain of a heavy fine. It seems, however, to be a disputed point as to what constitutes canvassing. There is considerable keenness at election time, which occurs every term. The Librarian and Junior Treasurer hold office for a year; the President, Secretary, and members

*From a Photo. by]* THE DEBATING HALL—OXFORD UNION. *[C. Court Cole, Oxford.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE LARGE LIBRARY—OXFORD UNION. *[C. Court Cole, Oxford.*

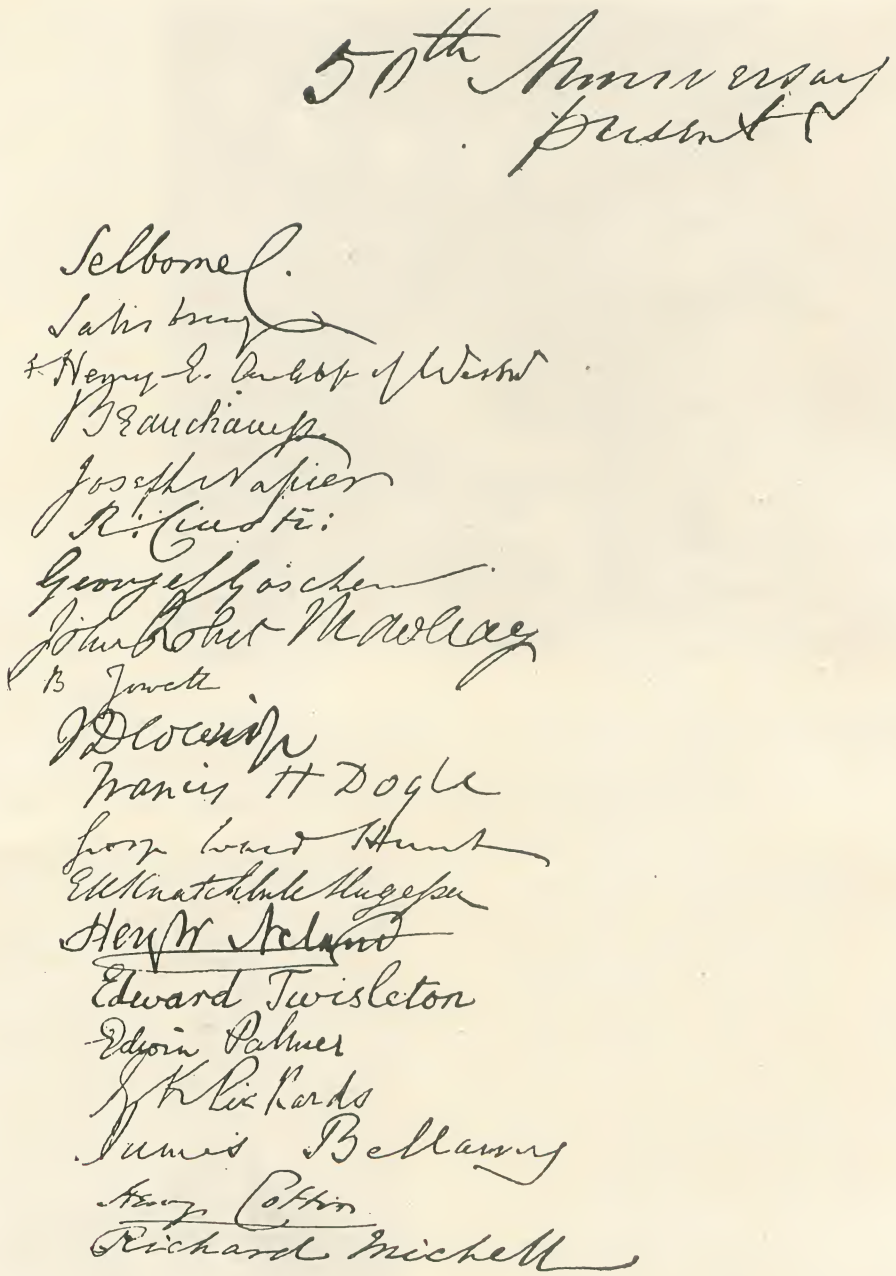
of Standing and Library Committees, for a term only.

As the money which the Society receives and spends is no small sum, it has been thought advisable to have as a permanent Senior Treasurer one who does not come and go as undergraduates do. So the £3,000 odd, which comes in yearly to the funds, is watched over by a Don. He is, however, only a servant of the Society, and has no power of himself. Nominally politics have nothing to do with the voting, and the officers are often men of different views, but in reality the political clubs of the 'Varsity exercise no mean influence on the ballot. However, popularity and distinction are still of the most weight, though it was said that one club "ran" the elections for several years, and it is curious to note that the last-elected President, Librarian, and Junior Treasurer all belong to the same club.

The conduct of debates is as follows: The names of four members, generally speakers who are known to have some ability, are printed on the bills that are posted throughout the 'Varsity. It is etiquette for these four and also for the officers of the Society to wear evening dress. Only these four have a certainty of a place in the debate. The first two may speak for twenty-five minutes, and the other two for twenty minutes apiece. Those who follow have only fifteen minutes, and have to jump to their feet to catch the President's eye. Some who have prepared speeches never get a chance of firing them off.

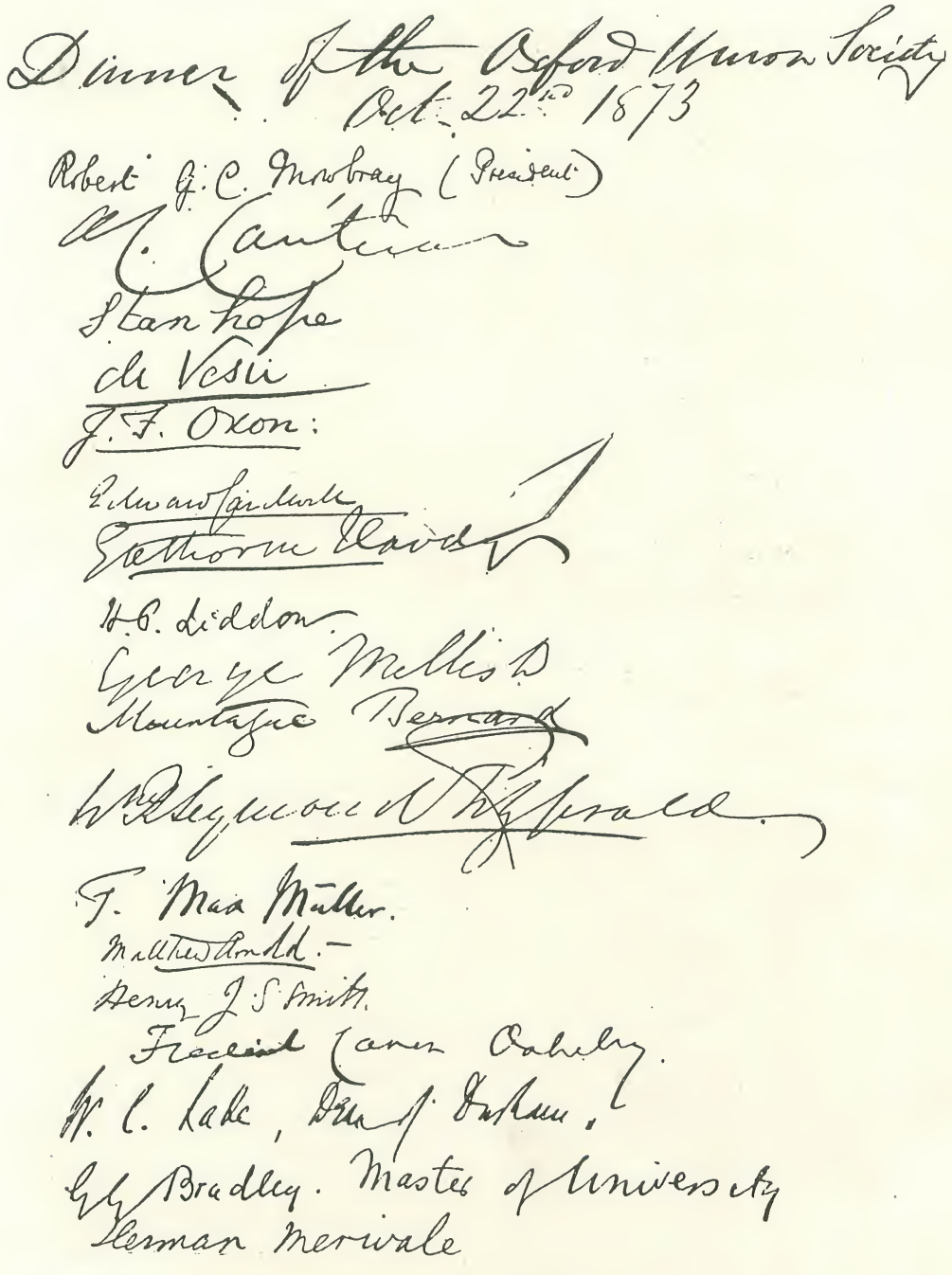
Before the true work of the evening begins, private business is discussed. This is the recognised hour of amusement, and members can achieve no small reputation by excellence in the asking of ridiculous questions. Many of these are personal. A young earl, who occupies the President's throne, is chaffed about a certain celebrated pill because the maker's name resembles his own. The Treasurer is worried about new billiard balls, accommodation for dogs, and his portrait in

MR. F. E. SMITH, President Lent Term, 1894.
*From a Photo. by Gillman, Oxford.*



the *Lady's Pictorial* when he came of age; the Librarian about the contents of some strange book; the Secretary about his handwriting. Lately the World's Fair at Chicago asked the Union to send two of its members to the Show, but stipulated that they must be of the "highest moral and social standing." The discussion lasted several evenings as to who was fit, what the delegates would be required to do, and what they would be paid. It was finally decided that no one person could combine the two qualities. Such discussions as these occupy the lighter moments of the Society.

Then the debate of the evening begins: sometimes it is good, sometimes bad—more




often indifferent. Occasionally there is an orator of unusual brilliance and power, and then the hall is crowded; but as the evening wears on members drop out one by one, and someone moves that the question be now put.

Occasionally distinguished visitors are asked to speak, and then more than ordinary interest is shown. Last year, Lord Winchilsea joined in a debate on the state of agriculture, and spoke for over an hour. He met with hearty support, but also candid criticism, and he defended his scheme with great good humour and ability. Thus the undergraduates have all the advantage of discussing leading questions with recognised

Thursday Nov. 11 1830.

(The President in the Chair)

The Secretary moved "That the administration of the Duke of Wellington is unworthy of the confidence of the country"

Speakers

For the motion
The Secretary
Mr Nagle Ch. Ch
The President
Mr Knatchbull Trin
Mr Lyall. Ball.
Earl of Lincoln, Ch Ch

Against it
Hon S Herbert Oriel
Marquess of Abercorn, Ch Ch

The Secretary replied

The House then divided, when the President announced that the motion was carried by a majority of one (Tremendous Cheering)

The President then stated that the numbers were

For the motion . . 57
Against it 56 (Repeated Cheers)

Adjourned at a quarter past eleven

W E Gladstone.
Secretary

PAGE FROM THE MINUTE-BOOK, IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. GLADSTONE.

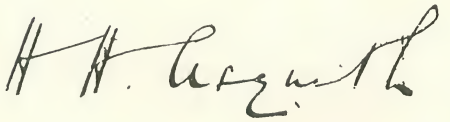
authorities on the subject, and the speaker has the opportunity of influencing an audience that is larger than it looks, and which is certainly one of more than average intellect. It is, moreover, considered to be no small honour to be invited to speak at the Oxford Union. And politicians find it a profitable way of spreading their views. The undergraduates disperse and influence many districts, and many, in a few years, will be themselves members of Parliament. We are able to give a reduced facsimile of two pages of signatures of old members who met for the 50th Anniversary Dinner, among which we find many of the most famous men now living.

Almost every subject under the sun has been dissected in this Society. The Home Rule Bill met with the fate it was afterwards destined to receive at the hands of the Lords. In some ways the result of the voting in the Union is not entirely without importance. It shows the current of thought among the future politicians of England.

The style of oratory has been condemned by outsiders as unsound. Great importance is attached to brilliant epigrams and incisive phraseology. Mere solidity and strength of argument produce more yawns than applause. So it is said that the real object of debate is lost sight of, and that flashy oratory takes the place of sound reasoning. There is some truth in this, and probably the most popular speakers at the Union will not become the

leaders of Parliament. But, after all, it is in speaking and not in thinking that young men need practice. When they are older they will think more and speak less.

The Presidency is one of the most highly-prized distinctions at the 'Varsity, and one which a man may well be proud of in after life. And this is not to be wondered at when we find among the list of those who have held the office the names of Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Tait, Lord Selborne, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the late Dukes of Cleveland and Newcastle, the late Earl Beauchamp, Viscount Sherbrooke, Lord Coleridge, Mr. Goschen, the Right Hon. H. Asquith, Samuel Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Durham, the Bishops of Peterborough and Chichester, and a host of lesser celebrities, such as deans, Under Secretaries of State, heads of colleges and public schools, judges, etc. Such a list of ex-Presidents could hardly be found in any debating society in the world.



The Oxford Union Society is justly proud of them.

The preceding page from the minute-book kept by Mr. Gladstone when Secretary is extremely interesting. It will be noted that the motion was introduced by Mr. Gladstone himself and carried by a majority of one vote, Mr. Gladstone being careful to note that the circumstance was greeted with "tremendous cheering" and "repeated cheers."

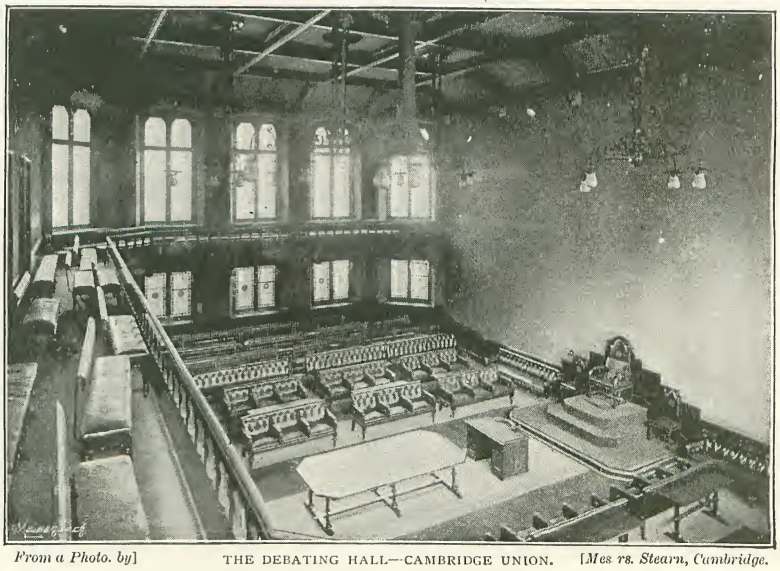
## II.—CAMBRIDGE.

By St. J. Basil Wynne Willson, M.A.

IN 1886, in a speech made at the opening of the new buildings, the late Duke of Clarence said: "The Union affords, not only opportunities for social intercourse, but it is of great service for reading and study, and in many cases has given the first lessons to men who have afterwards ranked among our greatest orators." It is largely a comfortable club, but primarily it is a debating society, and it is as such that its history is of interest.

To discover the origin of the institution we must go far back to the year 1815, when, in the big room of the Lion Hotel in Petty Cury, three earlier societies combined in one Union. The large, bare room, with its tables dinted by the "firing" of glasses at many a Masonic dinner, forms a striking contrast to the fine buildings with handsome apartments and club-land luxuries in which the present generation revels. Founded by men known afterwards as Lord Langdale, the Hon. Sir E. Hall Alderson, the Right Hon. Sir F. Pollock, and the Hon. and Very Rev. H. Pakenham, the Society was happy in its early auspices, and often since in the Presidential chair have sat men who shed on it such lustre that they now draw some light therefrom.

After a short sojourn at the Lion, the



*From a Photo. by]* THE DEBATING HALL—CAMBRIDGE UNION. *[Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

Society moved to the present A. D. C. Theatre, and in 1850 migrated again to a disused Wesleyan chapel in Green Street, where now is heard the click of billiard balls instead of the voice of preacher or orator. In thrifty years a Building Fund was amassed, and in 1866, Charles W. Dilke being President, the bulk of the present buildings was erected at a cost of £10,700. Since that time there have been added the laboratory block in 1882, and the north wing, containing the library, in 1885. The illustrations must be left to describe the appearance and size of the chief rooms, of which successive Vice-Presidents have increased the comfort and splendour, electric light and a luncheon-room being amongst the latest additions.

The library contains 25,000 volumes, covering a large range of literature, but omitting three of Zola's works. However, "to provide a library and reading-room" is only the secondary object of the Union: its chief design always has been and is "to hold debates," and it is for oratorical merit that the President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Committee of six are terminally elected. It is as a debating society that it has a claim to fame. That the elect of the Union are often also the elect of the outer world, the following account will, I think, show.

In 1816 W. Whewell, a late Master of Trinity, was President. His was a stirring reign on account of the strained relations between the Union and the University authorities, who seem to have maintained a paternal government in those days, looking with suspicious eyes on the young innovators who met once a week to discuss men and manners. During a debate, on March 24th, 1817, on the condition of the Army, a dramatic and almost tragic event took place. Enter on a sudden the Proctors, attended by bull-dogs: dim light, slow music and many excursions and alarums, whilst the President in a stern voice bids strangers withdraw. The intruders demand the dispersion of the meeting and the termination of discussions. The result was that a deputation was sent to the Vice-Chancellor to bear him a remonstrance, "consistently with perfect obedience to University discipline." The deputation "believed that the Vice-Chancellor interfered, owing to the circumstance of having received a letter from one of the members, stating that the studies of himself and of his friends had been checked and their prospects blighted by attention to the Society." The Vice-Chancellor curtly replied: "I do not think it necessary or, perhaps, proper to return any answer to this statement. I had considered the matter fully in my own mind."

Thus the Society was crushed for a time, but in 1821 re-asserted itself, on the understanding that no questions of theology or of politics except of a date previous to 1800 should be discussed. The result was that contemporary politics were debated under a thin disguise of similar circumstances in the past.

Macaulay and Praed were frequent speakers. The former upheld Hampden, Burke, and the study of fiction; whilst the latter opposed him on the subject of Burke, but showed admiration for the conduct of Napoleon—of course, "previous to 1800." They both declared against armed interference in France in 1792, Charles Austin and Alex. Cockburn being on the other side. On this occasion Macaulay made a speech, of which the late Lord Lytton wrote:—

"The greatest display of eloquence that I

THE SMOKING ROOM—CAMBRIDGE UNION.
*From a Photo. by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

ever witnessed at that club was made by a man some years our senior, the now renowned Lord Macaulay, and it still lingers in my recollection as the most heart-stirring effort of that true oratory that it has ever been my lot to hear, saving perhaps a speech delivered by Mr. O'Connell to an immense crowd in the open air. Macaulay, in point of power, passion, and effect, never equalled that speech in his best days in the House of Commons."

E. Strutt (Lord Belper), Macaulay, and Cockburn all supported the reform of the Commons at the end of the last century. Cockburn and Lytton prevailed on the House to carry a motion "that a systematic opposition to the measures of an administration is beneficial to the country." A great debate of this period had for its subject "that the Constitution of America is more favourable to the liberties of the people than that of England." Macaulay, Praed, and Cockburn approved, and were carrying the House with them, when up rose Lytton so eloquent and persuasive that he won his case for England by 109 votes to 37. In Mr. Skipper's pamphlet may be found the following interesting description of the Society in "an unpublished squib," written at this time by Praed:—

The Union Club, of rhetorical fame,
  Was held at the Red Lion Inn;
And there never was lion so perfectly tame,
  Or who made such a musical din.
Tis pleasant to snore, at a quarter before,
  When the Chairman does nothing in state;
But 'tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven, to waken at seven,
  And pray for a noisy debate.

The question is Reform, and after the opener has addressed the House, Lytton's rising is thus described:—

Then the Church shakes her rattle and sends forth to battle
  The terror of Papist and sinner,
Who loves to be seen as the modern Mæcenas,
  And asks all the poets to dinner.

After one speaker has intervened, Macaulay rises:—

But the favourite comes with his trumpet and drums
  And his arms and his metaphors crossed,
And the audience, O dear! vociferate Hear!
  Till they're half of them deaf as a post.

Macaulay's speech is thus summarized:—

Oratoric,
Metaphoric
Similes of wondrous length.
Illustration—conflagration,
Ancient Romans, House of Commons,
Clever Uriel and Ithuriel,
Good old king, everything.

And Charles Austin rises:—

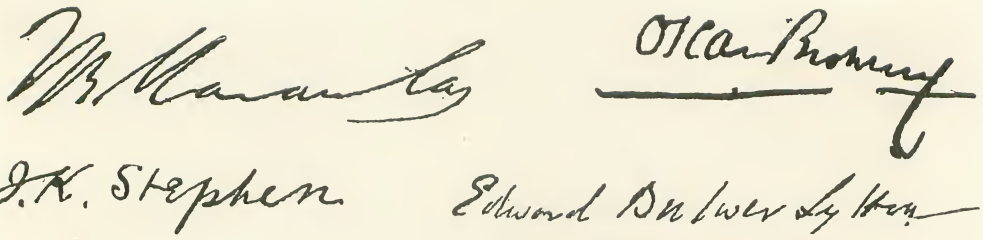
Then up gets the glory of us and our story,
  Who does all by logic and rule,
Who can tell the true difference 'twixt twopence and threepence,
  And prove Adam Smith quite a fool.

THE MAGAZINE ROOM—CAMBRIDGE UNION.
*From a Photo. by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.*

Passing on, we come to the era of Trench, Sunderland, Monckton Milnes (late Lord Houghton), S. Walpole, and Arthur Hallam. This is mainly a literary period. Although Tennyson was a member of the club, he does not seem to have taken part with his friend in any debates.

Milnes and Hallam both spoke in contention of Wordsworth's superiority to Byron, but a majority of twenty-seven gave the palm to "Childe Harold's" author. Trench (Archbishop) propounded the original question: "Will Mr. Coleridge's Poem of the 'Ancient Mariner' or Mr. Martin's Act tend most to prevent cruelty to animals?"

There is an episode of this time that has a peculiar interest. It was, as the late Cardinal Manning described it, "a passage of arms got up by the Eton men of the two Unions."



SIGNATURES FROM THE MEMBERS' BOOK.

On March 26th, 1829, Cambridge sent to Oxford a deputation consisting of Monckton Milnes, Arthur Hallam, and Sunderland, whom Milnes, when Lord Houghton, once declared to be "the greatest orator I think I ever heard, who only lives in the memory of his University." The relative merits of Byron and Shelley were the subject of discussion.

The Cambridge men were entertained by Sir Francis Doyle and "a young student named Gladstone." S. Wilberforce was in the chair. Our champions spoke for the claims of Shelley, and so telling was their oratory that Oxford sat silent and awestruck, until a young man with a slight, boyish figure arose and turned the whole tide of discussion by a speech of much grace and eloquence. His name was Manning. He has himself described the occasion: "I can, however, well remember the irruption of the three Cambridge orators. We Oxford men were precise, orderly, and morbidly afraid of excess in word or manner. The Cambridge oratory came in like a flood into a mill-pond. Both Monckton Milnes and Arthur Hallam took us aback by the boldness and freedom of their manner. But I remember the effect of Sunderland's declamation and action to this day. It had never been seen or heard before among us—we cowered like birds and ran like sheep. I acknowledge that we were utterly routed." "The Oxford men didn't seem to know who Shelley was; they thought he was Shenstone," was a remark that Lord Houghton once made to Mr. Oscar Browning, my informant.

In an interesting little book, called "Conversations in Cambridge," published in 1836, there are preserved some criticisms of the Union of the period.

"The Union—a word requiring no explanation to any member of the University—reached an elevation in those days which it is not likely soon to recover. Macaulay with his flashes of vigorous imagination; Praed with his graceful irony and poetical fancy; and many others whose names live in the memory of their companions, imparted an unusual charm to its meetings."

But, better still, there are some fragments of speeches made by Macaulay, in debates on Cromwell, Strafford, and Milton. The following is an extract from the speech on the Protector:—

"I stand not here, sir, to-night, as the advocate or panegyrist of that melancholy domestic tragedy, which was presented before this afflicted nation in that tempestuous season. But, sir, I would ask: was there no provocation, no exaction, no insult to the dignity of man; no invasion of the sanctity of a Briton's fireside? Sir, the grave of Hampden has a voice: let it answer for me! Tyranny had dashed its mailed hand upon the mouth of every freeman; the life-blood of the laws was drained out by unnumbered wounds."

About 1848, Mr. Childers, Sir W. V. Harcourt, and Sir Fitzjames Stephen were contemporaries. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke against the ballot, and with Sir Fitzjames Stephen opposed a motion that asked the House to declare that "Mr. Cobden and his party represent the rising good sense of the people." In 1855, H. Montague Butler and J. E. Gorst were respectively President and Treasurer. Gorst gained the chair in 1857. The next most interesting group of Union "lights" is that which includes George O. Trevelyan, H. C. Raikes, Oscar Browning, and H. and A. Sidgwick.

Mr. O. Browning says: "I remember in '56 sitting in the room in Green Street ('cavernous tavernous' as Lord Houghton called it), thinking of nothing in particular, when I suddenly awoke and heard a pleasing voice saying some of the cleverest things I ever heard. It was G. O. Trevelyan. When his speeches were prepared they were brilliant. He was the hero of the great 'smoking-room question,' and headed the opposition to the scheme. In an excited peroration he produced a black clay pipe in one hand and some red tape in the other, declaring them to be the symbols of the parties, and then proceeded dramatically to snip the red tape to pieces. It was Tre-

velyan who was compelled to move the suggestion-book temporarily, for at that time it was the receptacle of homeless jokes, doggerel verses, and scurrilous remarks, of which 'You rib-nosed baboon,' and 'Why not make Raikes Lord Mayor?' are examples."

In that brilliant periodical of one number, the *Bear*, Trevelyan has burlesqued one of his own speeches amongst others. The motion is to repair the Society's clock.

"This is no measure for the purpose of pampering an over-fed clerk, or stuffing our shelves with Puseyite novels. But let them not think they have gained the confidence of the House. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* (Loud cheers from a Freshman, who seems to recognise the quotation.) Shall we trust our clock to a committee reeking with Ruskin? To an embryo architectural society? . . . Whom shall we dare trust? There they will sit, grinning at their new clock — (a cry of 'Question'). Question? — (and the speaker turned to the Treasurer, who was lolling alone on the opposite sofa). There you sit compact, united—mouthing and blustering about TennysonandCarlyle, and nobody cries 'Question'; and if he does, he is snubbed by a partial President. (Great confusion, and cries of 'Sit down,' 'Chair.')"

MR. CATHREW FISHER, President Lent Term, 1894.
*From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

Passing reluctantly over Lord E. Fitzmaurice, A. S. Wilkins, A. W. Verrall, J. E. C. Welldon, R. C. Lehmann, we come, in 1880, to an interesting figure—J. K. Stephen, who re-appeared in Union life in recent years, and scribbled off some of his Calverleian lines whilst sitting on the Committee bench. On one occasion in his later years he came into the House when one of many brilliant sons of a brilliant ex-President had proposed nationalization of land. At the first opportunity he rose, exclaiming:—

"I have not heard the speech of the honourable proposer, and I am very glad I have not heard it. All I am come down here to do is to deny that there can be any connection between his premisses and his conclusions: conclusions which can only be reached by a total want of knowledge, based upon an absolute ignorance of facts."

J. K. Stephen made many great speeches shortly before his death, and an eminent M.P., Q.C., remarked, when he heard him, that after Gladstone he was the greatest orator in the country.

Another incident of late years is worth recording as evidence of the dangers of debate. During a big debate on the opium question, a prominent anti-opiumist was speaking against the traffic to a crowded House. Whilst discussing the treaties with China, he noticed a man opposite vehemently dissenting, and at last remarked, "I don't know who the hon. member is, but I can quote the authority of Sir Thomas Wade, who made the treaties." After him the "gentleman opposite" arose, and, revealing himself as Sir Thomas Wade, proceeded to make much mincemeat.

Owing to pressure of space, many well-known ex-Presidents and officers have been passed by unnoticed: C. Rann Kennedy (Pr. 1832), Lord Henniker (Pr. 1834), Sir W. F. Pollock (Pr. 1836), Bishop Ellicott (Pr. 1839), Prof. C. Babington (Pr. 1845), Lord R. A. Cross (Pr. 1845), Rev. Ll. Davies (Pr. 1847), Hon. A. Gordon (Lord Stanmore) (Pr. 1849), Henry Fawcett (Pr. 1855), Dr. Henry Jackson (Pr. 1864), and a long list of others, statesmen, clergy, scholars, lawyers, whose early development it would be interesting to trace.

It may not be out of place here to publish some reminiscences most kindly sent by a distinguished ex-President, Sir Charles Dilke:—

"If somebody of the time were to talk to me about it (the Union), I have no doubt my reminiscences would flow. At the present moment, with the exception of my own

disrespectful allusions in Prince Florestan of Monaco... I remember nothing except the terrible noises that my friends used to make over my head when I was President in the old room in Green Street. I often threatened to have the gallery cleared, but as I had not the physical force at my command to sweep them out, they used to sit on the ends of the tables with disastrous effect. The first speech in the Union which I remember was one when I was a Freshman, by Mr. George Trevelyan. He declared amid a tremendous storm of cheers, in reference to the Government of the United States: 'That Union, Mr. President—that Union has no Building Fund.' The Cambridge Union in those days possessed a handsome Building Fund, which I forthwith spent, and the result of the spending of which, and the borrowing of much more, is visible in the present building."

Another old President (who wishes to be anonymous) says:—

"In '57 or '58 Trevelyan began to make a reputation, and perhaps still more the American, Everett, with a really remarkable force which he has still. . . . . Fawcett spoke often; harshly and loud, but very ably. Vernon Lushington was forcible, but not suave enough. Gorst (now Sir J.) spoke well, but without much power. Ernest Noel (late member for Dumfries) once or twice delighted us with a clear and cultured fluency that we were not accustomed to. It shows the alteration of the times that a sort of thrill of horror ran round the House when in one debate he actually mentioned that he was not a member of the Church of England. . . . We used *not* to imitate the ways of the House of Commons very closely, with the idea that it might be bad taste, and that we had traditions of our own to be proud of."

MR. OSCAR BROWNING, Treasurer of the Cambridge Union.
*From a Photo. by Beaufort, Birmingham.*

Forty-five members of the Society are in the House of Lords, including the Prince of Wales and the two Archbishops, and 58 in the Commons. Our present-day debates, held once a week, are dignified and orderly. They last for about two and a half hours, the proposer and opposer occupying usually an hour between them. The private-business meetings are generally more scenic, especially when we discuss Zola or finance. A noticeable feature is the number of Orientals who take part, and a very able, eloquent part too, in our debates. One has risen to the Chair. The future historian will be at little trouble for material, for the *Cambridge Review* and the *Granta*, in different styles, record each debate and change. Out of 237 Presidents, Trinity has provided 132 and St. John's 29.

The members of the Society are increasing, and between 400 and 500 new members are enrolled annually. There is no exclusiveness, and all types of University life are represented.

Our relations with our younger Oxford sister are excellent. From term to term there is an interchange of speakers between the two clubs.

In conclusion it may be said that, great as the past has been, the future should be none the less brilliant. The usefulness of such an institution is obvious. In 1994 it may be that the names that will be honoured in an article in a flourishing *Strand* will be those of men whose promise is now so great, and whose friendship so many of us value now so highly.

[In compiling this Article I have drawn much information from "A Short History of the Union," by J. F. Skipper, Esq., B.A., ex-President. I would here acknowledge the great courtesy of those distinguished old members who have contributed reminiscences. Owing to the kind permission of the President, Vice-President, and Librarian, I have had access to all the documents of the Society. The Chief Clerk has also given me much valuable assistance.—St. J. B. W. W.]

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## No. XXXIII.—MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

*From a Photo. by]* MANOR HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD. TIME—PRESENT DAY.

CHARACTERS:

The Modern Mathews ... ... ... ... MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
Interviewer... ... ... ... ... ... ... HARRY HOW.

Coachman, Parrot, Dogs, etc.

SCENE I.—*Entrance-hall leading to corridor. Stained glass windows Grandfather's clock ticking away in the corner. Autographed portrait of Prince of Wales. Pictures of Corney Grain and George Grossmith. Millais' "Widow's Mite." Liston as "Moll Flannagan" and "Mawworm." Numerous fine oils, including a sea piece by Weber. David Garrick by Vandergucht. Fred Barnard's "Garrick." Old armour picturesquely arranged. Bronzes in cosy niches, etc.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS *enters by rushing downstairs. He is tall and strongly built, character is written on every feature of his face, his curly hair has not a single silver streak in it, his appearance suggests all that is genial, good-natured, frank, and thorough. Speaks deliberately and very rapidly, says much in as few words as possible—in short, a man who trips through life with a light step, a happy disposition, and a pleasant way of doing and saying all things.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*taking last three steps at a bound and "discovering"* INTERVIEWER): Ah! there you are! What a foolish remark. Of course you're there. Have a cigarette? Now, where's my case? M.C.—my case! Capital way of remembering anything that, eh? See? M.C.—my case, my cigar, my canary, Master of Ceremonies! I find it infallible. I've got a shocking memory, so must have some system to go upon. Where is that cigarette case? Bad memory for simple little things like that, but I never forget my parts. Now, that's curious. Can remember a long part, but can't remember where I put that confounded cigarette case. Will find it yet. Come into the dining-room.

*From a Photo. by]* THE ENTRANCE-HALL. *[Elliott & Fry*

*By a special journalistic contrivance—a contrivance which for rapidity of change of scene has never been approached on the stage—*

SCENE II.—*Dining-room. Massive and substantial oak furniture. Birch's statuette of* THE MODERN MATHEWS *as David Garrick near the window. The walls are covered with exquisite examples of Reamore, Toulmonche, Ethoper, &c., views of Spain, Venice, and all places suggestive of sunshine and dark-eyed maidens, having for companion canvases pictures of English rural life, Scotch cattle, Welsh valleys, and Irish lakes.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*aside*): M.C.! M.C.! M.C.!

INTERVIEWER: And you never forget your parts?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Oh! I beg your pardon. Now, if you hadn't spoken I should have found that case in another minute! No, I've never forgotten a part since I was dismissed by Mrs. John Wood in New York in 1864. It was the first time I ever played an important part, and I had a very long speech to make. This speech always frightened me—it was a perpetual nightmare. I used to dream about it, breakfast with it, lunch, tea, dine, and sup with it. When the eventful night came I found myself only thinking of the words instead of their meaning. I had to give a glowing description of a young girl's beauty, crying out: "Drunk with enthusiasm, I exclaimed," etc., etc., etc. I had reached the word "Drunk," when all became a blank. I repeated the word two or three times, and finally went for it with "*Drunk*—I exclaimed—happy the being," etc.! I was dismissed.

(*Barking heard off. Dogs rush on.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS: My dogs! Call them after the characters I play.

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE SITTING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Come here Davy—that's Garrick. I adopt the same plan with my horses. I've got a parrot upstairs—Cockie. You should see Davy and Cockie fight. Cockie's got a prize-fighter's nose—Davy broke it for him. Come upstairs.

*Again by the same arrangement we are transported to—*

SCENE III.—*Sitting-room. Full of pictures of friends, presents, and pleasant memories.* COCKIE *is in cage on table. Here a most scientific onslaught between parrot and dog takes place—of course, only playfully and purely in innocent fun—and owing to the favour with which it is received, the proper action of a little life-drama is delayed for a quarter of an hour.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*suddenly jumping up*): Ha! there it is! there it is!

INTERVIEWER: Good gracious! Anything wrong?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Wrong, no—everything's right. My cigarette case (*holds it up gleefully*). Now, then—have a cigarette?

(*Lights up!*)

INTERVIEWER (*suggestively*): M.L.! M.L.! M.L.!

THE MODERN MATHEWS: No, I've nothing as I can remember associated with M.L.

INTERVIEWER: M.L.—my life!

THE MODERN MATHEWS: All right, tell us all about it!

(INTERVIEWER *is not prepared to "gag" back.*)

INTERVIEWER: You were born——

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Oh! I see. Certainly, certainly—but—it's a long speech—a speech, however, I don't think I shall ever forget. We always remember ourselves, eh? and forget O.P., which means other people, or opposite prompter. (*Sits in arm-chair* L. *of fireplace.*) I was born in Liverpool on the 23rd of March, 1841. My father was a doctor—he only died a year or two ago. My mother gave me my first lessons, until at ten years of age I was sent to school at Sandgate. There I took a great liking for drawing—particularly for building castles in the air! I imbibed a love for the stage before I knew the value of words, and used to revel in acting to myself before a looking-glass. I left Sandgate when I was about twelve and went to St. Andrews, and there I was the cause of public censure, as it was said I was demoralizing all the boys on account of my strong theatrical tastes. Major Playfair—the grandfather of Arthur Playfair, the actor—had a private theatre near my school, and I need hardly say how I used to revel in being permitted to attend there. But it came to an end at last. I used to write very bloodthirsty dramas, and myself and companions used to play them in our bedrooms by candle-light. We were, however, discovered, and the curtain fell with a thud. I was at St. Andrews for two years. I took a prize for Latin, and always those for elocution. I ran away from St. Andrews once, but having no money in my pocket I went back the next day. I remained there until I was fifteen, when I was sent to Germany—to Neuwied first, and Bonn afterwards. You would scarcely credit it, but there I became a very dreamy fellow.

INTERVIEWER: Dreamy?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Yes, I

became quite a religious enthusiast, and founded a Church.

(INTERVIEWER *surprised—but he must save his energies to be more so later.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*solemnly*): Whilst I used to play with my companions, I was always much impressed by a long-legged, lanky-looking fellow, who used to walk up and down the playground with his eyes on his boots. I got in with him, found he belonged to a well-known Wesleyan family, and we founded a Church to reform the boys. The masters lent us a room, and starting with half-a-dozen we ultimately got twenty-five lads. When my Wesleyan friend left I became head of the Church. In the college was the son of a celebrated divine in London—whom we will call B. He was a very bad lot, using very bad language. One day he asked me to let him join the Church. I hesitated. Told him I'd take a fortnight to decide. I did. It came to my turn to preach. B. was present. My sermon was directed to him. After it was all over he came to me and assured me he was a changed man. I was delighted. He grasped me by the hand and said he should like to preach on the following Sunday! I assured him that it was the rule for only four or five of us to preach. He thought an exception ought to be made in his case. I would not hear of it. "Look here," he said, "won't you let me preach?" "No, I could not." "Do you mean it?" he asked. "I do." "Without a doubt, Wyndham?" "I am immovable." "Then," he said, go to——!" (*Quick Curtain!*)

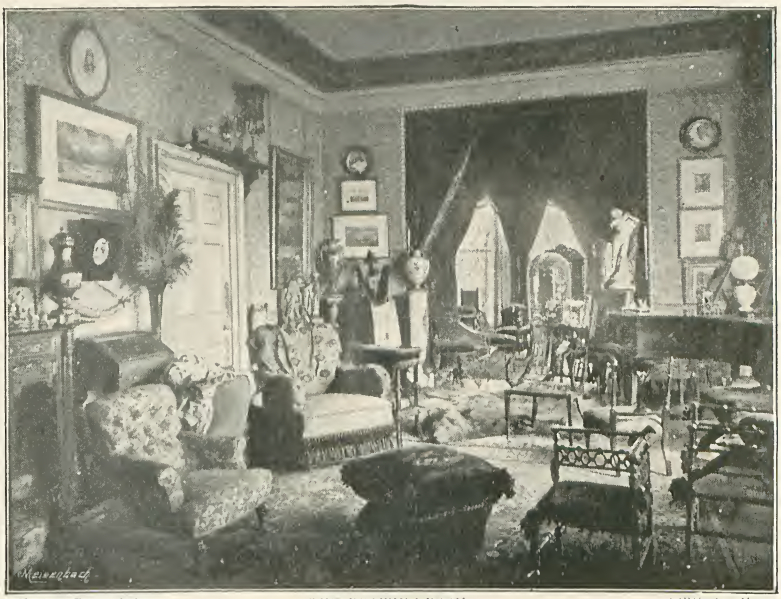
SCENE IV.—*Drawing-room. A beautiful set. By the door is a fine bear's skin, the animal having been shot by the actor's son on his ranch in Colorado. The china and articles of vertu are as rare as they are valuable. The pictures tell of the artistic discrimination of their possessor. The mementos are many—a harp of roses and forget-me-nots, with a gold plate inscribed: "Au grand Comédien Charles Wyndham, Hommage d'Admiration un Parisian, 1889," is given a prominent place. An exquisite silver sledge was from friends in St. Petersburg, and a massive silver cup bears the inscription: "To Charles Wyndham, from Albert Edward Prince of Wales, in remembrance of 'David Garrick,' at Sandringham, 7th January, 1887."*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*handling cup*): The Prince is one of the most perfect stage managers conceivable. He made all the arrangements for the production of "Davy" at Sandringham. (*Takes up an inkstand in the shape of horse's hoof.*) One of my mares—poor thing! I always kill my horses when it has come to their last trot, and never sell them when they are past all work.

INTERVIEWER *inwardly—on behalf of the public—votes* THE MODERN MATHEWS *a thoughtful man in all things.*

INTERVIEWER (*insinuatingly*): And you——

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Oh! yes. Germany fifteen months; then to Paris. Occasional theatre. Had to be home by eight! Locked out one night—one sou left. Put it on a gingerbread board gamble. My sou on biggest piece. Round went the spinner—stopped at my piece. Won! Only gamble I ever won in my life. Walked that night till six in the morning; managed to get into the school. Met head master whilst creeping upstairs. He commended me for my early rising! From Paris to King's College as a medical student. Ha! no sooner there, than able to go to



*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

theatre. Got to Cabinet Theatre, King's Cross, in amateur performances. There I first met William Blakeley, an admirable comedian, who in those days was a slim, thin, dashing young fellow. I was not long in making up my mind. I would go in for tragedy, I was so impressed with Barry Sullivan; though I fancy on looking back that Charles Mathews attracted me most, although I never dreamed of becoming a light comedian. What a voice Charley had, how perfect his every movement! The marvellous charm of that man was his extreme naturalness. How well I remember waiting for him at the stage door to watch him come out! No one who ever saw Charley could forget him. Dear old Mathews!

INTERVIEWER (*noting down the great similarity between the actor's description of Mathews and himself*): And your first *real* appearance?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: At one of the Ash Wednesday performances by Cole at the Haymarket Theatre. I played *Captain Murphy Macguire* in "The Serious Family," and John Clayton was the *Charles Tarcus*. I often played with Clayton. He and I were in the cast of "Dearer Than Life," at the Queen's Theatre, in 1868, together with Toole, Irving, Lionel Brough, and Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere). I paid a guinea to play Macguire, and it was worth more to me, for I was soon after playing with Buckstone, and then made my first dash on at the Royalty at £1 a week, when Ellen Terry and I used to play lovers. But one of my great desires was to play *Rover* in "Wild Oats." I made up my mind to do it as soon as I saw Phelps in the part at Sadler's Wells. I had £30, and meeting another young fellow with a similar sum, we began to negotiate for the Strand Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Payne. But our hopes were crushed, as a slight barrier cropped up in the way of rent. Payne wanted £60 a week rent, and three months in advance. By this time I was ashamed of myself, although I had an offer of twelve shillings a week at the Theatre Royal, Preston—which, probably, I never should have got! I wrote to my father. He was

"CHARLEY GARNER" (Mr. Chas. Wyndham). "MRS. GARNER" (Mrs. Dyas). "MR. REDGELY" (Mr. John Clayton). "LUCY" (Miss H. Hodson, Mrs. Labouchere).

*From a*] A CAST OF "DEARER THAN LIFE." [*Photograph.*

"MRS. PELLET" (Miss Everard). "MICHAEL GARNER" (Mr. J. L. Toole). "UNCLE BEN" (Mr. Lionel Brough). "BOB GASSITT" (Mr. Henry Irving).

somewhat wroth when I told him my theatrical desires. He said: "Well, take your diploma, and I won't interfere." I accepted the bargain, finished my medical studentship, went to Dublin—took my diploma. I had almost abandoned the idea of going on to the stage, and 1863 found me on my way to America to the war. I left with £9 in my pocket! It was the dad's suggestion I should go, but I believe he did it with a breaking heart. Look at that! (*Takes a massive gold ring set with a single diamond, and passes it to* INTERVIEWER.) Why, the old fellow came over to America whilst I was there. When he was leaving the docks, he threw this, wrapped up in a piece of paper, on to the quay. My eyes were fixed on my father. There was he, making frantic gesticulations and pointing. I thought the piece of paper a greenback, and refused to pick it up. At last he became almost frantic in his anxiety. I picked up the paper, and there was that ring in it. The old fellow went away happy. This diamond and sapphire ring was given to me by the Czar. Not a bad ring, eh? Look at it. (INTERVIEWER *does so, and unconsciously puts it on finger!*)

MR. WYNDHAM AS "ROVER."
(Wild Oats.)
*From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

(INTERVIEWER *is busy for the next ten minutes in noting small "asides," thrown in between whiffs of cigarette:* "*£250 a year as medical officer.*" "*In several engagements.*" "*Did fairly well.*" "*Have a cigarette?*" "*Appeared with Mrs. John Wood in New York.*" "*Six weeks.*" "*£4 12s. a week.*" "*Dismissed for incompetency.*" "*Came home.*" "*Met amateur friends again.*" "*Engaged at Royalty.*" "*£4 a week.*" "*Leading light comedy and stage management.*" "*Offer from Miss Herbert to go to St. James's. Went. Miss Herbert, Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews, Stoyle, Ada Cavendish there, and—Oh! that first night.*")

THE MODERN MATHEWS *crosses to table* L, *and taking up an édition de luxe of a commemorative volume of the Clover Club, reads the story which he told ten years ago of that first night. His back is to the fireplace* (CENTRE), *the book in one hand leaves the other free for action. He reads and remembers.*

"The piece was an adaptation of Ouida's 'Idalia.' I was playing the hero, *Hugh Stoneleigh;* a young actor named Charles was *Victor Vane;* Miss Herbert (long since retired) was *Idalia;* and Henry Irving was the villain of the play, *Count Falcon.* In those days, by-the-bye, managers would insist upon casting me for the virtuous heroes, and Irving for the vicious ones, although our proclivities in no way justified the selection. But what a charming villain Irving was: the only actor I have ever seen who has been able to make villainy on the stage appear as it should appear—lovable. But to resume: The opening scene was a rocky defile, in which I was suddenly attacked by Irving, and left for dead. The stage-manager had

outshone himself in the production of a grandly impressive scene, in which the demands of realism were observed by the introduction of a natural waterfall: descending from the flies at the side, passing under a massive bridge, and rushing wildly and obliquely across the stage. It was certainly a gorgeous scene; an inspiring one, bound to elicit uproarious approval. Well, on the first night it did, and during the rest of the evening that waterfall was never forgotten. I told you it was supposed to dash under a massive bridge (which, by-the-bye, sloped down towards the footlights, in full view of the audience); but stage-managers propose, and waterfalls dispose. It was its first appearance on any stage, and, like most beginners, it wanted to do too much: it not only dashed under the bridge, but it trickled over the bridge; and, on its passage across the stage, it oozed from its proper channel, in several independent little rivulets, down towards the footlights. Wherever that inexperienced water went, it left the stage slippery. Thunders of applause greeted the enthusiastic débutant, and all the time the traitor was preparing for the annihilation of his brother artists. Gracefully down the bridge came F. Charles. He touched the slippery part of the bridge, threw his arms out wildly, away went his cloak into the torrent, and—well, he sat down. With dramatic instinct in every nerve of his body, firmly entered, half a minute afterwards, Henry Irving; looked about him warily; then strode down the bridge—you know the stride—till he also reached the fatal spot, threw his arms wildly round, and—well, he sat down. Need I tell you that the awe of the situation was fading? Now came my turn. Standing on a platform behind the scene from the commencement, I had seen what had happened to my two friends; so, stepping gingerly down the bridge, I arrived on the stage without sitting down, had my encounter with the two ruffians, escaped from them, had run wildly up the bridge again to receive the shot from *Falcon's* pistol, and had fallen, according to stage-manager's instructions, a foot or so below the treacherous spot. On came *Idalia* — she had heard the shot. 'Ah! a body on the bridge!' She runs down, recognises me — 'Great heavens, 'tis he!' —rushes further down, reaches the fatal place, away go her arms, and—well, she sat down: the folds of her dress falling over me and completely hiding me from the view of the audience. That was the end of the act—it was a powerful one. We had all done our level best, but the waterfall had scored the most.

*From a*] MR. WYNDHAM AS "PEREGRINE PORTER." [*Photograph.*
(Fourteen Days.)

"The next scene

was a simple drawing-room. The waterfall was gone, thank Heaven, and we could rely upon ourselves. The act began. It was interesting and dramatic: a powerful scene between Miss Herbert and Irving—accusation of murder, defiance, vengeance for my death—all very startling; sufficiently so to drive for the time the slippery knave from everybody's mind. A great scene, well acted and well received; everything going splendidly, and an effect in store bound to please the audience.

"The hero is not dead, for he suddenly appears; appears, as a hero always does at the back of the stage; great applause at his resuscitation; Miss Herbert backs with joy and surprise right to the footlights, and I prepare to rush towards her; success is in our grasp; the audience are in splendid humour; spite of all difficulties, we have triumphed. Alas, the vanity of human hopes! The waterfall was lying in wait for me. I told you the scene was a drawing-room; but I did not tell you that it was an Italian one—consequently, that the carpet covered only the centre of the stage. Across it I madly rushed towards my faithful love. 'Idalia,' I exclaimed, 'I never expected to see you again!'—reached one of those rivulets, that had trickled in exactly the same direction I was going—reached it unknowingly — slipped, and — well, *I* sat down.

"Never in the whole course of my life have I heard such a roar as went up from that auditorium.

"Need I go on? Need I tell you how, in the next scene, when she and I were supposed to be escaping from the Austrian soldiery, those brave heroes came on, and, as the first slipped over our general enemy, the others came tumbling after? How massive rocks were knocked over by the falling bodies, and how the second act terminated in convulsions on the part of the audience? Need I tell you that, in the last act, the actors had become through sheer helplessness as demoralized as the audience—that I assured my love, in a voice smothered by laughter, that nothing would shake my firmness of belief in her—that she chuckled out she believed me—or that Irving came on to die in a white shirt, a blood-red spot on his breast, and his face all grins, dying the most facetious death actor ever died? Oh, that night—that night of horrors!"

*From a Photo. by]* MR. WYNDHAM AS "BOB SACKETT." (Brighton.) *[Falk, New York.*

(*Curtain.*)

SCENE V.—*The street. A very, very desirable residence, with well-laid-out grounds in rear. Brougham waiting.* (*It is not intended to attempt to describe the extraordinary mechanical methods employed to bring about this sensational change of scene, seeing that a journey is about to be made from St. John's Wood to the Criterion Theatre, Piccadilly. It is unnecessary and useless, for no theatrical manager, be he professional or amateur, would attempt it.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS *leads the way down steps followed by* INTERVIEWER.

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*aside to* INTERVIEWER): Have a good look at the coachman on the quiet. (INTERVIEWER *does so. Both enter brougham.*)

*From a Photo. by]* "THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE." *[Falk, New York.*

"MR. PILKIE" (Mr. William Blakeley). "GEOFFREY GORDON" (Mr. Chas. Wyndham).

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Whom do you think he was coachman to? —(*whispers*)—*Byron!*

INTERVIEWER: What—Henry—Henry J.?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Yes, dear old "Our Boys" Byron. He was with him for seven years. I've had him since. Poor old Byron! What a wit he was. He joked to the last—almost his last breath was a joke. He wrote "Fourteen Days" for me. He was very bad—had a consumptive cough when the play was finished. He would persist in reading it to me. It was heart-breaking. When he was dying we used to drop in and sit with him, and take him little delicacies. Just before he had been doing work for Hare and Kendal at the St. James's. I went in one day, and there was a fine hare by his side. "Hare sent it to me," he said. "It's so big that I thought Kendal was inside!" Dear old Byron!

(*A pause.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*with gaiety a trifle forced*): Let me see —where were we when we left the house? Paradoxical that, eh? Oh! yes—I remember—of course.

*From a Photo. by]* "THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE." *[Falk, New York.*

"PARKER" (Miss Kate Rorke). "G. GORDON" (Mr. Wyndham).

Well, after playing about for some years, at last came a moment when I seemed to be on the horns of a dilemma. I had just advanced beyond the position of a stock actor, and hadn't achieved any particular individual reputation—that is, I felt unless I adopted some special line managers wouldn't offer me engagements. One morning—I was playing at Brighton—at breakfast I had three telegrams in succession. One read: "Would you accept an engagement at a West-end theatre to manage it yourself?" A second — from T. E. Smale: "Would you like a theatre in London? I can find money for it." And a third from Alexander Henderson: "Could you open at Criterion in 'Brighton' next Monday?" This seemed direct. I rushed to town. Henderson said: "Rare chance. If open next Monday—can have theatre rent free!"

INTERVIEWER: Of course——?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Yes — I went! Played a month. Went to Paris. Returned at Easter. Opened in "The Great Divorce Case," and I started with the principle of making it a farcical comedy theatre. Made a contract with Henderson for seven years. This was in 1–8–7–6. Always a good memory for dates of that kind. "Pink Dominos!" Forced on me — absolutely forced on me. "The Great Divorce Case" was free to anybody to use, and when I produced it I wrote to the authors in Paris telling them I was prepared to pay them. A week or two after they sent their agent to me, saying that the same authors had just produced a piece in Paris and would like me to have it. It very much resembled "The Great Divorce Case," you know; and, on this basis, I refused it. They sent three or four times. At last I bought it for a mere song—I didn't want it—£40 down and £1 a night for a hundred nights!

(INTERVIEWER *excited. More so when* THE MODERN MATHEWS *encourages him to take to playwriting as a profession by remarking, with a glorious twinkle in both eyes:* My half share of the profits was £15,000! INTERVIEWER *accepts another much-needed cigarette!*)

INTERVIEWER (*breaking the silence*): "Where's the Cat"?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Very decent spec. Gave £25 for it!

INTERVIEWER: Why, it's all profit!

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*wisely*): But, I have given thousands for plays, and all turned out no good!

INTERVIEWER: And "David Garrick"?

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*merrily, for he revels in talking about his favourite character*): Ah! "Davy"! I produced "Davy" in '86. I was about to produce a farcical comedy, and, as a matter of fact, had got within two days of the advertised first night — indeed, it came to within forty-eight hours of the time —when I became convinced that it was no use. On the Friday I frankly issued an announcement stating that I had no confidence in the piece. It was a toss-up between "Brighton" and "Wild Oats." Eventual decision — "Wild Oats." A great success — Miss Mary Moore and David James secured a big triumph.

INTERVIEWER: And yourself?

MR. WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."
*From a Painting by John Pettie, R.A.*
*(By kind permission of Mr. T. McLean, 7, Haymarket, S.W.)*

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Well, I played *Rover*. Up to this moment I had made up my mind never to play any part of Sotheran's or Charles Mathews', and when Mr. Calmour suggested my playing "David Garrick," I told him this. Others suggested "Davy," too, and finally Clement Scott, one night at supper, talked me into it. I was very nervous of "D.G." on the first night, because I had altered the intention of the dramatist in the second act by taking it more seriously. At one time I began to rehearse it with all the nonsense out of it, but finally decided to curtail the original "business" so as not to disappoint lovers of the old version. It ran from November, 1886, to August, 1887. I have revived it every year since, and so far as paying business goes, "Pink Dominos" is not in it. Ah! here we are. Come into my cabin.

MR. WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."
*From a Photo. by Barraud, London.*

*Brougham stops at theatre.* THE MODERN MATHEWS *and* INTERVIEWER *ascend a somewhat steep flight of stairs leading to—*

SCENE VI.—*A cabin. It is really an apartment fitted up exactly like a cabin on a wealthy man's yacht. Not a detail is missing. Even the portholes are there, and you peep out on to a sea of carriages, cabs, vans, and pedestrians. Luxuriously furnished. Table centre: papers scattered about, designs and estimates for scenes—one at a trifle above £1,000—huge pile of letters.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS (*very busy—here, there, and everywhere*): Excuse me—M.L.! No, no—not my life—finished with that; my letters! (*Opens one—reads.*) Look at that. (*Hands letter.*) Fellow wants two for the dress circle. Has no claim on the theatre save his "great love for the drama!" (*Opens another letter.*) Ah! nicely scented envelope. (*Reads*): "Dear sir, will you send us two seats for the matinée on Saturday? A gentleman friend told us you *always* give seats away. We want to come to the afternoon performance, because ma hates theatres, and won't let us go if she can help it!"

INTERVIEWER: Encouraging!

THE MODERN MATHEWS: D.C., my boy, D.C.!

INTERVIEWER: So you're going to send them?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Send what?

INTERVIEWER: The seats—D.C.—dress circle?

THE MODERN MATHEWS: D.C.—D.C. in this instance is to remind me that it's deuced cheek! Oh! I give them occasionally. I remember once a couple of seats I gave to a policeman. When I am studying a part I like to take long walks in the country—down the lanes. On one occasion I was learning up my character in Gilbert's play of "Foggerty's Fairy." In the last act I am supposed to be mad. On the other hand, I maintain that the keepers appointed over me are mad and not I. I have to describe a murder I am supposed to have committed, and to go through all the details of the crime. This I did once in a secluded nook in the Hampstead Woods—giving it forth at the top of my voice, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the business. A policeman caught sight of me. He had evidently been watching me for some time. Suddenly he made for me, seized me by the collar, and said he should charge me at the station on my own confession! It took a long time to explain

SCENE FROM "DAVID GARRICK."
MISS MARY MOORE. MR. WYNDHAM. MR. GIDDENS.
*Taken on the stage of Criterion Theatre at night by Mr John P. Roberts.*

—but I succeeded eventually in putting matters straight with the aid of a sovereign and a couple of seats for the first night of "Foggerty"!

*Enter* CLERK *with more letters.* INTERVIEWER *suggests he shall return in the evening. Mutual consent. A wait of three hours till—*

SCENE VII.—THE MODERN MATHEWS'S *dressing-room at the Criterion Theatre. A comfortable little apartment, with speaking-tubes connecting with all parts and all officials of the theatre. A small window—with a blind—opens on to the stage, so that its occupant can see exactly what is going on on the boards, and knows when to prepare to enter.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS *discovered.*

*Enter* INTERVIEWER.

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Ah! there you are! Foolish again. Made the same remark this morning when we met—didn't I? Mustn't say it again. (*Pencils memory initials on shirt-cuff to this effect.*) I've only just got here. That confounded cigarette case—couldn't find it again. M.C. stands for too many things: shall have to invent another plan. I've got it. Always smoke! Eh?—then I shan't have to worry about it! I'm never here till it's time to walk on. Wigs? Never wear 'em. Never so good as your own hair. I never wore a wig for "D.G.," always had my hair dressed. Much better. Excuse me—I'm on.

(*Rushes on to stage. The scenery needed here is somewhat elaborate, but it is journalistically adjusted particularly for this occasion. Shouts of laughter. Laughter ceases.* THE MODERN MATHEWS *comes in at the same rate as he departed.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS: America! Yes, been there professionally three times. Wonderfully patient people. One night I was timed to appear at a certain theatre at eight o'clock. . Breakdown on the line. Didn't get to playhouse until half-past nine. Expected to find the theatre empty. Audience had waited until nine o'clock without showing a sign of being fidgety. Manager went before the curtain saying he had received a telegram from me explaining the circumstances, and stating I should shortly arrive. So the sufferers held on another half-hour, when they began to file out of the theatre. We met them all coming out. "Here we are. Here we are again. Go back! We've arrived!" and go back they did! Ten minutes afterwards the curtain had gone up on the first act of the play. Excuse me! M.P. my part!

(*Rapid exit. Rattles off M.P. and returns as merrily as before.*)

MR. WYNDHAM AS "JOHN MILDMAY."
(Still Waters Run Deep.)
*From a Photo. by Barraud, London.*

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Americans never grumble. They kept a train waiting for four hours and a quarter for us one night, and the passengers as well! But the passengers only grumbled in the right direction. They thought it a bit too bad, because if they had known the cause of the long wait, they might have gone to the theatre!

Then their double E's—enormous enterprise. Once we had to wait for four-and-twenty hours to catch a train. A manager came to see me, and pressed for a performance, at which the prominent citizens of the town would be present. I consented. No time to post bills—they sent out runners. I went down to see the hall. Not a seat in the place! "Don't you worry about that, you'll find all the chairs there to-night." And so I did, sure enough. When I arrived in the evening the hall was half full of chairs of all shapes and sizes. Camp stools, piano stools, three-legged stools, drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen chairs—in fact, anything on which one might sit down. I couldn't understand it. I was informed that it was a rule of the theatre that everybody who purchased a seat should provide his own! The place at night was packed—the approaches to the theatre being crowded with contingents of families entering the place, followed by negro servants carrying half-a-dozen chairs on their shoulders. I'm wanted on again. What, are you off?

(INTERVIEWER *takes off his finger the Czar's ring shown to him a few hours before, and in shaking hands with the actor artfully slips it into his open palm.*)

THE MODERN MATHEWS: Halloa, what's this? Good gracious—my ring! M.R.; M.R.! I must remember that in future! I thought at first it was a tip for the interview!

*Curtain.*

MR. WYNDHAM AS "CHARLES SURFACE."
(School for Scandal.)
*From a Photo. by Barraud, London.*

# *Martin Hewitt, Investigator.*

By Arthur Morrison.

## III.—THE CASE OF MR. FOGGATT.

ALMOST the only dogmatism that Martin Hewitt permitted himself in regard to his professional methods was one on the matter of accumulative probabilities. Often when I have remarked upon the apparently trivial nature of the clues by which he allowed himself to be guided—sometimes, to all seeming, in the very face of all likelihood—he has replied that two trivialities, pointing in the same direction, became at once, by their mere agreement, no trivialities at all, but enormously important considerations. "If I were in search of a man," he would say, "of whom I knew nothing but that he squinted, bore a birthmark on his right hand, and limped, and I observed a man who answered to the first peculiarity, so far the clue would be trivial, because thousands of men squint. Now, if that man presently moved and exhibited a birthmark on his right hand, the value of that squint and that mark would increase at once a hundred or a thousand fold. Apart they are little; together much. The weight of evidence is not doubled merely; it would be only doubled if half the men who squinted had right-hand birthmarks; whereas, the proportion, if it could be ascertained, would be perhaps more like one in ten thousand. The two trivialities, pointing in the same direction, become very strong evidence. And when the man is seen to walk with a limp, that limp (another triviality), reinforcing the others, brings the matter to the rank of a practical certainty. The Bertillon system of identification—what is it but a summary of trivialities? Thousands of men are of the same height, thousands of the same length of foot, thousands of the same girth of head—thousands correspond in any separate measurement you may name. It is when the measurements are taken *together* that you have your man identified for ever. Just consider how few, if any, of your friends correspond exactly in any two personal peculiarities." Hewitt's dogma received its illustration unexpectedly close at home.

MR. FOGGATT.

The old house wherein my chambers and Hewitt's office were situated contained, beside my own, two or three more bachelors' dens, in addition to the offices on the ground and first and second floors. At the very top of all, at the back, a fat, middle-aged man, named Foggatt, occupied a set of four rooms. It was only after long residence, by an accidental remark of the housekeeper's, that I learned the man's name, which was not painted on his door or displayed, with all the others, on the wall of the ground-floor porch

Mr. Foggatt appeared to have few friends, but lived in something as nearly approaching luxury as an old bachelor in chambers can live An ascending case of champagne was a common phenomenon of the staircase, and I have more than once seen a picture, destined for the top floor, of a sort that went far to awaken green covetousness in the heart of a poor journalist.

The man himself was not altogether prepossessing. Fat as he was, he had a way of carrying his head forward on his extended neck and gazing widely about with a pair of the roundest and most prominent eyes I remember to have ever seen, except in a fish. On the whole, his appearance was rather vulgar, rather arrogant, and rather suspicious, without any very pronounced quality of any sort. But certainly he was not pretty. In the end, however, he was found shot dead in his sitting-room.

It was in this way: Hewitt and I had dined together at my club, and late in the evening had returned to my rooms to smoke and discuss whatever came uppermost. I had made a bargain that day with two speculative odd lots at a book sale, each of which contained a hidden prize. We sat talking and turning over these books while time went unperceived, when suddenly we were startled by a loud report. Clearly it was in the building. We listened for a moment, but heard nothing else, and then Hewitt expressed his opinion that the report was that of a gunshot. Gunshots in residential chambers are not common things, wherefore I got up and went to the landing, looking up the stairs and down.

At the top of the next flight I saw Mrs. Clayton, the housekeeper. She appeared to be frightened, and told me that the report came from Mr. Foggatt's room. She thought he might have had an accident with the pistol that usually lay on his mantelpiece. We went upstairs with her, and she knocked at Mr. Foggatt's door.

There was no reply. Through the ventilating fanlight over the door it could be seen that there were lights within, a sign, Mrs. Clayton maintained, that Mr. Foggatt was not out. We knocked again, much more loudly, and called, but still ineffectually. The door was locked, and an application of the housekeeper's key proved that the tenant's key had been left in the lock inside. Mrs. Clayton's conviction that "something had happened" became distressing, and in the end Hewitt prised open the door with a small poker.

Something *had* happened. In the sitting-room Mr. Foggatt sat with his head bowed over the table, quiet and still. The head was ill to look at, and by it lay a large revolver, of the full-sized Army pattern. Mrs. Clayton ran back toward the landing with faint screams.

"SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED."

"Run, Brett," said Hewitt; "a doctor and a policeman!"

I bounced down the stairs half a flight at a time. "First," I thought, "a doctor. He may not be dead." I could think of no doctor in the immediate neighbourhood, but ran up the street away from the Strand, as being the more likely direction for the doctor, although less so for the policeman. It took me a good five minutes to find the medico, after being led astray by a red lamp

at a private hotel, and another five to get back, with a policeman.

Foggatt was dead, without a doubt. Probably had shot himself, the doctor thought, from the powder-blackening and other circumstances. Certainly nobody could have left the room by the door, or he must have passed my landing, while the fact of the door being found locked from the inside made the thing impossible. There were two windows to the room, both of which were shut, one being fastened by the catch, while the catch of the other was broken—an old fracture. Below these windows was a sheer drop of 50ft. or more, without a foot or hand-hold near. The windows in the other rooms were shut and fastened. Certainly it seemed suicide—unless it were one of those accidents that will occur to people who fiddle ignorantly with firearms. Soon the rooms were in possession of the police, and we were turned out.

We looked in at the housekeeper's kitchen, where her daughter was reviving and calming Mrs. Clayton with gin and water.

"You mustn't upset· yourself, Mrs. Clayton," Hewitt said, "or what will become of us all? The doctor thinks it was an accident."

He took a small bottle of sewing-machine oil from his pocket and handed it to the daughter, thanking her for the loan.

There was little evidence at the inquest. The shot had been heard, the body had been found—that was the practical sum of the matter. No friends or relatives of the dead man came forward. The doctor gave his opinion as to the probability of suicide or an accident, and the police evidence tended in the same direction. Nothing had been found to indicate that any other person had been near the dead man's rooms on the night of the fatality. On the other hand, his papers, bank-book, etc., proved him to be a man of considerable substance, with no apparent motive for suicide. The police had been unable to trace any relatives, or, indeed, any nearer connections than casual acquaintances, fellow club-men, and so on. The jury found that Mr. Foggatt had died by accident.

"Well, Brett," Hewitt asked me afterwards, "what do you think of the verdict?"

I said that it seemed to be the most reasonable one possible, and to square with the common-sense view of the case.

"Yes," he replied, "perhaps it does. From the point of view of the jury, and on their information, their verdict was quite reasonable. Nevertheless, Mr. Foggatt did not shoot himself. He was shot by a rather tall, active young man, perhaps a sailor, but certainly a gymnast—a young man whom I think I could identify, if I saw him."

"But how do you know this?"

"By the simplest possible inferences, which you may easily guess, if you will but think."

"But, then, why didn't you say this at the inquest?"

"My dear fellow, they don't want my inferences and conjectures at an inquest, they only want evidence. If I had traced the murderer, of course then I should have communicated with the police. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible that the police have observed and know as much as I do—or more. They don't give everything away at an inquest, you know—it wouldn't do."

"But if you are right, how did the man get away?"

"Come, we are near home now. Let us take a look at the back of the house. He *couldn't* have left by Foggatt's landing-door, as we know; and as he *was* there (I am certain of that), and as the chimney is out of the question—for there was a good fire in the grate—he must have gone out by the window. Only one window is possible—that with the broken catch — for all the others were fastened inside. Out of that window, then, he went."

"But how? The window is 50ft. up."

"Of course it is. But why *will* you persist in assuming that the only way of escape by a window is downward? See, now, look up there. The window is at the top-floor, and it has a very broad sill. Over the window is nothing but the flat face of the gable-end; but to the right, and a foot or two above the level of the top of the window, an iron gutter ends. Observe, it is not of lead composition, but a strong iron gutter, supported, just at its end, by an iron bracket. If a tall man stood on the end of the window-sill, steadying himself by the left hand and leaning to the right, he could just touch the end of this gutter with his right hand—the full stretch, toe to finger, is 7ft. 3in.; I have measured it. An active gymnast, or a sailor, could catch the gutter with a slight spring, and by it draw himself upon the roof. You will say he would have to be *very* active, dexterous, and cool: So he would. And that very fact helps us, because it narrows the field of inquiry. We know the sort of man to look for. Because, being certain (as I am) that the man was in the room, I *know* that he left in the way I am telling you. He must have

left in some way, and all the other ways being impossible, this alone remains, difficult as the feat may seem. The fact of his shutting the window behind him further proves his coolness and address at so great a height from the ground."

All this was very plain, but the main point was still dark.

"You say you *know* that another man was in the room," I said; "how do you know that?"

"As I said, by an obvious inference. Come now, you shall guess how I arrived at that inference. You often speak of your interest in my work, and the attention with which you follow it. This shall be a simple exercise for you. You saw everything in the room as plainly as I myself. Bring the scene back to your memory, and think over the various small objects littering about, and how they would affect the case. Quick observation is the first essential for my work. Did you see a newspaper, for instance?"

"Yes. There was an evening paper on the floor, but I didn't examine it."

"Anything else?"

"On the table there was a whisky decanter, taken from the tantalus stand on the sideboard, and one glass. That, by-the-bye," I added, "looked as though only one person were present."

"So it did, perhaps, although the inference wouldn't be very strong. Go on."

"There was a fruit-stand on the sideboard, with a plate beside it, containing a few nutshells, a piece of apple, a pair of nutcrackers, and, I think, some orange peel. There was, of course, all the ordinary furniture, but no chair pulled up to the table except that used by Foggatt himself. That's all I noticed, I think. Stay—there was an ash-tray on the table, and a partly-burned cigar near it—only one cigar, though."

"Excellent—excellent, indeed, as far as memory and simple observation go. You saw everything plainly, and you remember everything. Surely *now* you know how I found out that another man had just left?"

"No, I don't; unless there were different kinds of ash in the ash-tray."

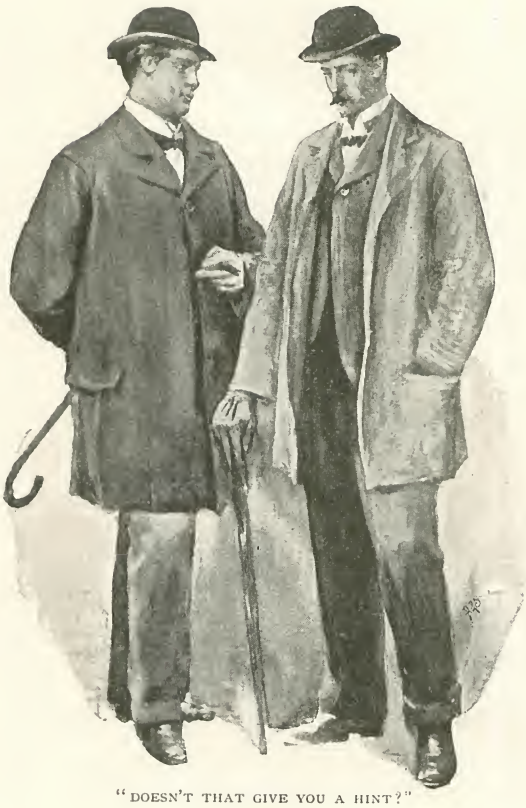
"That is a fairly good suggestion, but there were not—there was only a single ash, corresponding in every way to that on the cigar. Don't you remember anything that I did as we went downstairs?"

"You returned a bottle of oil to the housekeeper's daughter, I think."

"I did. Doesn't that give you a hint? Come, you surely have it now?"

"I haven't."

"Then I shan't tell you; you don't deserve it. Think, and don't mention the subject again till you have at least one guess to make. The thing stares you in the face—you see it, you remember it, and yet you *won't* see it. I won't encourage your slovenliness of thought, my boy, by telling you what you can know for yourself if you like. Good-bye—I'm off now. There is a case in hand I can't neglect."



"DOESN'T THAT GIVE YOU A HINT?"

"Don't you propose to go further into this, then?"

Hewitt shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not a policeman," he said. "The case is in very good hands. Of course, if anybody comes to me to do it as a matter of business, I'll take it up. It's very interesting, but I can't neglect my regular work for it. Naturally, I shall keep my eyes open and my memory in order. Sometimes these things come into the hands by themselves, as it were; in that

case, of course, I am a loyal citizen, and ready to help the law. *Au revoir.*"

I am a busy man myself, and thought little more of Hewitt's conundrum for some time —indeed, when I did think, I saw no way to the answer. A week after the inquest I took a holiday (I had written my nightly leaders regularly every day for the past five years), and saw no more of Hewitt for six weeks. After my return, with still a few days of leave to run, one evening we together turned into Luzatti's, off Coventry Street, for dinner.

"I have been here several times lately," Hewitt said; "they feed you very well. No, not that table"—he seized my arm as I turned to an unoccupied corner—"I fancy it's draughty." He led the way to a longer table where a dark, lithe, and (as well as could be seen) tall young man already sat, and took chairs opposite him.

We had scarcely seated ourselves before Hewitt broke into a torrent of conversation on the subject of bicycling. As our previous conversation had been of a literary sort, and as I had never known Hewitt at any other time to show the slightest interest in bicycling, this rather surprised me. I had, however, such a general outsider's grasp of the subject as is usual in a journalist-of-all-work, and managed to keep the talk going from my side. As we went on I could see the face of the young man opposite brighten with interest. He was a rather fine-looking fellow, with a dark though very clear skin, but had a hard, angry look of eye, a prominence of cheek-bone, and a squareness of jaw that gave him a rather uninviting aspect. As Hewitt rattled on, however, our neighbour's expression became one of pleasant interest merely.

"Of course," Hewitt said, "we've a number of very capital men just now, but I believe a deal in the forgotten riders of five, ten, and fifteen years back. Osmond, I believe, was better than any man riding now, and I think it would puzzle some of them to beat Furnivall as he was at his best. But poor old Cortis—really, I believe he was as good as anybody. Nobody ever beat Cortis—except—let me see—I think somebody beat Cortis once—who was it, now? I can't remember."

"Liles," said the young man opposite, looking up quickly.

"Ah, yes—Liles it was; Charley Liles. Wasn't it a championship?"

"Mile championship, 1880; Cortis won the other three, though."

"Yes, so he did. I saw Cortis when he first broke the old 2.46 mile record." And straightway Hewitt plunged into a whirl of talk of bicycles, tricycles, records, racing cyclists, Hillier and Synyer and Noel Whiting, Taylerson and Appleyard; talk wherein the young man opposite bore an animated share, while I was left in the cold.

Our new friend, it seemed, had himself been a prominent racing bicyclist a few years back, and was presently, at Hewitt's request, exhibiting a neat gold medal that hung at his watch-guard. That was won, he explained, in the old tall bicycle days, the days of bad tracks, when every racing cyclist carried cinder scars on his face from numerous accidents. He pointed to a blue mark on his forehead, which, he told us, was a track scar, and described a bad fall that had cost him two teeth, and broken others. The gaps among his teeth were plain to see as he smiled.

Presently the waiter brought dessert, and the young man opposite took an apple. Nut-crackers and a fruit-knife lay on our side of the stand, and Hewitt turned the stand to offer him the knife.

"No, thanks," he said, "I only polish a good apple, never peel it. It's a mistake except with thick-skinned, foreign ones."

And he began to munch the apple as only a boy or a healthy athlete can. Presently he turned his head to order coffee. The waiter's back was turned, and he had to be called twice. To my unutterable amazement Hewitt reached swiftly across the table, snatched the half-eaten apple from the young man's plate and pocketed it; gazing immediately, with an abstracted air, at a painted Cupid on the ceiling.

Our neighbour turned again, looked doubtfully at his plate and the tablecloth about it, and then shot a keen glance in the direction of Hewitt. He said nothing, however, but took his coffee and his bill, deliberately drank the former, gazing quietly at Hewitt as he did it, paid the latter, and left.

Immediately Hewitt was on his feet and, taking an umbrella which stood near, followed. Just as he reached the door he met our late neighbour, who had turned suddenly back.

"Your umbrella, I think?" Hewitt asked, offering it.

"Yes, thanks." But the man's eye had more than its former hardness, and his jaw-muscles tightened as I looked. He turned and went. Hewitt came back to me. "Pay the bill," he said, "and go back to your rooms; I will come on later: I must follow

this man—it's the Foggatt case." As he went out I heard a cab rattle away, and immediately after it another.

"HEWITT REACHED SWIFTLY ACROSS THE TABLE."

I paid the bill and went home. It was ten o'clock before Hewitt turned up, calling in at his office below on his way up to me.

"Mr. Sidney Mason," he said, "is the gentleman the police will be wanting to-morrow, I expect, for the Foggatt murder. He is as smart a man as I remember ever meeting, and has done me rather neatly twice this evening."

"You mean the man we sat opposite at Luzatti's, of course?"

"Yes, I got his name, of course, from the reverse of that gold medal he was good enough to show me. But I fear he has bilked me over the address. He suspected me, that was plain, and left his umbrella by way of experiment, to see if I were watching him sharply enough to notice the circumstance, and to avail myself of it to follow him. I was hasty and fell into the trap. He cabbed it away from Luzatti's, and I cabbed it after him. He has led me a pretty dance up and down London to-night, and two cabbies have made quite a stroke of business out of us. In the end he entered a house of which, of course, I have taken the address, but I expect he doesn't live there. He is too smart a man to lead me to his den; but the police can certainly find something of him at the house he went in at—and, I expect, left by the back way. By the way, you never guessed that simple little puzzle as to how I found that this *was* a murder, did you? You see it now, of course?"

"Something to do with that apple you stole, I suppose?"

"Something to do with it? I should think so, you worthy innocent. Just ring your bell—we'll borrow Mrs. Clayton's sewing-machine oil again. On the night we broke into Foggatt's room you saw the nut-shells and the bitten remains of an apple on the sideboard, and you remembered it; and yet you couldn't see that in that piece of apple possibly lay an important piece of evidence. Of course, I never expected you to have arrived at any conclusion, as I had, because I had ten minutes in which to examine that apple, and to do what I did with it. But at least you should have seen the possibility of evidence in it.

"First, now, the apple was white. A bitten apple, as you must have observed, turns of a reddish-brown colour if left to stand long. Different kinds of apples brown with different rapidities, and the browning always begins at the core. This is one of the twenty thousand tiny things that few people take the trouble to notice, but which it is useful for a man in my position to know. A russet will brown quite quickly. The apple on the sideboard was, as near as I could tell, a Newtown pippin or other apple of that kind, which will brown at the core in from twenty minutes to half an hour, and in other parts in a quarter of an hour more. When we saw it it was white, with barely a tinge of brown about the exposed core. Inference—somebody had been eating it fifteen or twenty

minutes before—perhaps a little longer; an inference supported by the fact that it was only partly eaten.

"I examined that apple, and found it bore marks of very irregular teeth. While you were gone I oiled it over, and, rushing down to my rooms, where I always have a little plaster of Paris handy for such work, took a mould of the part where the teeth had left the clearest marks. I then returned the apple to its place, for the police to use if they thought fit. Looking at my mould, it was plain that the person who had bitten that apple had lost two teeth, one at top and one below, not exactly opposite, but nearly so. The other teeth, although they would appear to have been fairly sound, were irregular in size and line. Now the dead man had, as I saw, a very excellent set of false teeth, regular and sharp, with none missing. Therefore it was plain that *somebody else* had been eating that apple. Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite. Go on."

"There were other inferences to be made—slighter, but all pointing the same way. For instance, a man of Foggatt's age does not as a rule munch an unpeeled apple like a schoolboy—inference, a young man, and healthy. Why I came to the conclusion that he was tall, active, a gymnast, and perhaps a sailor, I have already told you, when we examined the outside of Foggatt's window. It was also pretty clear that robbery was not the motive, since nothing was disturbed, and that a friendly conversation had preceded the murder—witness the drinking and the eating of the apple. Whether or not the police noticed these things I can't say. If they had had their best men on they certainly would, I think; but the case, to a rough observer, looked so clearly one of accident or suicide, that possibly they didn't.

"As I said, after the inquest I was unable to devote any immediate time to the case, but I resolved to keep my eyes open. The man to look for was tall, young, strong and active, with a very irregular set of teeth, a tooth missing from the lower jaw just to the left of the centre, and another from the upper jaw a little further still toward the left. He might possibly be a person I had seen about the premises (I have a good memory for faces), or, of course, he possibly might not.

"Just before you returned from your holiday I noticed a young man at Luzatti's whom I remembered to have seen somewhere about the offices in this building. He was tall, young, and so on, but I had a client with me, and was unable to examine him more narrowly—indeed, as I was not exactly engaged on the case, and as there are several tall young men about, I took little trouble. But to-day, finding the same young man with a vacant seat opposite him, I took the opportunity of making a closer acquaintance."

"You certainly managed to draw him out."

"Oh, yes—the easiest person in the world to draw out is a cyclist. The easiest cyclist to draw out is, of course, the novice, but the next easiest is the veteran. When you see a healthy, well-trained looking man, who nevertheless has a slight stoop in the shoulders, and, maybe, a medal on his watch-guard, it is always a safe card to try him first with a little cycle-racing talk. I soon brought Mr. Mason out of his shell, read his name on his medal, and had a chance of observing his teeth—indeed, he spoke of them himself. Now, as I observed just now, there are several tall, athletic young men about, and also there are several men who have lost teeth. But now I saw that this tall and athletic young man had lost exactly *two* teeth — one from the lower jaw, just to the left of the centre, and another from the upper jaw, further still toward the left! Trivialities, pointing in the same direction, became important considerations. More, his teeth were irregular throughout, and, as nearly as I could remember it, looked remarkably like this little plaster mould of mine."

He produced from his pocket an irregular lump of plaster, about three inches long. On one side of this appeared in relief the likeness of two irregular rows of six or eight teeth, minus one in each row, where a deep gap was seen, in the position spoken of by my friend. He proceeded:—

"This was enough at least to set me after this young man. But he gave me the greatest chance of all when he turned and left his apple (eaten unpeeled, remember!—another important triviality) on his plate. I'm afraid I wasn't at all polite, and I ran the risk of arousing his suspicions, but I couldn't resist the temptation to steal it. I did, as you saw, and here it is."

He brought the apple from his coat-pocket. One bitten side, placed against the upper half of the mould, fitted precisely, a projection of apple filling exactly the deep gap. The other side similarly fitted the lower half.

"There's no getting behind that, you see," Hewitt remarked. "Merely observing the man's teeth was a guide, to some extent, but

"FITTED PRECISELY."

this is as plain as his signature or his thumb-impression. You'll never find two men *bite* exactly alike, no matter whether they leave distinct teeth-marks or not. Here, by-the-bye, is Mrs. Clayton's oil. We'll take another mould from this apple, and compare *them*."

He oiled the apple, heaped a little plaster in a newspaper, took my water-jug and rapidly pulled off a hard mould. The parts corresponding to the merely broken places in the apple were, of course, dissimilar; but as to the teeth-marks, the impressions were identical.

"That will do, I think," Hewitt said. "To-morrow morning, Brett, I shall put up these things in a small parcel, and take them round to Bow Street."

"But are they sufficient evidence?"

"Quite sufficient for the police purpose There is the man, and all the rest—his movements on the day and so forth are simple matters of inquiry; at any rate, that is police business."

I had scarcely sat down to my breakfast on the following morning when Hewitt came into the room and put a long letter before me.

"From our friend of last night," he said; "read it."

This letter began abruptly, and undated, and was as follows:—

"To Martin Hewitt, Esq.

"Sir,—I must compliment you on the adroitness you exhibited this evening in extracting from me my name. The address I was able to balk you of for the time being, although by the time you read this you will probably have found it through the *Law List*, as I am an admitted solicitor. That, however, will be of little use to you, for I am removing myself, I think, beyond the reach even of your abilities of search. I knew you well by sight, and was, perhaps, foolish to allow myself to be drawn as I did. Still, I had no idea that it would be dangerous, especially after seeing you, as a witness with very little to say, at the inquest upon the scoundrel I shot. Your somewhat discourteous seizure of my apple at first amazed me—indeed, I was a little doubtful as to whether you had really taken it—but it was my first warning that you might be playing a deep game against me, incomprehensible as the action was to my mind. I subsequently reflected that I had been eating an apple, instead of taking the drink he first offered me, in the dead wretch's rooms on the night he came to his merited end. From this I assume that your design was in some way to compare what remained of the two apples—although I do not presume to fathom the depths of your detective system. Still, I have heard of many of your cases, and profoundly admire the keenness you exhibit. I am thought to be a keen man myself, but although I was able, to some extent, to hold my own to-night, I admit that your acumen in this case alone is something beyond me.

"I do not know by whom you are commissioned to hunt me, nor to what extent you may be acquainted with my connection with the creature I killed. I have sufficient respect for you, however, to wish that you should not regard me as a vicious criminal, and a couple of hours to spare in which to offer you an explanation that may persuade you that such is not altogether the case. A hasty and violent temper I admit possessing; but even now I cannot regret the one crime it has led me into—for it is, I suppose, strictly speaking, a crime. For it was the man Foggatt who made a felon of my father

before the eyes of the world, and killed him with shame. It was he who murdered my mother, and none the less murdered her because she died of a broken heart. That he was also a thief and a hypocrite might have concerned me little, but for that.

"Of my father I remember very little. He must, I fear, have been a weak and incapable man in many respects. He had no business abilities—in fact, was quite unable to understand the complicated business matters in which he largely dealt. Foggatt was a consummate master of all those arts of financial jugglery that make so many fortunes, and ruin so many others, in matters of company promoting, stocks and shares. He was unable to exercise them, however, because of a great financial disaster in which he had been mixed up a few years before, and which made his name one to be avoided in future. In these circumstances he made a sort of secret and informal partnership with my father, who, ostensibly alone in the business, acted throughout on the directions of Foggatt, understanding as little of what he did, poor, simple man, as a schoolboy would have done. The transactions carried on went from small to large, and, unhappily, from honourable to dishonourable. My father relied on the superior abilities of Foggatt with an absolute trust, carrying out each day the directions given him privately the previous evening, buying, selling, printing prospectuses, signing whatever had to be signed, all with sole responsibility and as sole partner, while Foggatt, behind the scenes, absorbed the larger share of the profits. In brief, my unhappy and foolish father was a mere tool in the hands of the cunning scoundrel who pulled all the wires of the business, himself unseen and irresponsible. At last three companies, for the promotion of which my father was responsible, came to grief in a heap. Fraud was written large over all their history, and, while Foggatt retired with his plunder, my father was left to meet ruin, disgrace, and imprisonment. From beginning to end he, and he only, was responsible. There was no shred of evidence to connect Foggatt with the matter, and no means of escape from the net drawn about my father. He lived through three years of imprisonment and then, entirely abandoned by the man who had made use of his simplicity, he died—of nothing but shame and a broken heart.

"Of this I knew nothing at the time. Again and again, as a small boy, I remember asking of my mother why I had no father at home, as other boys had—unconscious of the stab I thus inflicted on her gentle heart. Of her my earliest, as well as my latest, memory is that of a pale, weeping woman, who grudged to let me out of her sight.

"Little by little I learnt the whole cause of my mother's grief, for she had no other confidant, and I fear my character developed early, for my first coherent remembrance of the matter is that of a childish design to take a table-knife and kill the bad man who had made my father die in prison and caused my mother to cry.

"One thing, however, I never knew: the name of that bad man. Again and again, as I grew older, I demanded to know, but my mother always withheld it from me, with a gentle reminder that vengeance was for a greater hand than mine.

"I was seventeen years of age when my mother died. I believe that nothing but her strong attachment to myself and her desire to see me safely started in life kept her alive so long. Then I found that through all those years of narrowed means she had contrived to scrape and save a little money—sufficient, as it afterwards proved, to see me through the examinations for entrance to my profession, with the generous assistance of my father's old legal advisers, who gave me my articles, and who have all along treated me with extreme kindness.

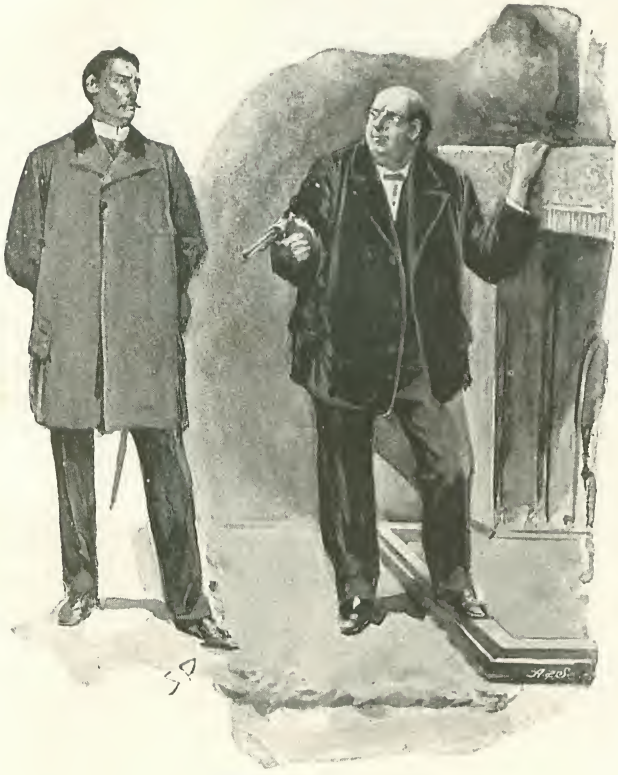
"For most of the succeeding years my life does not concern the matter in hand. I was a lawyer's clerk in my benefactors' service, and afterwards a qualified man among their assistants. All through, the firm were careful, in pursuance of my poor mother's wishes, that I should not learn the name or whereabouts of the man who had wrecked her life and my father's. I first met the man himself at the Clifton Club, where I had gone with an acquaintance who was a member. It was not till afterwards that I understood his curious awkwardness on that occasion. A week later I called (as I have frequently done) at the building in which your office is situated, on business with a solicitor who has an office on the floor above your own. On the stairs I almost ran against Mr. Foggatt. He started and turned pale, exhibiting signs of alarm that I could not understand, and asked me if I wished to see him.

"'No,' I replied; 'I didn't know you lived here. I am after somebody else just now. Aren't you well?'

"He looked at me rather doubtfully, and said he was *not* very well.

"I met him twice or thrice after that, and on each occasion his manner grew more friendly, in a servile, flattering, and mean sort of way—a thing unpleasant enough in anybody, but doubly so in the intercourse of a man with another young enough to be his own son. Still, of course, I treated the man civilly enough. On one occasion he asked me into his rooms to look at a rather fine picture he had lately bought, and observed casually, lifting a large revolver from the mantelpiece :—

"'You see I am prepared for any unwelcome visitors to my little den! He! he!'



"YOU SEE I AM PREPARED."

Conceiving him, of course, to refer to burglars, I could not help wondering at the forced and hollow character of his laugh. As we went down the stairs he said, 'I think we know one another pretty well now, Mr. Mason, eh? And if I could do anything to advance your professional prospects I should be glad of the chance, of course. I understand the struggles of a young professional man—he! he!' It was the forced laugh again, and the man spoke nervously. 'I think,' he added, 'that if you will drop in to-morrow evening, perhaps I may have a little proposal to make. Will you?'

"I assented, wondering what this proposal could be. Perhaps this eccentric old gentleman was a good fellow, after all, anxious to do me a good turn, and his awkwardness was nothing but a natural delicacy in breaking the ice. I was not so flush of good friends as to be willing to lose one. He might be desirous of putting business in my way.

"I went, and was received with a cordiality that even then seemed a little over-effusive. We sat and talked of one thing and another for a long while, and I began to wonder when Mr. Foggatt was coming to the point that most interested me. Several times he invited me to drink and smoke, but long usage to athletic training has given me a distaste for both practices, and I declined. At last he began to talk about myself. He was afraid that my professional prospects in this country were not great, but he had heard that in some of the Colonies — South Africa, for example—young lawyers had brilliant opportunities.

"'If you'd like to go there,' he said, 'I've no doubt, with a little capital, a clever man like you could get a grand practice together very soon. Or you might buy a share in some good established practice. I should be glad to let you have five hundred pounds, or even a little more if that wouldn't satisfy you, and——'

"I stood aghast. Why should this man, almost a stranger, offer me five hundred pounds, or even more—'if that wouldn't satisfy' me? What claim had I on him? It was very generous of him, of course, but out of the question. I was at least a gentleman, and had a gentleman's self-respect. Meanwhile he had gone maundering on, in a halting sort of way, and presently let slip a sentence that struck me like a blow between the eyes.

"'I shouldn't like you to bear ill-will because of what has happened in the past,' he said. 'Your late — your late lamented mother—I'm afraid—she had unworthy suspicions—I'm sure—it was best for all parties—your father always appreciated——'

"I set back my chair and stood erect before him. This grovelling wretch, forcing the words through his dry lips, was the thief who had made another of my father and had brought to miserable ends the lives of both my parents. Everything was clear. The creature went in fear of me, never imagining that I did not know him, and sought to buy me off; to buy me from the remembrance of my dead mother's broken heart for £500—£500 that he had made my father steal for him. I said not a word. But the memory of all my mother's bitter years, and a savage sense of this crowning insult to myself, took a hold upon me, and I was a tiger. Even then, I verily believe that one word of repentance, one tone of honest remorse, would have saved him. But he drooped his eyes, snuffled excuses, and stammered of 'unworthy suspicions' and 'no ill-will.' I let him stammer. Presently he looked up and saw my face; and fell back in his chair, sick with terror. I snatched the pistol from the mantelpiece, and, thrusting it in his face, shot him where he sat.

"I STOOD ERECT BEFORE HIM."

"My subsequent coolness and quietness surprise me now. I took my hat and stepped toward the door. But there were voices on the stairs. The door was locked on the inside, and I left it so. I went back and quietly opened a window. Below was a clear drop into darkness, and above was plain wall; but away to one side, where the slope of the gable sprang from the roof, an iron gutter ended, supported by a strong bracket. It was the only way. I got upon the sill and carefully shut the window behind me, for people were already knocking at the lobby door. From the end of the sill, holding on by the reveal of the window with one hand, leaning and stretching my utmost, I caught the gutter, swung myself clear, and scrambled on the roof. I climbed over many roofs before I found, in an adjoining street, a ladder lashed perpendicularly against the front of a house in course of repair. This, to me, was an easy opportunity of descent, notwithstanding the boards fastened over the face of the ladder, and I availed myself of it.

"I have taken some time and trouble in order that you (so far as I am aware the only human being beside myself who knows me to be the author of Foggatt's death) shall have at least the means of appraising my crime at its just value of culpability. How much you already know of what I have told you I cannot guess. I am wrong, hardened and flagitious, I make no doubt, but I speak of the facts as they are. You see the thing, of course, from your own point of view—I from mine. And I remember my mother.

"Trusting that you will forgive the odd freak of a man—a criminal, let us say—who makes a confidant of the man set to hunt him down, I beg leave to be, Sir, your obedient servant, "SIDNEY MASON."

I read the singular document through and handed it back to Hewitt.

"How does it strike you?" Hewitt asked.

"Mason would seem to be a man of very marked character," I said. "Certainly no fool. And, if his tale is true, Foggatt is no great loss to the world."

"Just so—if the tale is true. Personally, I am disposed to believe it is."

"Where was the letter posted?"

"It wasn't posted. It was handed in with the others from the front door letter-box this morning in an unstamped envelope. He must have dropped it in himself during the night. Paper," Hewitt proceeded, holding it up to the light, "Turkey mill, ruled foolscap. Envelope, blue official shape, Pirie's watermark. Both quite ordinary and no special marks."

"Where do you suppose he's gone?"

"Impossible to guess. Some might think he meant suicide by the expression 'beyond the reach even of your abilities of search,' but I scarcely think he is the sort of man to do that. No, there is no telling. Something may be got by inquiring at his late address, of course; but when such a man tells you he doesn't think you will find him, you may count upon its being a difficult job. His opinion is not to be despised."

"What shall you do?"

"Put the letter in the box with the casts for the police. *Fiat justitia*, you know, without any question of sentiment. As to the apple—I really think, if the police will let me, I'll make you a present of it. Keep it somewhere as a souvenir of your absolute deficiency in reflective observation in this case, and look at it whenever you feel yourself growing dangerously conceited. It should cure you."

"TURKEY MILL, RULED FOOLSCAP."

This is the history of the withered and almost petrified half-apple that stands in my cabinet among a number of flint implements and one or two rather fine old Roman vessels. Of Mr. Sidney Mason we never heard another word. The police did their best, but he had left not a track behind him. His rooms were left almost undisturbed, and he had gone without anything in the way of elaborate preparation for his journey, and yet without leaving a trace of his intentions.

# *Beauties :—Children.*

*From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*

Winifred Mary Winter.

Katie Martindale.

*From a Photo. by J. H. Hogg, Kendal.*

From a Photo. by J. H. Killick, Holloway Road, N.

Margot & Amy Cecil Russell

Dorothy & Marjorie Holmes -

From a Photo. by Jas. Russell & Sons, Chichester.

From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

# *Löie Fuller—The Inventor of the Serpentine Dance.*

By Mrs. M. Griffith.

*From a]* LÖIE FULLER'S BIRTHPLACE. *[Photograph.*

LA REINE LÖIE does not claim for *herself* the distinction of being the inventor of the graceful evolutions which have made her name famous all over Europe and America. She says: "I have only revived a forgotten art, for I have been able to trace some of my dances back to four thousand years ago: to the time when Miriam and the women of Israel—filled with religious fervour and rapture—celebrated their release from Egyptian captivity with 'timbrels and with dances.'"

This is true; but as "there is *nothing* new under the sun," I contend that Miss Fuller deserves her title, and also all the tribute and admiration which those who have seen her dance long to lay at her feet. For not even the most realistic description, or the most earnest study of the illustrations which still exist of the girl-dancers of Herculaneum and Pompeii, who, in mist-like robes, with ungirdled waists and sandalled feet, with languorous movements and rapturous uplifted faces, entranced even the most besotted among the revellers at the notorious bacchanalian orgies of those cities of the past—not these, not even the most brilliant pen-painting can convey any idea of La Löie's exquisite dancing. With continuous but gentle movements of arms, feet, and shapely form, the outline of which is sometimes veiled, and at other times revealed amid the folds of her gauzy garments of ever-changing rainbow-like tints, she appears like a supernatural being sent to teach us the poetry of motion.

Suddenly the scene changes; the dancer, with joyous face, parted lips, and floating tresses of red gold, to the accompaniment of weird music, flits here and there: now dreamily floating along the stage, then rapidly whirling round and round; one moment appearing a blaze of fire, the next with sombre draperies, every fold seeming incrusted with jewels, the little feet hardly touching the ground, the pliant form bending and swaying in the constantly-changing light, like some gay-plumaged tropical bird, until her audience hold their breath with admiration.

What a treasure she would have been to the Egyptian and Roman priests of old, in their temple mysteries and religious festivals. And what trouble she would have caused in the last century; indeed, in all probability she would have been burned as a witch; for our ancestors did not waste time in wondering at or admiring things they did not understand, but resorted to fire or water to solve their difficulties.

La Löie's early history is as remarkable as her dances: she has been a reciter, actress, singer, and play-writer, and finally, by a mere accidental circumstance, success has been thrust upon her as a dancer. With that delicate sister-feeling which makes us — providing there is no rivalry—so wondrous kind, I was not curious about Miss Fuller's *present* age; for, after all, paltry years count not with us, providing the heart keeps young; but I felt I could with discretion inquire at what age

LÖIE FULLER'S FATHER.
*From a Photo. by Mora, Broadway, New York.*

she made her first appearance, and learnt to my great surprise that she made her début, at the early age of two, at a Sunday-school entertainment at Chicago; where, unheralded and unannounced, she toddled on to the platform and recited "Mary had a little lamb," in a sweet, shrill treble which was distinctly audible throughout the hall. The wee, quaint little maiden who so gravely contributed her share to the evening's amusement succeeded in charming the audience, and her services were often in request after this.

Two years later she was engaged to play the little boy's part with Mrs. Chanfrau in "Was She Right?" and astonished everyone with her self-possession and ability; but she unfortunately had to give up her part before many months were over, as her parents removed to Monmouth, Illinois. Little Löie then set up as a temperance lecturer, and her first attempt brought her in a profit of twenty dollars. Her little lectures were, of course, taken out of books and newspapers, and committed to memory, but delivered with such excellent elocutionary effect and earnestness, that she was soon in great demand all over the State, and known as the "Western Temperance Prodigy." Only eleven years of age! yet earning her own living, and doing good work—at least, doing what she was able and that which was nearest her hand!

She longed for a chance to return to the stage, and before long got her opportunity, for her parents returned to Chicago to live, and she found no difficulty in again obtaining engagements. She worked unceasingly, was gifted with an excellent memory, was always ready and willing to play any rôle, big or little, that was allotted to her, devoting herself with ardour to the study of every detail of her work; thus, before she had reached the age of sixteen, she had won for herself a reputation that many an experienced actress of twice that age would have been proud of.

A pianist in Chicago, having heard Miss Fuller sing, was so enraptured with her beautiful voice, that he offered to give her free tuition for two years. The offer was accepted, and at the end of that period she had made such good progress that she was engaged by Mr. J. M. Hill to go on tour, and later on made her appearance in New York as *Jack Sheppard*, with a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Her path was not always strewn with roses. She climbed her way steadily up the ladder of fame through many difficulties and discouragements, never ceased working, hardly ever had a penny to spare,

LÖIE FULLER'S MOTHER.
*From a Photo. by Elder, Iowa.*

MISS LÖIE FULLER.
*From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.*

but was always the same bright, cheery little woman that she now is at the zenith of her success, and loved as well as admired by all who know her.

Löie Fuller made a great hit as *Ustane* in "She," at Niblo's Theatre, and was also in the cast of "Caprice," in London. After which she returned to America to take part in "Quack, M.D.," which was being produced at the Harlem Opera House, and it was while rehearsing her part for this play that the tide rose which was to bear her to fame and fortune. It came in the shape of a box sent by a young Indian officer whom Miss Fuller had only met once when she was in London. With eager fingers she removed the many wrappers, and found the contents consisted of a beautiful Eastern gown of soft white silk; the sort of material that would pass uncreased through a ring, and for texture and exquisite whiteness might have formed a fitting garment for Titania herself.

Great was her delight at this unexpected gift, and she wore it in the hypnotic scene in "Quack, M.D." The dainty robe adapted itself admirably to her supple form, which had never been incased in a corset; and after the play was over, she tried the effects of it, by dancing a few steps in front of her cheval glass. The long, sweeping folds lent themselves to every movement. Hours passed, yet still she flung the snowy fabric round her, and pirouetted about, registering in her mind for future reference, the effect of each position and step.

That night was born the Serpentine Dance. Much practising added grace to the figure and flexibility to the limbs, and the dance, even

THE WIDOW DANCE.
*From a Photograph.*

in its initial stage, took everyone by storm, and La Löie's name became famous throughout America. Hungering for "other worlds to conquer," she came to Europe, the first place she visited being Germany, where she was very well received. Her next move was to Paris, where she gave a private rehearsal before the manager of the Folies Bergère, who instantly engaged her.

All Paris went mad over her dancing, and the management of the Folies Bergère, anxious to secure their prize, concluded a three years' engagement with her, at the largest salary ever paid to a dancer, or indeed to an actress, namely, £200 a week, and a suite of rooms in the theatre. This seems enormous, but unfortunately for the present it does not go into Miss Fuller's pocket—for the year previous to her Parisian

GOOD NIGHT.
*From a Photo. by Reutlinger, Paris.*

THE RAINBOW.
*From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.*

engagement she had signed a contract to go to Russia, but when on her way there, she received a telegram stating that her mother was dangerously ill, and, without an instant's delay, she returned and cancelled her engagement. Her heavy luggage having preceded her to Russia, it was seized, her dresses confiscated, and an action brought against her, which she had the misfortune to lose, and was compelled to pay a heavy indemnity.

The dancing of La Löie has so raised the reputation of the Folies Bergère that now the most particular Parisian has no hesitation about taking his wife or lady friends there, and although it was her 300th appearance on January 6th, her popularity is as great if not greater than it has ever been.

"La Belle Americaine" has been invited to dance at the smartest houses in Paris, though for this privilege the Folies Bergère charged £40 for every performance, while the preparatory expenses and light

THE FLOWER DANCE.
*From a Photograph.*

cost an additional £100. The wife of the American Minister invited her to give a private performance at her residence in Paris: the necessary stage and other arrangements took forty men two days and two nights to complete. La Löie on that occasion surpassed herself, and caused a perfect *furore* among the guests.

The one dance has become many, among which the principal favourites are the "Widow Dance"—in black robe and with powdered hair and patches; the "Rainbow," "Mirror," "Flower," "Butterfly," and "Good Night" dances, and the dresses for each she has designed herself; their shape is kept a secret. One of the most beautiful of her gowns—if I may so designate these mysteriously lovely draperies—was painted on thin silk in sections, and then the artists engaged on it had no idea what their work was intended for. Her first dress—the present sent her by the young Indian—is, although much the worse for wear, her favourite. As the artiste comes off the stage she is completely enveloped in a huge cloak by her mother, who is always with her, and I have never met anyone who has the slightest idea of what her dress is like off the stage; though, whatever it may be, its effect is bewilderingly beautiful.

The dancer in private is simply a bonnie, blue-eyed little woman, plain in her dress, and with a sweet frankness of manner and speech which render her eminently attractive. Her rooms boast of no costly luxuries, bric-à-brac, or the thousand and one costly trifles which artistes usually surround themselves with. One thing attracts you as you enter the little sitting-room, and that is a bust of her, by the great sculptor Hussin; in her boudoir are also several miniature models of stages, and it is by all sorts of experiments on these that Miss Fuller is enabled to judge of the effect of any new dance and lighting. At the conclusion of your visit you could not help feeling that you had been privileged to meet not only a great artiste, but also a good woman, against whose reputation a censorious and

THE BUTTERFLY DANCE.
*From a Photograph.*

jealous world has never dared to breathe a word.

Needless to say, a host of imitators has arisen, some of whom, not content with pirating her dances, have tried to copy her dresses and even to use her name. The complicated lighting apparatus which attracts so much admiration is managed by the dancer's brothers, who practise every day with her, and as she is always inventing new dances, their work is no sinecure.

*From a*] THE MIRROR DANCE. [*Drawing.*

One of her greatest successes has been the "Mirror Dance," in which, by some mysterious arrangement, eight Löie Fullers appear to be dancing at the same time, and the whole stage is bathed in a flood of glorious tints, in which may be seen aerial forms, in cloudlike vestures, whirling and dancing as if they were the fabled victims of the Tarantula; the whole forming an artistic spectacular effect that the world has never seen equalled.

There is only one sad note in the whole history of the clever little dancer—that is, her delicate health, and more especially the paralysis of the arms with which she once or twice has been threatened. She works very hard, and has to train as severely as any jockey. Short as her performances are, they are very fatiguing and a great physical strain.

A great compliment is now being paid her, the result of which the next Salon will show, for a clever young American artist has selected "Löie's Dance" as his subject. It is a large picture and vigorously treated: only half the dancer is shown, and she appears as if dancing *out* of the canvas. Miss Fuller has done wonders in improving the public taste, and proving that dancing is not an art that degrades, but, with modestly-draped figure and graceful movements, an educator, as everything that is beautiful ought to be. Let us hope that the craze for high kicking, unnatural straining of the muscles, and the hideous short skirts and scanty bodice will become a thing of the past, and that a mere display of skill and agility without the elegance or grace which ought to characterize the Terpsichorean art will die a natural death. La Belle Löie will visit England about May, and it is to be hoped that she will be accorded such a welcome as will induce her to prolong her stay among us. For it may truly be said there is not a discordant note in her whole performance, or a gesture or movement which would wound the susceptibilities of the most modest-minded of British matrons or maidens.

*From a Photo. by Riders, Chicago.*

IT is related that there was once a King who was passionately fond of hunting the wild beasts of his forests. On one occasion he chased a stag so far and so long that he lost his way. Finding himself quite alone and night coming on, he was glad to fall in with the hut of a charcoal-burner.

"Will you be so good as to conduct me to the nearest highway? I will generously reward you for the service."

"I would do it with pleasure," replied the charcoal-burner, "but I have a wife who is about to become a mother, and I cannot leave her alone. On the other hand, why cannot you pass the night with me? Go up into our hay-loft, and rest yourself upon a truss of sweet-smelling hay which you will find there, and to-morrow I will guide you on your way."

A few minutes later the charcoal-burner's wife brought into the world an infant son.

The King was unable to sleep. At midnight he noticed lights moving in the chamber beneath, and, applying his eye to a crack in the floor, he perceived the charcoal-burner sleeping; his wife lying in a half-fainting condition; and, lastly, standing by the new-born child, three old women, dressed in white and holding each a lighted wax candle, who were conversing.

The first said:—

"To this boy I give courage to dare all dangers."

The second said:—

"I will endow him with the faculty of being able to escape all dangers and to be long-lived."

The third said:—

"As for me, I will give him the hand of the daughter just born to the King who is sleeping in the hay-loft over our heads."

With the utterance of the last words, the lights went out and all was silent again.

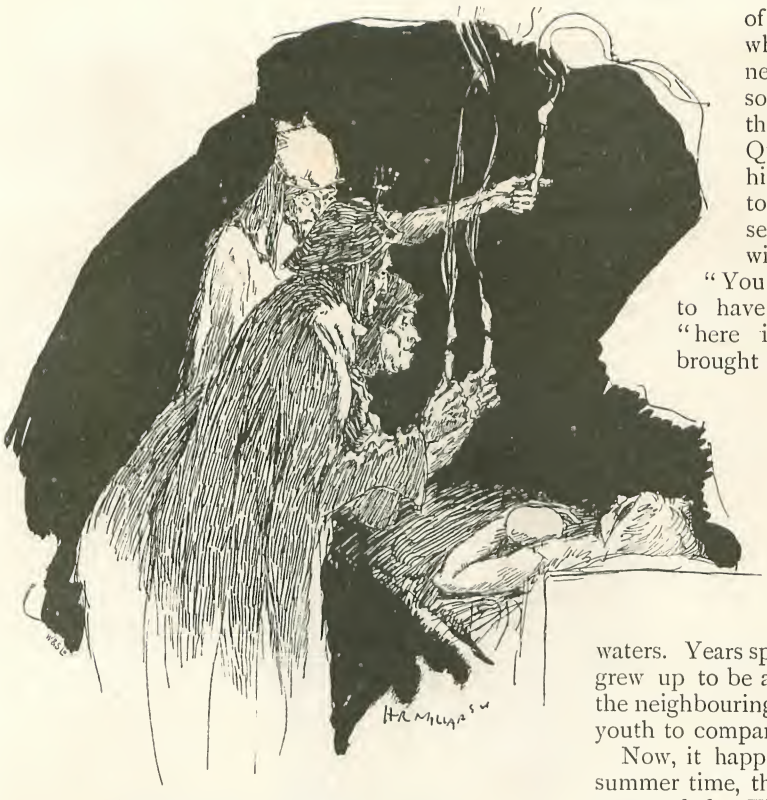
The King was as much stunned with sorrow and surprise as if he had received a sword's point in his breast. Until dawn, without closing an eye, he lay thinking of how he might prevent the realization of the witch's prediction.

With the first beams of morning light, the infant began to cry. The charcoal-burner rose and, going to his wife's side, found that she was dead.

"Poor little orphan!" he cried, sadly; "what will become of you, bereft of a mother's care?"

"Confide this child to me," said the King; "I will take care of it, and it will find itself well off. As to yourself, I will give you so much money that you shall have no further need to tire yourself by burning charcoal."

The charcoal-burner gave his consent with pleasure, and the King departed, promising to send somebody for the infant. The Queen and the courtiers had, meanwhile, arranged to give the King an agreeable surprise, by announcing to him the birth of a charming



"HOLDING EACH A LIGHTED WAX CANDLE."

little Princess, who had come into the world on the night when the King, her father, saw the three witches. Knitting his brow, the King called one of his attendants to him and said :—

"Go to such and such a place in the forest, to the hut of a charcoal-burner, to whom you will give this money in exchange for a new-born child. Take the brat and, somewhere on your way, drown it. Only remember that if it be not thoroughly done away with, you yourself shall take its place."

The servant received the infant in a basket, and, having reached a footbridge over a wide and deep river, he threw the basket and the infant into the stream.

"A good journey to you, son-in-law!" cried the King, on hearing the servant's report of his mission.

The King believed that the child was drowned, but it was neither drowned nor dead; on the contrary, supported by the basket in which it was inclosed, the little one floated gently down the river, as in a cradle, and slept as sweetly as if its mother had sung it to rest.

After awhile the basket came near the hut of a fisherman who, while busy repairing his nets, caught sight of something floating in the water in mid-stream. Quickly jumping into his boat, he rowed out to the object and, having secured it, ran to tell his wife what he had found.

"You have always desired to have a son," he cried; "here is a handsome one brought to us by the river."

The fisherman's wife received the infant with great joy, and tended it as if it were her own. They called it Plavacete (the Swimmer), because it came to them floating on the waters. Years sped, the little foundling grew up to be a man, and in none of the neighbouring villages was there a youth to compare with him.

Now, it happened one day, in the summer time, that the King rode out unattended. The heat was excessive, and he reined in his steed in front of the fisherman's hut to ask for a glass of cold water. Plavacete brought it out to him; the King looked at him intently, then, turning to the fisherman, said :—

"You have a handsome youth there: is he your son?"

"Yes and no," replied the fisherman. "Twenty years ago, I found a tiny child in a basket floating down the river; I and my wife adopted him."

The King turned pale as death, for he guessed that it was the same infant that he had condemned to be drowned. Collecting himself, he dismounted and said :—

"I want to send a message to the castle, and I have nobody with me; can this youth deliver it?"

"Certainly," replied the fisherman; "your Majesty may rely on his intelligence."

Thereupon the King sat down and wrote to the Queen these words :—

"The young man who brings you this message is the most dangerous of all my enemies. As soon as he arrives, have his head chopped off. Do not delay one moment and have no pity; let him be executed before I return to the castle."

After carefully folding the letter, he fastened it with the Royal seal.

Plavacete took the letter and set off with it through the forest, which was so wide and dense that he lost his way in it. Overtaken by night in the midst of his adventurous journey, he met an old woman.

"Where are you going, Plavacete, where are you going?" she asked.

"I am intrusted with a letter for the Royal castle, but I have lost my way; can you not, good mother, set me on my right road?"

"To-day, my child, that is impossible. Darkness has come, and you would not have time to reach the Royal castle," replied the old woman. "Rest in my dwelling-place to-night—you will not be with a stranger there, for I am your god-mother."

The young man obeyed, and they entered a charming cottage which seemed suddenly to rise out of the ground. Now, while Plavacete was sleeping, the old woman changed his letter for another, running thus:—

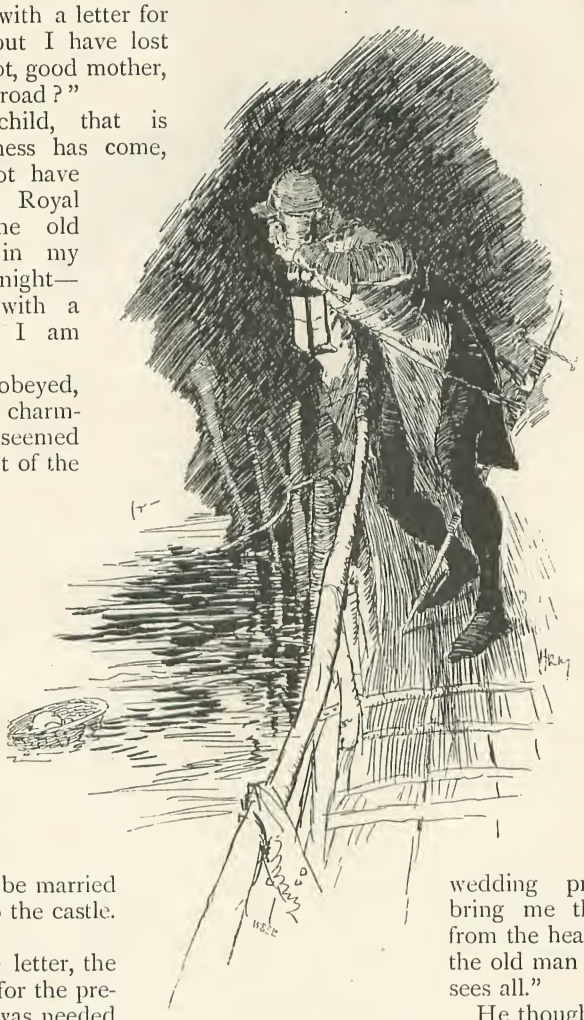
"Immediately upon receiving this letter, conduct the bearer to the Princess, our daughter. This young man is our son-in-law, and I wish them to be married before my return to the castle. Such is my will."

After reading the letter, the Queen gave orders for the preparation of all that was needed for the celebration of the wedding. Both she and her daughter were greatly pleased with the behaviour of the young man, and nothing troubled the happiness of the newly-married pair.

A few days afterwards the King returned to his castle and, having previously learned what had taken place, began to scold the Queen.

"But you expressly ordered me to have them married before your return: here is your letter—read it again," replied the Queen.

He carefully examined the epistle, and was obliged to admit that the paper, the writing, and the seal were all unquestionably authentic. He thereupon called for his son-in-law, and interrogated him as to the details of his journey.



"HE THREW THE BASKET AND THE INFANT INTO THE STREAM."

Plavacete withheld nothing from his father-in-law, and related how he had lost his way in the forest and had passed the night there in a cottage.

"What is this old woman like?" asked the King.

On hearing the description given him by Plavacete, the King was convinced that it was the identical old woman who, twenty years previously, had predicted the marriage of the Princess with the charcoal-burner's son.

After reflecting for awhile, the King went on:—

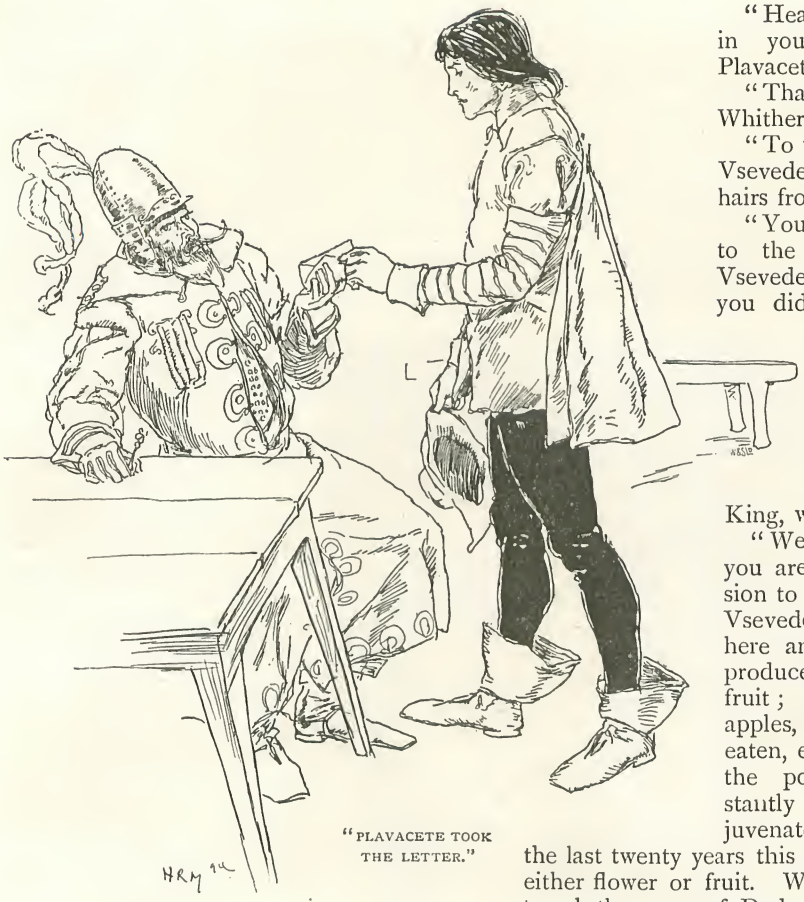
"What is done is done: only you cannot be my son-in-law on such slight grounds. For a wedding present, you must bring me three hairs plucked from the head of Dede-Vsevede, the old man who knows all and sees all."

He thought by this means to get rid of his son-in-law, whose presence embarrassed him.

Plavacete took leave of his wife and departed, saying to himself:—

"I do not know which way to turn my steps; but no matter, my god-mother will direct them."

He was not deceived. Without difficulty he found the right road, and pressed forward for a long time over hill and dale and river, until he reached the shore of the Black Sea,



"PLAVACETE TOOK THE LETTER."

and observed a boat with its one boatman, to whom he said :—

"Heaven bless you, old boatman!"

"The same to you, young traveller. Where do you want to go?"

"To the castle of Dede-Vsevede, to get three hairs from his head."

"If that is so, welcome! I have long awaited the arrival of such an envoy as you. For twenty years I have been rowing passengers across, and not one of them has done anything to deliver me. If you promise me to ask Dede-Vsevede when I am to have a substitute to free me from my troubles, I will row you over in my boat."

Plavacete promised, and the boatman rowed him to the opposite shore. He thence continued his journey, and approached a great city, which was partially in ruins. Not far from it he saw a funeral procession; the King of the country followed the coffin of his father, and tears as big as peas rolled down his cheeks.

"Heaven console you in your distress," said Plavacete.

"Thanks, good traveller. Whither are you going?"

"To the castle of Dede-Vsevede, in search of three hairs from his head."

"You are really going to the castle of Dede-Vsevede? What a pity you did not come some weeks ago! We have long been waiting such an envoy as you."

Plavacete was introduced to the Court of the King, who said to him :—

"We have learned that you are bound on a mission to the castle of Dede-Vsevede: alas! we had here an apple-tree which produced youth-giving fruit; one only of its apples, as soon as it was eaten, even by a person at the point of death, instantly cured and rejuvenated him. But for the last twenty years this tree has not borne either flower or fruit. Will you promise me to ask the cause of Dede-Vsevede?"

"I promise you."

After that, Plavacete came to a large, beautiful, but silent city. Near the gate he met an old man, who, staff in hand, was hobbling along with great difficulty.

"Heaven bless you, good old man!"

"Heaven bless *you!* Whither are you going, handsome traveller?"

"To the castle of Dede-Vsevede, in search of three hairs from his head."

"Ah! you are the very envoy I have so long been expecting. I must conduct you to my master, the King. Follow me."

As soon as they arrived, the King said to him :—

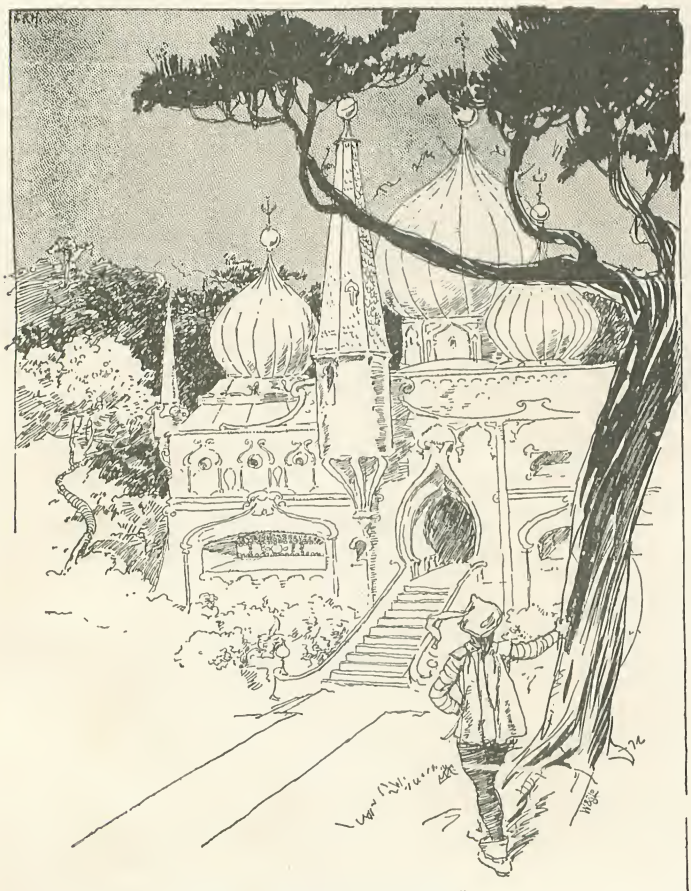
"I hear that you have come on an embassy to Dede-Vsevede. We had here a well which used to fill itself, and which was so marvellous in its effects that sick people were immediately cured on drinking of its water. A few drops sprinkled upon a corpse sufficed to resuscitate it. Well, for twenty years past, this well has been dried up. If you promise to ask Dede-Vsevede how

we can re-fill our well, I will reward you royally."

Plavacete promised, and the King dismissed him graciously.

Continuing his journey, he had to pass through a wide forest, in the midst of which he perceived a broad, grassy plain, full of beautiful flowers, in the centre of which stood a castle built of gold.

It was the palace of Dede-Vsevede, radiant with splendour, looking as if it were made of



"THE PALACE OF DEDE-VSEVEDE."

fire. Plavacete entered it without encountering a single moving creature, except an old woman, half-hidden in a corner spinning.

"Welcome, Plavacete! I am glad to see you here."

It was, once more, his god-mother, the same who had offered him shelter in her forest cottage when he was carrying the King's treacherous message.

"Tell me what brings you here, from so far off?"

"The King will not have me for his son-in-law without being paid for it; so he has sent me here to fetch for him three gold hairs from the head of Dede-Vsevede."

His god-mother burst into laughter, saying:—

"The Dede-Vsevede? Why, I am his mother—he is the shining Sun in person! Every morning he is a child; at noon he becomes a man; at evening he withers to the likeness of a decrepit, hundred-year-old man. But I will contrive to get you three gold hairs from his head, so that you may know that I am not your god-mother for nothing. For all that, however, you cannot remain here any longer as you are. My son, the Sun, is endowed with a charitable soul; but, on returning home, he is always hungry, and it would not astonish me if, as soon as he comes back, he ordered you to be roasted for his supper. To hide you I will overturn this empty box, under which you must creep."

Before obeying, Plavacete begged his god-mother to obtain from Dede-Vsevede answers to the three questions which he had promised to get from him.

"I will put the questions to him, but you must carefully listen to the answers he returns."

Suddenly the wind was unchained without, and, through a window on the western side of the castle, arrived the Sun—an old man with a head of gold.

The old man sat down to supper. After the meal was finished, he placed his head of gold upon his mother's knees and fell asleep.

As soon as she saw that he was sleeping soundly, she plucked from his head one of his gold hairs and threw it upon the floor: in falling the hair made a metallic sound, like the string of a guitar when struck.

"What do you want of me, mother?" asked the old man.

"Nothing, my son; I was sleeping and dreaming a strange dream."

"What was it about, mother?"

"I thought I saw a place—I don't know where—where there was a well supplied with water from a spring, by which sick people were cured, and even dying persons, after drinking a single mouthful of it; and more than that, corpses even were resuscitated after having been sprinkled with a few drops of this marvellous water. But for twenty years this well has remained dry: what should be done to fill it as of old?"

"The remedy is simple enough: a frog has lodged itself in the opening, and so prevents the water of the spring entering the well. Let them kill the frog, and their well will be as full of water as it used to be."

When the old man was again soundly sleeping, the old woman plucked another gold hair from his head and threw it upon the floor.

"What do you want of me, mother?"

"Nothing, my son, nothing. While sleeping I had a strange vision. It seemed to me that the inhabitants of a city—what city I do not know—had in their garden an apple-tree, the apples of which possessed the virtue of renewing the youth of whomsoever ate of them. A single apple eaten by an old man sufficed to give back to him the strength and freshness of youth. Now, for twenty years, that tree has borne neither flower nor fruit. By what means can they bring back to it its former power?"

"The means are not difficult. A viper has hidden itself amongst the roots of their tree and feeds on its sap; let them kill the viper and transplant the tree, and they will soon see it covered with fruit as it used to be."

Thereupon the old man once more went off to sleep soundly. The old woman plucked from his head the third gold hair.

"Why do you not let me sleep in peace, mother?" cried the old man, angrily, and trying to rise.

"HE PLACED HIS HEAD OF GOLD UPON HIS MOTHER'S KNEES."

"Lie still, my beloved son, and do not disturb yourself. I am sorry for having waked you. I was having a strange dream. Fancy! I seemed to see a boatman, on the shore of the Black Sea, complaining to a traveller that, for twenty years, nobody had come to replace him: when will that poor old man be relieved of his task?"

"He is an imbecile, that is all! He has only to put his oar into the hand of the first person who wants to be rowed and jump ashore. Whoever receives the oar will replace him as boatman. But leave me in peace, mother, and do not wake me any more; for I have to be up early, first to dry the tears of the Princess, the wife of a charcoal-burner's son. The young creature passes her nights in weeping for her husband, who has been sent by the King, her father, to fetch him three gold hairs from my head."

Next morning the winds were heard howling around the palace of Dede-Vsevede, and instead of an old man, a beautiful child, with hair of gold, awoke on the old woman's knees: it was the divine Sun, who, after

taking leave of his mother, flew out of the eastern window of his palace.

The old woman hastened to turn over the box, and said to Plavacete :—

"See ! here are the three gold hairs, and you already know the three answers given by Dede-Vsevede. Now hasten away, and Heaven be with you on your way. You will never see me again, for you will never again have need of me."

Plavacete gratefully thanked her and departed.

On reaching the city of the dried-up well, and questioned by the King as to what good news he was the bearer of, he replied :—

"Have your well carefully cleared out; then kill the frog which obstructs the incoming of the marvellous water from the spring, and you will see it flow as freely as ever."

The King followed the direction of Plavacete, and, delighted to see his well once more filled, made him a present of twelve horses as white as swans, to which he added as much gold and silver as they could carry.

On arriving at the second city and questioned by the King as to the news he brought, he replied :—

"The news I bring you is excellent; none could be better, in fact. You have but to dig up your apple-tree and transplant it, after killing the reptile which has been living amongst its roots; that done, your tree will produce you apples as it formerly did."

Indeed, no sooner was the tree transplanted than it became covered with flowers, as if a shower of roses had fallen upon it. The King, filled with joy, made him a present of twelve horses as black as ravens, and loaded them with as much riches as they could bear.

Continuing his journey to the shore of the Black Sea, he found the boatman, who inquired whether he had learnt for him when the time of his deliverance would come. Plavacete first made him convey him and his horses on to the opposite shore: that done, he advised the boatman to hand his oar to the first traveller who required his services, so that he might be definitely released from his duty.

The King, Plavacete's father-in-law, could not at first believe his eyes on seeing him the possessor of the three gold hairs plucked from the head of Dede-Vsevede. As to the young wife, she shed hot tears, not of sadness, but of joy, at seeing her beloved back again in safety, and she said to him :—

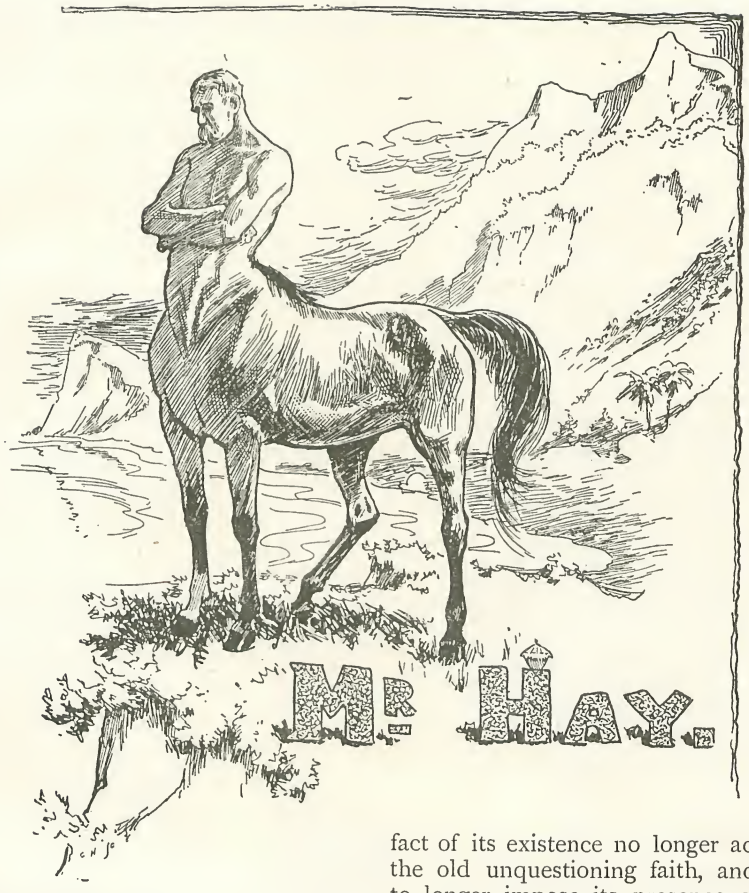
"How were you able, dear husband, to acquire so many magnificent horses laden with riches ?"

He replied :—

"All has been purchased with heaviness of heart, with the ready money of pains and labours, and services rendered by me. For example, to one King I pointed out the means by which he was able to repossess himself of the Apples of Youth; to another, I showed the secret of re-opening the spring whence flows the water which gives health and life."

"Apples of Youth ! Water of Life !" interrupted the King, addressing Plavacete. "I will go in search of those treasures myself ! What happiness ! After eating one of those rejuvenating apples, I shall return restored to youth ! Then I will drink a few drops of the water of immortality—and I shall live for ever !"

Without delaying a moment, the King set off in search of those two objects—and down to the present day has never been heard of again.



# Mr. Hay.

I HAVE the most severe misgiving about a crucial point of this story; it involves an announcement which may cause the modern reader to throw aside the narrative as a preposterous absurdity. Ah! if I only had to deal with the reader of the Dark Ages, who would swallow anything! Absolute fear incites me to keep this announcement to myself until nearing the end of the tale, and then to break the awkward fact very gently—glossing it over as much as possible; but native outspokenness, assisted by the fact that such a course would spoil the story, persuades me to make the risky announcement at once, and chance the consequences.

Very well, then—Andrew P. Hay was a Centaur—a CENTAUR. He had descended from the pure blood of the old Greek Centaurs. The race, when the belief in the Greek mythology had waned before the spreading light of Christianity, finding the fact of its existence no longer accepted with the old unquestioning faith, and too proud to longer impose its presence on a society sceptical of its reality, retired to a remote island to carry on its existence unseen by mankind; and there its successive generations had appeared and died, until—a few years before the present date—the last survivor paced, with downcast hoof,* the deserted paddocks of his sires.†

The loneliness of his condition began to prey upon his mind. He had but a single companion in the secluded upland valleys of that deserted island where his forefathers had lived during so many centuries; this companion was his servant, or valet—he also being the sole survivor of *his* race, the race of hippopaides, or stable-boys; from time immemorial the bondmen of the Centaurs and their faithful attendants.

The loneliness was becoming unbearable: concealed behind some crag of the mountains, the two would stand the whole day long watching for the smoke of the steamers which

* "Downcast hoof," though an unusual, is a good phrase.

† "Sires" is a well-chosen word in this connection.

passed, hull down, to and from Constantinople and Smyrna. No vessel ever touched at their island.

"Raiboskeles," said Philippos Chortophagos (that was the Centaur's name, excusable in a Greek), "this won't do! I can't stand it any longer. Shall we hurl ourselves from yonder pinnacle, you seated on my back, to fathomless doom, and end it?"

"No, my lord!" said the boy, "I'm scratched for that event anyway; and what's more, *you* won't go to the post either if *I* can stop it! Think, my lord—what would your stable-companions, now passed away, have said about a fixture like that?" And the boy's eyes filled with tears as he mechanically took from his pocket a small curry-comb and drew it caressingly over the silky hide, while a low continuous hissing sound from between his lips testified to the depth of his sorrow.

He was a good lad, tinged with the archaic stable-slang of Thessaly, fostered by constant reading of the *Rhodochroon Hen*, the ancient sporting-paper of the Centaurs.

For a few moments Chortophagos gazed fixedly out to sea; then he said:—

"Raiboskeles, I cannot stay here. I shall go mad in this solitude. Let us leave this island and go among men. I know what you are about to say—they will not believe in my existence. I shall be forced to suffer the affront of being looked upon as a figment of superstition, of having my impossibility cast in my teeth—I wager that is what is on your tongue?"

"No takers!" said the boy, emphatically.

"Nevertheless, I prefer even that to the loneliness of this place. Besides, I might perhaps manage to conceal the difference in my form from those of men."

The stable-valet shook his head doubtfully. "Too much handicapped!" he murmured.

"I might adopt a false name!" cried the Centaur, with a sudden inspiration.

The idea took the stable-valet unawares. "Ah! there's something in that tip!" he said, half persuaded.

"I will—I'll find one at once: and that'll break the neck of the whole difficulty! I have it—I'll call myself Hay—Andrew P. Hay. See?—Hay retains enough of my ancestral name; the Philip I'll retain as a reminder of my duty toward my race; while the Andrew will assert the manhood of part of me—eh?"

"Ye—es," said Raiboskeles, reflecting, "I think I'll befriend that dodge at commanding prices." This *Rhodochroon Hen* phraseology was oppressive at times; but his heart was in the right place.

"Let us hail a steamer somehow," cried the Centaur (whom we will henceforth call Andrew P. Hay).

The valet stood for a moment plunged in thought, smacking his bare leg with an olive-twig; then he said:—

"You'll have to travel as a gee. Half a sec!"

With incredible dexterity he plaited reeds from an adjacent stream into the form of a horse's head-and-neck cover; then respectfully slipped it over the human head and torso of his master. The part where the horse's nose should have been he had packed with grass: the head of Andrew P. Hay filled up the crown; while his human body made a fair show, beneath the covering, of being a

"HE SLIPPED IT OVER THE HEAD OF HIS MASTER."

"I'LL GIVE YOU £1,000 FOR HIM."

and crept in. Silently he placed a newly-acquired saddle on Mr. Hay's back.

"What now?" whispered Andrew P. Hay.

"We must be off at once and cover as many miles as we can before daylight," whispered Bowes.

"But," objected Mr. Hay, "this is immoral!"

All the refined morality of the ancient Centaurs welled up in him.

"Pooh!" whispered Bowes. "Meaning no offence, sir; but it's got to be done!"

At this moment the sailor woke and rose to see what was going on. Now, gentleman and man of honour as Mr. Hay was down to the waist, the instinct of battle and self-preservation in his equine portion instantly gained the ascendency in those moments when action was called for; and it was with feelings of the most unfeigned horror and regret that he felt himself backing toward the unhappy sailor and taking up a favourable position for an effective kick.

"Bowes!" he said, in an agony of apprehension. "Quick! Don't you see what I'm doing? For Heaven's sake give me a cut over the quarters! Here—pull my head up, so that I can't lash out!"

But it was too late; the equine nature situated in the hind-quarters had prevailed: there was an end of the sailor: Andrew P. Hay hid his face in his hands with a bitter sob, and suffered himself to be led out and mounted in silence.

"You won't mind my presumption in wearing spurs, sir?" he said, apologetically. "We might want 'em when you get tired."

Andrew P. Hay hardly heard the remark; his thoughts were absorbed by the regrettable incident of the sailor; at a touch of the spur he broke mechanically into a gallop, which he continued unbrokenly far into the night. Suddenly he pulled up.

"Bowes," he said, "I'm famishing——I *must* have a meal; I've eaten nothing since the day before yesterday!"

"All right, sir," replied Bowes, as he prepared to strap on a nose-bag filled with chaff and locust beans; "you shall have a bran-mash as soon as ever we reach——"

"Take away this stuff!" said Mr. Hay, impatiently. "Do you hear? I've taken a dislike to hay and beans and bran-mashes; they're undignified food for a gentleman to eat, and I've done with them. I want a biftek aux pommes frites!"

"Can't get it here, sir," said Bowes, touching his cap. "Oh; why, I've got some sandwiches and a bottle of Marsala in the bag. But, if I may make so bold, the beans would have more stay in 'em——"

"For the equine portion, no doubt. Confound my equine portion, Bowes! It's in disgrace; I'm disgusted with it, and I'll starve it!"

"Let's wait till we get home, sir, for that—if I might make bold to advise. It's just the hossey parts you require on the road."

"Hum! there's something in that," said Mr. Hay; "well, give me the disgusting nose-bag; and when I've finished the confounded beans I will have a sandwich and a glass of Marsala to remove the taste. . . . This Marsala is a coarse wine, Bowes; was this the best thing you could get?"

horse's neck. The breadth where the man's shoulders came the valet subsequently explained by stating that he had placed a collar of osiers there to keep off the rub of the covering. There seemed an indignity about it which Mr. Hay found it hard to bear; but he got over it.

Then the valet made a great fire of dry wood and grasses on a pinnacle; and the great column of smoke attracted the attention of a passing coaster, which bore down on the island to find out the reason of it. Bowes (that being the new name which Mr. Hay had found for his stable-valet) stood on the shore holding his charge with a halter of twisted grasses. The captain was surprised, but agreed to take them aboard, provided the horse could swim to the vessel, which could not get in: so Mr. Hay, with Bowes on his back, promptly took to the water, and was hoisted aboard in a sling from the davits.

"That's a very remarkable animal!" said the Greek captain to Bowes. His dialect was atrocious. Bowes could not understand a word; but signs did just as well.

Mr. Andrew P. Hay had decided to go to London. He knew a fair amount of English; for several years before a box from a wrecked vessel had been cast ashore on the island, and it had happened to contain some useful books and papers—a text of Homer, interlined with Mr. Gladstone's translation into English, several Greek-English primers, a Liddell and Scott's lexicon, some Ollendorffs, a Lindley Murray, Webster's American Dictionary, several issues of the *Times*, and a rhyming dictionary. Thus had A. P. Hay been enabled to learn the English language.

The journey to England was full of unpleasantness. There were difficulties, too, about meals; the Centaur having conceived a growing distaste for hay and beans. The coaster had landed them at Otranto, where Bowes promptly engaged a private stable for his master. But now occurred the first difficulty—they had no money. The captain of the coaster had yet to be paid.

But Bowes contrived to obtain, on credit, a suit of clothes in place of his tunic of woven grasses.

"There's only one way out of this, sir," said Bowes, after a spell of thought; "I shall have to sell you!"

"I fail to catch your meaning," said Mr. Hay, loftily pawing the ground. "Sell *me?*"

"That's it, sir; that's the only plan *I* can back for a place. You ought to fetch a good round sum, sir. Why, sir, look at you—there you stand, 17.1, deep in the girth, lovely clean houghs and pasterns, sir—look at 'em yourself if you ain't satisfied—sound wind, well planted, born flier, grand action. Look at your pedigree, that's enough! No vice—lady could hunt you, sir—oh, I'm not saying it to flatter you, sir! As for selling you—don't you see," said Bowes, placing his finger to his nose, "that's just a bit of practice, that's all. We shall have to sharp 'em. Let me alone to see to that."

"Well, Bowes," said the master, "I have every confidence in you, although I do not quite grasp your plan. I must only request that you will do no act calculated to lessen our self-respect or——"

"Get us warned off the course?" said Bowes. "Oh, that'll be all square."

"But you forget that no one will buy me without seeing my head! If I show that, all is lost!"

Bowes merely winked, and went out. Otranto was a most unpromising place for selling a fine horse; but Bowes made inquiries, and discovered that a rich Englishman, much given to horses—a gentleman-jockey—whose yacht was cruising in those parts, happened to be in the town. So Bowes fetched out Mr. Hay, mounted him, and caracoled him all over the place where a horse could manage to go; and presently he caught the eye of the gentleman-jockey. The latter had never seen such a picture of a horse in his life, and yearned to own Mr. Hay.

Bowes explained that he wasn't for sale; that, in fact, he was half sold already to an American millionaire. (Bowes had picked up a considerable smattering of English from his master, you see.)

"Look here," said the gentleman-jockey, "I must have him. On his back I could win every steeplechase in the kingdom. I'll give you £1,000 for him."

"Down?" said Bowes.

"Yes," replied the other. "I'll put off to my yacht and fetch it."

In an hour the £1,000 in gold and Italian paper was in Bowes's possession. Bowes had explained how it would be unwise to unwrap Mr. Hay's head and neck then, as a cold wind was blowing, and the horse had caught a slight cold on his voyage. The jockey was so overcome by the magnificence of the visible parts of Mr. Hay, and so convinced of the wonderful bargain he had made, that he was content to take the head and neck for granted rather than let him go to the American millionaire; so Mr. Hay was put back in the stable for the night, and one of the yacht's crew left there to see to his safety.

Shortly after dark Bowes picked the lock

They set off again at a gallop; and Mr. Hay soon perceived the wisdom of having temporarily refreshed his horse-part. But his aversion of, and anger against, it grew steadily. As he galloped he continued to brood upon the unjustifiable deed it had so lately committed; and he speculated with an oppressing anxiety on the acts it might commit in the future; realizing, as he did, that he had no control over that portion of him.

In spite of mountains, and the necessity for occasional rest, they reached Naples in two days. Here Bowes, having changed to a new and horsey suit of clothes, and provided Mr. Hay with new and handsome horse-clothing (so that they were unrecognisable), engaged a horse-box to Calais.

No mere horse could have covered the distance in the time; so they had eluded pursuit.

They reached London at last, and Bowes took a secluded villa, with stable, in St. John's Wood. The stable was merely a necessary artifice. With a sigh of relief Andrew P. Hay threw himself down on the hearthrug in the drawing-room; but the bitterness of association with that hateful horse-part was always with him. His dislike of it had grown to a positive loathing. His conduct when that part of him was in question was really most unreasonable. He would snatch up Bowes's riding-whip—the poker—anything, and belabour that horse-portion until it lashed out at the tables and chairs and smashed them to atoms. These scenes were most painful to Bowes.

Andrew P. Hay was possessed of remarkable aptitude, and, as the £1,000 so fraudulently acquired by Bowes was fast running out, it became necessary to cast about for employment. Now, his knowledge of the archaic Greek tongue, history, and antiquities, gained from direct tradition, was considerable; and he wrote to the authorities of the British Museum, the Society of Antiquaries, the Kernoozers' Club, and various other learned bodies, offering himself as correspondent and referee at a reasonable salary.

After some correspondence his services were eagerly accepted; and for a time all worked well. Dr. Schliemann considered him invaluable, and much light was thrown upon the question of early Greek inscriptions, and the true site of Troy, and of the Garden of the Hesperides; while much interesting tittle-tattle, from authentic sources, added to the knowledge of the private character and daily life of Ajax, Achilles, the Muses, Hercules, and others. All this had been communicated by letter; but one calamitous day a learned official from the British Museum called, and, before it could be prevented, had penetrated to the presence of Mr. Hay.

The meeting was most painful. Mr. Hay, attired in a loose morning coat and white waistcoat, was writing a paper on the differences between the Sapphic and Pindaric harps; while his equine part was fraying out the carpet with its hoofs and flicking away flies with its tail. Mr. Hay made a desperate effort to conceal the equine portion with the

"LASHED OUT AT THE TABLES AND CHAIRS."

tails of his coat, but in vain. The official was deeply shocked and pained.

"A—a—ahem! A Centaur, I believe?" he gasped.

Prevarication was useless. Andrew P. Hay bowed stiffly, and motioned the visitor to a chair.

"I—I must confess that I—er—hardly anticipated this—er—— I was under the impression that we had been dealing with an ordinary human being—if you'll excuse my saying so: but, forgive me—I fear the authorities to whom I am answerable will hardly approve of my obtaining information from a—er—a fabulous monster."

"A *what*, sir?" cried A. P. Hay: and he felt that equine part beginning to edge round for a kick, while his ears were lying back close to his head—the only equine idiosyncrasy of his human part; but one which distressed him greatly. He shouted for Bowes to catch hold of his head; he seized the poker and hammered at his flanks; but all in vain—those terrible hind-legs lashed out: and the official of the British Museum was no more.

It was a terrible affair: everything came out. Poor Mr. Hay was arrested and taken to Bow Street, where he was locked up in the green-yard stables.

The horse-part resisted violently, nearly killing three policemen, and attempting to gallop off; while Mr. Hay begged them to throw him and sit on his head, and subsequently apologized most sincerely.

The gaoler was very considerate, giving him his choice of oats or the usual fare.

The magistrate was greatly surprised; but, of course, sent the case for trial. At the trial, although the facts were clearly proved, the jury were divided, some bringing in a verdict of deliberate murder against Andrew Philip Hay; some considering him not guilty, but recommending the destruction of the horse-portion as a dangerous animal. The judge, animadverting in the severest terms on the conduct of the prisoner, declared that, although the jury had not been able to agree as to a verdict, society could not exonerate the perpetrator of such a deed; and exhorted the prisoner to reflect deeply upon his conduct, and make such atonement as remorse and contrition would suggest.

He then proceeded to comment upon the injudiciousness of the prisoner, who (although apparently guiltless of any desire to sacrifice human life) was, nevertheless, greatly to blame for his recklessness in keeping so dangerous an animal.

His Lordship asked whether prisoner would consent to have the animal destroyed. Prisoner was understood to reply that that was impossible for physical reasons which none could regret more deeply than himself.

Great excitement was created at this point by prisoner kicking out the back and sides of the dock, and hurling the usher into the gallery; prisoner, however, having apologized and expressed his belief that the incident had been occasioned by a horsefly, the matter was allowed to drop.

The judge, having retired for an hour to consider his action in the matter, stated that he considered it his duty, while severely deploring the murderous proclivities of the prisoner and regretting that the disagreement of the jury prevented him passing the capital sentence, to exonerate the accused from any intention to permit the animal to do grievous bodily harm, and recommended the keeping of it under proper surveillance.

"KICKING THE USHER INTO THE GALLERY."

Prisoner having undertaken to lash his equine-part within an inch of its life, his lordship remarked that he could not sanction any proceedings involving cruelty to the lower animals. Prisoner was then discharged.

Andrew P. Hay was plunged in profound misery. The disgrace and exposure of the whole proceedings, the degradation of his self-respect, cast over him a hopeless gloom. For hours he sat on his haunches, his face hidden in his hands, while scalding tears trickled between his fingers: then he suddenly arose, and kicked the villa to fragments.

At length his calmness returned, and he sat down to think the thing out. The exposure had come—why should he not turn it to good account?

"Bowes!" he called. Poor Bowes dragged his bruised remains from among the ruined brickwork.

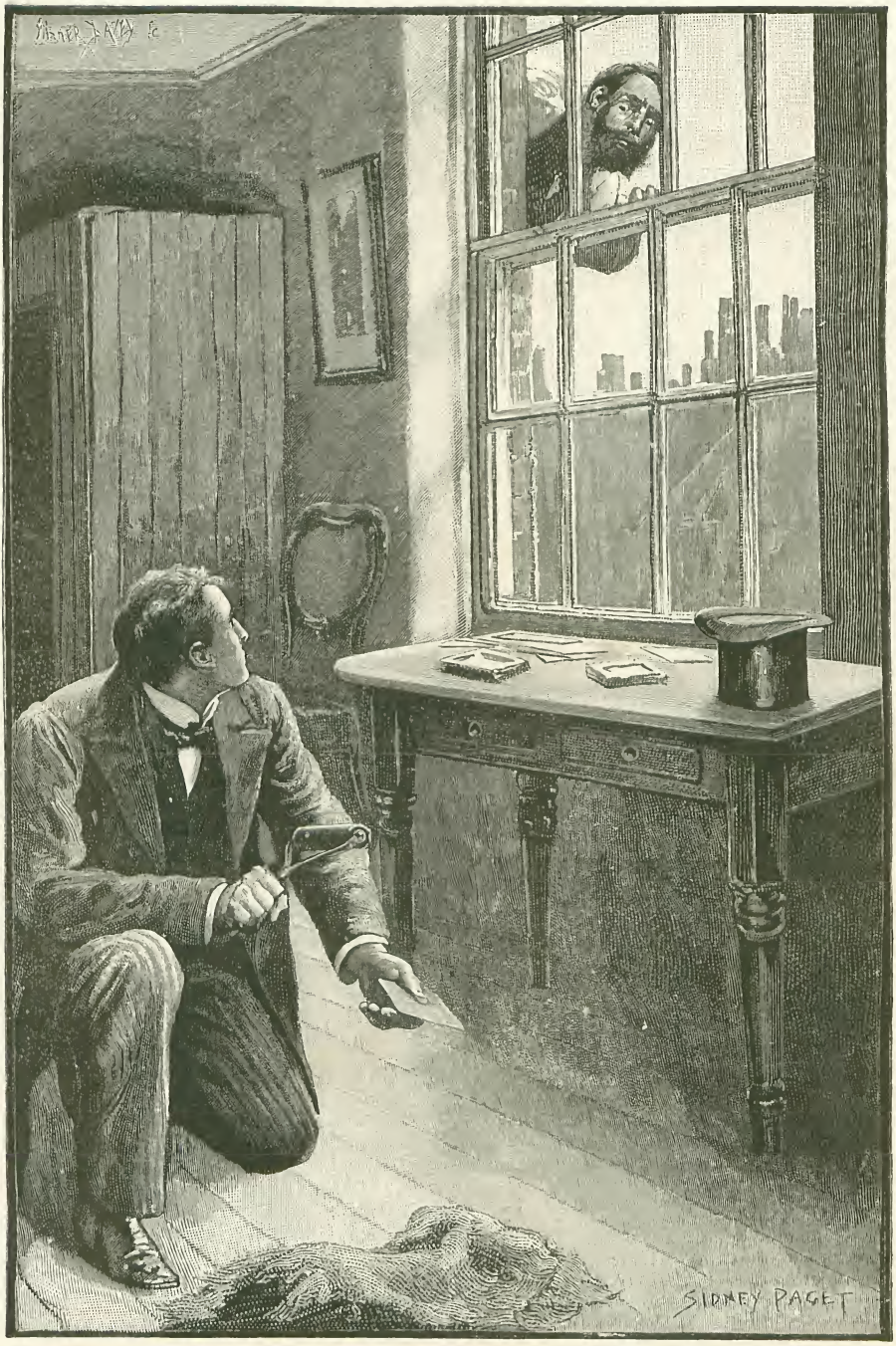
"Bowes, my pride has gone. I intend to make a fortune by lecturing all over the country about Greek antiquities, and my recent trial. Pack my portmanteau, and then go round and engage halls."

The lectures created a *furore*. The public did not care two straws about Greek antiquities; but they crushed to hear a real live Centaur lecture about a murder case. At the end of a year he had amassed wealth B.D.A.

Andrew Philip, Lord Hippstable, Baron Hay, is now one of the best known and most highly respected—er—men in society. He was lately presented with a massive service of plate by the Meltonshire Hunt, in acknowledgment of his valued services as master of the hounds; he is the most famous steeplechase—ah—rider of the day; and the last five Derby winners have hailed from his stable—in fact, he entered for one Derby himself, but was disqualified on purely technical grounds; and there is some talk in well-informed circles of his probable succession to the posts of President of the Jockey Club and Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

Off to the Station
Hulloa! who's this running?
To the TRAIN
Confound you Sir 10 minutes to wait!
J.A.S




"MIRSKY WAS STARING STRAIGHT AT ME."

(*See page* 571.)

# *Martin Hewitt, Investigator.*

By Arthur Morrison.

## IV.—THE CASE OF THE DIXON TORPEDO.

HEWITT was very apt, in conversation, to dwell upon the many curious chances and coincidences that he had observed, not only in connection with his own cases, but also in matters dealt with by the official police, with whom he was on terms of pretty regular and, indeed, friendly acquaintanceship. He has told me many an anecdote of singular happenings to Scotland Yard officials with whom he has exchanged experiences. Of Inspector Nettings, for instance, who spent many weary months in a search for a man wanted by the American Government, and in the end found, by the merest accident (a misdirected call), that the man had been lodging next door to himself the whole of the time; just as ignorant, of course, as was the inspector himself as to the enemy at the other side of the party-wall. Also of another inspector, whose name I cannot recall, who, having been given rather meagre and insufficient details of a man whom he anticipated having great difficulty in finding, went straight down the stairs of the office where he had received instructions, and actually *fell over* the man near the door, where he had stooped down to tie his shoe-lace! There were cases, too, in which, when a great and notorious crime had been committed and various persons had been arrested on suspicion, some were found among them who had long been badly wanted for some other crime altogether. Many criminals had met their deserts by venturing out of their own particular line of crime into another: often a man who got into trouble over something comparatively small, found himself in for a startlingly larger trouble, the result of some previous misdeed that otherwise would have gone unpunished. The rouble note-forger, Mirsky, might never have been handed over to the Russian authorities had he confined his genius to forgery alone. It was generally supposed at the time of his extradition that he had communicated with the Russian Embassy, with a view to giving himself up—a foolish proceeding on his part, it would seem, since his whereabouts, indeed, even his identity as the forger, had not been suspected. He *had* communicated with the Russian Embassy, it is true, but for quite a different purpose, as Martin Hewitt well understood at the time. What that purpose was is now for the first time published.

The time was half-past one in the afternoon, and Hewitt sat in his inner office examining and comparing the handwriting of two letters by the aid of a large lens. He put down the lens and glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece with a premonition of lunch; and as he did so his clerk quietly entered the room with one of those printed slips which were kept for the announcement of unknown visitors. It was filled up in a hasty and almost illegible hand thus:—

Name of visitor: *F. Graham Dixon.*
Address: *Chancery Lane.*
Business: *Private and urgent.*

"Show Mr. Dixon in," said Martin Hewitt.

Mr. Dixon was a gaunt, worn-looking man of fifty or so, well although rather carelessly dressed, and carrying in his strong though drawn face and dullish eyes the look that characterizes the life-long strenuous brain-worker. He leaned forward anxiously in the chair which Hewitt offered him, and told his story with a great deal of very natural agitation.

"You may possibly have heard, Mr. Hewitt—I know there are rumours—of the new locomotive torpedo which the Government is about adopting; it is, in fact, the Dixon torpedo, my own invention; and in every respect—not merely in my own opinion, but in that of the Government experts—by far the most efficient and certain yet produced. It will travel at least four hundred yards farther than any torpedo now made, with perfect accuracy of aim (a very great desideratum, let me tell you), and will carry an unprecedentedly heavy charge. There are other advantages, speed, simple discharge, and so forth, that I needn't bother you about. The machine is the result of many years of work and disappointment, and its design has only been arrived at by a careful balancing of principles and means, which are expressed on the only four existing sets of drawings. The whole thing, I need hardly tell you, is a profound secret, and you may judge of my present state of mind when I tell you that one set of drawings has been stolen."

"From your house?"

"YOU WISH ME TO UNDERTAKE THE RECOVERY OF THESE DRAWINGS?"

"From my office, in Chancery Lane, this morning. The four sets of drawings were distributed thus: Two were at the Admiralty Office, one being a finished set on thick paper, and the other a set of tracings therefrom; and the other two were at my own office, one being a pencilled set, uncoloured—a sort of finished draft, you understand—and the other a set of tracings similar to those at the Admiralty. It is this last set that has gone. The two sets were kept together in one drawer in my room. Both were there at ten this morning, of that I am sure, for I had to go to that very drawer for something else, when I first arrived. But at twelve the tracings had vanished."

"You suspect somebody, probably?"

"I cannot. It is a most extraordinary thing. Nobody has left the office (except myself, and then only to come to you) since ten this morning, and there has been no visitor. And yet the drawings are gone!"

"But have you searched the place?"

"Of course I have. It was twelve o'clock when I first discovered my loss, and I have been turning the place upside down ever since—I and my assistants. Every drawer has been emptied, every desk and table turned over, the very carpet and linoleum have been taken up, but there is not a sign of the drawings. My men even insisted on turning all their pockets inside out, although I never for a moment suspected either of them, and it would take a pretty big pocket to hold the drawings, doubled up as small as they might be."

"You say your men—there are two, I understand—had neither left the office?"

"Neither; and they are both staying in now. Worsfold suggested that it would be more satisfactory if they did not leave till something was done towards clearing the mystery up, and although, as I have said, I don't suspect either in the least, I acquiesced."

"Just so. Now—I am assuming that you wish me to undertake the recovery of these drawings?"

The engineer nodded hastily.

"Very good; I will go round to your office. But first perhaps you can tell me something about your assistants; something it might be awkward to tell me in their presence, you know. Mr. Worsfold, for instance?"

"He is my draughtsman—a very excellent and intelligent man, a very smart man, indeed, and, I feel sure, quite beyond suspicion. He has prepared many important drawings for me (he has been with me nearly ten years now), and I have always found him trustworthy. But, of course, the temptation in this case would be enormous. Still, I cannot suspect Worsfold. Indeed, how can I suspect anybody in the circumstances?"

"The other, now?"

"His name's Ritter. He is merely a tracer, not a fully skilled draughtsman. He is quite a decent young fellow, and I have had him two years. I don't consider him particularly smart, or he would have learned a little more of his business by this time. But I don't see the least reason to suspect him. As I said before, I can't reasonably suspect anybody."

"Very well; we will get to Chancery Lane now, if you please, and you can tell me more as we go."

"I have a cab waiting. What else can I tell you?"

"I understand the position to be succinctly this: the drawings were in the office when you arrived. Nobody came out, and nobody went in; and *yet* they vanished. Is that so?"

"That is so. When I say that absolutely

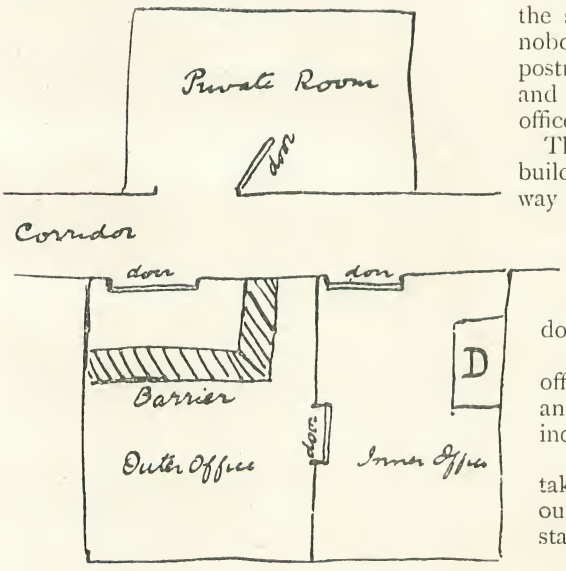
nobody came in, of course I except the postman. He brought a couple of letters during the morning. I mean that absolutely nobody came past the barrier in the outer office—the usual thing, you know, like a counter, with a frame of ground glass over it."

"I quite understand that. But I think you said that the drawings were in a drawer in your *own* room—not the outer office, where the draughtsmen are, I presume?"

"That is the case. It is an inner room, or, rather, a room parallel with the other, and communicating with it; just as your own room is, which we have just left."

"But then, you say you never left your office, and yet the drawings vanished—apparently by some unseen agency—while you were there, in the room?"

"Let me explain more clearly." The cab was bowling smoothly along the Strand, and the engineer took out a pocket-book and pencil. "I fear," he proceeded, "that I am a little confused in my explanation—I am naturally rather agitated. As you will see presently, my offices consist of three rooms, two at one side of a corridor, and the other opposite: thus." He made a rapid pencil sketch.




"In the outer office my men usually work. In the inner office I work myself. These rooms communicate, as you see, by a door. Our ordinary way in and out of the place is by the door of the outer office leading into the corridor, and we first pass through the usual lifting flap in the barrier. The door leading from the *inner* office to the corridor is always kept locked on the inside, and I don't suppose I unlock it once in three months. It has not been unlocked all the morning. The drawer in which the missing drawings were kept, and in which I saw them at ten o'clock this morning, is at the place marked D—it is a large chest of shallow drawers, in which the plans lie flat."

"I quite understand. Then there is the private room opposite. What of that?"

"That is a sort of private sitting-room that I rarely use, except for business interviews of a very private nature. When I said I never left my office I did not mean that I never stirred out of the inner office. I was about in one room and another, both the outer and the inner offices, and once I went into the private room for five minutes, but nobody came either in or out of any of the rooms at that time, for the door of the private room was wide open and I was standing at the book-case (I had gone to consult a book), just inside the door, with a full view of the doors opposite. Indeed, Worsfold was at the door of the outer office most of the short time. He came to ask me a question."

"Well," Hewitt replied, "it all comes to the simple first statement. You know that nobody left the place or arrived, except the postman, who couldn't get near the drawings, and yet the drawings went. Is this your office?"

The cab had stopped before a large stone building. Mr. Dixon alighted and led the way to the first floor. Hewitt took a casual glance round each of the three rooms. There was a sort of door in the frame of ground glass over the barrier, to admit of speech with visitors. This door Hewitt pushed wide open, and left so.

He and the engineer went into the inner office. "Would you like to ask Worsfold and Ritter any questions?" Mr. Dixon inquired.

"Presently. Those are their coats, I take it, hanging just to the right of the outer office door, over the umbrella stand?"

"Yes, those are all their things—coats, hats, stick, and umbrella."

"And those coats were searched, you say?"

"Yes."

"And this is the drawer—thoroughly searched, of course?"

"Oh, certainly, every drawer was taken out and turned over."

"Well, of course, I must assume you made no mistake in your hunt. Now tell me, did

"I WAS STANDING AT THE BOOK-CASE."

anybody know where these plans were, beyond yourself and your two men?"

"As far as I can tell, not a soul."

"You don't keep an office-boy?"

"No. There would be nothing for him to do except to post a letter now and again, which Ritter does quite well for."

"As you are quite sure that the drawings were there at ten o'clock, perhaps the thing scarcely matters. But I may as well know if your men have keys of the office?"

"Neither. I have patent locks to each door and I keep all the keys myself. If Worsfold or Ritter arrive before me in the morning, they have to wait to be let in; and I am always present myself when the rooms are cleaned. I have not neglected precautions, you see."

"No. I suppose the object of the theft—assuming it is a theft—is pretty plain: the thief would offer the drawings for sale to some foreign Government?"

"Of course. They would probably command a great sum. I have been looking, as I need hardly tell you, to that invention to secure me a very large fortune, and I shall be ruined, indeed, if the design is taken abroad. I am under the strictest engagements to secrecy with the Admiralty, and not only should I lose all my labour, but I should lose all the confidence reposed in me at head-quarters—should, in fact, be subject to penalties for breach of contract, and my career stopped for ever. I cannot tell you what a serious business this is for me. If you cannot help me, the consequences will be terrible. Bad for the service of the country, too, of course."

"Of course. Now tell me this. It would, I take it, be necessary for the thief to *exhibit* these drawings to anybody anxious to buy the secret—I mean, he couldn't describe the invention by word of mouth?"

"Oh, no, that would be impossible. The drawings are of the most complicated description, and full of figures upon which the whole thing depends. Indeed, one would have to be a skilled expert properly to appreciate the design at all. Various principles of hydrostatics, chemistry, electricity, and pneumatics are most delicately manipulated and adjusted, and the smallest error or omission in any part would upset the whole. No, the drawings are necessary to the thing, and they are gone."

At this moment the door of the outer office was heard to open, and somebody entered. The door between the two offices was ajar, and Hewitt could see right through to the glass door left open over the barrier, and into the space beyond. A well-dressed, dark, bushy-bearded man stood there carrying a hand-bag, which he placed on the ledge before him. Hewitt raised his hand to enjoin silence. The man spoke in a rather high-pitched voice and with a slight accent. "Is Mr. Dixon now within?" he asked.

"He is engaged," answered one of the draughtsmen; "very particularly engaged. I'm afraid you won't be able to see him this afternoon. Can I give him any message?"

"This is two—the second time I have come to-day. Not two hours ago Mr. Dixon himself tells me to call again. I have a very important—very excellent steam-packing to show him that is very cheap and the best of the market." The man tapped his bag. "I have just taken orders from the largest railway companies. Cannot I see him, for one second only? I will not detain him."

"Really, I'm sure you can't this afternoon—he isn't seeing anybody. But if you'll leave your name——"

"My name is Hunter; but what the good of that? He ask me to call a little later and I come, and now he is engaged. It is a very great pity." And the man snatched up his bag and walking-stick and stalked off indignantly.

Hewitt stood still, gazing through the small aperture in the doorway.

"You'd scarcely expect a man with such a name as Hunter to talk with that accent, would you?" he observed, musingly. "It isn't a French accent, nor a German; but it seems foreign. You don't happen to know him, I suppose?"

"No, I don't. He called here about half-past twelve, just while we were in the middle of our search and I was frantic over the loss of the drawings. I was in the outer office myself, and told him to call later. I have lots of such agents here, anxious to sell all sorts of engineering appliances. But what will you do now? Shall you see my men?"

"I think," said Hewitt, rising, "I think I'll get you to question them yourself."

"Myself?"

"Yes, I have a reason. Will you trust me with the key of the private room opposite? I will go over there for a little, while you talk to your men in this room. Bring them in here and shut the door—I can look after the office from across the corridor, you know. Ask them each to detail his exact movements about the office this morning, and get them to recall each visitor who has been here from the beginning of the week. I'll let you know the reason of this later. Come across to me in a few minutes."

Hewitt took the key and passed through the outer office into the corridor.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Dixon, having questioned his draughtsmen, followed him. He found Hewitt standing before the table in the private room, on which lay several drawings on tracing-paper.

"See here, Mr. Dixon," said Hewitt, "I think these are the drawings you are anxious about?"

The engineer sprang toward them with a cry of delight. "Why, yes, yes," he exclaimed, turning them over, "every one of them. But where—how—they must have been in the place after all, then? What a fool I have been!"

"MY NAME IS HUNTER."

Hewitt shook his head. "I'm afraid you're not quite so lucky as you think, Mr. Dixon," he said. "These drawings have most certainly been out of the house for a little while. Never mind how—we'll talk of that after. There is no time to lose. Tell me, how long would it take a good draughtsman to copy them?"

"They couldn't possibly be traced over properly in less than two or two and a half long days of very hard work," Dixon replied, with eagerness.

"Ah! then, it is as I feared. These tracings have been photographed, Mr. Dixon, and our task is one of every possible difficulty. If they had been copied in the ordinary way, one might hope to get hold of the copy. But photography upsets everything. Copies can be multiplied with such amazing facility that, once the thief gets a decent start, it is almost hopeless to checkmate him. The only chance is to get at the negatives before copies are taken. I must act at once; and I fear, between ourselves, it may be necessary for me to step very distinctly over the line of the law in the matter. You see, to get at those negatives may involve something very like housebreaking. There must be no delay—no waiting for legal procedure—or the mischief is done. Indeed, I very much question whether you have any legal remedy, strictly speaking."

"Mr. Hewitt, I implore you, do what you can. I need not say that all I have is at your disposal. I will guarantee to hold you harmless for anything that may happen. But do, I entreat you, do everything possible. Think of what the consequences may be!"

"Well, yes, so I do," Hewitt remarked, with a smile. "The consequences to me, if I were charged with housebreaking, might be something that no amount of guarantee could mitigate. However, I will do what I can, if only from patriotic motives. Now, I must see your tracer, Ritter. He is the traitor in the camp."

"Ritter? But how?"

"Never mind that now. You are upset and agitated, and had better not know more than necessary for a little while, in case you say or do something unguarded. With Ritter I must take a deep course; what I don't know I must appear to know, and that will seem more likely to him if I disclaim acquaintance with what I do know. But first put these tracings safely away out of sight."

Dixon slipped them behind his book-case.

"Now," Hewitt pursued, "call Mr. Worsfold and give him something to do that will keep him in the inner office across the way, and tell him to send Ritter here."

Mr. Dixon called his chief draughtsman and requested him to put in order the drawings in the drawers of the inner room that had been disarranged by the search, and to send Ritter, as Hewitt had suggested.

Ritter walked into the private room, with an air of respectful attention. He was a puffy-faced, unhealthy-looking young man, with very small eyes and a loose, mobile mouth.

"Sit down, Mr. Ritter," Hewitt said, in a stern voice. "Your recent transactions with your friend, Mr. Hunter, are well known both to Mr. Dixon and myself."

Ritter, who had at first leaned easily back in his chair, started forward at this, and paled.

"You are surprised, I observe; but you should be more careful in your movements out of doors if you do not wish your acquaintances to be known. Mr. Hunter, I believe, has the drawings which Mr. Dixon has lost, and, if so, I am certain that you have given them to him. That, you know, is theft, for which the law provides a severe penalty."

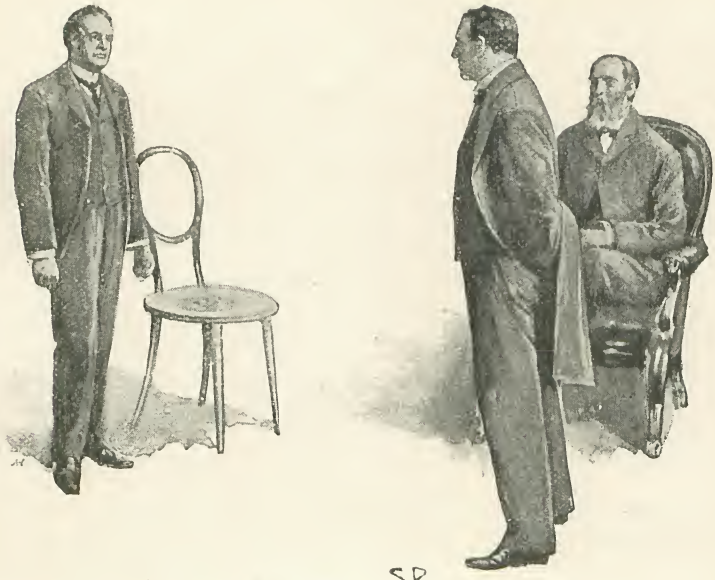
Ritter broke down completely and turned appealingly to Mr. Dixon:—

"Oh, sir," he pleaded, "it isn't so bad, I assure you. I was tempted, I confess, and hid the drawings; but they are still in the office, and I can give them to you—really, I can."

"Indeed?" Hewitt went on. "Then, in that case, perhaps you'd better get them at once. Just go and fetch them in—we won't trouble to observe your hiding-place. I'll only keep this door open, to be sure you don't lose your way, you know—down the stairs, for instance."

The wretched Ritter, with hanging head, slunk into the office opposite. Presently he reappeared, looking, if possible, ghastlier than before. He looked irresolutely down the corridor, as if meditating a run for it, but Hewitt stepped toward him and motioned him back to the private room.

"You mustn't try any more of that sort of humbug," Hewitt said, with increased severity. "The drawings are gone, and you have stolen them — you know that well enough. Now attend to me. If you received your deserts, Mr. Dixon would send for a policeman this moment, and have you hauled off to the gaol that is your proper place. But, unfortunately, your accomplice, who calls himself Hunter —but who has other names beside that, as I happen to know —has the drawings, and it is absolutely



'SIT DOWN, MR. RITTER.'

necessary that these should be recovered. I am afraid that it will be necessary, therefore, to come to some arrangement with this scoundrel—to square him, in fact. Now, just take that pen and paper, and write to your confederate as I dictate. You know the alternative if you cause any difficulty."

Ritter reached tremblingly for the pen.

"Address him in your usual way," Hewitt proceeded. "Say this: '*There has been an alteration in the plans.*' Have you got that? '*There has been an alteration in the plans. I shall be alone here at six o'clock. Please come, without fail.*' Have you got it? Very well, sign it, and address the envelope. He must come here, and then we may arrange matters. In the meantime, you will remain in the inner office opposite."

The note was written, and Martin Hewitt, without glancing at the address, thrust it into his pocket. When Ritter was safely in the inner office, however, he drew it out and read the address. "I see," he observed, "he uses the same name, Hunter; 27, Little Carton Street, Westminster, is the address, and there I shall go at once with the note. If the man comes here, I think you had better lock him in with Ritter, and send for a policeman—it may at least frighten him. My object is, of course, to get the man away, and then, if possible, to invade his house, in some way or another, and steal or smash his negatives if they are there and to be found. Stay here, in any case, till I return. And don't forget to lock up those tracings."

It was about six o'clock when Hewitt returned, alone, but with a smiling face that told of good fortune at first sight.

"First, Mr. Dixon," he said, as he dropped into an easy chair in the private room, "let me ease your mind by the information that I have been most extraordinarily lucky — in fact, I think you have no further cause for anxiety. Here are the negatives. They were not all quite dry when I—well, what?—stole them, I suppose I must say; so that they have stuck together a bit, and probably the films are damaged. But you don't mind that, I suppose?"

He laid a small parcel, wrapped in newspaper, on the table. The engineer hastily tore away the paper and took up five or six glass photographic negatives, of the half-plate size, which were damp, and stuck together by the gelatine films, in couples. He held them, one after another, up to the light of the window, and glanced through them. Then, with a great sigh of relief, he placed them on the hearth and pounded them to dust and fragments with the poker.

For a few seconds neither spoke. Then Dixon, flinging himself into a chair, said:—

"Mr. Hewitt, I can't express my obligation to you. What would have happened if you had failed I prefer not to think of. But what shall we do with Ritter now? The other man hasn't been here yet, by-the-bye."

"No—the fact is, I didn't deliver the letter. The worthy gentleman saved me a world of trouble by taking himself out of the way." Hewitt laughed. "I'm afraid he has rather got himself into a mess by trying two kinds of theft at once, and you may not be sorry to hear that his attempt on your torpedo plans is likely to bring him a dose of penal servitude for something else. I'll tell you what has happened.

"Little Carton Street, Westminster, I found to be a seedy sort of place—one of those old streets that have seen much better days. A good many people seem to live in each house—they are fairly large houses, by the way—and there is quite a company of bell-handles on each doorpost—all down the side, like organ-stops. A barber had possession of the ground-floor front of No. 27 for trade purposes, so to him I went. 'Can you tell me,' I said, 'where in this house I can find Mr. Hunter?' He looked doubtful, so I went on: 'His friend will do, you know—I can't think of his name; foreign gentleman, dark, with a bushy beard.'

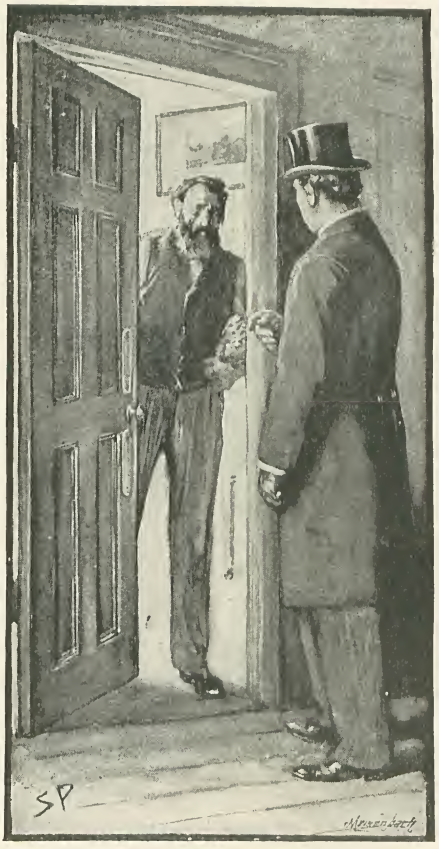
"The barber understood at once. 'Oh, that's Mirsky, I expect,' he said. 'Now I come to think of it, he has had letters addressed to Hunter once or twice—I've took 'em in. Top floor back.'

"This was good, so far. I had got at 'Mr. Hunter's' other alias. So, by way of possessing him with the idea that I knew all about him, I determined to ask for him as Mirsky, before handing over the letter addressed to him as Hunter. A little bluff of that sort is invaluable at the right time. At the top floor back I stopped at the door and tried to open it at once, but it was locked. I could hear somebody scuttling about within, as though carrying things about, and I knocked again. In a little while the door opened about a foot, and there stood Mr. Hunter—or Mirsky, as you like—the man who, in the character of a traveller in steam-packing, came here twice to-day. He was in his shirt sleeves and cuddled something under his arm, hastily covered with a spotted pocket-handkerchief.

"'I have called to see M. Mirsky,' I said, 'with a confidential letter——'

"'Oh, yas, yas,' he answered, hastily; 'I know—I know. Excuse me one minute.' And he rushed off downstairs with his parcel.

"Here was a noble chance. For a moment I thought of following him, in case there might be anything interesting in the parcel. But I had to decide in a moment, and I decided on trying the room. I slipped inside the door, and, finding the key on the inside, locked it. It was a confused sort of room, with a little iron bedstead in one corner and a sort of rough boarded inclosure in another. This I rightly conjectured to be the photographic dark-room, and made for it at once.



"I HAVE CALLED TO SEE M. MIRSKY."

"There was plenty of light within when the door was left open, and I made at once for the drying-rack that was fastened over the sink. There were a number of negatives in it, and I began hastily examining them one after another. In the middle of this, our friend Mirsky returned and tried the door. He rattled violently at the handle and pushed. Then he called.

"At this moment I had come upon the first of the negatives you have just smashed. The fixing and washing had evidently only lately been completed, and the negative was drying on the rack. I seized it, of course, and the others which stood by it.

"'Who are you, there, inside?' Mirsky shouted indignantly from the landing. 'Why for you go in my room like that? Open this door at once, or I call the police!'

"I took no notice. I had got the full number of negatives, one for each drawing, but I was not by any means sure that he had not taken an extra set; so I went on hunting down the rack. There were no more, so I set to work to turn out all the undeveloped plates. It was quite possible, you see, that the other set, if it existed, had not yet been developed.

"Mirsky changed his tune. After a little more banging and shouting, I could hear him kneel down and try the key-hole. I had left the key there, so that he could see nothing. But he began talking softly and rapidly through the hole in a foreign language. I did not know it in the least, but I believe it was Russian. What had led him to believe I understood Russian I could not at the time imagine, though I have a notion now. I went on ruining his stock of plates. I found several boxes, apparently of new plates, but, as there was no means of telling whether they were really unused or were merely undeveloped, but with the chemical impress of your drawings on them, I dragged every one ruthlessly from its hiding-place and laid it out in the full glare of the sunlight — destroying it thereby, of course, whether it was unused or not.

"Mirsky left off talking, and I heard him quietly sneaking off. Perhaps his conscience was not sufficiently clear to warrant an appeal to the police, but it seemed to me rather probable at the time that that was what he was going for. So I hurried on with my work. I found three dark slides—the parts that carry the plates in the back of the camera, you know—one of them fixed in the camera itself. These I opened, and exposed the plates to ruination as before. I suppose nobody ever did so much devastation in a photographic studio in ten minutes as I managed.

"I had spoilt every plate I could find and had the developed negatives safely in my pocket, when I happened to glance at a porcelain washing-well under the sink. There was one negative in that, and I took it up. It was *not* a negative of a drawing

"HE BEGAN TALKING SOFTLY AND RAPIDLY."

of yours, but of a Russian twenty-rouble note!

"This *was* a discovery. The only possible reason any man could have for photographing a bank-note was the manufacture of an etched plate for the production of forged copies. I was almost as pleased as I had been at the discovery of *your* negatives. He might bring the police now as soon as he liked; I could turn the tables on him completely. I began to hunt about for anything else relating to this negative.

"I found an inking-roller, some old pieces of blanket (used in printing from plates), and in a corner on the floor, heaped over with newspapers and rubbish, a small copying-press. There was also a dish of acid, but not an etched plate or a printed note to be seen. I was looking at the press, with the negative in one hand and the inking-roller in the other, when I became conscious of a shadow across the window. I looked up quickly, and there was Mirsky, hanging over from some ledge or projection to the side of the window, and staring straight at me, with a look of unmistakable terror and apprehension.

"The face vanished immediately. I had to move a table to get at the window, and by the time I had opened it, there was no sign or sound of the rightful tenant of the room. I had no doubt now of his reason for carrying a parcel downstairs. He probably mistook me for another visitor he was expecting, and, knowing he must take this visitor into his room, threw the papers and rubbish over the press, and put up his plates and papers in a bundle and secreted them somewhere downstairs, lest his occupation should be observed.

"Plainly, my duty now was to communicate with the police. So, by the help of my friend the barber downstairs, a messenger was found and a note sent over to Scotland Yard. I awaited, of course, for the arrival of the police, and occupied the interval in another look round—finding nothing important, however. When the official detective arrived he recognised at once the importance of the case. A large number of forged Russian notes have been put into circulation on the Continent lately, it seems, and it was suspected that they came from London. The Russian Government have been sending urgent messages to the police here on the subject.

"Of course I said nothing about your business; but while I was talking with the Scotland Yard man a letter was left by a messenger, addressed to Mirsky. The letter will be examined, of course, by the proper authorities, but I was not a little interested to perceive that the envelope bore the Russian Imperial arms above the words, 'Russian Embassy.' Now, why should Mirsky communicate with the Russian Embassy? Certainly not to let the officials know that he was carrying on a very extensive and lucrative business in the manufacture of spurious Russian notes. I think it is rather more than possible that he wrote—probably before he actually got your drawings—to say that he could sell information of the highest importance, and that this letter was a reply. Further, I think it quite possible that, when I asked for him by his Russian name and spoke of 'a confidential letter,' he at once concluded that *I* had come from the Embassy in answer to his letter. That would account for his addressing me in Russian through the keyhole; and, of course, an official from the Russian Embassy would be the very last person

in the world whom he would like to observe any indications of his little etching experiments. But anyhow, be that as it may," Hewitt concluded, "your drawings are safe now, and if once Mirsky is caught—and I think it likely, for a man in his shirt-sleeves, with scarcely any start and, perhaps, no money about him, hasn't a great chance to get away—if he is caught, I say, he will probably get something handsome at St. Petersburg in the way of imprisonment, or Siberia, or what-not; so that you will be amply avenged."

"Yes, but I don't at all understand this business of the drawings even now. How in the world were they taken out of the place, and how in the world did you find it out?"

"Nothing could be simpler; and yet the plan was rather ingenious. I'll tell you exactly how the thing revealed itself to me. From your original description of the case, many people would consider that an impossibility had been performed. Nobody had gone out and nobody had come in, and yet the drawings had been taken away. But an impossibility is an impossibility after all, and as drawings don't run away of themselves, plainly somebody had taken them, unaccountable as it might seem. Now, as they were in your inner office, the only people who could have got at them beside yourself were your assistants, so that it was pretty clear that one of them, at least, had something to do with the business. You told me that Worsfold was an excellent and intelligent draughtsman. Well, if such a man as that meditated treachery, he would probably be able to carry away the design in his head—at any rate, a little at a time—and would be under no necessity to run the risk of stealing a set of the drawings. But Ritter, you remarked, was an inferior sort of man, 'not particularly smart,' I think, were your words—only a mechanical sort of tracer. *He* would be unlikely to be able to carry in his head the complicated details of such designs as yours, and, being in a subordinate position, and continually overlooked, he would find it impossible to make copies of the plans in the office. So that, to begin with, I thought I saw the most probable path to start on.

"When I looked round the rooms I pushed open the glass door of the barrier and left the door to the inner office ajar, in order to be able to see anything that *might* happen in any part of the place, without actually expecting any definite development. While we were talking, as it happened, our friend Mirsky (or Hunter—as you please) came into the outer office, and my attention was instantly called to him by the first thing he did. Did you notice anything peculiar yourself?"

"No, really I can't say I did. He seemed to behave much as any traveller or agent might."

"Well, what I noticed was the fact that as soon as he entered the place he put his walking-stick into the umbrella stand, over there by the door, close by where he stood; a most unusual thing for a casual caller to do, before even knowing whether you were in. This made me watch him closely. I perceived, with increased interest, that the stick was exactly of the same kind and pattern as one already standing there; also a curious thing. I kept my eyes carefully on those sticks, and was all the more interested and edified to see, when he left, that he took the *other* stick—not the one he came with—from the stand, and carried it away, leaving his own behind. I might have followed him, but I decided that more could be learnt by staying—as, in fact, proved to be the case. This, by-the-bye, is the stick he carried away with him. I took the liberty of fetching it back from Westminster, because I conceive it to be Ritter's property."

Hewitt produced the stick. It was an ordinary, thick Malacca cane, with a buck-horn handle and a silver band. Hewitt bent it across his knee, and laid it on the table.

"Yes," Dixon answered, "that is Ritter's stick. I think I have often seen it in the stand. But what in the world——"

"One moment; I'll just fetch the stick Mirsky left behind." And Hewitt stepped across the corridor.

He returned with another stick, apparently an exact facsimile of the other, and placed it by the side of the other.

"When your assistants went into the inner room, I carried this stick off for a minute or two. I knew it was not Worsfold's, because there was an umbrella there with his initial on the handle. Look at this."

Martin Hewitt gave the handle a twist, and rapidly unscrewed it from the top. Then it was seen that the stick was a mere tube of very thin metal, painted to appear like a Malacca cane.

"It was plain at once that this was no Malacca cane—it wouldn't bend. Inside it I found your tracings, rolled up tightly. You can get a marvellous quantity of thin tracing-paper into a small compass by tight rolling."

"And this—this was the way they were

"HEWITT PRODUCED THE STICK."

brought back!" the engineer exclaimed. "I see that, clearly. But how did they get away? That's as mysterious as ever."

"Not a bit of it. See here. Mirsky gets hold of Ritter, and they agree to get your drawings and photograph them. Ritter is to let his confederate have the drawings, and Mirsky is to bring them back as soon as possible, so that they shan't be missed for a moment. Ritter habitually carries this Malacca cane, and the cunning of Mirsky at once suggests that this tube should be made in outward facsimile. This morning, Mirsky keeps the actual stick and Ritter comes to the office with the tube. He seizes the first opportunity—probably when you were in this private room, and Worsfold was talking to you from the corridor — to get at the tracings, roll them up tightly, and put them in the tube, putting the tube back into the umbrella stand. At half-past twelve, or whenever it was, Mirsky turns up for the first time with the actual stick and exchanges them, just as he afterwards did when he brought the drawings back."

"Yes, but Mirsky came half an hour after they were—oh, yes, I see. What a fool I was! I was forgetting. Of course, when I first missed the tracings they were in this walking-stick, safe enough, and I was tearing my hair out within arm's reach of them!"

"Precisely. And Mirsky took them away before your very eyes. I expect Ritter was in a rare funk when he found that the drawings were missed. He calculated, no doubt, on your not wanting them for the hour or two they would be out of the office."

"How lucky that it struck me to jot a pencil-note on one of them! I might easily have made my note somewhere else, and then I should never have known that they had been away."

"Yes, they didn't give you any too much time to miss them. Well, I think the rest's pretty clear. I brought the tracings in here, screwed up the sham stick and put it back. You identified the tracings and found none missing, and then my course was pretty clear, though it looked difficult. I knew you would be very naturally indignant with Ritter, so, as I wanted to manage him myself, I told you nothing of what he had actually done, for fear that, in your agitated state, you might burst out with something that would spoil my game. To Ritter I pretended to know nothing of the return of the drawings or *how* they had been stolen—the only things I did know with certainty. But I *did* pretend to know all about Mirsky—or Hunter—when, as a matter of fact, I knew nothing at all, except that he probably went under more than one name. That put Ritter into my

hands completely. When he found the game was up he began with a lying confession. Believing that the tracings were still in the stick and that we knew nothing of their return, he said that they had not been away, and that he would fetch them—as I had expected he would. I let him go for them alone, and when he returned, utterly broken up by the discovery that they were not there, I had him altogether at my mercy. You see, if he had known that the drawings were all the time behind your book-case, he might have brazened it out, sworn that the drawings had been there all the time, and we could have done nothing with him. We couldn't have sufficiently frightened him by a threat of prosecution for theft, because there the things were, in your possession, to his knowledge.

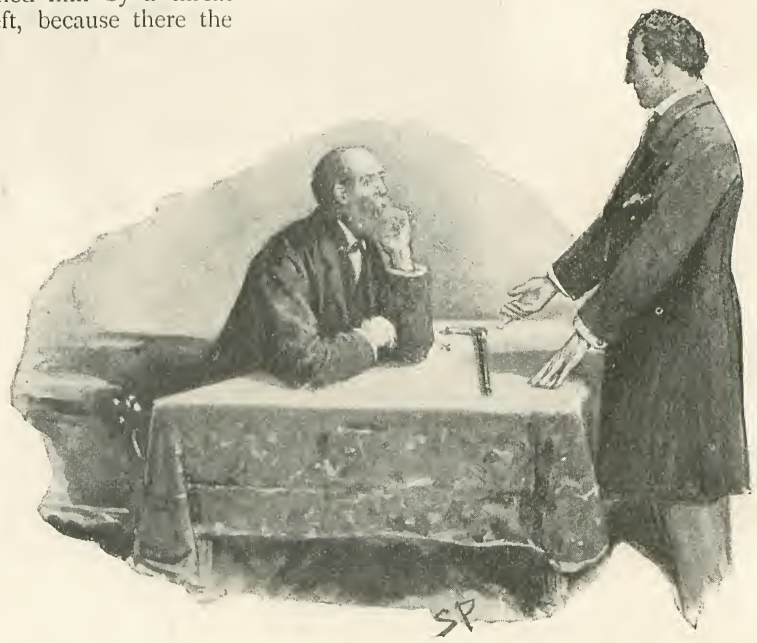
"As it was, he answered the helm capitally: gave us Mirsky's address on the envelope, and wrote the letter that was to have got him out of the way while I committed burglary, if that disgraceful expedient had not been rendered unnecessary. On the whole, the case has gone very well."

"It has gone marvellously well, thanks to yourself. But what shall I do with Ritter?"

"Here's his stick—knock him downstairs with it, if you like. I should keep the tube, if I were you, as a memento. I don't suppose the respectable Mirsky will ever call to ask for it. But I should certainly kick Ritter out of doors—or out of window, if you like—without delay."

Mirsky was caught, and after two remands at the police-court was extradited on the charge of forging Russian notes. It came out that he had written to the Embassy, as Hewitt had surmised, stating that he had certain valuable information to offer, and the letter which Hewitt had seen delivered was an acknowledgment, and a request for more definite particulars. This was what gave rise to the impression that Mirsky had himself informed the Russian authorities of his forgeries. His real intent was very different, but was never guessed.

"I wonder," Hewitt has once or twice observed, "whether, after all, it would not have paid the Russian authorities better on the whole if I had never investigated Mirsky's little note-factory. The Dixon torpedo was worth a good many twenty-rouble notes."



"KNOCK HIM DOWNSTAIRS."

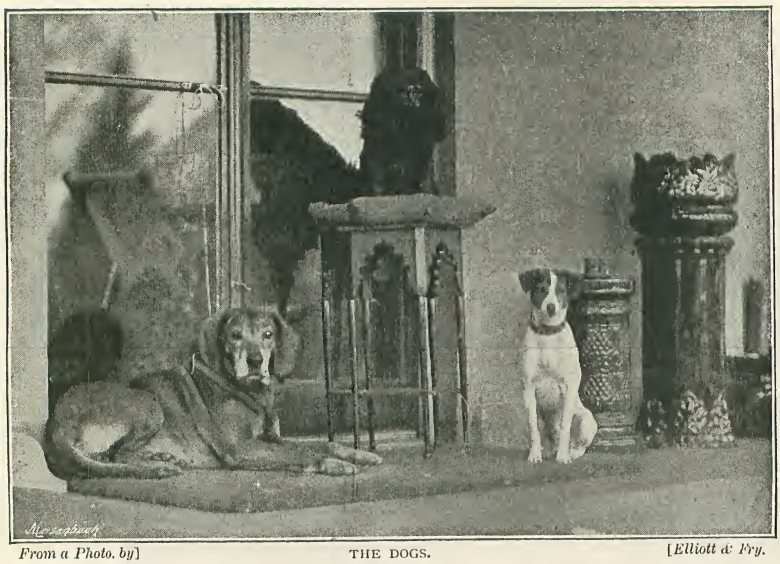
# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## XXXIV.—SIR FRANCIS AND LADY JEUNE.

*From a Photo. by]* ARLINGTON MANOR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

IT would be difficult indeed to single out a more pleasant method of passing a couple of days than with Sir Francis Jeune, Lady Jeune, and their children. It was in the early days of spring that I had this privilege, when, for a brief time, Sir Francis was free from the trials and tribulations of the law, and, together with his family, was enjoying the rest afforded by a short sojourn at his charming house in Berkshire. About a couple of miles from Newbury — rich in reminiscence of the troublesome times associated with the Cromwellian *régime*—is Arlington Manor. It is a substantially-built country mansion—built of a peculiar species of Bath stone—and no matter from which of its four sides you view the outlook, it is "as fair as fair can be." From one side you can here and there catch sight of a streak of blue sky through a forest of fir trees; from another is a grand stretch of meadows, from which you may often hear the voice of young Francis Christian Seaforth Jeune — Sir Francis's son, who had for his godmother the Princess Christian, and is proud of the fact that he was entered for Harrow before he was four days old—shouting out "Well hit!" at a particularly good drive of the ball by the butler, who happens to be a capital cricketer. Perhaps, however, the view from the veranda is the finest. The lawn is immediately before you; a little series of valleys and hills rise and fall until all is lost in the blue line of hills miles away. It is an ideal spot, and one which must be peculiarly interesting to Sir Francis, owing to its being in the centre of a piece of country closely allied with a period of history in which he is so deeply read. Around the house golf links have been recently laid out. Sir Francis said that I should have been at Arlington and seen a match between Sir Evelyn Wood, Mr. Lockwood, and himself. "The General was the best player," he added, "or, perhaps, I should say, the least bad."

It was on this veranda—with the glorious scene before us—that I met Sir Francis and Lady Jeune. Lady Jeune's two daughters—Miss Madeline Stanley and Miss Dorothy Stanley—were enjoying their first game of croquet of the year. Lady Jeune has been twice married, her first husband being Mr. John Stanley, a brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley. After a time the two young girls joined us. I am well aware that this paper is



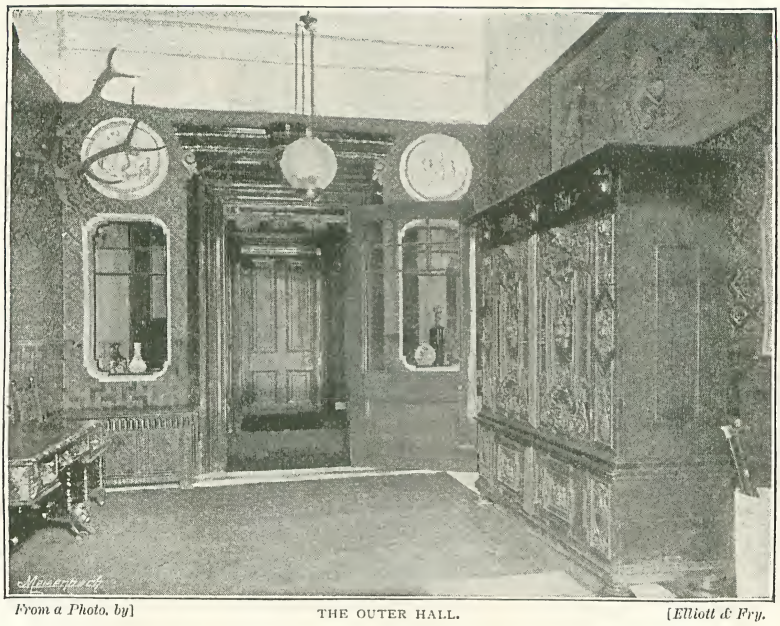
*From a Photo. by]* THE DOGS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

to be devoted to Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, but it is impossible to stay one's pen at this point from chronicling an impression formed regarding two of the brightest of sisters. It happened that during my stay at Newbury there was a gymnastic display in the town given by some young women of the class connected with the People's Palace—young women, doubtless, for the most part who know what it is to work, and work hard, for their living. They were entertained to tea at Arlington Manor. The anxiety of the Misses Stanley to make them happy was intense—nothing was forced about it, but all heart-born. I judged Lady Jeune's daughters from the semi-whispered invitations I could not help hearing to many of these young women to "*Be sure and come and see us in London, won't you?*"—repeated in one case, I know, half-a-dozen times. It is to be hoped that this expression will convey the full meaning with which it struck me.

The interior of Arlington Manor is charmingly comfortable. Entering from the veranda—you will probably be followed by one of the quartette of dogs, and even "Randolph," the cat, who has the remarkable feasting record of thirty chickens in a fortnight to be placed to his credit!—you are in the billiard-room. Amongst the engravings of more modern days are those after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Long, and Briton Riviere; but the most noticeable is certainly a very fine set of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode." Sir Francis Jeune is a great admirer of Hogarth. Here, too, hangs his card of membership of the Athenæum Club, forming a perfect collection of autographs of as many of the most distinguished men of the day as could possibly get their names on the card which was to "back" Sir Francis's candidature. A huge volume here may be examined with interest. It contains no fewer than seven hundred letters of congratulation which its owner received—and faithfully answered every one—when he was appointed to the judicial vacancy in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division occasioned by the elevation of Sir James Hannen to the House of Lords. A smaller one is treasured which holds similar letters when Sir Francis was made President of the Division.

The hall—the entrance to which finds room for a magnificently carved oak cabinet—is very much like the gangway of a ship which leads to the saloon cabins. Indeed, it was constructed on this principle. A

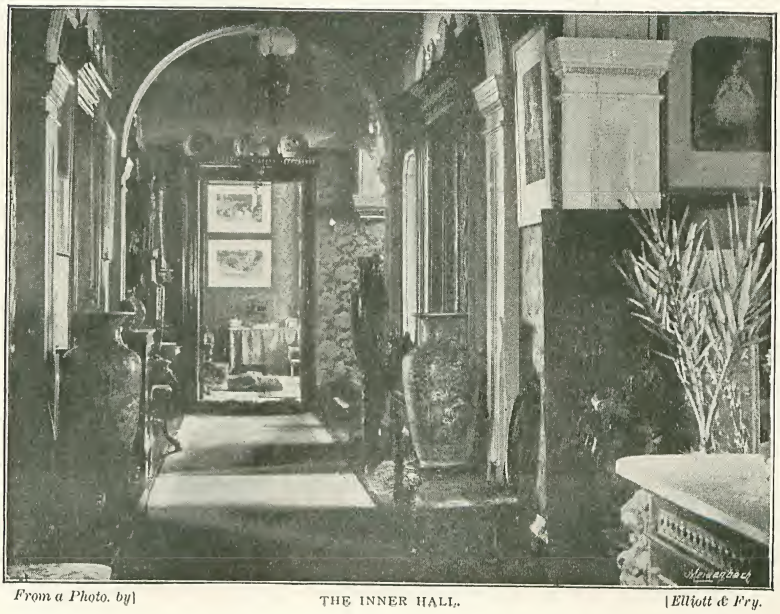
*From a Photo. by]* "RANDOLPH." *[Elliott & Fry.*



*From a Photo. by]* THE OUTER HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

former occupier of Arlington Manor being unable to get out of doors, and being nautically inclined, was wont to walk this hall and imagine he was on board. The first apartment on the right is the drawing-room. It is filled with flowers and portrait reminiscences of friends, whilst its pictures are admirable. There are two very fine pieces of mountain scenery by Lady Canning, a Prout, Loppe—and the old Dutch school is represented. Three pictures, however, are specially interesting. One is a grand Michiel van Mierevelt of Hugo Grotius, and given by him to Oliver Cromwell. It has only been in three or four hands, and was in the possession of an uncle of Sir Francis at the age of ninety-four, and he received it when quite young. It owes its exceptionally fine state of preservation to the fact that it has never been touched by the cleaner—it actually hung in one spot for over sixty years. The other two pictures are over the mantelpieces. One is a copy—the original being at Brahan Castle—of Lady Jeune's great-great-grandmother a daughter of Baron D'Aguilars, and, therefore, a Spanish Jewess, and the other is of Lady Jeune herself, by Miss Thompson.

The dining-room is hung with some exquisite tapestry, and in the centre of the oaken mantel-board is a painting of the late Bishop of Peterborough, Sir Francis Jeune's father. Sir Francis's own room upstairs is a very pleasant corner of the house. On a table —in very official-looking boxes, and, indeed, the only suggestion of judicial duties about the place—are the various patents granted to the President, and also those belonging to his father—who was Dean of



*From a Photo. by]* THE INNER HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Jersey, as well as filling the Episcopal See of Peterborough. Sir Francis merrily points out that the writ accompanying the patent making him a judge expresses in legal phraseology an invitation to pretermit all other business and go to Parliament.

"But they wouldn't let me in if I went there," he said.

There are a number of beautiful studies by Raphael here. Near the window is a bookcase containing many of the prizes Sir Francis won at school and college. We look at them together. Sir Francis takes down from one of the shelves a small volume of "Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare." It was given to him by Sir George Cornwall Lewis on the occasion of his tenth birthday.

"I value it," said Sir Francis, "because good nature is not a quality generally attributed to Sir George Cornwall Lewis."

There is much, very much, more to look at inside Arlington Manor—and one would like to refer at greater length to its many interior beauties; but the desire to take full advantage of the pleasant opportunity of having a talk with Sir Francis Jeune—and later on with Lady Jeune—leads one to hurry away from the apartments within and settle down in one of the wicker chairs on the veranda and listen to the quietly told story, and the impressive observations of the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division—at his country home.

Sir Francis Jeune is tall—his bearing is erect and stately. His hair is just turning grey—there is never a pleasant twinkle missing out of the immediate vicinity of his eyes. To watch Sir Francis in his court and to observe him in his home results in a conviction that his geniality and justness are as thorough and thoughtful in the one place as in the other. His temperament never seems to alter—he is always kind. He talks enthusiastically and generously about others—particularly his court officials—and quietly and modestly about himself. He has ideas, strong ideas, regarding the law's true administration and the best means of adapting it to the benefit of the public. But all his views are submitted gracefully—he never seeks to cram you with them or to say: "That's it, who can dispute what I say?" I have sat in his court and listened—I have occupied one of the wicker chairs on the veranda in front of the Hampshire Downs and listened, too. It has all amounted to the same thing. He is thoughtful and kind towards all men, both in his actions towards them and his ideas regarding them.

His first words to me, when we settled down to talk, were gratifying indeed.

"I have only been interviewed once before," he said, "and that was only on a small question."

"It is a big one now, Sir Francis—your life."

"Well, it was whilst my father was Dean of Jersey that I was born—on the 17th March, 1843. Though my early years were passed in the atmosphere of the Church, I was never clerically inclined. I was always intended for the Bar, and perhaps it was owing to my parentage that I acquired a practice in ecclesiastical law almost as soon as I was called. My first school was at Mr. Powle's, at Blackheath; then I went to Mr. Penrose's, at Exmouth. It was a school where most Devonshire county boys went—Sir Redvers

Buller left a year before I went, though I was there with his brother. We were admirably taught, and this was the reason why I was placed as high as I could be when I went to Harrow. There I remained for five years—four of which I passed under Dr. Vaughan and the other under Dr. Butler.

"Dr. Vaughan was a man with a most gentle manner and a soft, deliberate voice, and I never saw him agitated. But he was as firm as iron, and a complete specimen of the pussy cat who could always show its claws when disturbed. He was polite to a degree—even, I believe, when flogging a boy!"

Sir Francis went into the house, and returned very shortly with another volume of letters which he preserves. He turned over the pages, and at last found the one he wanted. It was on blue paper, and the writing was very bad, but its contents were good. It was a letter from the great Lord Brougham to Sir Francis's father, and it told how Brougham had been to Harrow on Speech Day, and seen one of the best *Shylocks* on or off the stage played by the President in embryo.

Young Jeune did well at Harrow, and he is remembered there to-day, for on every successive advancement in life that has befallen him, the Harrow boys have had a holiday — and not a few either. Young Jeune got many prizes, and crowned his Harrow days by winning the Balliol Scholarship. He matriculated the day on which the Prince Consort was buried. He was at Balliol when Jowett was in his prime.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE'S FATHER.
*From a Painting.*

"He had very strong characteristics," continued Sir Francis, "and his extreme love for Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' was remarkable. He knew it better than any man, and was always quoting it. I remember just before I went up for my final he asked me if I was nervous. I told him rather so. He said:—

"'Never mind—you'll do in the schools better than what you think. Remember the story of Dr. Dodd and Dr. Johnson. When Dr. Dodd was in prison he preached a very fine sermon on the Sunday before he was hanged. People went to Johnson and told him they believed he had written it. 'Depend upon it, sir,' said Johnson to one of them, 'depend upon it that a man's faculties are considerably quickened when he is going to be hanged!'"

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Sir Francis did brilliantly at Oxford, gaining both the Stanhope Prize and Arnold Prize. The former gave occasion to an intensely interesting letter from Dean Stanley. Again the volume of letters was consulted, and a few pages further on from Lord Brougham's note was the missive. Sir Francis opened his Stanhope essay with Matthew Arnold's words :—

"I rejoice to see it," said Dr. Arnold, as he stood on one of the arches of the Birmingham railway, and saw the train pass on through the distant hedgerows — "I rejoice to see it, and to think that feudality is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct."

And this was a most generous, though undoubtedly well-deserved, tribute from Stanley — saying that it was he to whom these words of Dr. Arnold were first addressed.

Here is the letter :—

"June 22nd, 1863.

"6, Grosvenor Crescent, London.

"MY DEAR JEUNE, —Many thanks for your essay. I have read it with much interest, as I heard those few sentences which you delivered with so much effect and discretion with much pleasure. There was probably no one in the theatre to whom your opening sentences came with so much force as to myself. It is not often that such a good fortune can fall to anyone as to hear the chance sayings which he remembered thirty years before falling from the lips of a dear friend, in a solitary walk through the fields of Warwickshire, repeated with all the energy and weight of an authoritative maxim before the most magnificent assemblage that could have been gathered together in England or perhaps in the world.

"Yours very faithfully,

"A. P. STANLEY."

"I left Oxford when I was twenty-one," said Sir Francis, "and proceeded to London immediately and began to study law. Acting under the advice of Lord Westbury, I began by reading in a conveyancer's chambers. I went to Mr. Ebenezer Charles, brother of the present Mr. Justice Charles, a most accomplished lawyer; and happily in the same chambers was Mr. James, afterwards Lord Justice James. James was a brilliant man — but lazy, physically not intellectually, and the pupils had full leave to read his briefs, and tell him their contents and the authorities. His remarks were worth anything to a student. My other legal masters were the great pleaders, Mr. Bullen

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.
*From a Sketch by Harry Furniss.*

and the present Mr. Justice Wills. I was called to the Bar in 1868, but previous to that I went for a year into a solicitor's office, the firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton. That was worth a great deal to me—the experience gained there was perfectly invaluable. As soon as I was called I was engaged in one very big lawsuit that ran into several years; almost all the great lawyers of the day were connected with it. In that way I not only had excellent employment during my first four years at the Bar, but also made the acquaintance of many eminent barristers."

Sir Francis Jeune was for twenty-three years at the Bar, and, when made a judge in 1891, was raised to the Bench with a record that he had been associated with many kinds of legal cases. He participated in much ecclesiastical work—sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other—when "Ritual" raged strong in the land. He had experience in bankruptcy proceedings, Common Law, Probate and Divorce, and considerable Parliamentary practice fell to his lot.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

He did much Privy Council work.

"I frequently held briefs for the Government of Canada, whose general retainer I held, and also other briefs from Canada," said Sir Francis, "and one of these gave rise to a dramatic incident. I was instructed to apply to the Privy Council for leave to appeal on account of some technical flaws in a trial for murder in Canada—the man having been convicted. Whilst I was arguing and hoping to make a good impression on the Court, a telegram was put into my hands. It read: 'So-and-so (the criminal) was hanged by order of the Governor-General at nine o'clock this morning'! It did not seem necessary to continue the argument after that. I recollect my point: it was that the case had never been sent before a grand jury!

"Ballantine! Yes, I was on several occasions associated with him. He was the most brilliant cross-examiner I ever heard—I don't say the best, for he never knew his brief. But his tact and readiness were extraordinary. I remember a divorce suit—in which the husband petitioned against the wife. Ballantine and I appeared for the petitioner. The evidence was very much in favour of the wife as given by her maid—a very modest, unassuming girl. It came to Ballantine's turn to cross-examine.

"'What shall I ask her?' he said to me.

"At that moment somebody at the back of the court—I never found out who—whispered to me: 'She had an illegitimate child while in her late mistress's service!'

"I whispered this on to Ballantine, adding that I knew of no ground whatever for the imputation. He got up—and something like the following took place:

"Ballantine: 'I believe something serious happened whilst you were in your late mistress's service?'

"Maid: 'Yes, sir.'

"'Something very serious?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'I believe you left?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'When you left, did she mention it to your new mistress?'

"'No, sir.'

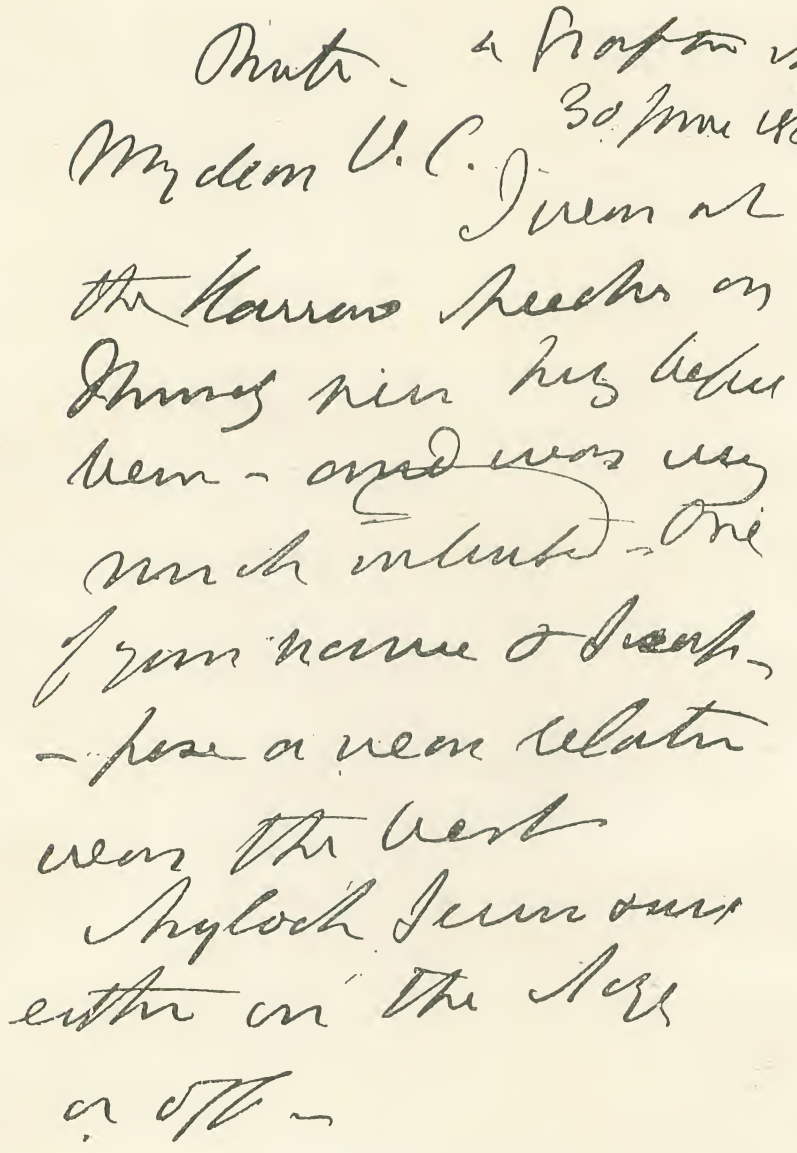
"'If she had done so, do you think you would have got your present situation?'

"'No, sir.'

"'If she were to mention it, do you think your mistress would keep you?'

"'No, sir.'

"Ballantine sat down. Sir John Karslake, for the respondent, thought it best not to re-examine, and Lord Hannen, in summing up, remarked that no doubt there might be something in the matter to which Serjeant Ballantine had referred, which might induce the girl to desire to stand well with her mistress, and Sir John Karslake had not felt inclined to re-



LORD BROUGHAM'S LETTER.

examine! We won our case. The real truth, I believe, was that something—some article or the other—had been lost, and the girl was supposed to have been implicated in it.

"I have had doubts since whether the tactics were perfectly defensible—but you see the skill. Absolutely nothing was risked, because it would have been easy to retreat if the first answer had been unfavourable. A blundering advocate would have blurted out the offensive suggestion, got an indignant negative, set the judge and jury against him, and been considered a brute.

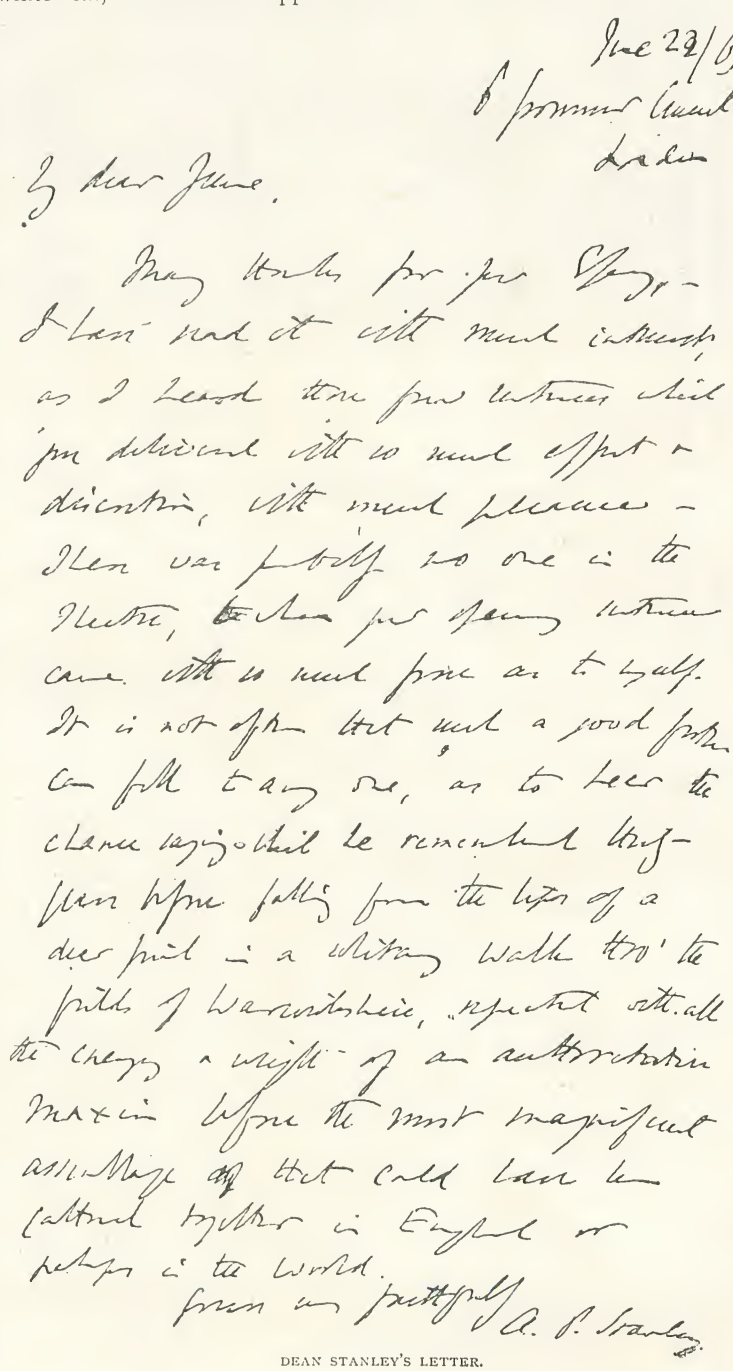
"Now," suddenly exclaimed Sir Francis, "are you good for a walk to Donnington Castle—we can just do it before luncheon?"

So we started, looking in at the stables on our way, to admire Queen, a purchase of Lady Jeune's, who, by-the-bye, is a capital judge of horseflesh; and Cardinal, so named, as it was bought during the run of "Richelieu" at the Lyceum; the riding ponies of the young ladies, Sir Francis's cob, and a Devonshire pony, recently given to Sir Francis's son by Lord Portsmouth. We stood for a moment at the animals' burying-ground—

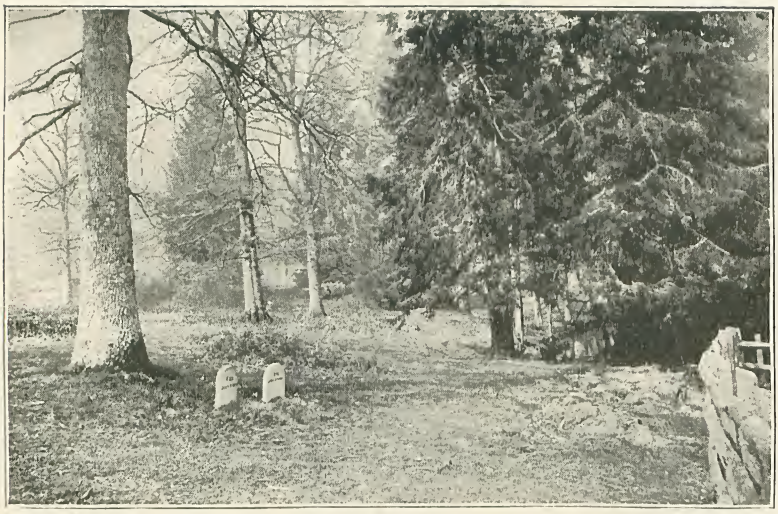
about a couple of hundred yards from the house. The greensward round the stones put up to the memory of Fox, a dog who died on July 2, 1892, and poor old Tim, who breathed her last on April 13, 1893, was covered with primroses. Poor old Tim. She was a favourite white cat, whom Sir Francis had had for fifteen years. She died very peacefully in the end. She always waited for her master at the top of the stairs, and, when her days were numbered, just lay down—under Sir Francis's chair in the dining-room—and died.

We talked on many things on our way to the famous old castle.

The Ballantine incident led me to ask Sir Francis if he thought counsel were generally fair. "Yes; emphatically yes," he replied. "I have known leading counsel, over and over again, resist great pressure to put forward points they knew were not sound, and to adopt courses of which they did not approve. You will never get law for nothing. I strongly suspect it is as cheap now as ever it will be. It is a great thing to have got rid of technicalities to the extent to which this has been accomplished. The public owe much to Lord Esher's presidency of the Court of Appeal in this matter. You ask me if purely family cases could not be settled at the dining-room table or over the fire. I don't think it possible. No feelings are so bitter as family feelings, and I think it is quite impossible that these matters should often be settled without the decision of a court of law. They often are settled when the cases get into court, because no litigant ever knows the weakness and strength of his case or of his opponent's case until it is in his counsel's



DEAN STANLEY'S LETTER.



*From a Photo. by]* PETS' BURIAL GROUND. *[Elliott & Fry.*

hands, when he quickly becomes acquainted with the real situation."

"And divorce, Sir Francis?"

"The Divorce Court as we have it now has been in existence since 1857, and in proportion to the population, the number of divorces has not increased. I see a French legal writer of eminence has recently said that the French had in five years after their Divorce Act as many cases as we in thirty after ours. Even allowing for the difference between the laws of the two countries, it is not unsatisfactory as a comparison. Divorce in this country is a far easier thing than is popularly supposed. If a man can prove he does not get a pound a week, he is entitled to a divorce free, and there are always counsel who are kind enough to conduct his case for him. If he does not get counsel, the judge has often to pose as such, which is perhaps rather hard on the judge. Only about 5 per cent. of the divorce cases come from the upper classes—the remainder from the middle, lower, and frequently the pauper classes. The public hear very little of them—they are only interested in cases where the parties concerned are known and the interests at stake are big. But, to my mind, every divorce case in itself is sensational—be they rich or poor concerned—sensational because it is so severely serious. A divorce court should be and is the most serious of courts. If a person laughs, it is not so much the usher who puts it down as the public in the gallery themselves!"

Sir Francis said that he frequently gets through twenty cases of divorce a day, and sometimes sixty probate and divorce summonses and motions. He knows the points of each case—more particularly in the latter—they have been prepared for him by the registrar, and when a counsel rises and starts what promises to be a long discussion, the judge courteously stops him and requests him to argue the one main point. A judge's work is very much misunderstood by the public. When the Court rises at four, he frequently spends a couple of hours in getting ready his notes for summing up, which may come at any time if a case collapses. He must often spend the intervening days between Friday and Monday in "looking into the case."

"And do you think the present divorce laws are satisfactory?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, thoughtfully, "fairly so. Of course it is said that men and women should be in exactly the same position, as is the case in Scotland; but there is much to be said for our law. One matter does, I think, require alteration. As the law stands, if a woman gets a divorce from her husband and she is given the custody of the children, the man need only keep them until they are sixteen. In many classes of society children require to be educated and maintained till much later, and it is frequently a great tax on the woman."

"And the Press—would you have divorce cases suppressed in the newspapers?"

"I am perfectly satisfied with the Press. Their discretion is admirable, and I have never felt disposed seriously to disapprove of a newspaper for over-reporting. The Press is the voice of the country. Justice is a public thing, and the administration of justice should be given all publicity. If this were not done, how would the public ever know that litigants were getting their rights? Newspaper reports to-day are pretty much as they should be."

We arrived at Donnington, and Sir Francis enthusiastically went over all the part the

old pile had played in the long-ago days of rebellion.

We reached the house again, and entered it with a hearty laugh, for Sir Francis had just told a story which would tend to prove that you will never shape the divorce laws to suit everybody. A Frenchman applied for a divorce, but he had no witnesses. He got them the next day, and his application was granted. A few days afterwards Sir Francis received a letter from him, asking if it would not be possible to curtail the necessary six months in order to make the decree absolute, as the Frenchman had come across a very charming widow with money, and he was afraid that the lady might not be willing to wait six months.

"He made a strong appeal to my sympathies," said Sir Francis, "and I did sympathize, but I could not help him."

It was a very happy evening at Arlington Manor after dinner. Lady Jeune afforded me the opportunity I sought. Few women are better known in the charitable world than Lady Jeune, but it is only when one has met her that one realizes how very practical she is in her deeds of kindness. With a head of perfect silver hair, and keen, bright eyes, she just fixes them on you and says exactly what she thinks. There is nothing hesitating about her—she always appears to know what is best and acts up to it; what will succeed, and it does.

"My childhood," said Lady Jeune, "was passed in Scotland. I was brought up very homely, in a very strict way, with two sisters and a brother. I never came to London until I was eighteen. I cannot tell you how I came to do the things that you suggest I do. I think, perhaps, I drifted into them—but I have always been deeply interested in my own sex, and for the last thirteen or fourteen years particularly so."

"And children?" I hinted.

"Yes, and the little ones, too. My Holiday Fund? Oh, yes. It is about eight years old. Mr. Labouchere had some money given him, and I told him if he would let me have it I would take up the work. I began with £500, and have had as much as £1,800 to spend in the summer months. We board the children out in Essex, Berkshire, Oxfordshire—in fact, in places within easy distance of London, and where the pure, free air is sure. I am a manager of two groups of schools in the poorest parts of London—Shoreditch and Bethnal Green—so that I have a very good choice of really poor, deserving children, to whom the country meadows is like a peep into Heaven. I make no distinction as far as denominations go. Last year I sent away 1,200 children."

MISS MADELINE STANLEY. MASTER F. C. S. JEUNE. MISS DOROTHY STANLEY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

Lady Jeune is also interested in factory girls and tired mothers, whilst her Rescue Home in the North of London contains a large laundry business.

I gathered much of the greatest interest from Lady Jeune. The "Revolt of the Daughters" question mystifies her. There is always a certain proportion of young women who don't get on at home, and an outside remedy will never be found. It must be found—if it can be found—in the home

itself. The woman of to-day is a very different sort of person from what she was twenty-five or thirty years ago. The girl of to-day may be more interesting, but she is certainly not so fresh—she knows too much, attempts too much. Twenty-five years ago a woman had no opinions until she was married. Girls of to-day start in their teens, and Lady Jeune thinks they do themselves more harm than good. You cannot have enough athletics for Lady Jeune—that is why the girls of 1894 are so much better grown, taller, and "finer animals," than were those of years ago; but she questions if their children will be equally good-looking and physically developed. The rapidity of life and excitement which many women lead must tell on them. She regards woman's too great love for amusement as being at the bottom of the cause of so many unhappy married homes. Why are there not more real friendships between man and wife? Let that be so, and the home would be home for both. She is a firm advocate of technical education.

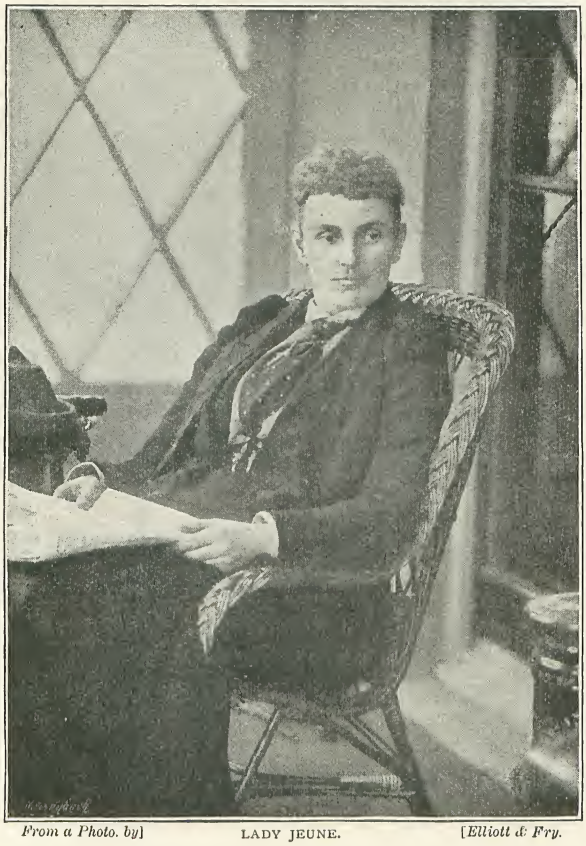
"I believe in bigger girls being taught in class," said Lady Jeune; "it does a girl good to work with other girls. Boys? Let every boy be taught a trade at *school*—his father's trade for choice. Opportunity—as it is to-day—is levelled for all, and whether the boy is the son of a duke or the son of a working-man—a Board school boy—their opportunities and chances of real and true success in life are more equal than formerly."

"Then how would you meet the wants of your surplus boy population, Lady Jeune," I asked—"the lads of the slums, whose family motto is 'No work, and plenty of it'?"

"Either by emigration, or by some scheme such as the idea of the Gordon Boys' Home carried out on a small scale, which would enable them after training to become soldiers or sailors," replied Lady Jeune.

It was during the walk back over the fields from Donnington Castle that Sir Francis Jeune paid a magnificent tribute to the abilities of the late Lord Hannen—both as a lawyer and a man. On my return to town the following evening the newspaper placards had the announcement of Lord Hannen's death!

HARRY HOW.

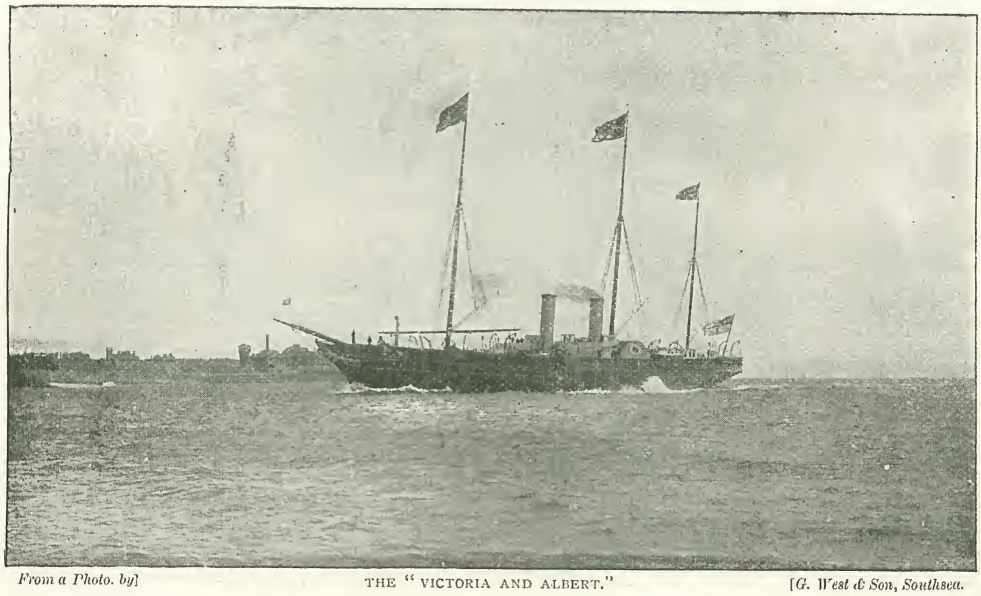


*From a Photo. by]* LADY JEUNE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

# *The Queen's Yacht.*

By Mrs. M. Griffith.

(*By special permission of Her Majesty the Queen.*)



*From a Photo. by]* THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT." *[G. West & Son, Southsea.*

THE *Victoria and Albert* is a paddle vessel of 2,470 tons, built by Her Majesty's Government and launched from Pembroke Dock in 1855. Her dimensions are: extreme length, 336ft. 4in.; breadth of deck, 40ft.; displacement in tons, when deep, 2,390 tons.

Her engines make twenty-one revolutions a minute, and are supplied by four boilers, with six furnaces to each. It takes about six tons of coal to get up steam, and about three tons an hour to keep her at full speed. Highest indicated horse-power, 2,400.

Her Majesty the Queen made her first cruise in her on July 12th, 1855.

What will first strike any visitor going on board the *Victoria and Albert* is the utter lack of luxury and magnificence of decoration and furniture in the Royal apartments. The most perfect simplicity, combined with good taste, prevails everywhere. It would be well for those who complain of the cost of our Royal yachts to compare them with those of other nations, and note the difference.

The deck is covered with linoleum, over which red carpeting is laid when the Queen is on board; and plenty of lounges and cushions laid about and many plants, which contrast pleasantly with the white and gold with which the vessel is painted. She is lit electrically throughout, having forty-two accumulating cells. She carries two brass guns (six pounders) for signalling only. There is a pretty little five-o'clock-tea cabin on deck, which has a hood coming down from the doorway, as a protection from the wind. There is also a miniature armoury, lamp-room, chart-room, and a number of lockers for signalling-flags.

All the Royal apartments have the floors covered with red and black Brussels carpet, in small coral pattern; the walls hung with rosebud chintz, box pleated; the doors of bird's-eye maple, with handles of iron, and fittings heavily electro-plated. Her Majesty's bedroom has a brass bedstead screwed into sockets in the floor, bed furniture of rose-bud chintz lined with green silk, canopy to match, green silk blinds, and plain white muslin curtains with goffered frills, mahogany furniture, chintz-covered. Dressing-room: mahogany furniture, covered with green leather, writing and dressing table combined; the walls covered with maps and charts on spring rollers.

The wardrobe-room, in which Her Majesty's dresser sleeps, is furnished in a similar style;

*From a]* THE DECK. *[Photograph.*

and here I saw a boat cloak of blue embossed velvet, lined with scarlet cloth, and another made entirely of scarlet cloth and with the "Star" on the front, which once belonged to George IV., but is now sometimes worn by the Queen.

In the Princess Royal's room—as it is still called—the furniture is of maple, an electric light pendant hangs over the toilet table, the walls are a pale salmon colour, and the cornice a shell pattern in white and gold, the ceiling done in imitation of plaster.

The cabin which was formerly occupied by the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh contains two little brass bedsteads, maple furniture, decorated with the Prince of Wales' Feathers; and the Tutor's cabin opens out of it.

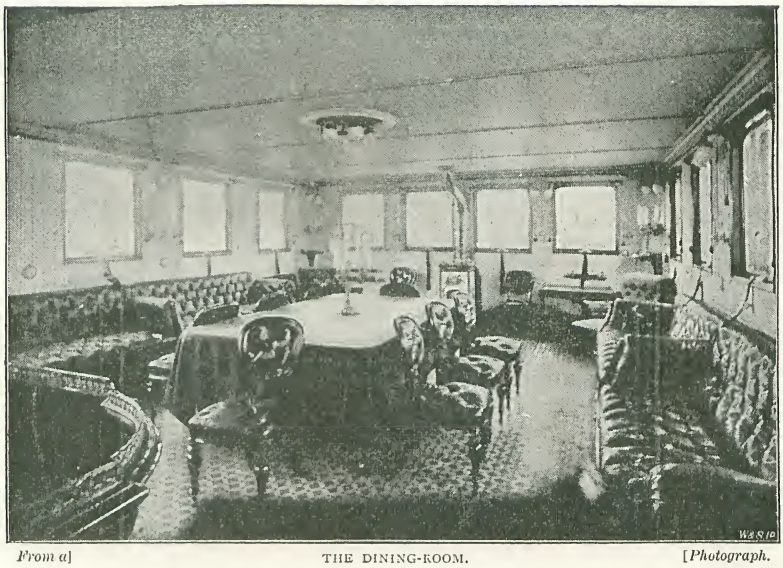
The pavilion, or breakfast-room, has mahogany furniture covered in leather, and a couple of large saddle-bag easy chairs, a very handsome painted porcelain stove, and frilled muslin curtains to all the parts.

The dining-room is furnished in a similar way, but the walls are hung with charts and portraits of the former captains of the vessel, who were as follows: (1) Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, (2) Sir Joseph Denman, (3) George Henry Seymour, C.B., (4) His Serene Highness Prince of Leiningen, (5) Captain Hugh Campbell, and (6) Captain Frank Thompson. A very handsome candelabrum is of nautical

*From a Photo. by]* THE PAVILION. *[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

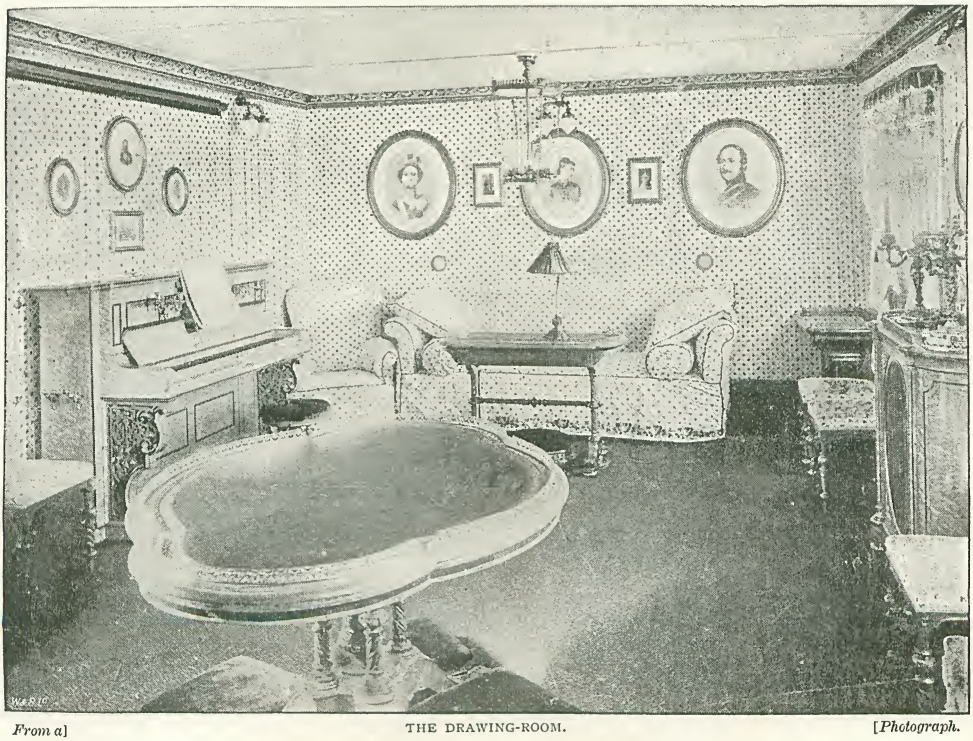
design, and the brass coal scuttle is fashioned like a nautilus shell; walls, salmon; and cornice, white and gold, in "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle" design.

Her Majesty's drawing-room is 26ft. by 18ft. 6in. The walls chintz-covered, and hung with portraits of the Royal Family in oval gilt frames, in the same design as the cornice; the furniture of bird's-eye maple; the coverings, all of chintz, to match the walls. Two large sofas, one at each end of the room; two or three easy chairs, the others high-backed; an "Erard" piano, book-case and cabinet combined, writing-table, occasional tables, and an oval centre table, comprise the whole of the furniture. I noticed a very handsome reading-lamp of copper and brass, for electric light, with a portable connection, so that it can be used in any part of the room. The bells have also the same contrivance. The two chandeliers, for six candles each, are of the same design as the one in the dining-room.

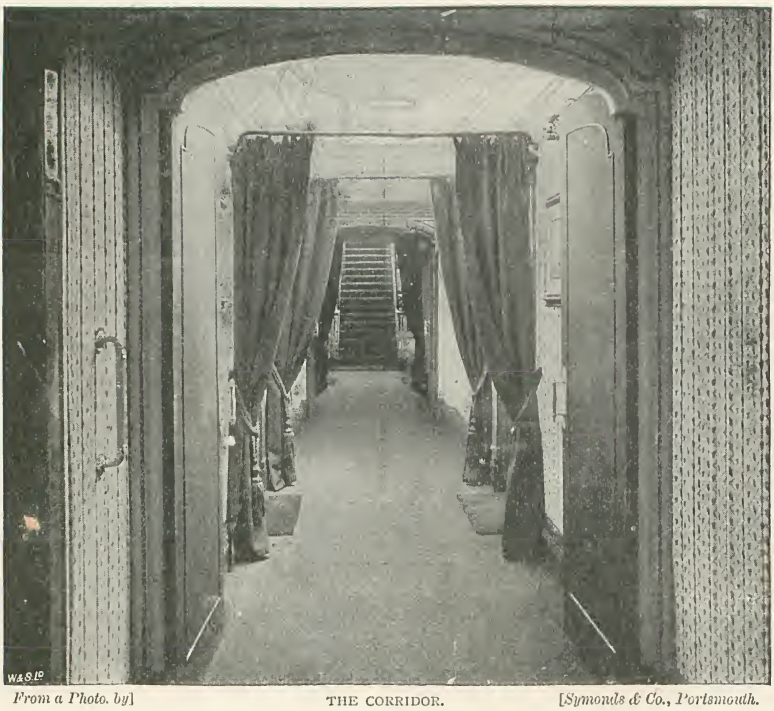


*From a]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Photograph.*

The corridor leading to the Royal apart-



*From a]* THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Photograph.*



*From a Photo. by]* THE CORRIDOR. *[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

ments is hung with rich green silk damask curtains, and on the walls are water-colour paintings of several of Her Majesty's ships, done by the boys of Christ's Hospital. The staircase is very wide and handsome, of maple, with gold and white balustrades.

The Ladies-in-Waiting have their cabins on the starboard side in the fore part of the vessel, and the Lords on the port side; they have also a commodious dining-room, decorated in white and gold. Her Majesty's servants have twelve cabins, six of them fitted up for two people. In addition to these there are numerous domestic offices, a dispensary, the officers' cabins, and accommodation for the crew, which numbers 170.

Her Majesty the Queen is never now longer on board than forty-eight hours at a time, and the vessel is kept in such perfect order that only twelve hours' notice is required to prepare her for the reception of Royalty.

*From a]* CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT." *[Photograph.*

By E. M. Hewitt.

We lodged in a street together :
You a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she bird of his feather.

I.

MARIGOLD PLACE is a blind alley turning out of the animal life and ugliness of the Harrow Road. No. 7 is Mrs. Xerxes'. She was unique among landladies, never having seen better days. The oldest inhabitant of the Place had no other recollection of her, girl and matron, than as a limping slattern with a squint, wearing a sackcloth bib-apron and a ragged, rusty crape bonnet. Mrs. Xerxes' sole source of income, in addition to occasional charing, was derived from her lodgers—a colony of obscure workers, with much shabby tragedy underlying their daily absences. Little Miss Barberry, the upholsteress, who lived on the third-floor back, was Mrs. Xerxes' model lodger, or, as she expressed it, "the only 'let' that does credit to the 'ouse."

Madge Barberry was a very pretty girl, refined in voice, manner, and appearance, with delicate features, soft, dark eyes, and glossy brown hair loosely coiled on the top of her head. She always wore black, with a white apron, and a chatelaine of keys, scissors, and needle-case hung on a long ribbon at her waist. She lived in one room, poorly furnished, for which Mrs. Xerxes condescended to accept three-and-sixpence weekly. It was little more than a garret, hideous with the miserable appointments and musty atmosphere of the low-life London lodging-house. But, as for outlook, it was much better off than Paul Vespan's, on the other side of the landing. Through its grimy windows there was a glimpse of green Virginia creeper climbing up the dingy walls of the opposite mews ; whereas, the third-floor front only commanded the depressing prospect of the narrow street. Madge merely knew Mr. Vespan by sight. They had met on the stairs, passing each other with that curious blending of shyness and suspicion which characterizes the relation of London fellow-lodgers. Once or twice Paul had heard her singing ; she had a sweet voice.

Mr. Vespan ranked next to Miss Barberry in Mrs. Xerxes' estimation.

"Bookish, but with a good 'eart. Shabby, but quite a gentleman," ran the landlady's verdict. Madge chose to take him for a poet. He was a tall, fair young man, with a pale face and sad, serious eyes. The little upholsteress, who was not a philosopher, and had never read Emerson, had, nevertheless, long ago "renounced ideals and accepted London." Her life had always been hard. Before her birth her parents had lost their all in one of those financial disasters which sometimes overtake the most prosperous communities. The father died broken-hearted. Madge worked bravely for her mother until she, too, went from her. Then the orphan faced the world with a slender yearly pittance of twenty pounds. Such lives are too common in London to stand for romance. She was generally lucky in getting work, and one cannot starve on a shilling a day.

Paul Vespan, whom Mrs. Xerxes believed to be "something in the City," was much poorer than Madge; but he had a Hope, which he meant to convert into money some day. Meanwhile, he carried it about in the breast-pocket of his shabby coat in the shape of a roll of MS. The sheets were torn at the edges and blackened with frequent post-marks —the scars of repeated disappointments. But all day long they nestled near the poet's heart. For the truth of Paul Vespan was what Madge Barberry had divined, though Mrs. Xerxes also had right on her side. Her lodger was a sandwich-man. He had not come to London with that intention, but he had fallen to it. His people, well-to-do, narrow-minded country folk, took it for granted that he was getting on. The fact was, he was on the verge of starvation.

II.

It was sultry summer evening in Marigold Place. Madge Barberry, who had worked far into the twilight, was sitting at her open window with idly folded hands. Overhead the glassy sky was brilliant with stars. Down in the mews the lamps flickered fitfully behind their panes. From time to time the silence was broken by the shrill screams of gutter children at play, or by the impatient stamp of a horse in its stall. Madge was singing to herself, but her thoughts were wandering away from the song to Mr. Vespan. The motherliness in her tender young heart had been touched by the sight of his wan, weary face, as it passed her on the stairs that morning. He walked languidly, and seemed paler than usual. But, then, the heat was very trying. Fierce enough in Marigold Place, it was worse, no doubt, in the City. Could it have been a mere fancy, too, that he looked at her, as she hurried by, with timid, pitiful eyes, that seemed to ask her help? Poor Paul! It would have done him good to know how much sympathetic interest he was exciting in this stranger's heart.

Mrs. Xerxes limped upstairs after supper, and found her lodger in the dark. Madge economized in lights all the summer.

"If you please, Miss Barberry," said Mrs. Xerxes, who brought with her a strong odour of fried fish, "I've taken the liberty to get a job for you."

"That is very kind of you, Mrs. Xerxes," smiled Madge.

"THAT IS VERY KIND OF YOU."

"I 'oped you would take it that way, miss. It's where I was charing to-day. The young ladies are doin' up their rooms, and they asked me if I could recommend a respectable young person for upholstery. So I put in a word for you, thinking that every little helps."

"Indeed, it does, Mrs. Xerxes. Where is the house? And when am I to go?"

"To-morrow, at nine. Here's the address."

Mrs. Xerxes extricated a scrap of dirty paper from her pocket, and handed it to Madge. Then she went hobbling downstairs again.

A little later, a man who had groped his way up the narrow stairs stopped on the third-floor landing, gasping for breath. Madge was singing—her chatelaine jingling, not unmusically, for accompaniment—as she moved about her room. It was a sweet song, sweet with hope and promise:—

Sing high. Tho' the red sun dip
There is yet a day for me;
Nor youth I count for a ship
That was long ago lost at sea.

But the words fell with pathetic irony on Paul Vespan's ears, that must shortly be deaf to the sound of all human voices.

Did the lost love die and depart?
Many times since have we met;
For I hold the years in my heart,
And all that was is yet.

That verse was not for him. The light-hearted singer, no doubt, had had her love-passages, but she had evidently outlived them. He had no such memories to console or to detain him. He had lived solitary and misunderstood. He must die alone. Who would be sorry for him? Not this heartless singer, certainly. Poor Madge, who had been troubled, even in her singing, for her poet!

Paul turned into his room, and began to grope about for a match. Then he felt in his pockets. They were empty. He was poor, indeed. Fate had not left him so much as a light for his last journey. Nor was this the only delay. Across the landing a sweet voice called him back with tender insistence—

There is yet a day for me!

If only he could believe it! He had grown weary waiting for its dawn. The Poet's day is long in coming.

Nor youth I count for a ship
That was long ago lost at sea!

If it might be so! Paul staggered out of his dark room into the darkness beyond, clutching blindly at the air, for he was weak with long fasting. The song broke off. A woman called across the landing:—

"Who is there?"

"It is I."

"That's a starving man," said Madge to herself, "and it's Mr. Vespan's voice. What do you want?" she asked, opening her door.

"A light."

"Wait a moment. I will bring you one."

She came out and stood in the doorway,

"SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

shading a flickering candle with her hand. The delicate face and slender figure were sharply silhouetted on Paul Vespan's fading consciousness. If he had meant to live, here was a woman worth living for. But he had done with possibilities. She went up to him and looked bravely into his white face.

"You are very ill," she said, gently.

"I shall be better soon."

Madge's quick eyes travelled down to his shaking hand. It had closed like a vice over some hidden treasure; but not before his good angel had seen it. Her own face paled as she bent above him.

"Give me that bottle," she said, quietly.

But, as the dark blue phial with its orange label slipped from Paul Vespan's nerveless fingers to hers, the little upholsteress burst into tears.

"Don't cry," said the man, hoarsely. "I am not worth it."

"You never meant it. No, my poor boy, no. You were unhappy—tired. It was all a mistake."

He fell back, gasping, against the wall.

"You had no right——"

"It would have been easier than—did you ever see anyone die of—starvation——?"

"You are not——"

"Yes, I am."

"Let me get you something."

"Anything—I am so hungry."

What should she do? She had spent her daily shilling. But to-morrow she would be sure of a dinner: to-morrow's pittance should go to this starving man.

Her poet was starving! That awful cry, going up hourly from the heart of the Great City, had never come home to Madge Barberry before. True, the horror had sometimes seemed imminent in her own life, but her brave hands, made desperate by love, had always kept it at bay. For the sake of her dead mother, who had been spared this martyrdom, she must save Paul Vespan. Quick as thought, she ran downstairs and knocked at the kitchen door. Mrs. Xerxes came out, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Deary me, Miss Barberry, whatever's the matter?"

"Will you come upstairs, Mrs. Xerxes? Mr. Vespan has fainted outside his door. He looks very ill. Perhaps he's hungry. Would you take this and buy what he wants until—until he gets better?"

"I always said you were the lady born, Miss Barberry," observed Mrs. Xerxes, looking down at the silver coin which Madge had pressed into her grimy hand; "but I don't know that I ought to take this from you. What would Mr. Vespan say?"

"Please, please don't tell him," cried poor Madge, in an agony of apprehension. "Let him think it's you."

## III.

MADGE went to her work next morning at nine, after a sleepless night. Mrs. Xerxes stopped her on the stairs to whisper that Mr. Vespan was much better. He had begged her to say to Miss Barberry that he hoped he had not frightened her, and to thank her for her kindness.

"Mrs. Xerxes! You never told him?"

"Bless you, my dear; he meant his fainting. I was mum about the money."

Madge nodded, much relieved, and resumed her way.

Her destination was within easy reach of Marigold Place. It was a stately red-brick house, one of a fashionable avenue, the blue window-boxes gaily crowded with white and scarlet flowers. The upholsteress was shown into the young ladies' boudoir. Two pretty girls were standing at a table, looking through a book of patterns in cretonne. They were twin sisters, and always spoke together. When the servant announced "The young person from Mrs. Xerxes'," both turned on Madge.

"Do you think you could upholster a cosy corner for us—Miss Barberry, isn't it? Then we want curtains to match. Can you make curtains? Which of these cretonnes will look best? How many yards will it take? May we stay and watch you work?"

Madge contrived to give lucid answers to all their questions, and proved invaluable to the sisters, who were delighted with her. They wasted a whole morning discussing and suggesting; but Madge had her dinner, and they insisted on her staying to tea also.

She went home at six. Mrs. Xerxes darted out of the kitchen, pointing mysteriously over her shoulder.

"He's in there."

"Who?"

"Mr. Vespan. I got him downstairs for a change. Suppose you go in and see him?"

"I?"

"Why not? Where's the harm? But for you, I'd like to know where he'd be!"

"Hush! He might hear you," whispered Madge.

"Not he. Well, will you come?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mrs. Xerxes threw open the door of her sitting-room.

"I've brought Miss Barberry to see you, sir."

Paul Vespan turned his head languidly.

In Mrs. Xerxes' back yard, among battered tins and broken bottles, a Madonna lily had grown up, tall, and strong, and pure. It reminded the poet of Madge Barberry, as he saw her then.

"I have much to thank you for," he said, "though you saved a worthless life."

Madge looked round nervously; but Mrs. Xerxes had disappeared.

"How wicked I must seem to you!" Paul

Vespan went on, in his weak, weary voice; "but if you knew what I have suffered!"

"I think I do know," said Madge, gently. "Life in London is very hard. And it is hardest for such as you are."

Paul looked at her inquiringly.

"That is——?"

"Perhaps you will laugh at me."

"No, no. Tell me."

"I took you for a poet."

"It is the truth."

"Not really!"

"But it is no use. There is no room for me anywhere. Board-carrying is more lucrative."

"Board-carrying?"

"Yes. Does it shock you? I am a sandwich-man by profession; a poet by accident."

"Oh! it can't be true!" cried Madge, passionately. "You — you, a sandwich-man?"

"One and twopence a day is poor pay; but I assure you it's better than poetry."

"Some day——"

"Yes. I know. I have heard that so often. But one never comes up with 'some day.' Perhaps you are not ambitious?"

"No."

"How do you escape? It is in the air in London."

"I only have a wish. It is not great enough to be called an ambition."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

"Not now. I'm afraid I have let you talk too much as it is."

"No. It has done me good. What a happy face you have!"

"I am not unhappy."

"May you always remain so! Good-bye, then, since you must go. And thank you once more."

He held out his hand feebly, with a wan smile.

"And now—now, you will be brave, will you not? Try once more. Let me post your next poem for you. I may bring you luck."

"As you brought me light. I should be a churl to refuse you, to whom I owe my life. You *shall* post a poem for me. I have a penny in my pocket, the last, until I get another job. It shall buy a stamp."

"I AM A SANDWICH-MAN."

Then she went away, shutting Paul into loneliness once more. But she had also left a hope behind. He was a braver man for the contact of that sister-life, his fellow-toiler in the Great City. Her courage shamed him. She, too, was poor and lonely, but not a coward. He would be one no longer. Because she had saved his life, he could never again think meanly of it, nor lightly fling it away. At last his heart could join in her sunset song:—

There is yet a day for me!

He went up to his poor room presently

with a firmer step and a grateful glance across the landing to the door from which light had streamed to beckon him back to hope and life. He sat down in the twilight and began to think. First of all, he must find work or starve. Meanwhile, how was he living? On whose bounty? Mrs. Xerxes was a poor woman. She could not afford to be generous. To whom, then, did he owe it that he was not at this moment a homeless wanderer in the streets? Surely not to that strong, sweet woman to whom he owed his very life! His pale face flushed at the wild thought. Impossible, if her resources ran on anything like the same lines as his. He drew from his pocket the back of an old envelope, pencilled with figures. Madge Barberry's balance-sheet, indeed, compared favourably with this. On the credit side appeared six days' pay at 1s. 2d. per day for board-carrying. The debit side was made up of seven days' food, 2s. 4d.; lodging, 2s. 4d.; soap, 1d.; washing, 3d.; boots, 2s.

That was how Paul Vespan lived on seven shillings a week, and but for Madge Barberry, the record might have run "how he died" instead.

It was a pathetic little story; but, like Madge Barberry's, too everyday for romance in this city of sharp contrasts.

Then he rummaged amongst the contents of a battered cardboard box for the best of his poems, which he had promised to lend Madge. In the search he encountered frequent sharp reminders of past failure. Many a curt editorial note of rejection had drifted in between the loose sheets of MSS. Here, one "regretted that the accompanying manuscript was unsuitable to his pages, and returned it herewith."

Or another "presented his compliments to the writer of the accompanying article, which he returned with thanks."

But in the strength of the new life which he was facing, these stabs were pin-pricks. He would try once more, as that sweet voice had urged.

IV.

MADGE and her poet did not meet again for several days. Meanwhile, she posted his letter "for luck." He also left a roll of MS. at her door with "Paul Vespan's compliments." She read the poems in her leisure moments, which were few; for she now went daily to the red house in the avenue. The cosy corner made splendid progress, and the twins were more than ever enchanted with their upholsteress.

With a rebel thought of the poet thrusting itself between the lines, Madge read the verses to a finish; and then seized a regretful opportunity to return them.

She gave them back to him reverently.

"They are all very beautiful," she said: "I wonder no one listens; but I am sure they will some day."

Dear critic! If she were all he had to fear!

"I am glad you like them," he said.

"HE RUMMAGED AMONGST THE CONTENTS."

"Is there any news yet of the other?" she asked.

"Not yet."

But Madge was to hear it first.

The next afternoon when she was at the avenue, a red-faced old gentleman with white hair put his head in at the door of the work-room, and then beat a hasty retreat.

"Come in, papa," chorused the twins; "it's only Miss Barberry."

"I'll look in presently. I only came to tell you I've found a poet."

"Papa! Not really! Where is he?"

"Marigold Place, Harrow Road, of all localities in the world."

"Why, that's where Mrs. Xerxes lives!" said one of the sisters, and then she looked at Madge.

"They're a very promising set of verses," went on the editor, impressively, "but I don't know that I can find room for them."

"Oh, please, please, don't send them back, sir! It will kill him."

"Eh? What? Who's this?" exclaimed the editor, looking severely over his glasses at Madge, and from her to his daughters. "Do you know this Paul Vespan, young woman?"

"Yes, sir. He lives in the house where I lodge. And he's starving, sir. He is, indeed. He has sent his work everywhere, and can't get it accepted. I posted that poem for him. I hoped it would bring him good luck."

"And so it shall!" cried the editor. "You send this young man to me. What does he do in his spare time?"

"He's a sandwich-man, sir," faltered Madge; "and I think, if you don't mind," she added, "perhaps it would be better for you to write to him. He's had so many disappointments, that he'll hardly believe his luck."

"Very good," agreed the editor, "I'll write."

So Paul received his first cheque by the morning's post, "With the Editor's compliments, and thanks for the contribution entitled 'Love's Handicraft,'" and a request that he would call at the office.

V.

THE sacristan was putting out the lights in St. Ethelreda's after evening service. The church was cool and still now that the people had gone. A restful gloaming fell upon the deserted aisles. One sunset shaft crept aslant the pictured walls, on the Virgin Mother and her Holy Child. Before the altars, the perpetual lamps swung solemnly. In this sanctuary of hushed repose, Madge Barberry lingered late and last of all the worshippers. She was never lonely here. The lines of statued saints looked down upon her from their niches with tender reminder that they, too, of old had fought her wars. Victorious, they were no less her fellow-

"HE'S STARVING!"

soldiers. They were still one with that brave world-army of heroic men and women battling with high tides of poverty and misfortune.

She went regretfully down the shadowy nave. Paul Vespan was waiting for her in the dark porch.

"I came to meet you," he said; "Mrs. Xerxes told me you were here."

She smiled gratefully as they went out into the dusty street together. Soon she would have him no more to walk beside her. Great changes had come to Paul Vespan since that dark night when Madge Barberry's brave hand snatched him from death to life. The editor, once his friend, had remained so. After a pleasant probation in his own office, he was sending him to take charge of a small provincial paper in a cathedral town.

"You have heard the good news, Madge?" said Paul, thinking of this.

Yes, she had heard it. But to her, it was not good news, though she was glad for him.

"I hope you will be very happy," she faltered.

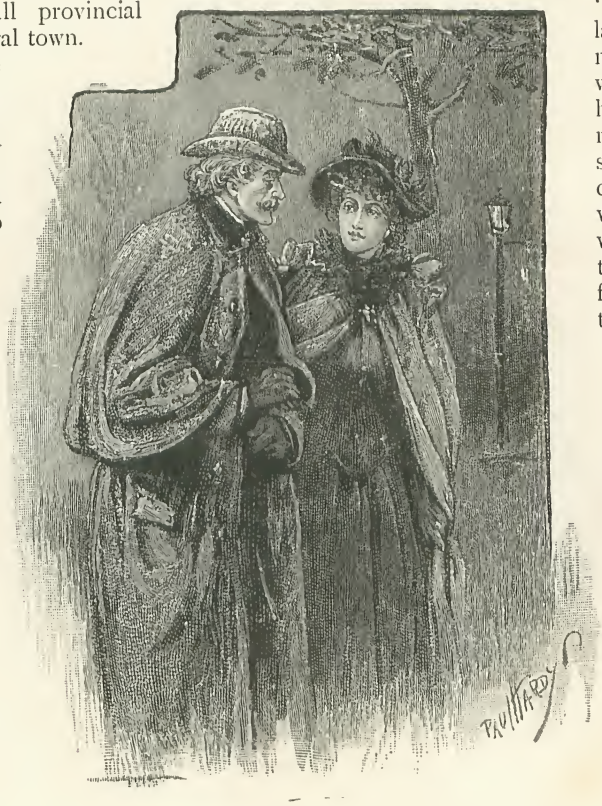
"I shall be very lonely. Unless—Madge, will you come with me?"

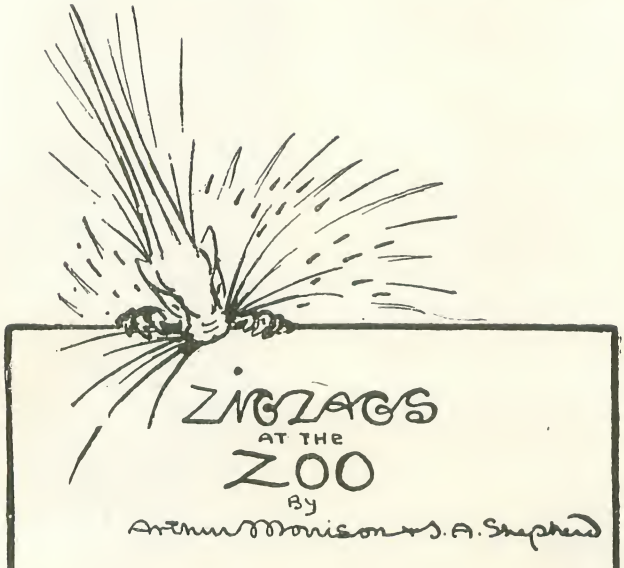
"I? Oh! no! I should be standing in your light."

"You? What are you saying, Madge? Why, didn't you bring me back to light? My life will be dark, indeed, without you."

"Then," she said, as they entered Marigold Place, "I will go with you."

Paul Vespan's after-history bears tender witness to the wisdom of his choice. In the light of his wife's unswerving love, he works bravely. The rewards which are sure to come will be sweeter because shared by her. She is his "lady with the lamp," standing no more beside the weary craven in his hour of tragic necessity, but shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, with the valiant world-soldier in the thick of his battle for fame and fortune.

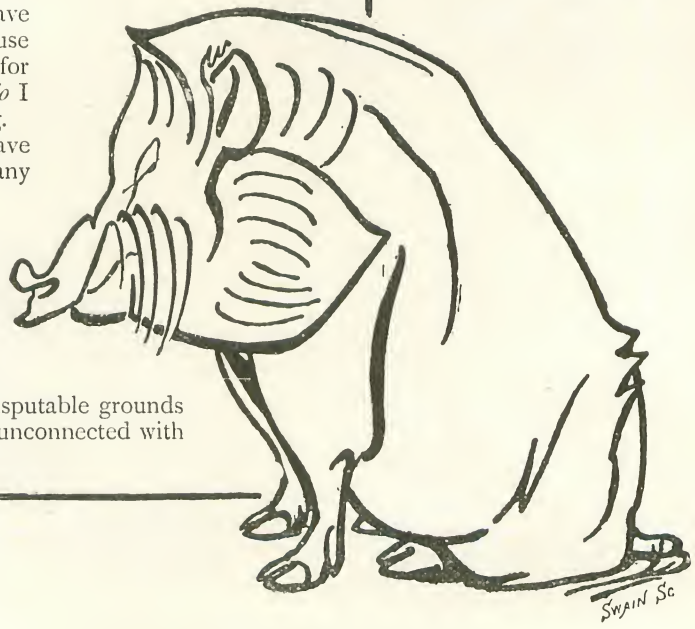





## XXIV.—ZIG-ZAG RODOPORCINE.

"RODOPORCINE" is a portmanteau-word. It is not a regular scientific term, although, as I may claim with modest pride (being its inventor), it is almost ugly enough to be one. I have invented it largely for the benefit of the building (it is only one building) which the Zoological Society numbers six and seven, and divides arbitrarily into "The Swine House" and "The Rodents' House"; but chiefly I have invented it because I wanted a title for this Zig-zag. *Roão* I gnaw, *porcus* a pig.

The Society have old authority for any amount of confusion between the swine and the rodents. The guinea-pig has long ago established its right to its name, on the indisputable grounds of being entirely unconnected with




J.A.S

Guinea, and not a pig, but a rodent. The capybara is also called a water-pig (even in its Greek name) in virtue, doubtless, of being a rodent. "Porcupine" means a thorny pig; the name being again found convenient for a rodent, and enunciated with peculiar emphasis by the wag who wrote :—

> Each hair will stand on end upon thy wig,
> Like quills upon the frightful porcupig.

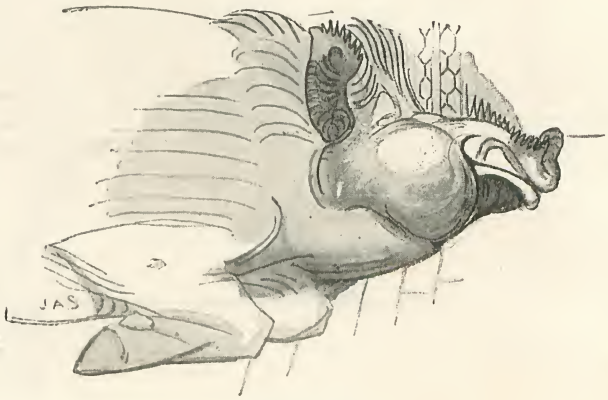
Then, by way of pleasant variation, the hedgehog derives its title from the fact of being neither a hog nor a rodent, but only a prickly kind of mole. So that confusion among pigs and rodents is an ancient, time-honoured, and respectable state of affairs, only feebly deferred to by the Zoological Society in placing the two side by side. Let us consider them, therefore, in a proper derangement and with a due regard to confusion.

The thoughtless world is disrespectful to the pig. It even uses its name as a term of reproach. Nobody

BOHEMIAN.

WELL GROOMED.

likes to be called a pig, and yet if some were to accept the epithet with a good grace, and conscientiously act up to the character, there would be a deal of improvement in their manners. Proverbs abuse and slight the pig. "Pigs may whistle, but they have an ill mouth for it," says one; "Drunk as David's sow," says another; "What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" asks a third, totally ignoring the existence of such products as bacon, lard, bristles, and saddle-leather. But then proverbs are always perpetrating injustices somewhere, until abuse from a proverb has become a sort of testimonial to the worth of anything—animal, vegetable, or mineral. The pig eats all it can get, certainly, but that is only a manifestation of what we are apt to call, in ourselves, prudence and business acumen. Once thoroughly fed it regards the world with serene apathy, but that is merely broadmindedness and toleration. The nearest relatives here to the familiar porker of our native agricultural show are the wild swine —European and Asiatic—well set-up creatures, of form and manner not to be considered with disrespect, and carrying with them no more of traditional piggishness than a certain easy Bohemianism of manner and irregularity of bristle.



SERENE APATHY.

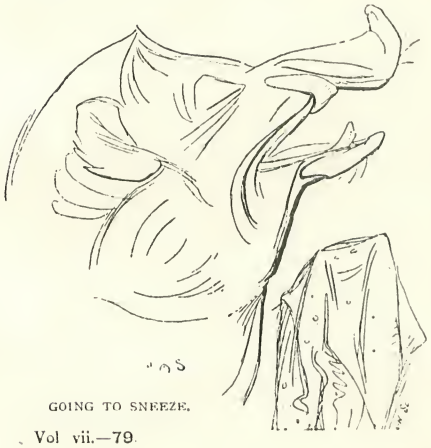
It is plain to see that whatever may be found of ill account in the pig is due to the contaminating influence of man. A wiry, well-groomed wild pig is a decent citizen of the animal community, unpleasantly ready with his tusks, of course, but clearly dignified and with intelligence. To me the wart-hog always seems the precise militarist among pigs. His neat, well-fitting feet, his closely-clad legs, and his high carriage of head are alone enough, to say nothing of his warlike tusks, and his mutton-chop side-whiskers, which indeed are only a sort of warts, but look as much like the real thing as they can manage. But, for all the other qualities of the grizzled old soldier, it cannot be concealed that he has a drunken eye.

"IMPROVED."

From the comparatively noble wild swine (who cannot open his mouth without an invariable appearance of being about to sneeze) man has, by long selection and careful breeding, evolved a preposterous cylinder of locomotive pork. This he calls an "improved" pig—as who should speak of improving the heavens by casting advertisements thereon from a magic-lantern. It is a quaint paradox in the pig-fancier's system that the pig with the greatest number of excellent points is, as a matter of fact, the pig whose rotundity presents no point anywhere, nor anything like a point.

MAJOR WART-HOG.

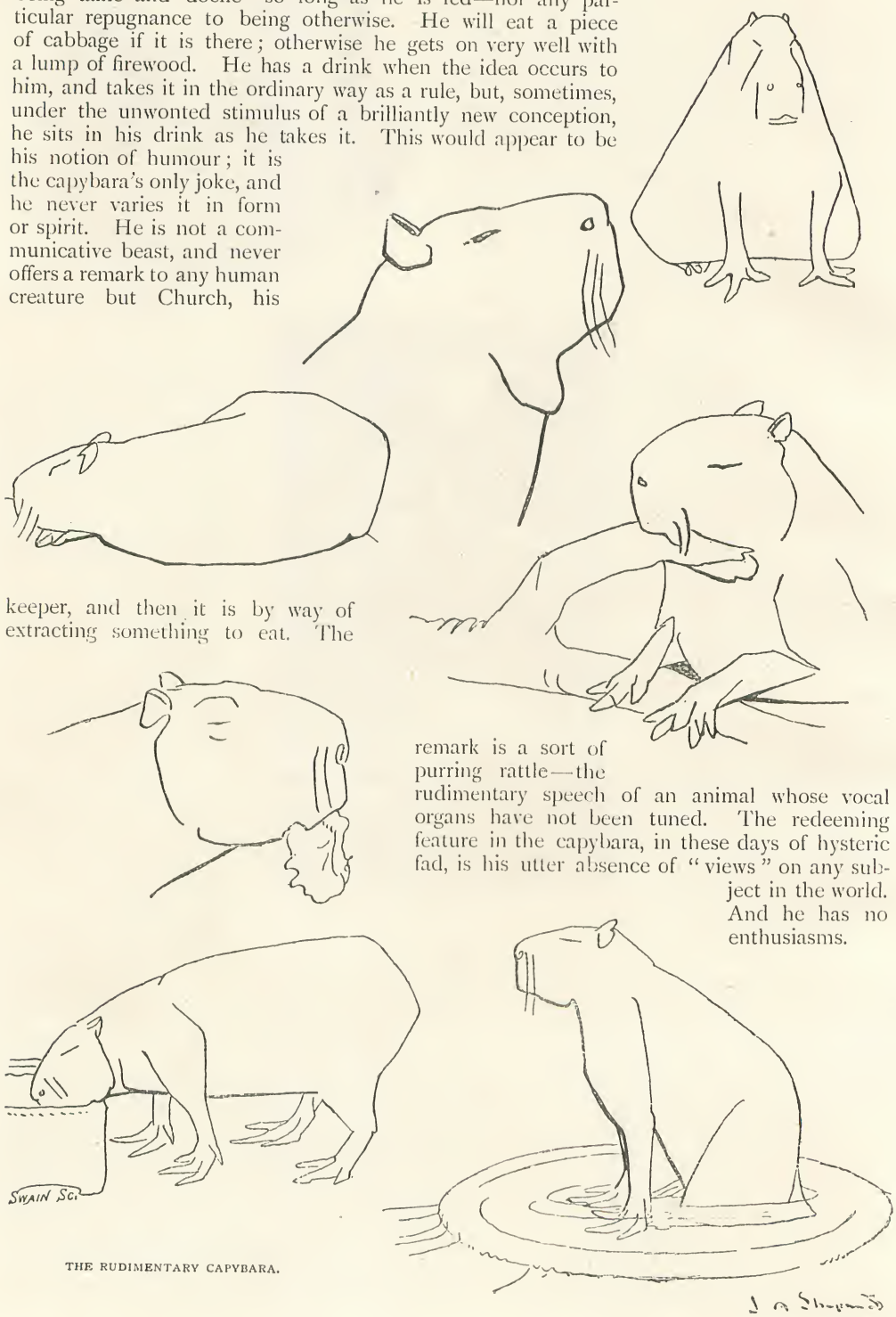
There is a deal of catholicity of taste in a pig. He is quite prepared to devour the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, and very little hunger would persuade him to admit the mineral kingdom, too. Almost anything will "please the pigs"—which may be the origin of the proverb, although origin-mongers say differently; and yet the pig's senses of taste and smell are particularly acute; witness his use as a beast of chase—for the truffle. He has also an acute weather-wisdom, if countrymen's weather-lore be accepted; for if pigs carry straw in their mouths it will inevitably rain. Wherefore picnic parties will do well to remove all straw from the reach of pigs.



GOING TO SNEEZE.

The capybara—the water-pig which is no pig—is a rudimentary sort of structure. He presents a kind of rough outline or experimental draft of a quadruped in its preliminary stages of invention. All the materials are there—more than enough, in fact—and the rough plan of their arrangement is sketched out, but there is no detail—nor, indeed, any other kind of tail—and no finish. The body (and a very liberal body, too), the hair (also liberal, and thick), the head and legs, have been put together tentatively with a shovel, and all the fine work has been omitted; indeed, the operations have never even arrived at the stage at which the tail is stuck on. The

capybara's ideals, notions of life, wants and aspirations are of the rudimentary character appropriate to his figure. He has no particular objection to being tame and docile—so long as he is fed—nor any particular repugnance to being otherwise. He will eat a piece of cabbage if it is there; otherwise he gets on very well with a lump of firewood. He has a drink when the idea occurs to him, and takes it in the ordinary way as a rule, but, sometimes, under the unwonted stimulus of a brilliantly new conception, he sits in his drink as he takes it. This would appear to be his notion of humour; it is the capybara's only joke, and he never varies it in form or spirit. He is not a communicative beast, and never offers a remark to any human creature but Church, his keeper, and then it is by way of extracting something to eat. The remark is a sort of purring rattle—the rudimentary speech of an animal whose vocal organs have not been tuned. The redeeming feature in the capybara, in these days of hysteric fad, is his utter absence of "views" on any subject in the world. And he has no enthusiasms.




THE RUDIMENTARY CAPYBARA.

The tapir is nothing but an ambitious pig—a pig trying to be an elephant. But the most careful cultivation has not succeeded in elongating his trunk beyond a few inches, and the biggest of the tapirs can get no nearer the stature of the elephant than a small donkey. It is probably this that makes the tapir a melancholy animal, silent and despondent. There is no gaiety in the composition of the tapir. In a fatefully unlucky moment he began to try to be an elephant, and thenceforward happiness forsook him. Like the king in the history-book, he never smiled again. His life is one cheerless, hopeless, dreary struggle to be what he can never become. Being a pig, he is obstinate, or he would have given up the attempt long ago. Elephantine ambition in particular is not born in the tapir, though ambition of a vague sort is. The young tapir always

THE GIDDY MALAYAN.

PRUDENT FINANCE.

begins by trying to be a tiger or a zebra; breaking out in brilliant stripes and spots; but in due time he regularly settles down, after the manner of his kind, to achieve rank as an elephant. He is a melancholy example of discontent in humble circumstances.

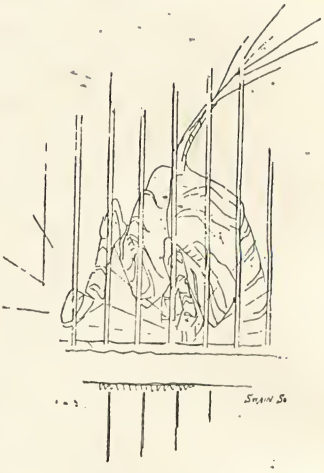
Still, there is a deal of human nature in the tapir. Plainly it is largely Hebrew human nature, notwithstanding his porcine connections. The ordinary tapir is a grave, respectable, and judicious Israelitish financier, prudent and careful; but the Malayan tapir here is a giddy young person who makes the money fly. See his short white covert coat, with the little black bob-tail visible below it, and note his vacant eye. How badly he wants a crook-handled stick and a high collar! But you may despise the tapir, his restless ambition, and his immature trunk as you please—all your contempt will be reciprocated, and with interest. He is almost the only animal here who knows that sightseers don't usually carry about with them his particular sort of food, and he is, therefore, loftily indifferent to the tenderest blandishments. He despises you for having neither trunk nor tusks; in his matured philosophy, only an elephant is admirable; as a baby, he admires the zebra and tries to be one of them. And so he

RECIPROCAL CONTEMPT.

THE DOCILE FORE.

lives here, in house number sixty, equidistant between the zebras and the elephants, and as likely to become one as the other. Though he could ensure his juvenile stripes being fast colours (which he cannot), the tapir would fail as a zebra in the hinder end. The docility of the zebra's head he might easily attain to—indeed, he has it now—but the inconsistent friskiness of his heels would be beyond him.

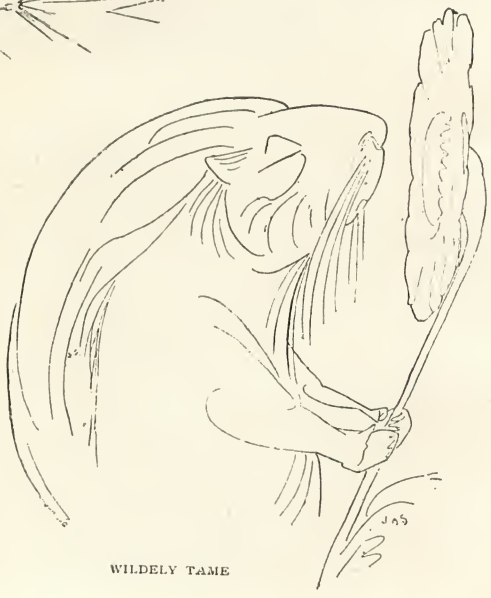
There are a good many fine points about the porcupine. Church, the keeper, once got half-a-dozen of them in his calf, and went to bed for a week to celebrate the occasion. The porcupine is one of those animals that look pleasantest from the front. There his bristles all lie back smoothly from his forehead, giving him an aspect as æsthetically and Wildely tame as may be. But behind—well, you get a view of all his fine points. A little irritation—a very little—brings up his fine points in spiky array, as though he were caught from behind in a gale of wind. There are no Irish porcupines, which is remarkable when you consider that, in a fight, the porcupine invariably advances backward, most valorously retreating to the front in pursuit of the enemy to which he turns his back, and pressing forward courageously to



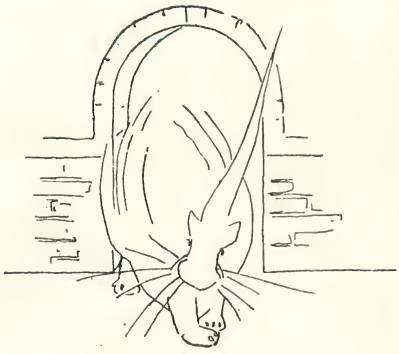
THE FRISKY HIND.

A GALE.

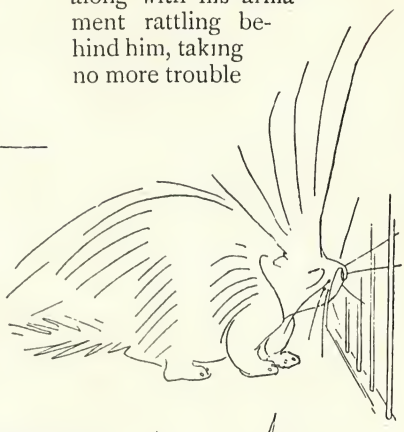
the rear. That is to say, in a manner less mixed, that the porcupine always attacks an enemy by springing backward at him, with spines extended. He has a tremendous set of teeth, like chisels, but these he never uses except to chew up timber with. He will never fight with his teeth, being apprehensive of a punch on the nose, where he is tender. But in his advance to the rear he is formidable, and wonderfully quick. I have already mentioned Church's experience. The night is the time of the porcupines' greatest activity, and then they are apt to fight, springing backward at one another,



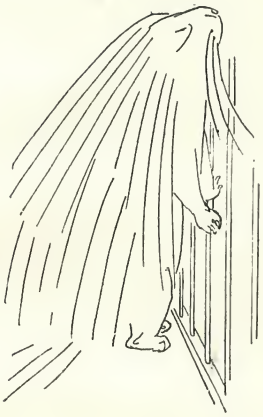
WILDELY TAME



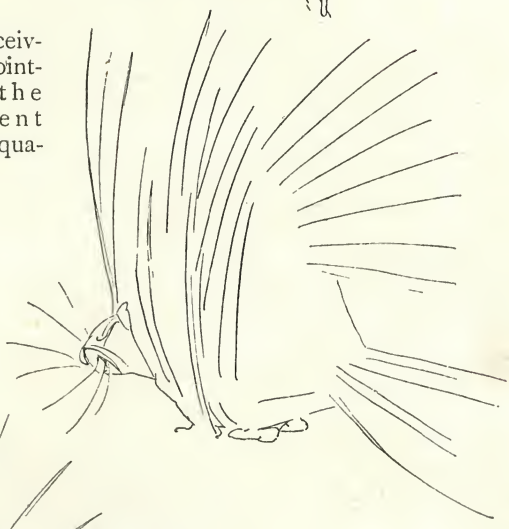
losing quills and tearing out specimen lumps of anatomy at a terrific rate. In the daytime the porcupine is not an active creature. He drags himself clumsily along with his armament rattling behind him, taking no more trouble

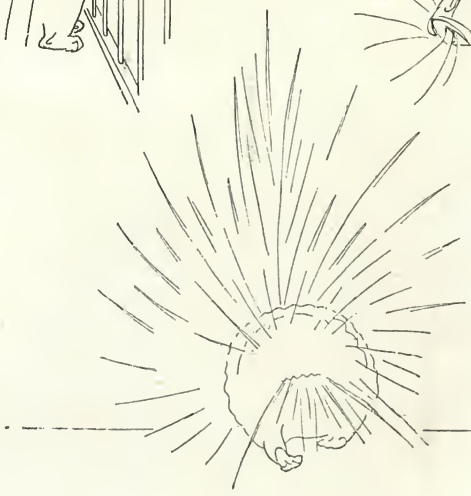


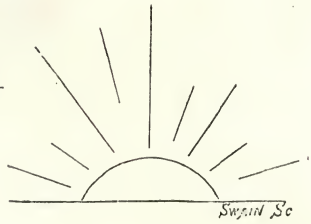
than to glance at Church on the chance of a donation of the adamantine biscuits and similarly inflexible food that most delights



him, and receiving disappointment or the refreshment with equal equanimity.







# *Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.*

*By the Authors of* "THE MEDICINE LADY."

## XII.—THE PONSONBY DIAMONDS.

FEW cases in their day interested me more than that of Beryl Temple, and this, not so much from the medical point of view as from the character of this strong-minded and brave girl.

It was on the occasion of her mother's death that I first became acquainted with Beryl. She suffered keenly at the time, but her courage and presence of mind and fine self-suppression aroused my interest, and when, a month afterwards, she came to me and told me in the simple manner which always characterized her that she was not only friendless but without means of support, I eagerly asked in what way I could help her.

She replied with a blush, and something like tears in her eyes.

"Of all things in the world," she said, "I should like best to be trained as a hospital nurse—do you think I am suited to the profession?"

"Admirably," I replied. "You have nerve and self-control; you have also good health and, although I am sure that you have plenty of heart, you would never be mawkishly sentimental."

"Oh, no," she answered; "I am glad you approve."

"I cordially approve," I replied. "In many cases the profession of nursing is best undertaken by women who are not too highly cultivated, and whose position is below that of the supposed lady—but you, Miss Temple, will make an admirable nurse. Your peculiar characteristics fit you for this calling."

I saw by the expression on her face that my words pleased her. I helped her to take the necessary steps to become a probationer at one of the large hospitals. She entered on her profession with enthusiasm—her time of training passed without hitch, and in due course I placed her on my own special staff of nurses.

I had been by no means mistaken in Miss Temple's qualifications — her nerve was wonderful, her tact perfect. Although slight and rather delicate looking, she had a great reserve of strength, and I never knew her to break down or fail in any way, even when the case she had to attend to was involved in serious difficulties.

For nervous cases in especial, I found Miss Temple invaluable, and it so happened that she was the first person I applied to in the case of a very peculiar patient, Lady Violet Dalrymple.

I was sent for to the country to see Lady Violet in the autumn of the year 1889.

I remember the night when the telegram came to me from her mother, the Countess of Erstfield. Lady Violet was the only child —a girl of seventeen. Lady Erstfield had

"I CORDIALLY APPROVE."

once brought her to see me in town. I then considered her an overgrown, somewhat nervous girl, had ordered change, a quiet life, plenty of fresh air, plenty of nourishment, plenty of congenial occupation, and had felt assured that if these remedies were systematically followed out, the young girl would quickly recover from the nervous derangements which were just then interfering with her health and happiness.

By the tenor of Lady Erstfield's telegram, however, I feared that this was not the case.

"I am very anxious about Violet. Come without delay," she wired.

I replied by telegram that I would arrive at Beeches by a late train that evening. I did so. Lady Erstfield was up. I had a long interview with her, and got all possible information with regard to my patient's state of health. I did not see Lady Violet herself, however, until the following morning.

At an early hour that day, I was taken into the pretty boudoir, where I found my patient lying on a sofa. It was a room furnished with all that taste, money, and love could suggest. Books, flowers, pictures, birds in cages, all that was gay and bright, surrounded the lovely girl who lay pale and languid on a sofa drawn close to the open window. This window commanded a perfect view of river, wood, and meadow, with a distant peep of low-lying hills against the horizon. To my eyes, accustomed to London bustle and noise, this view alone was restful and delightful.

Drawing a chair forward, I sat down by my patient and entered into a common-place talk with her. I had purposely asked Lady Erstfield to leave us, for I knew by experience that in nervous cases the patient was far more inclined to be confidential and to reply truthfully to questions when alone with the physician.

Having carefully examined Lady Violet, and made certain that she was suffering from no organic disease, it only remained for me to conclude that she was a victim to one of those many ill-defined and misunderstood nervous disorders, which, by their variety and complexity, present the greatest difficulty in medical practice.

The treatment I saw at once must be moral, not medical.

"I don't find much the matter with you," I said, cheerfully; "your disease is more fancy than reality—instead of lying here, you ought to be having a gallop across those moors yonder."

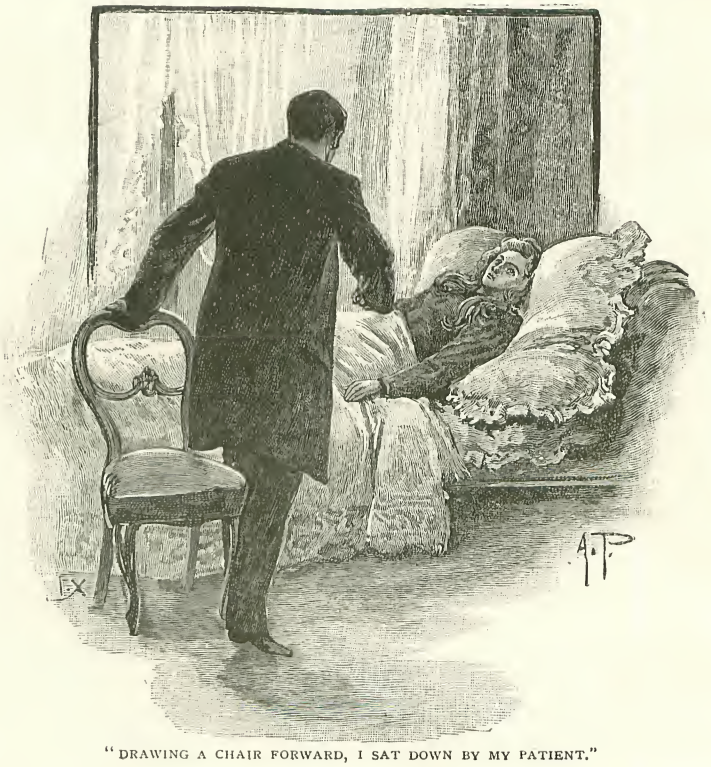
Lady Violet gazed at me with a look of surprise and even faint displeasure in her large brown eyes.

"I love riding," she said, in a gentle voice, "but it is long since I have had the pleasure of a canter over the moors or anywhere else."

"You should not give up riding," I said; "it is a most healthful exercise and a splendid tonic for the nerves."

"I don't think you can realize how very weak I am," she answered, something like tears dimming her eyes. "Did not mother explain to you the strange symptoms from which I suffer?"

"The symptoms of which you complain are clearly due to an over-wrought imagina-



"DRAWING A CHAIR FORWARD, I SAT DOWN BY MY PATIENT."

tion," I replied. "You must try to curb it by every means in your power. I assure you I am only telling you the true state of the case when I say that there is nothing serious the matter with you."

She sighed and looked away from me.

I took her slim hand in mine and felt her pulse. It was weak, fluttering, and uneven. I bent forward and looked into her eyes—the pupils were slightly dilated. Still I held firmly to my opinion that nervous derangement, that most convenient phrase, was at the bottom of all that was wrong.

"Now," I said, rising as I spoke, "I will prescribe a drive for you this afternoon, and in a day or two, I have no doubt, you will be strong enough to get on horseback again. Take no medicines; eat plenty, and amuse yourself in every way in your power."

Soon afterwards I left the room, and saw Lady Erstfield alone.

"Your daughter is an instance of that all too common condition which we call neurasthenia," I said. "Although, unlike the name, the disease is not a coinage of the nineteenth century, still it has greatly increased of late, and claims for its victims those who have fallen out of the ranks of the marching army of women, in the advancing education and culture of their sex."

"I don't understand your placing Violet in that position," said Lady Erstfield, with reddening cheeks.

"My dear madam," I replied, "your daughter is the undoubted victim of overculture and little to do. Were she a farmer's daughter, or were she obliged in any other way to work for her living, she would be quite well. The treatment which I prescribe is simply this—healthy occupation of every muscle and every faculty. Do all in your power to turn her thoughts outwards, and to arouse an active interest in her mind for something or someone. I assure you that although I am not anxious about her present state, yet cases like hers, if allowed to drift, frequently end in impairment of intellect in some degree, either small or great."

Lady Erstfield looked intensely unhappy. "Violet is our only child," she said; "her father and I are wrapped up in her. Although you seem to apprehend no danger to her life——"

"There is none," I interrupted.

"Yet you allude to other troubles which fill me with terror. There is nothing Lord Erstfield and I would not do for our child. Will you kindly tell me how we are to provide her with the interests and occupations which are to restore her mind to a healthy condition?"

I thought for a moment.

"Lady Violet is very weak just now," I said, "her whole constitution has been so enfeebled with imaginary fears and nervous disorders that a little good nursing would not come amiss for her. I propose, therefore, to send a nurse to look after your daughter."

Lady Erstfield uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"A hospital nurse!" she exclaimed; "the mere word will terrify Violet into hysterics."

"Nothing of the kind," I answered. "The nurse I propose to send here is not an ordinary one. She is a lady—well born and well educated. She is extremely clever, and is remarkable both for her tact and gentleness. She thoroughly understands her duties—in this case they will consist mainly in amusing Lady Violet in the most strengthening and invigorating manner. Her name is Temple. I will ask you to call her Miss Temple, and never to speak of her or to her as nurse. She will soon win her own way with your daughter, and I shall be greatly surprised if she does not become more or less indispensable to her. She is just as healthy-minded, as bright, as strong as Lady Violet is the reverse."

After a little more conversation with Lady Erstfield, it was arranged that Miss Temple was to be telegraphed for at once.

I wrote her a long letter, giving her full directions with regard to the patient. This letter I left with Lady Erstfield, and asked her to deliver it to Miss Temple as soon as ever she arrived. I then went to bid Lady Violet good-bye.

She looked even more wan and exhausted than when I had seen her in the morning. I thought it well to let her know about Miss Temple's arrival.

"She is a thoroughly nice girl," I said. "She will nurse you when you want to be nursed, and amuse you when you wish to be amused, and let you alone when you want quiet, and you will find her so fresh and bright and entertaining that you will soon, I am persuaded, be unable to do without her. Good-bye, now—I hope you will soon be much better, both for your mother's sake and your own."

Lady Violet raised her brows.

"Is mother unhappy about me?" she asked.

"She loves you," I replied, steadily, "and is getting quite worn out with anxiety about

you. I wish her mind to be relieved as soon as possible, and I think it is your duty to do what you can towards this end."

"What can you mean?" asked Lady Violet.

"In your mother's presence," I answered, "you ought to endeavour as much as possible to overcome the melancholy which has taken such possession of you. Seem to be gay, even when you don't feel it. Try to appear well, even when you don't think you are. When you are alone with Miss Temple, you can do, of course, exactly as you please. But when with your father and mother, you ought to make a strenuous effort to overcome the morbid feelings, which are due entirely to the nervous weakness from which you are suffering."

Lady Violet looked at me intently.

"I love my father and mother," she exclaimed. "I would not willingly hurt the feelings of either. But, oh! how little you know what I suffer when you speak of my suppressing my trouble and terrible depression. Am I not always—always suppressing my fears? Oh, how hateful life is to me — how distasteful, how hollow. I should like to die beyond anything, and yet I am such a coward that the near approach of death would terrify me. Why was I born to be so miserable?"

"You were born to be happy," I answered, "or, at least, to be useful and contented. Your fear of death is perfectly natural, and I hope it will be many a long day before you are called upon to resign so precious a possession as life. Remember, you have only one life—use it well—you will have to account for it some day; and now, good-bye."

I returned to London, and in about a week's time I received a letter from Miss Temple. It satisfied me thoroughly. Lady Violet was better. She went out for a little daily. She read to herself, and allowed Miss Temple to read to her. She was interested in a fancy fair which was to be held in the neighbourhood, and was helping Miss Temple to work for it. The nurse had also discovered that her patient had a love, almost a passion, for music. Miss Temple was an accomplished pianist before she took up her present profession, and she and Lady Violet spent a considerable portion of each day over the piano.

In short, Miss Temple was doing all that I expected her to do for the young girl whose life was so valuable. Lady Violet was undoubtedly already acquiring that outward view which means health both of mind and body.

Miss Temple's first letter was followed in the course of time by another, which was even more hopeful than the first. Lady Violet was devotedly attached to her, and could scarcely bear her out of her presence. The girls rode together, walked together, sketched and played together. The colour of health was coming back to Lady Violet's pale cheeks; she would soon, in Miss Temple's opinion, be restored to perfect health.

"THE GIRLS RODE TOGETHER."

Lady Erstfield also wrote to me about this time, and spoke in rapture of the companion whom I had secured for her daughter.

"I cannot tell you what Beryl Temple is to us," she said; "we owe Violet's recovery to her wonderful tact, her sympathy, her genius. She is like no girl I ever met before—she fascinates and subjugates us all—we do not want ever to part with her—as to Violet, it would almost kill her, I think, were Beryl Temple now to leave us."

About a month after receiving these two letters I was astonished and much pleased to see an announcement in the *Morning Post* to the effect that a matrimonial alliance was arranged between Lady Violet Dalrymple, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Erstfield, and Captain Geoffrey Ponsonby, of the Coldstream Guards, and that the marriage was likely to take place in December.

On reading this short paragraph I turned to my case-book, and under Lady Violet's name made the following note:—

"*A case of neurasthenia, in which environment with moral treatment caused recovery.*"

I then dismissed the subject from my mind, with the final reflection that I should not have much more to do with Lady Violet.

The following circumstances quickly proved my mistake.

On the evening of that same day I had a letter from Miss Temple, confirming the news of the approaching marriage; telling me that it had been contemplated for some time by the parents of the young people, but that a formal engagement had been deferred owing to the state of Lady Violet's health. Captain Ponsonby had arrived at Beeches about a fortnight ago, had proposed for Lady Violet, who had accepted him not without a certain unwillingness, and the marriage was arranged to take place immediately after Christmas.

"Lady Violet is not as well as I could wish," continued Miss Temple, towards the close of her letter. "At first she refused absolutely to engage herself to Captain Ponsonby, but yielded to the entreaties of both her parents, who are most desirous for the match. She is once more languid, and inclined to be uninterested in her surroundings. I am not satisfied about her state, and deeply regret Captain Ponsonby's arrival—she was really in radiant health when he came to the house a fortnight ago. Lord and Lady Erstfield quite fail to observe their daughter's state of depression—they are both in the highest spirits, and active preparations for the wedding are going forward."

This letter caused me uneasiness—it was followed almost immediately by a second.

"DEAR DR. HALIFAX," wrote Miss Temple, "I am in great, in dreadful, trouble—not alone about Lady Violet, whose condition alarms me much, but on my own account. In short, I am bewildered by the fearful calamity which has suddenly overtaken me. I have not a soul to confide in, and greatly long to see you. I know I must not expect you to come here, and yet it is impossible for me, under existing circumstances, to ask for a day off duty. God help me; I am the most unhappy girl in the world!

"Yours sincerely,

"BERYL TEMPLE."

I received this letter by the last post one night. It caused me some wakeful hours, for I was greatly puzzled how to act. By the morning I resolved to write a line to Lady Erstfield, telling her that I had heard from Miss Temple of Lady Violet's altered condition, and offering to come to see her. That letter was not destined to be written, however. As I was sitting at breakfast a telegram was put into my hand. It was from Lord Erstfield, requesting me to go to Beeches immediately.

I started off by an early train and arrived at my destination about noon. I was shown at once into a reception-room, where Lady Erstfield awaited me.

"It is good of you to respond so quickly to our telegram," she said. "We are in terrible trouble here. Violet is in the strangest condition. She is very feverish: her strength seems completely gone. She lies hour after hour moaning to herself, and takes little notice of anyone."

"How long has this state of things gone on?" I asked.

"The complete breakdown only took place yesterday, but Miss Temple assures me that Violet has been failing for some time. Her father and I noticed on one or two occasions that she seemed pale and languid, but as there was a good deal to excite her, we put her fatigue down to that source. Under your judicious treatment and the admirable care Miss Temple gave her, we considered her perfectly recovered, and it did not enter into our minds that a recurrence of the old attack was possible."

"When you speak of Lady Violet having much to excite her, you doubtless allude to her engagement?" I said. "I saw it officially announced in the *Morning Post*. I judged from it that she had quite recovered."

Lady Erstfield coloured.

"We thought so," she said; "her father and I both thought so. We were much pleased at the contemplated marriage, and we imagined that our child was happy, too. Captain Ponsonby is all that anyone can desire."

"And you have reason not to be satisfied now?" I asked.

"The fact is this," said Lady Erstfield, shortly: "Violet is unhappy—she does not wish the engagement to go on. She told Miss Temple so this morning. I have seen my dear child on the subject an hour ago—we cannot account for her caprice in this matter."

"I will see Lady Violet now, if you will permit me," I said. "The engagement is, doubtless, the cause of this strange breakdown. Will you take me to her room?"

Lady Erstfield led the way without a word.

I found my patient even worse than her mother had given me to understand. In addition to much nervous trouble, she had unquestionably taken a chill of some sort, and symptoms of pneumonia were manifesting themselves. When I bent over her, I noticed the deep flush on her cheeks, her eyes were closed—her breathing was short and hurried. Miss Temple was standing by the bedside—she gave me an earnest glance, her face was as pale as Lady Violet's was flushed. I noticed that Lady Erstfield avoided speaking to the nurse, who, on her part, moved slightly away as she approached. The despair, however, which must have filled the poor mother's heart as she watched her suffering child might in itself account for her manner. I was very anxious to see the nurse alone, and asked Lady Erstfield if I could do so.

"Certainly," she answered; "I will watch here until Miss Temple is able to resume her duties."

"I will not be long away," answered Beryl. She took me at once into Lady Violet's pretty little boudoir and shut the door.

"I must be very quick," she said, "my place is with Violet. You think her very ill?"

"I do," I answered. "Her life is in danger. She is threatened with pneumonia. If the symptoms grow worse, she will not have strength to bear up under the attack."

"Oh, then, I must not think of myself—even now I manage to soothe her as no one else can. Let me go back!"

"Sit down," I answered; "you will not be fit long to nurse anyone unless you look after yourself. What is the matter with you? You are greatly changed!"

"Did I not tell you in my letter that I am in great trouble?"

Miss Temple's words were interrupted by a knock at the door of the boudoir.

She said "Come in," and a manservant entered. He approached Lady Violet's little writing-table, disturbed a book or two, and finally retreated with an "A B C" in his hand, apologizing as he did so.

"Do you know who that man is?" asked Miss Temple.

"One of the servants," I replied; "never

"HE APPROACHED LADY VIOLET'S WRITING-DESK AND DISTURBED A BOOK OR TWO."

mind him—tell me your trouble as quickly as possible."

"He is connected with it, unfortunately. He is not one of the usual servants of the house, although he wears the livery. That man is a detective from Scotland Yard, and he came into the room just now to watch me. He, or his fellow detective, for there are two here, watch me wherever I go. On one excuse or another, they enter each room where I am found."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I will tell you in as few words as possible—can you wonder that I am changed?"

"I am lost in conjecture as to what you can possibly mean," I answered, looking at her anxiously.

In truth I had cause for my anxiety.

Her fine face looked absolutely aged and worn. Her eyes were almost too large—their expression was strained—they had heavy black lines under them. Her mouth showed extreme dejection. When I remembered the blooming, healthy girl who had gone to Beeches two months ago, I was appalled by the change.

"Speak," I said; "I am deeply interested. You know that I will do everything in my power to help you."

"This is my story," she said: "Lady Violet got quite well—I was much attached to her, we were very happy—it seemed like the old life back again, when my mother was alive and I had a luxurious home. Lord and Lady Erstfield treated me more like a daughter than a nurse; Lady Violet was my dear sister. Then Captain Ponsonby came. He proposed, and was accepted. Immediately after the engagement Lady Violet drooped; she no longer gave me her confidence; she lost her appetite; she became constrained and silent. Once or twice I caught her crying—she turned away when I tried to question her. Lord and Lady Erstfield noticed no change, and Captain Ponsonby came and went as an honoured guest. No one seemed to notice the efforts Lady Violet made to seem at home in his society.

"One morning about ten days ago Lady Erstfield, accompanied by Captain Ponsonby, came into this room, where I was reading aloud to my dear little patient. I could not imagine why they did not observe her pale cheeks and her languor. I saw, however, at a glance that Lady Erstfield was in a high state of excitement and delight. She held a jewel-case in her hand. She opened it and, bending down, showed its glittering contents to her daughter. I was startled at the effect on Lady Violet. She clapped her hands in ecstasy and sat upright on the sofa. Her eyes had grown suddenly bright, and her cheeks rosy.

"'How I adore diamonds,' she said, 'and what beauties these are: oh, you lovely creatures! But, mother, why do you show them to me?'

"'They are my present to you, Violet,' said Captain Ponsonby. 'Those diamonds are heirlooms in the family, and are of great value. They will be yours when we are married.'

"'Come and look at them, Beryl," exclaimed Lady Violet. 'Are they not splendid?' As she spoke she lifted a diamond necklace of extraordinary brilliancy and quaint device out of the case. I knelt down by her and examined the gems with delight almost equal to her own. I have always had a great love for jewels, and for diamonds in particular, and these were quite the most magnificent I had ever seen. The necklace was accompanied by a tiara and earrings, and the gems were worth, Lady Erstfield said, from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds.

"We spent some time examining and criticising them. Violet sent for a looking-glass from one of the bedrooms in order to see the effect of the jewels round her throat. She insisted on my trying them on as well as herself. Lady Violet is fair, but, as you know, I am very dark. I could not help seeing for myself that the jewels suited me. Lady Violet uttered an exclamation when she saw them on me. 'You look beautiful, Beryl,' she said.

"I laughed, and was about to answer her, when I met Captain Ponsonby's eyes. There was something in his expression which I did not quite like. I unfastened the necklace quickly and laid it back in its velvet bed.

"'Thank you for letting me try it on,' I said. 'I feel as if for one brief moment I had imprisoned the rainbow.'

"I don't know why I said those words. They did me no good afterwards, but I was excited at the time. The magnificent diamonds had really cast a spell over me. Lady Erstfield suggested that Violet should go out for her usual ride.

"'No, mother; I am too tired,' she replied. 'I will drive instead, and Beryl shall come with me.'

"'Run and get ready, then,' said Lady Erstfield to me.

"I was leaving the room when she suddenly called me back.

"'My dear,' she said, giving me the case

"YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL, BERYL!"

which held the diamonds as she spoke, 'will you have the goodness to take these to my room, and lock them up in my jewel safe? Here is the key. You must turn the lock twice, and when the revolving shutter moves back, use this smaller key to unlock the inner compartment. Put the case in there, and bring me back the keys when you have changed your dress.'

"I promised to obey, and ran off with a light heart.

"The safe where Lady Erstfield kept her jewels was built into the wall, and was of a very ingenious device. Following her directions implicitly, I opened it, placed the case within, and locked the safe carefully again. I then went and changed my dress and returned the keys to Lady Erstfield. Captain Ponsonby, Lady Violet, and I had a pleasant drive, and nothing more was said about the diamonds—I really think we all forgot them.

"The next morning Lady Violet came down to breakfast, looking so ghastly pale and so depressed, that even her mother uttered an exclamation of surprise when she saw her.

"'My darling, you look positively ill,' she said, going up and kissing her.

"Lady Violet gave her a startled and queer look. She made some remark in a very low voice, and with a pettish movement. She then crossed the room to my side, and Lady Erstfield did not question her any further.

"Just as we were leaving the breakfast-table, Captain Ponsonby announced his intention of running up to town for the day, and suddenly suggested that he should take the diamonds with him in order to give the jeweller plenty of time to re-set them in the most thorough manner.

"'That is a good thought, Geoffrey,' said Lady Erstfield. Then she turned to me.

"'You know where the jewels are, Beryl,' she said—'here are my keys—run, dear, and fetch them. I don't allow even my own maid to know the secret of my jewel safe,' she continued, looking at Captain Ponsonby as she spoke.

"I ran away, reached Lady Erstfield's room, unlocked the safe, and put in my hand to take out the case. It had vanished. I searched for it at first without any uneasiness, then in bewilderment, then in a sort of frantic terror. There was the empty spot on the floor of the safe where I had placed the case—there were the other cases

of jewels pushed aside in some little confusion, but the Ponsonby diamonds had absolutely vanished.

"The full horror of the situation had not yet burst upon me—I had not yet even begun to *think* that anyone would suspect me, but, nevertheless, I felt sick with a sort of nameless terror.

"I locked the safe and returned to the breakfast-room.

"Lord Erstfield was standing by the hearth, talking to Captain Ponsonby—Lady Erstfield was reading the *Times*, and Violet was kneeling on the floor playing with her favourite pug. Their peaceful faces added to my misery. I know I must have looked wild and frightened—I know when I spoke that my voice must have shaken.

"'The diamonds are gone,' I said; 'they are not in the safe.'

"It was just as if I had flung a bomb into the midst of the cheerful party. Lord Erstfield drew himself up with a dazed expression. Captain Ponsonby turned white, and Lady Erstfield, with a sharp cry, rushed from the room, snatching the keys from my hand as she did so.

"'There is no use in Lady Erstfield examining the safe,' I said, 'the diamonds are certainly not there—I have searched all the shelves. The spot where I placed them yesterday is empty; the case has vanished.'

"'I don't believe it,' said Violet. 'The diamonds must be there. You must be mistaken, Beryl.'

"I made no reply, but when the others left the room I followed.

"We all now went up in a body to Lady Erstfield's room, and the safe was carefully examined by Lord Erstfield and Captain Ponsonby. The case containing the diamonds was indeed missing, but not another jewel, not even the smallest ring had been touched. There was no mark of the safe having been tampered with in any way, and as it was made on a perfectly unique pattern, and there was not supposed to be a key in the world to fit it, except the special ones made for it, the whole affair seemed buried in hopeless mystery. No one accused me in any way, and it never occurred to me, as I stood in that room, to accuse myself. We discussed the matter in all its bearings. We stood round the open safe and talked until we were tired. I described the exact position in which I had placed the case. Lady Erstfield was certain that from the moment I returned her the keys they had not been out of her possession until she had again placed them in my hands that morning.

"Finally we left the room in a state of hopeless bewilderment. Violet and I went away by ourselves, and, sitting down together, discussed the strange mystery from every point of view. The loss of the jewels had much excited her. She had regained her colour and her manner was quite animated.

"'I thought, at least, I should have the diamonds,' she said, with a queer sort of desolate echo in her voice, 'and I love diamonds: they seem to comfort me in the strangest way. I feel akin to them. When they sparkle and leap and glitter, they appear to me to be alive; they tell me secrets of the strange things they have witnessed in the course of their long existence. Think, if the Ponsonby diamonds could speak, what stories they could tell of the queer, queer things they have seen and heard; eh, Beryl?'

"I tried to turn the conversation—Lady Violet was always worse after indulging in wild talk of this sort.

"'We have now to consider how to get the Ponsonby diamonds back,' I said. 'Who can have stolen them?'

"We talked the matter threadbare, arriving, of course, at no conclusion.

"At lunch we were surprised to find that Captain Ponsonby had not gone to London. When the servants withdrew, we were told that the affair of the diamonds had been put not only into the hands of the local police, but that the authorities in Scotland Yard had been communicated with, and that in all probability a couple of detectives would be sent to Beeches that night.

"'We have decided,' said Lord Erstfield, 'not to say anything of our loss to the servants. The person who stole those diamonds is quite clever enough to hide them if the least alarm is raised. Our best chance of recovering the treasure is through detectives, who will come here, of course, in plain clothes. We are expecting several fresh guests to-morrow, and in consequence the servants have heard that two new men-servants from London are coming here to help them. We have communicated this fact to Scotland Yard, and the men will be provided with the house livery.'

"After making this statement, which he did very briefly, Lord Erstfield left the room.

"The early part of the afternoon passed listlessly. Lady Violet was once more pale, deadly tired, and too languid to care to do anything. I persuaded her to lie down, and offered to read her to sleep.

"'No,' she answered; 'I don't want anyone to read to me. I will shut my eyes and think of the diamonds. Go and take a walk, Beryl; you look pale and tired yourself.'

"I saw she did not want me, and, putting on my hat, I went out for a stroll. I had gone a little way from the house when I heard footsteps behind me. I turned and saw, to my surprise, that Captain Ponsonby was following me.

"'I noticed that you had gone out,' he said, 'and took the liberty of coming after you.' He grew red as he spoke. 'I want to say something to you,' he said; 'something of importance. Can we go somewhere where we can be alone?'

"I told him that I was going to walk through the shrubbery, and that he might, if he pleased, accompany me there; 'but,' I added, 'I shall not be out long, for I am anxious about Lady Violet and want to return to her.'

"We entered the shrubbery as I spoke. He did not speak at all for a moment; then he said, with a sort of abruptness which surprised me:—

"'I will not keep you long. I am glad of this opportunity.' Here he paused, and, turning, looked me full in the face.

"'If you will give me back the diamonds,' he said, 'I will faithfully promise to arrange matters so that not a breath of suspicion shall rest upon you.'

"I felt as if I were shot. His words took me so completely by surprise that I could not find either breath or speech for a moment.

"'Do you really think,' I said then, in a choking voice—'is it possible that you think, really, that I—I have stolen the diamonds?'

"I suppose my agitation confirmed his suspicions.

"He looked at me with a queer sort of pity.

"'I could see yesterday how struck you were with their beauty,' he said. 'Do you remember what you said about imprisoning the rainbow? The opportunity to take the diamonds was put into your hands. You could not resist the sudden temptation, but I am sure you are sorry now, and would return them if it were possible. I believe I can manage this for you, if you will confide in me.'

"I turned quickly; my face was hot; my heart was beating so fast I thought it would burst.

"'Come with me at once to Lady Erstfield,' I said: 'say those words again in her presence. She shall search all my possessions. Come, don't delay a moment.'

"'You must be mad,' he said. 'For Heaven's sake don't inculpate yourself in that manner. As far as I am aware, I am the only person who, at present, suspects you. It has never, I know, even entered into Violet's head that you could have had anything to do with the robbery, and Lord and Lady Erstfield, I am sure, think you as innocent as themselves—they are the most loyal people in the world—they believe, and rightly, that they owe Violet's life to you. I don't think they could harbour an

"I FELT AS IF I WERE SHOT!"

unkind thought of you. Lord Erstfield and I have talked over the loss for a couple of hours this morning, and your name has not once been mentioned in connection with it—I alone——'

"'You alone,' I interrupted, 'entertain this horrible doubt against a defenceless girl?'

"'I am very sorry,' he replied, in a steady voice, 'but it is not even a doubt.' Here he looked full at me. 'In my mind it takes the form of a certainty. It is absolutely impossible that anyone else could have taken the diamonds. They are gone—you were last seen with them—you put them into the safe. You returned the keys to Lady Erstfield, who did not let them out of her possession until she gave them to you again this morning. You must see for yourself what the logical conclusion is—you are the culprit.'

"'No one else has come to that logical conclusion,' I answered.

"'I am a man of the world,' he replied.

"I stood perfectly still for a moment. His cool assurance seemed to deprive me almost of the power of thought. I turned to walk towards the house, but he barred my path.

"'What can I do to induce you to be guided by my common-sense?' he said. 'I can understand the sudden temptation—if you return the jewels to me, not a shadow of suspicion shall ever rest upon you from any other quarter.'

"'I think,' I said, in a trembling voice, 'that the only thing for me to do will be to adhere to my first resolution, to see Lady Erstfield in your presence—to ask you to accuse me of the theft before her—to insist upon having all my possessions searched, and then to leave Beeches immediately.'

"'You won't screen yourself by any such plan,' said Captain Ponsonby—'nay, your wish to leave Beeches will seem to all interested as a certain proof of your guilt. I wish I could get you to understand that I do not feel unkindly to you—that I am sincerely anxious to be your friend in this matter. I *know you to be guilty*. If you protested from now until Doomsday, the firm conviction in my mind would still be unshaken. May I state the case very briefly to you? Will you try and listen as if I were telling you about some other girl? You took the diamonds in a moment of acute temptation. You are, I presume, a penniless girl. You admired the gems, not only for themselves but also for the effect they produced when they shone like so many suns round your warm, white throat. The price of these jewels was named in your presence. If you could sell them, you would be rich—if you could keep them and wear them, you would be beautiful enough to turn any man's head. Yes, I understand—I pity, and I am most anxious to screen you. No one else suspects you at present at Beeches, but that state of things will not continue there much longer. As soon as the detectives from London arrive, their suspicions will naturally be fastened on you. Your youth and apparent innocence will in no way deceive them. They will whisper doubts into the minds of Lord and Lady Erstfield, and into the mind also of Lady Violet. The Ponsonby diamonds are of immense historical importance—they have been mixed up with the fortunes of the family for a couple of centuries, and it is absolutely impossible that a girl like you can hide them successfully. Go where you will, you will never be able to sell that necklace and pendant. Each diamond has a story, and can be traced by experts into whatever hands it falls. You can never sell the necklace, nor would you ever dare to wear it, except in the privacy of your own room. I beg of you, therefore, to let me have it back, and I solemnly swear that the secret shall never pass my lips.'

"I listened to Captain Ponsonby's speech with great attention. The buzzing in my ears and the great tumult round my heart had now to a considerable extent subsided. I was able to bring my common-sense to bear upon the matter, and to absolutely force myself to look the facts in the face as they were presented to me from Captain Ponsonby's point of view. Strange as it may seem, my whole nature became subjected to a sort of revulsion, and far now from being angry with Captain Ponsonby for his accusations, I could not but admire something chivalrous in him which made him come as he thought to my assistance. My only wonder now was, that the Erstfields and Lady Violet were not also convinced of my guilt.

"I remained silent, therefore, for a couple of minutes before I replied.

"'I understand,' I said then, slowly, 'you have explained the position of affairs. I see plainly how very black the circumstantial evidence is against me. I am not surprised at your suspicions, and my wonder is that they are not shared by the rest of the family. As it happens, I am not the thief you imagine me.'

"When I said this, he sighed heavily, shook his head, and, turning, began to walk slowly back with me towards the house.

"'I am not a thief,' I continued, 'for the simple reason that the temptation you spoke about did not exist. The beauty of the gems attracted me yesterday, and I looked at them with pleasure, as I like to look at all lovely things, but I never coveted them; the thought never even occurred to me to wish to possess them. I am not as other girls—my life is consecrated—consecrated to the cause of suffering and pain. I live to help people who are obliged to keep on the shady side of life. My whole mind and heart are occupied with these people and their concerns. I do not want money, for my profession supplies me with plenty, and if I had diamonds ten times as beautiful, when, as a professional nurse, could I wear them? I have listened to your side of the affair—I must beg of you to listen to mine. You must see for yourself that, the temptation not existing, it could not be acted upon. I believe you mean kindly by all that you have said, and I thank you for the kindness. Now I will go indoors.'

"I left him—he did not say another word, but I saw by the expression of his face that I had only puzzled without convincing him.

"I went straight up to my own room, and sitting down, thought over the queer turn of events. The horror of the thing grew greater and greater the more I thought it over. I felt torn in two — longing one moment to rush to Lady Erstfield and tell her everything, and the next being kept back by the thought that by so doing I might only put a suspicion into her head which did not exist.

"I was presently sent for to attend to Violet. She had awakened after a bad dream and was in a very uncomfortable and depressed condition. Notwithstanding my own great unhappiness, I could see that she had something on her mind, but although I did all in my power to break the ice, I could not get her to talk to me in a free and natural manner.

"That evening the detectives arrived from London, and the next day several visitors came to the house. Everything went on with outward smoothness, and the subject of the diamonds was by mutual consent never alluded to. Lady Violet grew worse, and the gay house party dispersed sooner than was intended. Captain Ponsonby stayed on, however. I met him occasionally, but we scarcely exchanged a word. I could see that he was anxious and haggard, but I set this down to his fears with regard to Lady Violet, who steadily refused to see him, and never left her bedroom and boudoir. I spent almost all my time with her, but as the days wore on I could not but feel the horror of my position more and more. I saw plainly that the suspicion which Captain Ponsonby harboured was shared by the two detectives, and also, in process of time, the poisonous thought was communicated to Lord and Lady Erstfield. Lady Erstfield's manner to me completely altered. Instead of treating me with almost the affection of a mother, she was cold and distant; she avoided meeting my eyes, and never spoke to me on any subject except what related to Violet's health. That is the position of affairs to-day, Dr. Halifax. I am suspected of the most horrible theft, and have not a chance of clearing myself. Lady Violet alone

"I FELT TORN IN TWO."

loves me as of old. She is my dear sister, and for her sake I——"

Here the poor girl completely broke down, and, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud.

"Take courage," I said to her. "I have, at least, one bit of comfort for you: I also fully believe in you. You no more stole the diamonds than I did."

"Oh, thank you—that is like you," she said. "God bless you for those words."

"I am glad I have come here, for every reason," I continued. "My presence here is necessary not only on account of Lady Violet, but also on your account. I introduced you to this house, and am responsible for your conduct; I shall therefore not leave a stone unturned to clear you, and now you must go back to your work with as brave a heart as you can."

She rose at once, wiping her eyes and trying to look cheerful.

"One word before you return to Lady Violet," I said. "Is it true that she has broken off her engagement?"

"Yes."

"Lady Erstfield told me that she gave you her confidence in this matter."

"Yes, she spoke to me this morning."

"Do you mind telling me what she said?"

"She was very weak and had a difficulty in using her voice, but she whispered to me. Her words were something like these:—

"'Tell my father and mother that I do not love Captain Ponsonby, and will never marry him. From the first he never attracted me, and now there is no inducement—not even the diamonds!'"

"Did she really say 'not even the diamonds'?"

"Yes, she certainly did. I thought it strange at the time."

"It was undoubtedly strange. Now go back to your patient and keep up all the courage you can. I shall remain at Beeches until to-morrow, and even longer if necessary. I wish to take care of Lady Violet myself to-night, in order to give you rest."

Miss Temple left the room, and after thinking matters over I went downstairs. Captain Ponsonby was still in the house. When I abruptly entered one of the drawing-rooms, I found him talking with Lady Erstfield.

"Can I speak to you?" I said to the lady.

"Certainly," she replied, starting up. "Is Violet worse? What is the matter?"

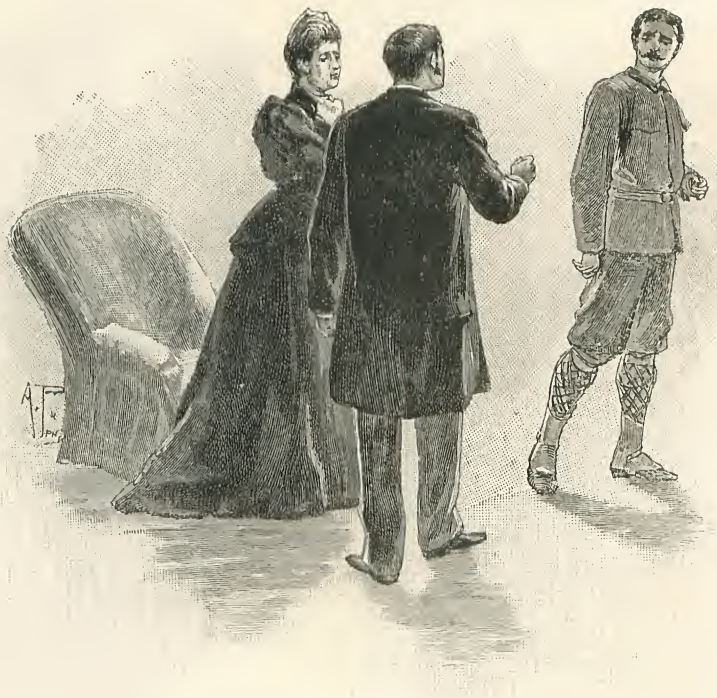
"There is no change in Lady Violet's condition," I replied. "What I have to speak about refers to Miss Temple."

Captain Ponsonby rose when I said this and prepared to leave the room.

I interrupted this movement.

"I beg of you not to go," I said. "I particularly want you to hear what I have come to say."

He turned and walked slowly back to one of the windows. I could see by the expression of his face that he was a good deal annoyed. He was a handsome, soldierly-looking man, of at least five-and-thirty years



"I BEG OF YOU NOT TO GO."

of age, with a somewhat overbearing manner. I could understand a child like Lady Violet shrinking from him in possible fear, and yet there was nothing underhand about him. I could see that he was scrupulously honourable, although his tact would probably not be of the finest.

"I should like you to hear what I have got to say," I continued, "for you seem to be mixed up in the matter. I refer to the loss of the diamonds."

"Oh, the diamonds!" exclaimed Lady Erstfield. "Do you suppose we, any of us, care about them in an hour of terrible sorrow like this?"

"Pardon me," I continued, "there is one person who cares a great deal about them. A young girl, who came here at my recommendation—I allude to Miss Temple. It seems that you, sir,"—here I turned to Captain Ponsonby—"have accused Miss Temple in the most unmistakable manner of having stolen the diamonds. You accused her of the theft nearly ten days ago, and since then she has reason to believe that you, Lady Erstfield, share the suspicion."

Lady Erstfield's face grew pale and troubled.

"Beryl has told you," she exclaimed. "Poor child, I feared that she would not fail to see the alteration in my manner. Try hard as I would to hide my feelings, I could not treat her as I did before.

"Well," she continued, "I am sorry, deeply sorry, to say that we all, with the exception of Violet, suspect her now. She alone had access to the safe—not a breath of suspicion falls on anyone else. Miss Temple has managed to hide the diamonds with wonderful skill for the time being—but in the end she must betray herself. We wish if possible to avoid having her arrested; she is closely watched, however, for there can be little doubt of her guilt."

"And believing this," I said, in a stern voice, "you allow this girl to continue to nurse your daughter?"

"Certainly," replied Lady Erstfield; "in Violet's present condition it would kill her to part with Miss Temple."

I had some difficulty in controlling my anger.

"I am glad I have come," I said, after a pause, "and that not only on Lady Violet's account. I cannot leave Beeches until this matter is satisfactorily cleared up. It is my firm conviction that Miss Temple no more stole the diamonds than you did, Lady Erstfield."

Lady Erstfield murmured something which I could not quite hear.

"I can say with the utmost truth that we are all only too anxious to clear Miss Temple from this horrible suspicion if it can be done," remarked Captain Ponsonby.

"Oh, certainly—most certainly," added Lady Erstfield. "Anything you can suggest, Dr. Halifax——"

Her words were interrupted—there came a hurried message from the sick room. Lady Violet had awakened in a high state of delirium. Lady Erstfield and I both hurried to her side. I saw that the case was truly one of life or death, and nothing further was said about the diamonds for the present.

Towards evening the sick girl seemed to grow a little easier; she sank into another heavy slumber, and I saw, with satisfaction, that the remedies I had employed were already getting the pneumonia under. I now arranged that Miss Temple was to have a night's rest, and that Lady Erstfield and I should watch by the patient for the night.

Lady Erstfield lay down on a sofa at the far end of the spacious bedroom, and I sat by Lady Violet. Her sleep was frequently broken by sharp cries of pain and distress, but I generally managed by a firm word or touch to control her wild fits of delirium. She did not know me, however, although she submitted immediately when I spoke to her. I had many anxious thoughts to occupy me during the night watches. These were chiefly centred round Beryl Temple. I could not help seeing that there was abundant ground for the suspicion which attached to her. She was, I knew well, innocent; but unless the diamonds were discovered, grave doubts would always arise when her name was mentioned. I did not think the Erstfields would prosecute her, but I almost wished them to do so, in order to bring the matter to an issue.

As the night wore on, I fell for a few moments into an uneasy sleep. In my sleep I dreamt of the diamonds. I saw them sparkling round the neck of Lady Violet, whose eyes shone with a strange, fierce fire, which made them look almost as bright as the glittering gems. I awoke with certain words on my lips. Lady Violet had said to Miss Temple: "Now there is no inducement to my marriage—not even the diamonds." I thought the words queer at the time—I pondered over them now.

Rising from my chair, I went over to the bed and looked at the sick girl. She was breathing more quietly. I laid my hand on

her forehead, and knew at once that her temperature was less high.

I went across the room to Lady Erstfield. She had been asleep, but woke when I approached her.

"I think my patient is a shade easier," I said. The poor mother uttered a thankful exclamation.

"I will go and sit by her now for an hour or two," she answered. "I have had a long sleep and am refreshed. Won't you lie down, Dr. Halifax?—I will call you if Violet requires anything."

I told her that I would go into the outer room and lie on the sofa. I was by habit a light sleeper, and the least word from Lady Erstfield would bring me back to my patient. I lay down, and in a moment was asleep.

I had not slept long when the sound of conversation in the sick room aroused me.

I sprang to my feet, and went back there at once. Lady Erstfield did not hear me. She was standing, facing the bed. Lady Violet was sitting up and speaking in an eager voice.

"I am better," she said; "mother, I want the diamonds—mother, get them for me—I want to feel them and to look at them—they will comfort me—mother, do get them for me at once—the Ponsonby diamonds, you know what I mean—*do*, mother, dear, fetch me the Ponsonby diamonds."

"You must lie down," I said, going to the other side of the bed; "here, let me cover you up."

She turned to look at me. I forced her back on her pillow and put the bedclothes over her.

"Who are you?" she inquired, gazing at me with her bright, too bright, eyes.

"Your friend and doctor—my name is Halifax."

"Oh, have you come back again, Dr. Halifax? I like you very much. Thank you for sending me Beryl. I love Beryl. Where is she now?"

"Lying down, tired out; you must not disturb her: your mother and I will do anything for you that you want. Now you must not talk any more. Let me give you this drink."

She allowed me to put my hand under her head to raise her, and drank a little milk and soda-water, with a sigh of relief.

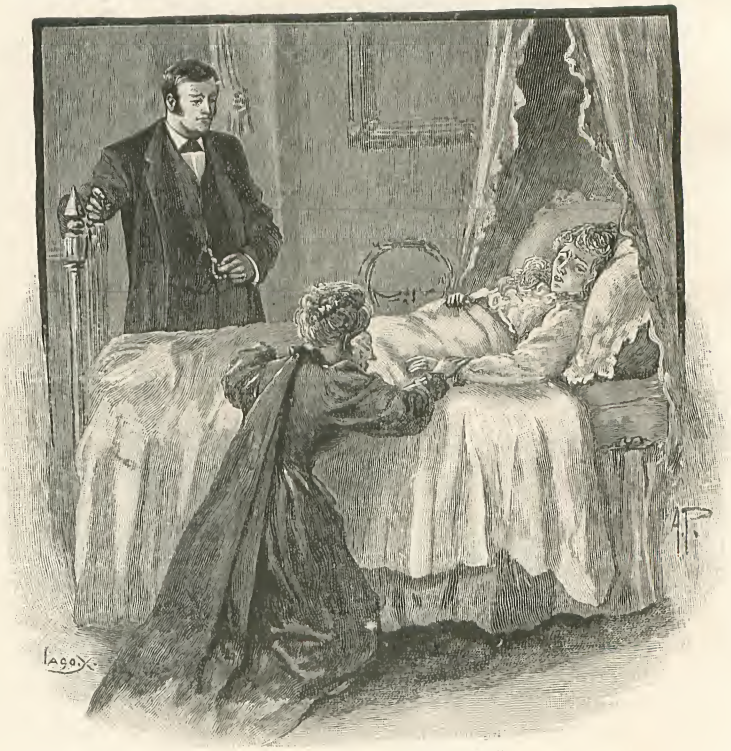
"That is nice," she said; "I am so thirsty."

"Turn on your side now and go to sleep," I said.

"I cannot; I cannot. Are you there, mother? Mother, don't leave me. Mother, won't you give me the diamonds? I shall sleep sound, very sound, if I may wear them round my neck! Do, mother, dear, give me the Ponsonby diamonds—you don't know how I long for them."

"My darling," said Lady Erstfield, falling suddenly on her knees by the bedside, and bursting into tears, "I would give them to you if I could; but they are lost, Violet, dear—the Ponsonby diamonds are lost."

"Oh! no, they aren't, mother," replied the girl, in a voice of astonishment; "they are in my jewel-case—in the lower drawer. The case



"THEY ARE LOST, VIOLET, DEAR."

which holds the diamonds just fits into the lower drawer of my jewel-case. You will find my keys on the dressing-table. Do, do fetch the diamonds, mother."

Lady Erstfield sprang to her feet and looked with a kind of horrified consternation at her child.

"No, my love," she said then, in a soothing voice, "you are dreaming—you are not well and have had a bad dream. Go to sleep, my sweet darling, go to sleep."

"But I am not dreaming," said Lady Violet—"the Ponsonby diamonds are in my dressing-case. I remember putting them there quite well—I had forgotten, but I remember now quite well. Dr. Halifax, won't you fetch them?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Lady Erstfield, will you direct me to Lady Violet's jewel-case?"

"Yes," replied Lady Erstfield.

The poor woman staggered rather than walked across the room. She gave me the key of the jewel-case. I opened it and lifted out the several compartments until I came to the bottom drawer. There lay an old-fashioned morocco case. I opened it, and the Ponsonby jewels in all their magnificence lay before me.

"My God, what does this mean?" gasped Lady Erstfield.

"Hush," I said, "don't say anything—take them to her."

"You must do it, I cannot," she moaned.

I took the case up to the bedside. Lady Violet gave a little cry of rapture when she saw it. In a twinkling, she had lifted the necklace from its bed of ruby velvet and had clasped it round her white throat.

"Oh, my beautiful, sparkling treasures!" she exclaimed; "how I love you—how you comfort me!"

She lay down at once and closed her eyes. In a moment she was in sound and dreamless sleep.

The case was one, without any doubt, of sudden and acute kleptomania. This strange nervous disorder had in all probability been developed in Lady Violet by the depression caused by her uncongenial engagement to Captain Ponsonby. The whole thing was now clear as daylight—poor Lady Violet was the unconscious thief. She had stolen the diamonds and then forgotten all about her theft. In her delirium memory returned to her, and in her desire to possess the gems she recalled where she had placed them. How she secured the keys of the safe was an unsolved mystery for some time, but Lady Erstfield, in thinking matters over, remembered how close Violet had sat by her side on the sofa in one of the drawing-rooms the evening before the loss was discovered.

"She was often fond of putting her hand into my pocket in play," said the lady; "it was a trick of hers as a child, and I used to be quite cross about it, sometimes. She must have transferred the keys from my pocket to her own on that occasion, gone upstairs and removed the diamonds from my jewel safe to her own jewel-case, and then once more slipped the keys back into my pocket."

This explanation seemed sufficiently likely to satisfy people; anyhow, no other was ever forthcoming. Poor Beryl was, of course, restored to higher favour than ever; indeed, Lord and Lady Erstfield felt that they could not possibly make enough of her. The finding of the diamonds was the turning-point in Lady Violet's illness. She slept for many hours with the sparkling gems round her neck, and when she awoke it was to consciousness and recovery.

The diamonds were returned to Captain Ponsonby on the following day, and the engagement between him and Lady Violet was at an end. There is only one strange thing to add to this strange story. Lady Violet has never, from the moment of her awakening to now, alluded to the Ponsonby diamonds. It is my belief that she has forgotten all about them, and, as far as I can tell, I do not think she will ever be visited by another attack of kleptomania.

*From a Painting by]* AGE 17. *[Valentine.*

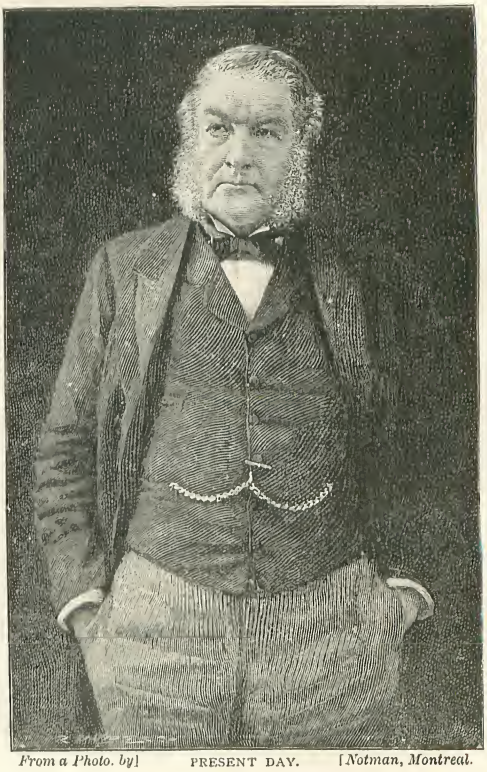
## SIR CHARLES TUPPER.
BORN 1821.

THE HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., G.C.M.G., K.C.M.G., C.B., M.D., L.R.C.S., LL.D., was a member of the Executive Council and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia from 1857 to 1860 and from 1863 to 1867, and Prime Minister of that province until he retired from office, with his Government, on the Union Act coming into force, on the 1st of July, 1867.

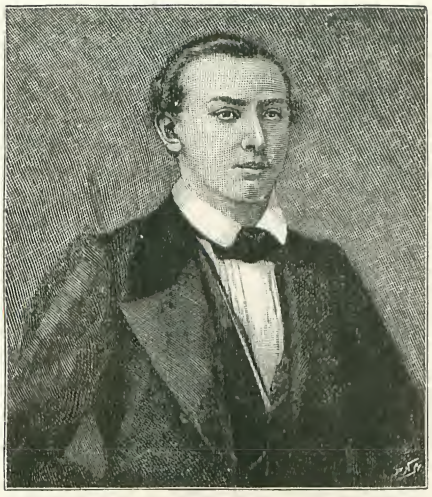
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 43. *[Notman, Montreal.*

He holds patent of rank and precedence from Her Majesty as an Executive Councillor of Nova Scotia; was sworn as a Privy Councillor of Canada, June, 1870; and was President of that body from that date until the 1st July, 1872. Sir Charles represented the county of Cumberland, Nova Scotia, in Parliament for thirty-two years. He was created a baronet in 1888.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 50. *[Notman, Montreal.*



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Notman, Montreal.*



*From a]* AGE 15. [*Photograph.*
(Chief Interpreter during the Russian War.)

## DR. G. W. LEITNER.

DR. G. W. LEITNER, Ph.D., LL.D., D.O.L., etc., probably the greatest linguist of this or any age, was born at Pesth on the 14th October, 1840. At the early age of fifteen he obtained a chief-interpretership, with the rank of colonel, in Her Majesty's commissariat during the Russian War in 1855; was Professor of Arabic with Mohammedan Law at King's College, London, where he founded the Oriental Section in 1861; has founded eighty-one institutions, including the Punjab University and the Oriental University Institute, Mosque, and Museum (containing unique collections) at Woking; discovered the countries, languages, and races of Dardistan (between Kabul, Badakhshan, and Kashmir) in 1866; excavated and named "Græco-Buddhistic" sculptures in 1870; originated and popularized Her Majesty's title of "Kaisar-i-Hind"; has written works on education, ethnography, etc., in many languages; is commander of several high foreign orders, etc. He retired from the Indian service in 1886; held a brilliant International Oriental congress in London in 1891, and is now engaged in elaborating his Central Asian material and in editing the numerous publications of the Oriental University Institute.

*From a]* AGE 26. [*Photograph.*
(As a Maulvi when exploring Dardistan.)

*From a]* AGE 21. [*Photograph.*
(Professor at King's College, London.)

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.*

*From a]* AGE 8. *[Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 27. *[Elliott & Fry.*

## MADAME CANZIANI

(Miss Louisa Starr).

MADAME CANZIANI, better known in the early days of her career as Miss Louisa Starr, became a student of the Academy at an unusually early age, and, making quick progress, she took, first, the silver medal for the best copy of Murillo's "Beggar Boys." This was the first time any woman had taken a medal of the Royal Academy. The following year she took the highest honour possible for an Academy student, namely, the gold medal for historical painting, it being awarded to her, together with a scholarship of £50. Since this date, works by Madame Canziani have been seen every year on the walls of the Royal Academy, this year's being "Roses" and "Dorothy Belleville."

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 20. *[M. Bowness, Ambleside.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 3.
*From a Photo. by J. H. Haggitt, Sout'n Shields.*

## A. E. STODDART.

BORN 1864.

MR. ANDREW ERNEST STODDART is a native of Durham. His cricket career, which is most brilliant, practically commenced when he joined the Hampstead Club in 1885. He made no fewer than five

AGE 13.
*From a Photo. by R. L. Graham, Leamington.*

centuries for that club in July and August of that year. In the following year he hit up the highest individual innings (485) for Hampstead *v.* Stoics, and three days later made 207 for the same club. As a batsman he has great strength, and plays very hard. He is also a fair change bowler, and an excellent field anywhere. He has gained the highest honours on the football field, and made his first appearance in International

AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by Geo. F. Dew, Coventry.*

football in the season of 1884–85. Mr. Stoddart went to Australia with Lord Sheffield's cricketers 1891–92, for whom he did brilliant work. Last year he became one of the holders of the rare record of two hundreds in a match.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Bradshaw, Newgate Street.*

*From a Water-Colour* AGE 6. *[by Lady Astley.*

*From a]* AGE 30. *[Miniature.*

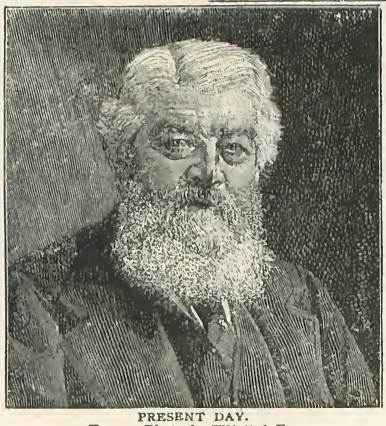
## SIR JOHN ASTLEY.

BORN 1823.

SIR JOHN DUGDALE ASTLEY, BART., is the son of the late Sir Francis Dugdale. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. As a boy, he developed the first genius that in after years made him famous, and, as far as athletics are concerned, there is no better authority than "Jolly Sir John." He served through the Crimean Campaign, and was awarded the medal with two clasps—Alma and Sebastopol—and the Order of the Medjidieh. Even during the campaign Sir John encouraged athletics, not only in his regiment—the Scots Fusilier Guards—but in the whole English Army. His men adored him, and would go anywhere and do anything for him. On his retirement from the Army, he was elected member for North Lincolnshire in the Conservative interest, and sat in the House till 1880. On the Turf, of which Sir John was for a long time a well-known and generous supporter, his success was anything but encouraging, but he bore his losses like a gentleman and a sportsman. Sir John is issuing "Fifty Years of My Life," which is to be a record of the principal events in his interesting career.

AGE 50.
*From a Photo. by Dickinson, New Bond Street.*

AGE 10.
*From a Water-Colour by Lady Astley.*



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

# *Crimes and Criminals.*

## No. IV.—FORGERS AND BEGGING-LETTER WRITERS.

THE doings of forgers, if properly chronicled, would fill sufficient volumes to stock the library of any average mansion with as sensational a series of works as could be found—indeed, so would the operations of begging-letter writers, for the matter of that. The previous papers under the heading of "Crimes and Criminals" have particularly dealt with the relics at New Scotland Yard, and although it must be admitted that the mementos here of this particular branch of punishable professions are not peculiarly extensive, yet they are unquestionably highly instructive and interesting, and it is not proposed to deviate from the pivot round which our previous observations have been made.

One glass case is practically given up to them. It is a "creepy" case. It contains the last clothes worn by a famous forger, whose action set the whole world talking for weeks—his silk hat, travelling cap with ear laps, pocket-handkerchief, collar, etc. It is not considered politic to mention his name. Close by is a poisoner's pill case, whose nefarious deeds in a neighbourhood "over the water," and in the immediate vicinity of Waterloo Bridge, made one shudder only a year or so ago. Then we come to the relics which call for more minute attention.

Here are the plates for printing, gelatine moulds, and specimens of notes, which form the relics of the case known as the "Forged Russian Rouble Notes," which had a run between the years 1868 and 1876. A glance at a frame containing samples of notes purporting to be for one, three, ten, twenty-five roubles, etc., will at once convince the observer that the Russian Consulate spoke truly when, at the hearing of the persons arrested, at the police-court, he said: "They are really splendid specimens of forgeries of the actual legitimate notes." In company with these are treasures associated with what is known as the "Ti Kroner Case." They consist of a cigar-box converted into what is generally believed to be a photographic camera, a negative—broken fortunately—of a Ti Kroner note, a note photographed on a piece of substantial box-wood, several specimens of forged notes, and a note pasted on to a piece of paper with three circles cut out of it. This is peculiarly interesting, for "the operator" has pencilled in the centre disc, "£10 clock here," in the left-hand disc "£10 watch here," and in the right-hand circular space, "watch here." The excuse of the person on whose premises these were found was that he intended to use the Ti Kroner notes as a novel form of advertisement for clock and watch makers!—to distribute these notes, drop one or two carelessly in the streets, or leave them on the cushions of railway carriages; and when the thinkingly

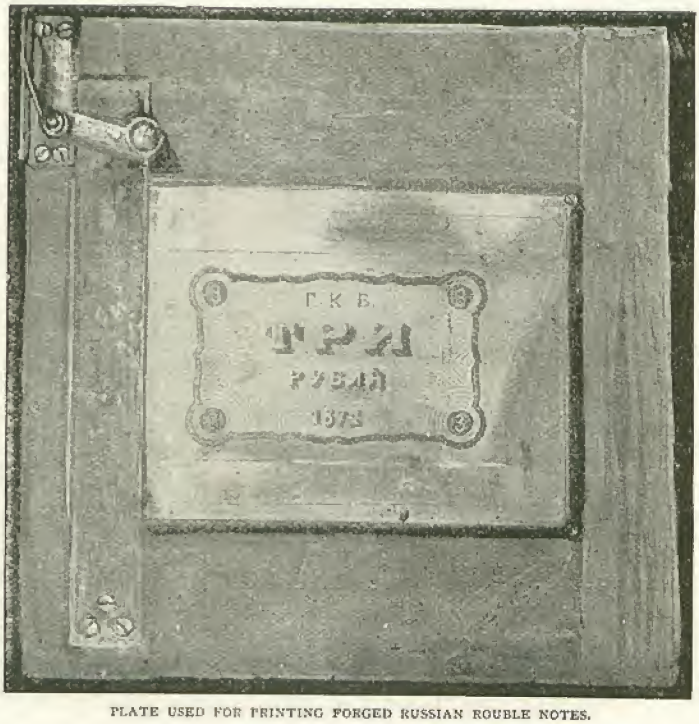


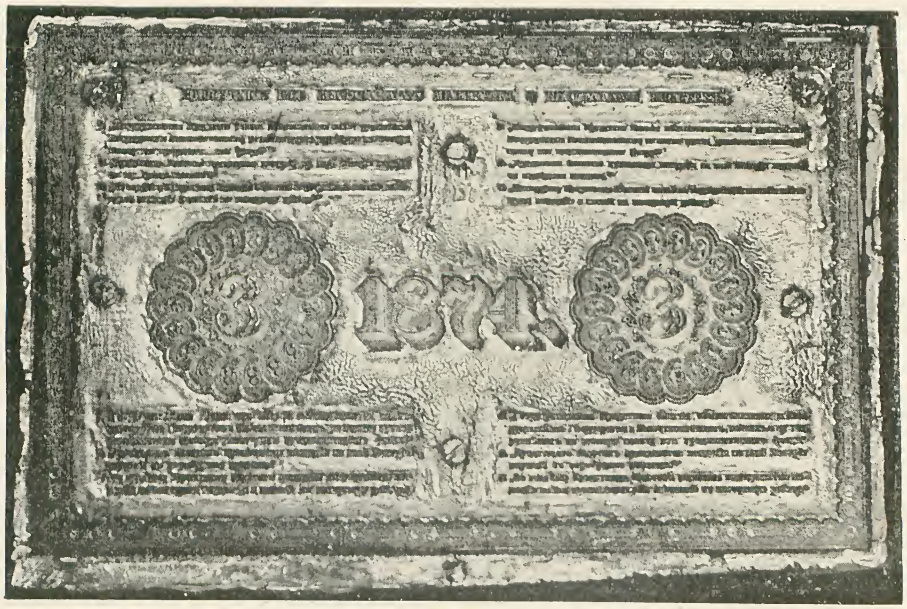
PLATE USED FOR PRINTING FORGED RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTES.

lucky finder hastily picked one up, popped it in his pocket, and waited until he got home to examine it, he found it was only, after all, an advertisement for Brown, the watchmaker, or Tompkins, the clock manufacturer!

Strangely enough, these relics were never brought as silent witnesses against the person who at one time owned them. He was voted by a thoughtful judge a perfectly fit and proper individual to partake of Her Majesty's hospitality for the comfortable period of twenty years for quite a different offence. He used to send notes — not forged ones, but nice, delicate little note-paper notes—to old ladies, threatening them that if they did not send him money he would, at the earliest opportunity, place dynamite on their door-mats, so that the first time they rubbed their boots or goloshes on the cocoa-nut fibre, they would be—well, he wouldn't venture to say where they would be blown to! Our Ti Kroner forger must have been a very versatile genius.

The simplicity which is characteristic of not a few of the inhabitants of Britain and the readiness with which some people are taken in are well illustrated by New Scotland Yard's collection of flash notes. Flash notes are generally carried by the members of that fraternity who delight in showing you what is known as the three-card trick, or by persons who wish, for some particular reasons of their own, to inspire your confidence in them, and lead you to trust in their keeping for half an hour or so your money, watch, or what not.

There are several hundreds of these notes at New Scotland Yard. It is not a punishable offence, by-the-bye, to have them in your possession, or even to print them, but it would go badly with you should you try to pass one as a real note. Now, it is a certain fact that in the case of many of these notes, they were never intended for any wrong purpose, but were merely brought out as a novel and attractive advertisement. It is to be hoped that the writer does not convey the smallest impression to the reader that these notes were in the first place originally issued for anything but a proper and legitimate cause. But your confidence-man, your cardsharper, should any perchance happen to fall in his hands, uses them to suit his own game. They are crisp—just like real bank-notes, and when rustled in the palm of the hand make that delicious sound which cheers the heart and wreathes the face in smiles: they are very nearly the same size, too, of a real "fiver." So they are used for a purpose for which they were never intended, and the confidence-man pulls out of his trousers pocket a handful of—what? Bank-notes? Nothing of the kind. But they look like them. Of course they do. But if you get hold of them yourself you would see that this crisp piece of paper with a big TEN in the left-hand



MOULD USED FOR FORGED RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTES.

FORGED RUSSIAN ROUBLE NOTE—FRONT AND BACK.

corner was only: "Bank of Engraving. I Promise to Engrave and Print in Letterpress, etc., on Demand for the Sum of Ten Pounds in the First Style of the Art or forfeit the above sum. London, 29 April, 1840. For Self & Co., Bank of Engraving, J. Duck, Fitzroy Square. *£ Ten.*"

Another of these is in reality a capital advertisement for a well-known circus, stating that it has been "Entirely redecorated and renovated at the cost of One Thousand Pounds"—a big One Thousand Pounds appearing in the left-hand corner. Indeed, your cardsharper and confidence-man knows how easily gulled some folk are, that he has even included in his stock-in-trade a note-advertisement emanating from a Parisian firm of dentists, stating that they will gladly supply you with a new false tooth for the modest sum of five francs!

These and many more are in a frame at New Scotland Yard—a good supply of American notes being noticeable. Amongst them is one which, at the moment of writing, is peculiarly interesting. It has, at some time or the other, formed part of the "monetary" luggage of somebody engaged in the confidence trick. Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, gave orders to a firm of lithographic printers for the printing of several million notes, which he intended for circulation in Hungary. The Austrian Government, however, objected to this, went to law, and the case was decided in their favour. The notes were to be destroyed, and so great was their number that several waggons were loaded with them. One of these identical notes is to be found framed at New Scotland Yard!

Whilst on this subject, a good story may be told, which will well illustrate the ingenuity of some to take advantage and make profit of a "forgery" scare.

Some time ago considerable consternation was created in France owing to the circulation of forged 500 franc notes. An individual—always on the look-out for the adaptation of his genius to circumstances—exhibited one of these sham notes and netted a neat little sum by charging a franc a head.

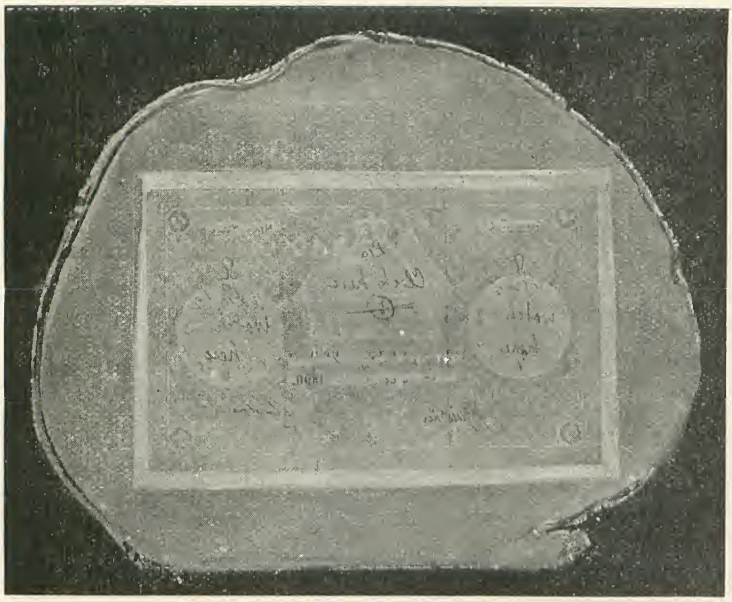
"Beautiful imitation," said one, "but not good enough to take me in."

"Very clever," remarked another, "but not quite clever enough to catch me."

"Ha! Ha!" exclaimed a third, "I should have known it as a bad 'un at once!"

The exhibitor smiled and said nothing. They had been looking at a *real* note all the time!

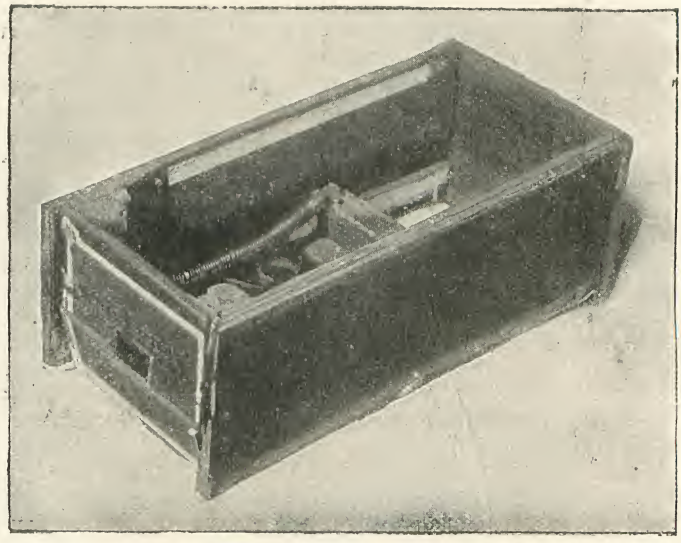
The particular glass case at New Scotland Yard to which we have been devoting our attention also contains substantial mementos of a gentleman who was closely associated with the great forged will and next-of-kin swindle of 1885. Charles Howard was this worthy's name, and he died within the walls of Holloway Prison, on the 25th November, 1893, whilst under remand.



TI KRONER NOTE PHOTOGRAPHED ON WOOD BLOCK.

Old Howard—for he was over seventy years of age—was a colossal swindler. He played for high stakes in the highest quarters. No twopenny-halfpenny swindles would appease his criminal appetite—thousands, and nothing short, was his game, and more often than not he bagged them. His operations extended all over the civilized world. His portrait has followed him all round Europe. On the Continent he posed as the Count Von Howard and Count Hovardi. The writer has had an opportunity of looking at his picture—a more benevolent-looking old fellow never faced a camera. His plausibility was simply delicious—his impudence at facing a thing out, in spite of immense odds against him, was undeniably tremendous. He had received a good education—indeed, it is believed at an important public school — and furthermore, came of good family. In order to give some idea of his monumental "cheek," almost his last exploit was to pose as the friend of a mythical Australian heiress, to whom he was prepared — subject, of course, to some monetary consideration—to introduce such gentlemen as were matrimonially inclined. When one of these sought to expose him, Howard immediately wrote to a number of leading journals in a feigned name, stating that he was a retired Indian officer, and that he was prepared to vouch for the accuracy and *bona fides* of the whole affair. This letter was actually published.

His *modus operandi* in the forged will case was both simple and elaborate. Its simplicity lies in the fact that it merely took the form of an advertisement in the newspapers, stating that a Mr. Clark had died leaving many thousands. Applications from persons of that name were invited. It was a taking bait, and hundreds nibbled at it, as is proved by a perusal of the papers preserved as relics of this case at "The Yard." Howard was magnificently artful. He did not choose the name of Smith, Brown, or even Jones —but one almost as common. A person would write in answer to the advertisement. Howard would reply, asking for fifty shillings,



CAMERA MADE OUT OF A CIGAR-BOX.

A "FLASH" NOTE.

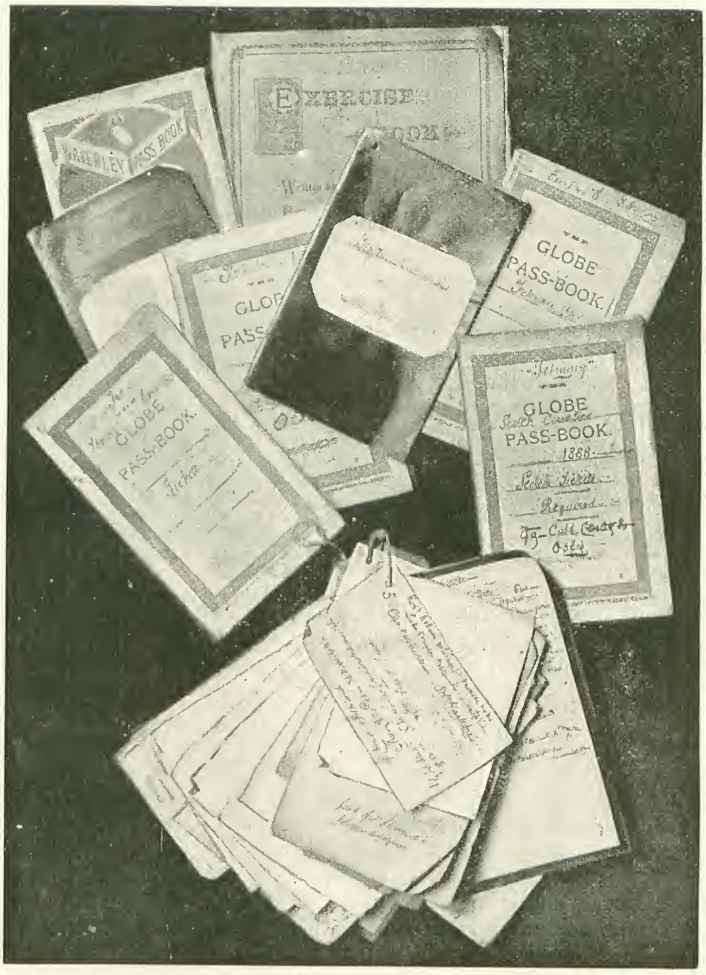
prepaid, to cover inquiry fees, and holding out further bait by stating that only the first thirty-five "Clarks" would receive a share; that the money could not go to persons of affluence, but to people of small means; that he could only correspond with principals, and that "James Hill Cooper Clark" had left the highly respectable sum of £105,000. Who would not be one of the happy thirty-five for fifty shillings!

Howard and his works might be dilated on from cover to cover of this Magazine, but to show how perfectly he played his "clients" we will give two extracts from the scores of documentary proofs we have examined. One is a death certificate, and it reads:—

"In memory of William Clark, of——, who departed this life, April——, 18——." Then follows: "I hereby declare that the above is a true copy from the tombstone of W. Clark, of——."

The suggestion to copy the tombstone could not have been evolved from any mind but that of the late Charles Howard. The other is from a confiding person who writes—Howard has evidently asked for a commission—"I am willing to have ten per cent. *reducted*," and the bad-spelling simpleton plaintively adds: "*Please to get the thing through as soon as possible.*"

Your true begging-letter writer is certainly entitled to join the family circle of forgers, though in most cases only as a distant cousin. What a begging-letter writer Howard would have made! But there are men and women whose talents



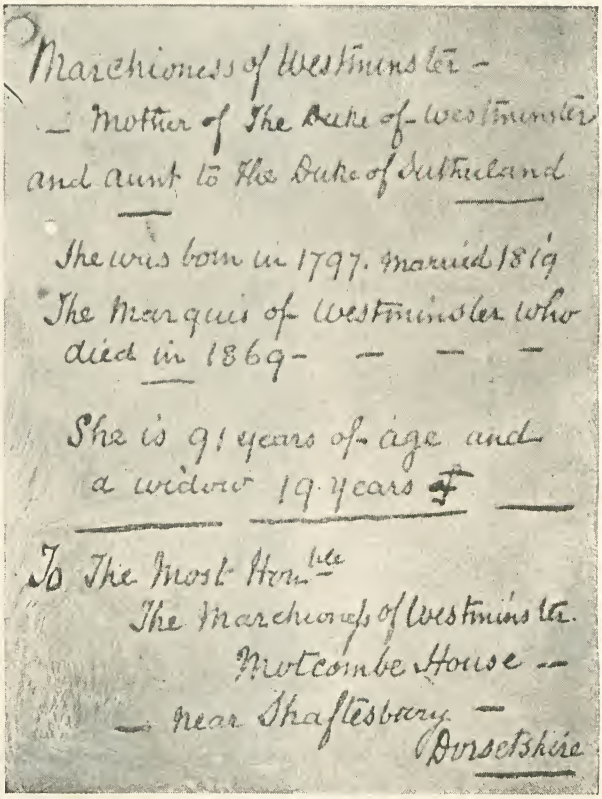

ADDRESS BOOKS, MEMORANDA, ETC., OF A PROFESSIONAL BEGGING-LETTER WRITER.

in this peculiar art are just as fine if not so varied. It is only when a man attains to position that he becomes aware of what a number of boys used to play marbles with him at school. Your begging-letter writer at once marks him for his own, he has "got him on the list."

It would be quite impossible, in a short paper such as this, to place on record anything more than a few of the methods of your modern begging-letter writer; of the old soldier who sends a line to some Army man at his club; of the ardent but hard-up politician who addresses some M.P.; of the real truth regarding that hurriedly pencilled note addressed to the City merchant and stating that "years ago" the applicant was once "on the market himself," etc., and would you oblige with five shillings, "which I faithfully promise, dear sir, to pay you back in a fortnight's time." Have you ever met the good woman —perhaps you have heard from her—who is a widow with two children, her husband is lying dangerously ill at home, and she wants a few shillings to purchase necessaries. As a proof of her honesty she incloses the receipt for her last month's rent. A certain society can show you a bundle of some forty of these letters, and every one of them contains a receipt for that same month's rent. The common lodging-house is the *depôt* for every fraud under the sun, and there are scores of men who frequent them who will write you the most touching appeal for threepence or fourpence, and find the note-paper into the bargain.

The memory of the greatest genius the begging-letter world has ever known is kept green at New Scotland Yard. He is believed to be dead—for if he were out of prison London would soon hear of him. We will hide his identity —for the sake of his friends and relations who may have survived him—under the unassuming name of Brown. Brown was an old fellow, with a glorious white head of hair, and always dressed in black cloth. His great *forte* was his ability to write in assumed hands —he could write in a hundred different ways, for which purpose he was aided by a variety of pen-nibs and various coloured inks. He was so systematic. Just examine some of his books—usually those familiar little red rent-books. Here is one—it contains the names and addresses of peers, etc., M.P.'s, and widows in North and South Wales. A second is devoted to peers and M.P.'s in England, another to Scotland, and a third to those resident in Ireland. There are a dozen books of this kind, and were the writer to publish some of the "notes" in these begging volumes they would provide some interesting reading. Then he would divide London —particularly the West-end—into districts. So we have books given up to such happy hunting grounds for the begging-letter writer as Belgravia, Knightsbridge, Onslow Square, Queen's Gate, Portman Square, Berkeley Square, Grosvenor Square, etc.

He never addressed anybody without acquainting himself with their history and particularly finding out their age, whether they have reached those years when they are generally supposed to be sympathetic, or if they were in the prime of life and inclined to be cynical. How much is conveyed on a small slip of paper, bearing the name of the

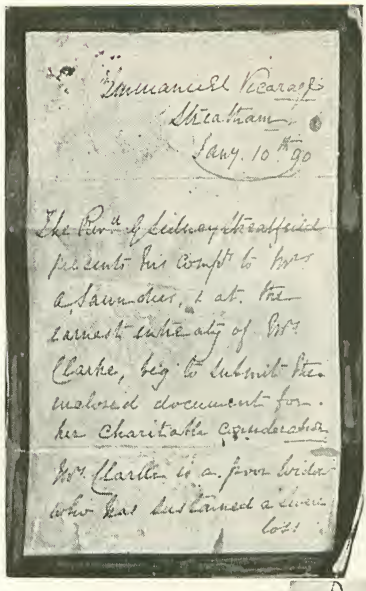

Marchioness of Westminster —
— Mother of The Duke of Westminster
and Aunt to The Duke of Sutherland

She was born in 1797. married 1819
The Marquis of Westminster who
died in 1869 — — —

She is 91 years of age and
a widow 19 years

To The Most Hon.ble
The Marchioness of Westminster.
Motcombe House —
— near Shaftesbury —
Dorsetshire

A PROFESSIONAL BEGGING-LETTER WRITER—SPECIMEN OF MEMORANDUM.



Emmanuel Vicarage
Streatham
Jany. 10th 90

The Revd. G. Sidney Streatfeild presents his compts to Mrs. A. Saunders, & at the earnest entreaty of Mrs. Clarke, beg to submit the enclosed document for her charitable consideration.

Mrs. Clarke is a poor widow who has sustained a severe loss.

Marchioness of Westminster and the words, "She is ninety-one years of age and a widow nineteen years"!

Brown used to supply beggars with letters, and several samples of them are preserved. His favourite theme was the poor widow, and the plea put forth was the same in nearly all cases save that the names were altered and the locality different. Here is one of these "appeals," accompanied by a letter on black-edged paper purporting to be from a clergyman in the same parish :—

"Parish of Streatham,
"County of Surrey.

"These are to certify that Mrs. Anne Clarke (widow) carried on business as laundress in this parish for several years, and has hitherto supported a large family in respectability.

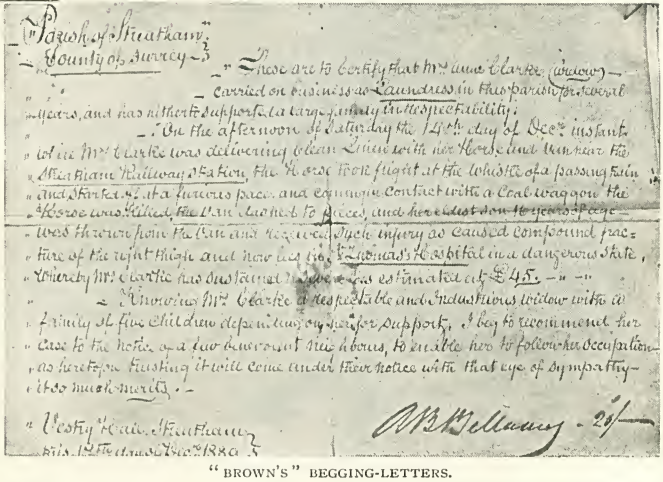
"On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th day of December instant, while Mrs. Clarke was delivering clean linen with her horse and van near the Streatham Railway Station, the horse took fright at the whistle of a passing train and started off at a furious pace, and coming in contact with a coal-waggon the horse was killed, the van dashed to pieces, and her eldest son 16 years of age was thrown from the van, and received such injury as caused compound fracture of the right thigh, and now lies in St. Thomas's Hospital in a dangerous state, whereby Mrs. Clarke has sustained a severe loss, estimated at £45.

"Knowing Mrs. Clarke, a respectable and industrious widow with a family of five children depending on her for support, I beg to recommend her case to the notice of a few benevolent neighbours, to enable her to follow her occupation as heretofore, trusting it will come under their notice with that eye of sympathy it so much merits.

"Vestry Hall, Streatham.

"This 17th day of December, 1889."

This would be presumably signed—of course in Brown's handwriting—by the Vestry Clerk with "20s." against his name. This in



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"Vestry Hall, Streatham
this 17th day of Decr. 1889."

A. B. Bellamy - 20/-

"BROWN'S" BEGGING-LETTERS.

itself is a delightful composition—but it did not end here. Our estimable friend Brown would follow on with a few more signatures giving various sums of money, but one signature always headed the list — after that of the Vestry Clerk. It was a coal-waggon which upset poor Mrs. Clarke, killed her horse and dashed her van to pieces. Hence—written in red ink—there appears on all these appeals the name of a well-known firm of London coal merchants, who give Two Pounds.

# *Beauties.*

*From a Photo. by Walton Adams, Reading.*

Miss Louie Spencer.

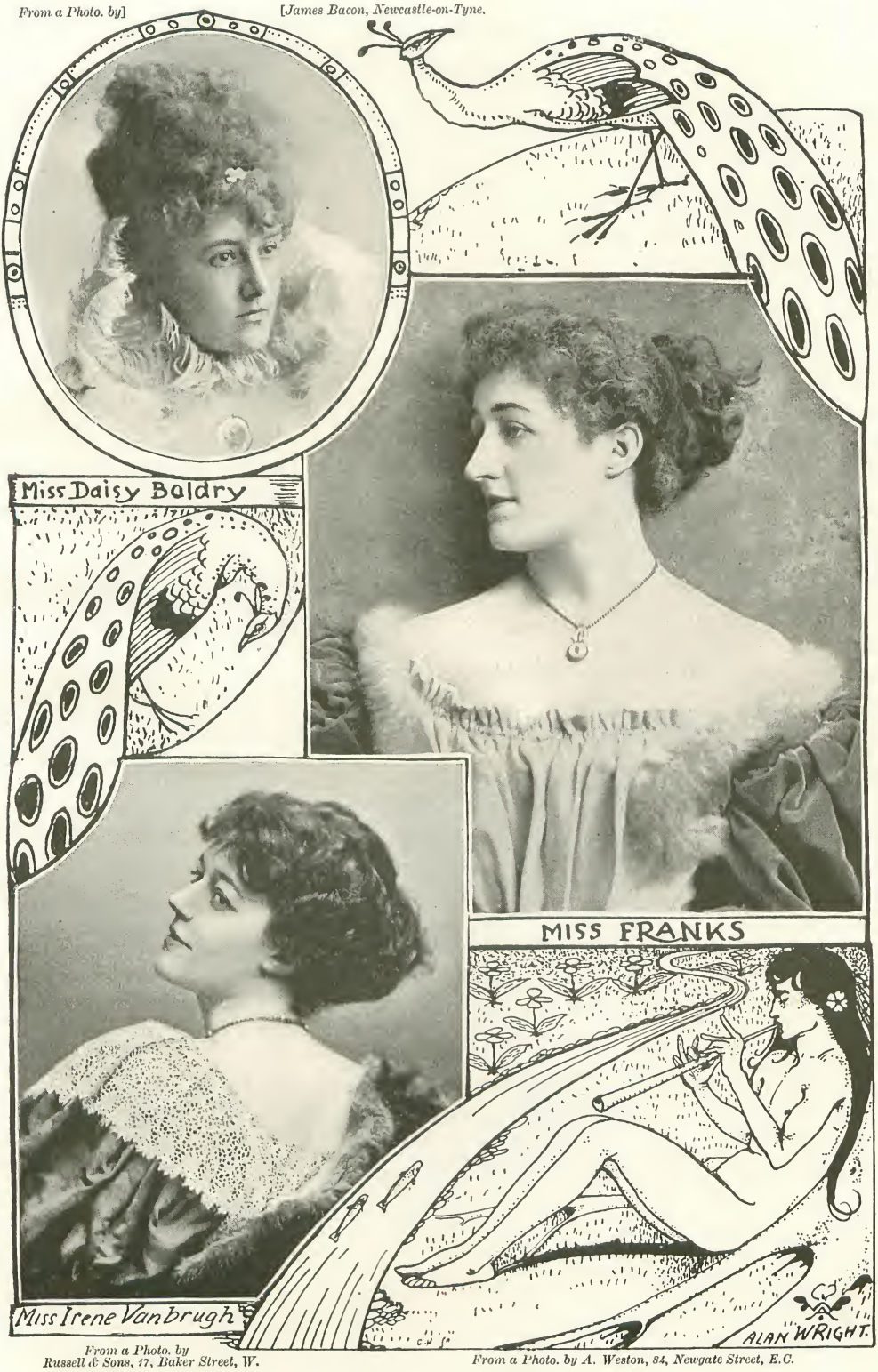
Mrs Glyndeur Foulkes.

Miss Mabel Morphett

*From a Photo. by John Ingham, Sale, near Manchester.*

*From a Photo. by W. Edward Wright, Forest Gate.*

From a Photo. by] [James Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.




From a Photo. by
Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

From a Photo. by A. Weston, 84, Newgate Street, E.C.

# *Count Ferdinand de Lesseps.*

By His God-daughter.

THE name of De Lesseps has been on the lips of many people, both French and English, within the past two years; some speaking of him in terms of reproach, others of admiration, for his past services to his country and the world at large, and commiseration for his present sad position, and the failure of his last great scheme, the cutting of the Isthmus of Panama. This record of his life, therefore, by one who, from her childhood, has known the "Grand Français," may be found interesting at this moment.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles on the 19th November, 1805. At first, and for many years, he was engaged in the French diplomatic service at Lisbon, Barcelona, and the East. Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was married, first in December, 1838, to Mlle. Delamalle, by whom he had five sons. His three elder children died at an early age, and his surviving sons by this marriage are Charles and Victor de Lesseps. Charles, the former, of whom the world has heard so much lately, took an active part in the works both at Suez and Panama, and was the able assistant of his father.

When the events of 1851 and 1852 placed the third Napoleon on the Imperial throne of France, and the Emperor, in January, 1853, married Mlle. de Montijo, who was the cousin of De Lesseps, his influence at the French Court was assured. It was in 1854, when in Egypt on a visit to H.H. Mohamed Saïd Pasha, that the project of cutting the Isthmus of Suez was first broached by him. He discussed the scheme with Saïd Pasha, and as a result his "Percement de l'Isthme de Suez" was drawn up. He obtained a concession in 1856 from the Viceroy Saïd Pasha, who himself took a large share in the venture, and granted De Lesseps an extraordinary privilege in the shape of forced labour.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 55. *[Rentlinger, Paris.*

(Date of commencement of Suez Canal.)

Count de Lesseps then left for France to obtain the necessary capital for his works, and returned to Egypt in 1860. The preliminary works were commenced in this year, and proceeded with, notwithstanding great opposition, especially from the British Government. Another great difficulty presented itself, for during the progress of the works Saïd Pasha died, and was succeeded by his brother Ismaïl.

Ismaïl was alarmed at the magnitude and uncertainty of the grants to the Canal Company, and was anxious to retire from the obligation of finding forced labour for the construction of the works. He therefore refused to ratify or agree to the concession granted by his brother.

For a time the whole works of the Canal were stopped, but eventually the question in dispute, together with the objection which had been raised as to the necessity of obtaining the Sultan's confirmation of the original concession, was referred to the arbitration of the Emperor of the French.

In the result Napoleon III. awarded the sum of £3,800,000, to be paid by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Canal Company as an indemnity for the loss they had sustained by the withdrawal of forced labour. This sum was applied by the Company to the prosecution of the works of the Canal.

In 1865 a small channel was made, with sufficient water to admit the passage of very small vessels. By the year 1867, the bed of the Canal was so far enlarged as to admit the passage of small ships and schooners. In August, 1869, the waters of the Mediterranean were mingled with those of the Red Sea.

On November the 17th, 1869, the Canal was formally opened at Port Said, amid a series

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 64. [*A. Liébert, Paris.*

(Date of completion of Suez Canal.)

of fêtes, which culminated in the famous ball given at Ismalia, by Ismaïl Pasha, which combined all the extravagance of the East with the civilization of the West. The ball was opened by Count de Lesseps with the Empress Eugénie as his partner. The Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many other Royal personages were included amongst the Viceroy's guests. Ismaïl Pasha was at this time in the height of his glory, and he lavished his hospitality broadcast.

A few days after this great triumph, Count de Lesseps married a young Creole—Mlle. Autard de Bragard. A little romance is told of his first meeting with Mlle. de Bragard, on the voyage from France to Egypt. Count de Lesseps had gathered in Palestine some roses near the Dead Sea, called the roses of Sheron. They are a genus of dried flowers, which, when placed in water, open and present an appearance of blooming. He explained the peculiar characteristic of this flower, and remarked it was similar to his old heart when nurtured. Thus was the proposal made and, as is known, accepted.

By this marriage he had twelve children, six boys and six girls: Mathieu, born 12th October, 1870; Ismaïl, born 27th November, 1871; Ferdinande, his eldest daughter, born 3rd December, 1872, and who has married the Count Ferdinand de Goutant Biron; Eugénie, born 1st January, 1874, died 19th May, 1874; Consuelo and Bertrand, twins, born 3rd February, 1875; Helene, born 8th July, 1876; Solange, born 18th September, 1877; Paul, born 13th April, 1880; Robert, born 23rd May, 1882; Jacques, born 5th July, 1883; Giselle, born 16th December, 1885.

We give here three photographs of Count de Lesseps and his family. The first shows the "Grand Français," with seven children; the next, Count and Countess de Lesseps, with nine children; and the third, the two parents and their whole family.

After the success of Suez, he was appointed by Napoleon III. to the rank of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and was created by Her Majesty Queen Victoria an Honorary Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India, and in July, 1870, the freedom of the City of London was presented to him.

About ten years after the triumph of Suez, his restless spirit prompted him to undertake a stupendous task, which even then filled his friends and advisers with anxiety. He had long conceived the idea of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as he had already done the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. He convened a Congress of all the European and American Powers to decide as to the routes to be selected for the construction of a canal—whether *viâ* Panama, Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, or Darien. Although

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 74. [*Nadar, Paris.*

(Date of commencement of Panama Canal.)

COUNT DE LESSEPS AND GROUP OF SEVEN CHILDREN.
*From a Photograph.*

opinion was greatly divided at the Congress as to the route, he favoured that *viâ* Panama, and, ultimately, carried his opinion. This fatal step was the origin of all the troubles of his declining life. His glory seemed like to wane before the disasters that befell his project, and his title of "Le Grand Français" appeared to have been forgotten.

He formed his Company in 1881 with a capital of £24,000,000, which did not last

*From a Photo. by]* COUNT AND COUNTESS DE LESSEPS AND GROUP OF NINE CHILDREN. *[Nadar, Paris.*

*From a Photo. by]* COUNT AND COUNTESS DE LESSEPS AND GROUP OF ELEVEN CHILDREN. *[Nadar, Paris.*

long. Between 1883 and 1887 further moneys were obtained by means of several loans and lotteries, and these funds were supplied to the fatal abyss, until the amount reached the enormous sum of £60,000,000. This sum was also spent and squandered. His staff showed a want of foresight, and a want of something which is better left unexplained. The Panama scandals in Paris revealed enough to the world to allow everyone to judge for himself. But Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was ignorant of all the vicious stratagems employed, and was in no way responsible. He, however, with his son Charles, had to bear the brunt of the catastrophe and atone for others.

The works were stopped in 1887 for want of funds. The Canal at that time was only partly cut. The machinery, houses, barracks, huts, sheds, were all deserted. From being once the scene of active life and the centre of 20,000 living beings, the Isthmus of Panama is now forsaken, and the sepulchre of the hard-earned savings of many a French peasant. The weight of such a grave responsibility as the loss of over £60,000,000, subscribed principally from the purses of the French thrifty, together with the prosecution of his son, has increased his age tenfold. He was strong and hopeful at eighty; he is senile and weak at eighty-nine.

The accompanying photographs show Count de Lesseps at the commencement of his fatal task in Panama, and at the present day.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by V. Daireaux, Paris.*

Death would have been a consolation to his many troubles, and would have ended a life full of success and glory up to its zenith, and now fast ebbing amidst the smouldering ruins of a disastrous enterprise. The concession granted by the Republic of Colombia for the construction of the Panama Canal elapses in 1895. The Colombian Government may extend it, but will this avail? Some great engineer must answer this question.

## *Some Interesting Pictures.*

THE modern processes of photographic reproduction for the illustration of books and periodicals have given us one great advantage at least, irrespective of their rapidity of execution and comparative inexpensiveness: the pictures as printed are absolute facsimiles of the originals. Thus it is possible to present a scientifically accurate reproduction of any especially interesting document, drawing, plan, or picture, unimpaired by the interference of any other hand than that of the original writer or draughtsman; and one may, for all practical purposes, examine an autograph which, in its actual self, is inaccessible. The facsimiles which are here produced are all of an extremely interesting, though entirely diverse, character.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by a Chinese artist, in drawings conveying the Chinese conception of Christian's adventures, cannot fail to be, at least, curious. Such a series of drawings was made and printed, not very long ago, in Canton. There is no text beyond the title printed at one of the top corners of each illustration. Three of these illustrations are here reproduced, representing respectively Christian's combat with Apollyon, Christian and Faithful escaping from Doubting Castle and Giant Despair, and the Shining One releasing Christian and Faithful from the Flatterer's Net. The absolute fidelity in detail of these pictures to the narrative is no less to be remarked than the very Chinese characteristics of those details.

A CHINESE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."
THE PILGRIMS ESCAPING FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.

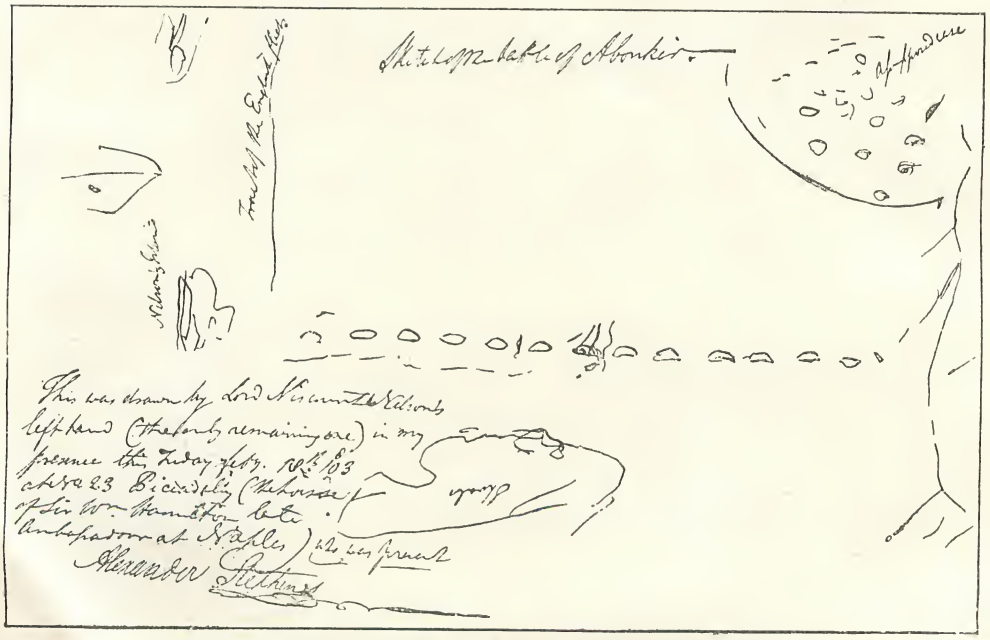
A CHINESE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."
THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON.

Next we have a facsimile of a very different character from the last. This is a sketch, drawn by Nelson with his left hand, after he had lost his right, by way of explanation of his tactics at the battle of Aboukir (the Nile). The particulars of the occasion are inscribed by a witness in the left-hand bottom corner of the sketch. The sketch itself is naturally of the roughest description, as, indeed, would be the case with one drawn by the right hand if the sketcher were explaining his meaning by word of mouth as he went along. At the left, a very rough figure, intended to represent an arrow-head, indicates the direction of the wind. The horizontal line

A CHINESE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."
THE SHINING ONE RELEASING THE PILGRIMS FROM THE FLATTERER'S NET.

of oval figures in the middle represents the French fleet as it lay at anchor in the bay. The line marked "track of the English fleet" shows the direction in which Nelson approached, and the broken scorings in the middle of the French line show where part of the English fleet broke that line. The dotted line between half of the French fleet and the shoals just off shore marks the position taken up by one half of the English fleet, while the other half attacked the same ships on the opposite side, thus annihilating half of the enemy to begin with, while the other half were helplessly to leeward and unable to give assistance; afterwards working down the line and finishing off the rest, with the exception of the few ships that escaped.

Between this and our next pair of facsimiles there is every possible difference. Thackeray's fondness of and facility in sketching, and his ungratified ambition to excel as an artist, are well known. Great numbers of his earlier sketches have been unearthed and published, but we have here some that have never before been printed—and some by no means of the worst. They exist in a sketch-book, and appear to have been made in the year 1832, when Thackeray was just of age. There are five sheets of sketches (of which we here present two), embodying a burlesque melodrama, entitled "The Bandit's Revenge; or, the Fatal Sword."



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR. DRAWN BY LORD NELSON WITH HIS LEFT HAND.

In the beginning we see the hero, Vivaldi, escaping from the Bandit's castle. Next there is an exhibition of the consequent rage of the Bandit chief. The cask labelled "gunpowder" is provided with a suspicious-looking tap, and the carelessness with which the Bandit has placed his torch on the cask-head hints that perhaps he keeps something more internally grateful than gunpowder in that cask. But Vivaldi's escape is only temporary, for in the next sketch he is captured, and being dragged back to the robber's stronghold; and in the last sketch of the first sheet his pitiable and starved condition in the "deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat" is well set forth. This completes Act I. Act II. begins with contrition on the part of the gaoler, who assists his escape by the loan of a mule, mounted on which the emaciated hero is taken, by the country folk, for Death on his Pale Horse. The Bandit's anger at this second escape culminates in a pyramid of heads, with the traitorous gaoler's on top; while the liberated Vivaldi, forgetful of his changed appearance, essays to jump his mule in at his Bertha's window, sending that lady into a very excusable swoon. This concludes Act II. In the next sketch (for which, unfortunately, and for those succeeding it, we have not room) Vivaldi, under the benign influence of good living, has grown comparatively fat, and converses lovingly with his Bertha. But the Bandit chief is not done with yet, and he waits in ambush with his retainers, variously armed, to attack the marriage train, which is seen approaching in the distance, bishops, dancers, and all complete. Next we see the fatal effect of the Bandit's attack. Bridesmaids, croziers, and ecclesiastical functionaries lie in a heap on the ground, but Vivaldi stands unharmed and defies his foes, while Bertha swoons comfortably against his back. Then with a lunge of his mighty sword (which has suddenly lengthened out to about fifteen feet) Vivaldi transfixes the whole robber band of six as they stand in convenient single file, driving his point also through a stout tree standing behind. The drama finishes

The Bandit's Revenge or the Fatal Sword. A Romantic Drama.
Act I.
Doors open at three performance begins at half after eight.
GUN POWDER
Vivaldi escaping from the Bandit's tower.
The tremendous anger of The Bandit Chief!
Wounded & overpowered by numbers. Vivaldi is again dragged to the cavern
In a loathsome dungeon, with his sweet bread & water, the emaciated Vivaldi awaits

THE BANDIT'S REVENGE. BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Act 2.
Even the hard hearted Jailer on bringing him his Jug of water & bread is softened by his condition & promises to effect his escape.
The Jailer lends him a mule, & being a light weight he readily escapes The frightened ignorant Country people mistake him for Death on the pale horse.
The Anger of the Bandit Chief & its effects!
Forgetful of the change in his appearance he is rivalled by rashly attempting to jump in at the window and mounts his Brother-in-law's fit

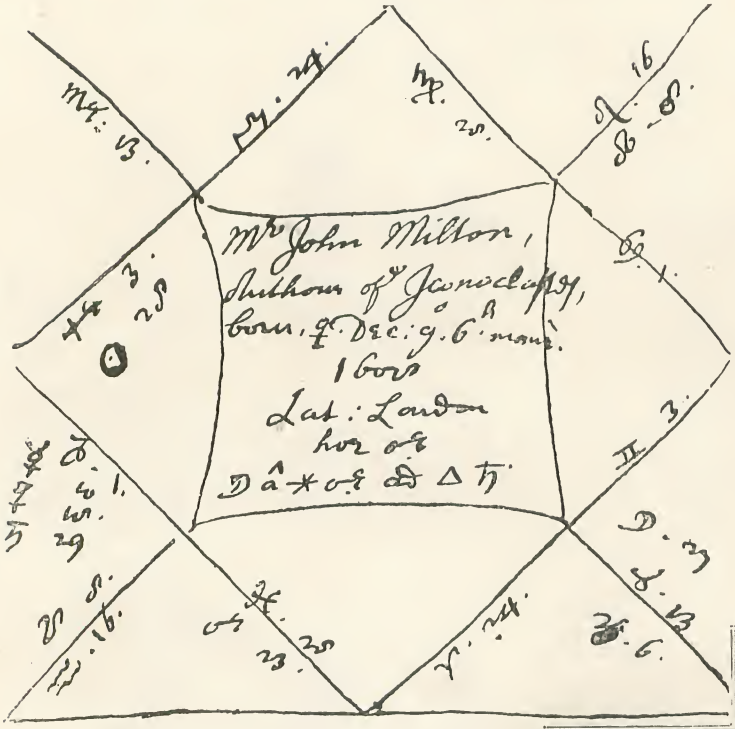
THE BANDIT'S REVENGE. BY W. M. THACKERAY.

with an "emblematic vision," wherein Vivaldi and Bertha, some years older, take hands in the centre under the shelter of that interminable sword, while on each side stand half-a-dozen children of various ages. The last sketch represents the manager addressing "the fullest house ever known in this theatre," consisting of four persons besides the orchestra, and thanking them for their approval. Finally follow two sheets of manuscript, purporting to be extracts from the rival local papers, taking opposite views of the performance and bullying each other. One comes out with some lines to the leading lady, lines with many of the characteristics of the local paper. The first verse runs as follows :—

I saw thee, and my feelings gushed
In one tumultuous tide ;
My eye was dim, my ear was hushed
To everything beside.
I thought my heart was withered,
But from out its mould'ring cinders
A mighty flame there gathered
For thee, my love, my Flinders.

These verses are, of course, abused violently by the opposition paper. Those who are curious to examine those of this set of drawings not here presented, together with facsimiles of the two pages of manuscript, are referred to *The Picture Magazine* of this month, in which the whole of the pictures here produced appear, with many others of equal interest. Among the rest there are nine more of the Chinese illustrations to "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"Variety is the spice of life," somebody once said, and here we have the facsimile of the horoscope cast for John Milton's birth, by Gadbury, the astrological contemporary of Lilly—a thing as little like what has gone before as may be. With the exception, perhaps, of the inscription in the centre, the whole affair is about as intelligible to the average person as any side of Cleopatra's Needle. An astrologer, however, reads it all as easily as if it were a bill of fare, and a modern practitioner (Mr. Alan Leo, of *The Astrologer's Magazine*) informs us that the indications set forth on this hieroglyphic tell a tale curiously in




*Fac-simile of a Horoscope cast on the Nativity of* MILTON *the* POET *by John Gadbury the Astrologer*

keeping with the actual facts of Milton's life. His pleasures, it seems, were to take a serious turn; he was to have a versatile genius in literature, but with a chief bent to serious work. His first marriage was to be a failure in consequence of some vagary on the part of certain moons, but he was to marry again. Mars so interfered with the Sun that it was evident that he would be blind in his forty-fifth year; and there are other prophecies, almost equally exact, and all very wonderful.

A facsimile of a photograph closes our present list. The photograph is that of an Indian fakir—one of the most celebrated in India at the present moment, if not actually the most celebrated. He is seventy years of age, and has worn the immense mass of iron chains shown in the photograph continuously, without a moment's cessation, for the past ten years. The weight of the iron is 670lb., and as may be seen, the "Jingling Fakir," as he is called, is by no means a man of muscular build—certainly not of the build best fitted to adopt such an amusement as the continual carriage of considerably more than a quarter of a ton of iron chain.

In addition to these, as has already been remarked, several other interesting pictures are to be seen in the present issue of *The Picture Magazine*, as, indeed, is usual every month. It needs but to see these to understand that a book of pictures alone may be something a great deal more important and interesting than a book for children merely.

THE JINGLING FAKIR.

# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

## XV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

DRESS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

FORTUITOUSLY at a time when the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament at Dublin was within measurable distance, there has been brought to light a suit of clothes described as the Court garments of a member of the Irish Parliament who represented County Cavan in the year 1774. It has, of course, turned up in the United States, and is now on view in a shop in Chicago. The suit is described as being of a deep maroon broadcloth, embroidered with heavy solid gold bullion, with the figure of a harp surrounded by a wreath of shamrock, and a vine of the same extending around the skirt. The breeches are of a deep yellow plush, and the three-cornered cocked hat is of black beaver, covered with gold lace. From this it would appear that when Ireland had her own Parliament her sons spared neither money nor taste in the effort to live up to it in the matter of clothes. The suit, on the whole, seems almost to suggest the presence of a State coachman. Taken in the mass, it must have been very effective.

One can imagine how naturally Mr. Field would take to a revival of this uniform. In the Saxon Parliament he represents the St. Patrick's Division of Dublin City. He sits below the gangway, and on summer afternoons distinctly endows that portion of the House with a haze of reflective light. It is from his shirt-front, which in the matter of displayed area is, at any time before the dinner-hour, remarkable, whilst its glossiness is almost dazzling. With this snowy expanse cunningly set-off by contrast with a black necktie reposing under a turned-down collar and with his long hair haughtily brushed back behind his ears, Mr. Field might be anything in the high art line, from a poet to a harpist. Actually he is, apart from politics, something in the victualling business. He is great at question time, and is a terror to the Chief Secretary. Having put his question and received his answer, he invariably rises, and, expanding his chest and throwing out his right arm with impressive gesture, slowly says: "Em I to understand that the right honourable gentleman means——" Here follows a supplementary question of expanse proportionate to the shirt-front. As a rule, it turns out that he is not to understand anything of the kind. But he has had his fling, and let St. Patrick know that William Field, M.P., is on the look-out tower.

"EM I TO UNDERSTAND?"

SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

I have an engraving showing a view of the interior of the House of Commons during the Session of 1821–3. It is the old House of Commons, illumined by candles alight below the ventilator, a recess wherein ladies found their only opportunity of being present at a debate. It was, as I mentioned some time ago, out of a chink in this part of the roof that Mr. Gladstone once in the middle of an exciting debate saw a bracelet fall. It was not the habit of the House of Commons to assemble in anything like uniform, but the dress of the gentlemen of the day was much more picturesque than ours. On this night, in a Session more than seventy years dead, every member of the House wears a coat buttoned across his chest, with deep collar rising, in some cases, up to his ears. Some display shirt collars of the kind Mr. Gladstone sports to this day. They are in a few cases

sustained by a black stock, more frequently by a white scarf loosely tied, in which is set a pin. For the most part the coats are cut away at the hip, the trousers are preternaturally tight, and, where top-boots are not worn outside, are strapped under the instep.

OLD STYLE.

This was the Long Parliament under the Premiership of Lord Liverpool. Summoned on the 9th June, 1812, it was dissolved on the 24th April, 1827, having lasted the almost unprecedented period of fourteen years 319 days. Eldon was Lord Chancellor for the fourth and last time. F. J. Robinson and Vansittart succeeded each other at the Exchequer. Sir Robert Peel was sometime Home Secretary, sometime Irish Secretary. Castlereagh and Canning shared between them, in succession, the office of Foreign Secretary. All their portraits, with the exception of Lord Eldon's, are shown in this engraving, being the careful work of one Robert Bowyer. In pictures of the House of Commons done in these later times, a majority of members are shown wearing their hats, as is the custom in the House. Whether for artistic purposes, or because seventy years ago it was not the thing to wear the hat in the presence of the Speaker, no hats are shown in this old engraving. This circumstance brings into fuller notice the greater average age of members of Parliament in those days. On all the closely packed seats one finds only here and there a face that looks as young as thirty.

DRESS IN THE COMMONS.

Up to recent times, the unwritten law of the House of Commons with respect to dress was severe. There was a wholesome impression that a man setting out for Westminster should array himself very much as if he were going to church. Twenty years ago no member would have thought of entering the precincts of the House wearing anything other than the consecrated stove-pipe hat. It was the Irish members who broke down this ancient custom, as they are responsible for changing the manners of Parliament in more important respects. John Martin was, as far as I remember, the first member who crossed the Lobby of the House in a low-crowned hat. But he shrank from obtruding it on the notice of the Speaker. He carried it in his hand, stowing it away out of sight during a debate. Even this modest demeanour led to an interview with the Speaker. Mr. Brand was then in the Chair. He sent for Mr. Martin, courteously but firmly explained to him that he was breaking an unwritten law of Parliament, and asked him to provide himself with head-gear more usually seen at Westminster. Mr. Martin at once obeyed the injunction, a conclusion of the story which shows how far we have marched in the last eighteen years.

Mr. Martin belonged to the Irish party, parliamentary *sapeurs* to whom nothing is sacred. Of English members, the first to break the traditions of the House in this matter was Mr. Joseph Cowen. In the course of an already distinguished career, he had never possessed a top-hat, and even the honour of representing Newcastle in Parliament could not drive him to alter the fashion of his head-gear. But like John Martin, he, whilst pleasing his own fancy, was careful not to offend the prejudices of others. He always entered the House bare-headed, and so sat throughout a debate, his broad-brimmed, soft felt hat not being donned till he had passed the doors. At this day the Speaker looking round a moderately full House will see half-a-dozen top-hats of various ages and shades of colour fearlessly worn. Mr. Keir Hardie, desiring to go one better in the effort to flout "the classes," was obliged to come down in a greasy tweed cap.

MR. JOSEPH COWEN.

KAMARBANDS.

The exceptionally hot summer of last year gave opportunity for fresh lapse from the decent gravity of dress in the House of Commons. It was Lord Wolmer who first flashed a kamarband within sight of the astonished

Mace, a circumstance that made resistance hopeless. Had the fashion been adventured by some frisky but inconsiderable new member, it might have been frowned down before it had time to spread. But when the thing was seen round the moderately slim waist of the son, not only of an ex-Lord Chancellor, but of the gravest-mannered peer in the House of Lords, all was lost. Mr. Austen Chamberlain promptly followed suit; Mr. McArthur seized the opportunity to display an arrangement in silk of the Maori colours. The Irish members, determined that ordinarily slighted Ireland should not lag behind, met in Committee Room No. 15, and subscribed a shilling each to purchase a brilliant green kamarband for their Whip, Sir Thomas Esmonde. The fashion spread till, looked upon at question time of a summer afternoon, the House in the aggregate presented something of the appearance of a crazy quilt. The Front Opposition Bench had already succumbed to the epidemic. Every day when the House met members turned instinctively towards the Treasury Bench to see if Sir William Harcourt and the Solicitor-General had yielded to the prevailing influence. Happily before that befell the weather changed, the thermometer fell, and waistcoats were worn again.

LORD WOLMER'S KAMARBAND.

GARTER KING-AT-ARMS AND NEW PEER.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Whilst members of the House of Commons have no special dress even for gala days, the House of Lords cherishes the immemorial custom of wearing robes on State occasions. Whenever a new peer takes his seat, not only is he robed himself, but is the cause of robing in others. The peers who introduce him are clad in raiment of scarlet cloth, slashed with ermine in varying fashion, indicating their rank in the Peerage. With them comes Garter King-at-Arms, the Royal Arms of England embroidered on his back.

The only time the Lords sit robed *en masse* is on the occasions, now rare, when the Queen opens Parliament in person. That is one of the stateliest scenes in the pageantry of English public life. In modern times its most effective rendering was seen on the day when Mr. Disraeli, just made Earl of Beaconsfield, escorted his Sovereign to the throne, holding before him the sword of State. When "Dizzy" was yet a young man pushing his way to the front, he used to write almost daily to his sister, giving her a piquant account of scenes in which he had taken part. Of all his published works this, perhaps the least known, is the most charming. On the day when Vivian Grey, having realized the dream of his youth and become Lord Beaconsfield, marched into the House of Lords escorting his Sovereign, the sister was dead, and for "Dizzy" the opportunity and habit of writing familiar letters had passed away. A pity this, for an account of the scene and of the impressions made on his mind, written in the sprightly style of Disraeli the Younger, would be invaluable.

Years have passed since the event, but I can see, as if it had stridden past this morning, the familiar figure, looking taller by reason of the flowing robe that encircled it, the wrinkled face with eyes reverently bent down, and over all an air of supernatural solemnity.

"BAKER PASHA."

There is no one like Sir Patrick O'Brien left to the present House of Commons, neither is there anyone who resembles Mr. Biggar or Mr. Dawson, sometime Lord Mayor of Dublin, a patriot with fuller allowance of spirit than of inches. It was he who, during debate on a provision of the Peace Preservation Bill, sternly regarding

MR. FORSTER.

the bulky form of Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary, warned him that if, armed with the powers of this infamous Act, he were to approach the bedside of Mrs. Dawson in the dead of the night it should be over his (the Lord Mayor's) body. "Baker Pasha," as he was called in recognition of his commercial pursuits before drawn into the vortex of politics, went back to his shop, his early rolls, and his household bread, and soon after flitted to still another scene.

"PAM'S" COUNSELLOR.

Captain Stacpoole was not much known to the reader of Parliamentary reports, but was long a familiar figure in the House. He had sat in it whilst Palmerston was leader, and his intimate friends had reason to believe that he had more to do with the direction of that statesman's policy and the destinies of the world than met the eye in contemporary records. It was Captain Stacpoole's custom of an afternoon to stand in the Lobby with his hat pressed on the back of his head, his legs apart, his hands thrust in his trousers pockets —with the exception of his little fingers, for occult State reasons always left outside. In this attitude, swinging backwards and forwards on heel and toe, he told at length what he had said to "Pam" on occasion, and what "Pam" had said to him.

He did not often interpose in debate, his best remembered appearance on the scene not being altogether successful. It happened, I think, in the year 1877, in debate on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. The Captain joined a minority of some dozen of the Irish Nationalist members in opposing the measure. Mr. Macartney, father of the member for South Antrim, who at this day worthily maintains the Parliamentary prestige of the family, observed that of this group of members there was not one who was not connected with the liquor trade. Hereupon Captain Stacpoole jumped up, and, falling into his favourite position, shouted out, "I deny that. I have no connection with the trade."

"I beg the hon. member's pardon," said Mr. Macartney, "he is the one exception to the rule. He is not a producer, he is only a consumer," a hit at the Captain's convivial habits much appreciated by the Committee.

MAJOR O'GORMAN.

Captain Stacpoole has gone to rejoin his old friend and pupil, "Pam." Gone, too, are the O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. Delahunty, Mr. Ronayne, and Major O'Gorman, noblest Roman of them all. The Major had physical advantages which placed him head and shoulders above all contemporary humorists, conscious or unconscious. Whether he sailed up the House like an overladen East Indiaman; whether he sat on the bench with the tips of his fingers meeting across his corpulence, whilst his mouth twitched sideways as if he were trying to catch a fly; or whether he stood on his feet addressing the House apparently through a speaking trumpet, the Major irresistibly moved to laughter.

I suppose no man was so genuinely surprised as he when his maiden speech was received with shouts of laughter, members literally rolling about in their seats, holding with both hands their pained sides. The occasion was Mr. Newdegate's annual motion for the inspection of convents. The Major, not only a chivalrous gentleman but a good Catholic, was shocked at the threat of desecration of the privacy of Irish ladies by Commissioners armed with the authority of the law. He had devoted much care and research to the preparation of a speech opposing Mr. Newdegate's motion. The choicest part of it, to which everything led up, was the picture of some historic nun, boldly facing the Commissioners, with a verbatim report of her remarks on the occasion. It was understood that the nun in question was of Royal birth, who, either wearied of pomp and vanity, or driven from her high estate by cruel man, had betaken herself to a nunnery.

The House had with difficulty kept merriment within bounds up to the moment when the Royal recluse faced the wicked Commissioners. Thereupon the Major, having

to speak the nun's part, with dramatic instinct assumed a plaintive, almost a piping, voice. The nun was supposed to give a summary of her personal history to the Commissioners. But the Major never got beyond the detail, "I had a sister, her name was Sophia——." Even Disraeli,

THE SPHINX SMILES.

accustomed to sit sphinx-like on the Treasury Bench, joined in the shout of laughter that greeted this effort, and brought the Major's address to incoherent conclusion. This speech lifted the Major into a favoured position occupied by him till, cut off by the relentless command of Mr. Parnell, who had no sympathy with this kind of thing, he exchanged the Senate for the Board Room of the Waterford Poor Law Guardians.

Possibly there is no place in the present Parliament for a Major O'Gorman. Certainly there was no one returned at the last General Election who could fill it.

BALLOTING FOR PLACES.

Among the not least substantial reforms effected in the present Session is that whereby, on the opening day, the process of balloting for places for private motions was relegated to an upper chamber. When, last year, the House of Commons, fresh from the polls, met on the eve of a memorable Session, two full hours of its precious time were wasted by a process that would not be tolerated in any other business assembly of the world. Out of a total of 670 members, 400 came down inflamed with desire to set somebody or something right. This they proposed to do either by moving a resolution or introducing a Bill. The House of Commons, whose order of procedure dates back to the Commonwealth, has ever been accustomed to this human weakness. It provided for it by the regulation that private members so possessed should ballot for precedence. Ministers, who also have a Bill or two to bring in, being masters of the situation, forthwith fix the day upon which they will take action. Private members must take the chances of the ballot.

That was all very well in former times, when at the opening of a new Session ten, twenty, or at most thirty members struggled for "an early day." On Tuesday, the 1st of February, 1893, the day which marked the doom of an ancient practice, over four hundred members desired to give notice of motion. Whilst preliminary business was going forward, the stranger in the Gallery would see a long line of members slowly making their way between the table and the Front Opposition Bench, to the great inconvenience of right hon. gentlemen seated thereon. Arrived by the clerk's desk, each man wrote his name on a sheet of foolscap, and passed gloomily on, making himself a fresh nuisance by returning to his seat along the crowded back benches. Each line of the foolscap on which a name was written was numbered. The clerk at the table prepared slips of paper carrying corresponding numbers, which he twisted up and threw into the box before him.

When the House presumably set down to business, the Speaker took in hand the sheets of foolscap containing the list of members desiring to give notice. The clerk at the table tossed together the folded pieces of paper in the box, as if he were making a salad with his fingers. Then he took one out and called aloud the figure printed on it. Say it was 380. The Speaker, turning over his sheaf of papers, found that on the line 380 was written the name of Mr. Weir or Dr. Macgregor, and in sonorous voice recited it. That meant that the member in question had secured first place for his motion, and was at liberty to select what with due regard to all circumstances he looked upon as the most favourable day.

Suppose Mr. Weir were the happy man. He would rise, glance slowly round the House, produce his *pince-nez*, place it on his nose with solemn gesture, and in thrilling voice observe: "Mr. Speaker, Sir—I beg to give notice that on such and such a day I shall ask leave to bring in a Bill authorizing the local authorities at Ardmurchan Point to remove the village pump three yards and a half to the west of the point at which it now stands." What French reporters call *mouvement* consequent upon this announcement having subsided, Mr. Milman, most patient and

long-suffering of men, dived once more into the lucky box and fished out, with ostentatious integrity, another chance missive. The Speaker consulted his list again; possession of the second place was determined—and so on to the melancholy end.

A PARLIAMENTARY PARLOUR GAME.

Regarded as a parlour game, this performance has recommendations at least equal to Consequences, or Cross Questions and Crooked Answers. There is the excitement amongst members whose names have been written down as to who may be concerned in the fateful figure just drawn. Then there is the sort of book-keeping by double entry that must needs go on throughout the process. When the chances of the ballot have given away the best day, the next best day must be ticked off, and members yet uncalled must be ready to spring up when their time comes and claim it. For the general body of members there is the joke, endeared by long acquaintance, of the member who has written his name first on the list, having his number turn up, as it usually does, at the end of the first hour and a half of the process.

MR. WEIR: "MR. SPEAKER, SIR."

Even regarded as a parlour game, it palls upon one after the first hour and a half. Writing about it in the *Daily News*, of the 2nd of February in last year, I ventured to describe it as "a mechanical performance which might well be added to the useful labours of the Committee clerks, leaving the Speaker and the House of Commons opportunity for devoting their energies to more delicate duties." Twelve months later, Mr. Gladstone, incited by a question on the paper, privily brought the subject under the notice of the Speaker, who, with that courage which enables him from time to time to rise superior to effete traditions — and such courage when displayed in the Chair of the House of Commons is heroic—undertook to make an end of the absurdity. When the House of Commons met for the new Session in March last, the process of balloting for places was quietly and effectively carried on by private members in one of the Committee rooms, and two hours of time, with much vexation of spirit, was saved to the House of Commons.

IN DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

Now this absurdity has been boldly grappled with there is hope that another anachronism may be relegated to its appropriate limbo. It is quite time the House of Commons, if it is to vindicate its claim to be a business assembly, should make an end of the whole machinery of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. This, also, was well enough in the days of Old Sarum. It is now, for all practical purposes, as archaic as the hunt for traces of Guy Fawkes, which to this day precedes the opening of each Session, and it is not nearly so picturesque.

The object with which debate on the Address was originally devised was to provide convenient opportunity of challenging the existence of the Government, or at least of seriously debating some crucial line of their policy. It was a full-dress affair, chiefly confined to the giants of debate. If business were not meant, the conversation was usually brought to a conclusion before the dinner-hour on the opening night of the Session. It was confined to the mover and seconder of the Address, the Leader of the Opposition who criticised the Ministerial programme, and the Leader of the House who replied. There, as a rule, was an end of it. Even if fighting were meant and a division contemplated, it was only on rare occasions that the combat was carried over a single night. The House cheerfully sat till one or two in the morning to reach a conclusion of the matter.

The last time the House of Commons completed the debate on the Address at a single sitting was in the first Session of the Parliament elected in 1874. That same Parliament saw the birth of a party which, in a few years, changed many things in the ordinary procedure of the House of Commons. It was the Irish members, with Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar just coming to the front, who discovered the opportunities latent in the ceremony of debate on the Address for obstructing business and embarrassing the Ministry. The lesson was quickly assimilated by other factions, and of late years it has come to be a matter of course that debate on the Address shall be extended beyond a week. Last year ten of the freshest

days of the young Session were thus wasted. If the Address were the only opportunity presented for raising miscellaneous questions of public interest, the procedure would be defensible, even commendable. What happens is, that on the Address prolonged preliminary conversations take place round subjects which already stand upon the agenda of business, and will, in due course, be discussed again at further length, upon a notice of motion or the introduction of a Bill.

MR. FENWICK.

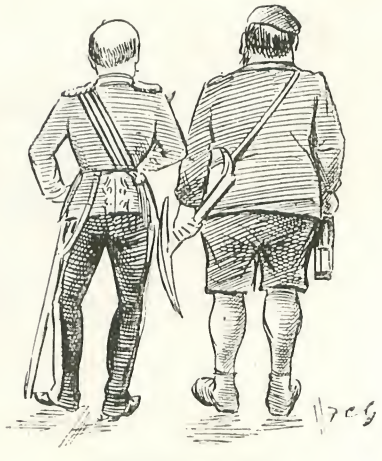
The House of Commons framing its Rules of Procedure, and anxious above all things to provide even overlapping opportunities for speech-making, supplies a final illimitable opportunity on the Appropriation Bill. This is brought in at the close of a Session, and upon its second reading members may discuss any subject under the sun. Any speech a member may have prepared at an earlier period of the Session, upon any subject whatsoever, may, failing the first legitimate opportunity, be worked off on the Appropriation Bill. This measure plays the part of the seven baskets in the parable. All the elocutionary or disputatious fragments that remain after the feast of the Session are picked up and crammed within its ample folds.

That is bad enough. But since discovery was made of potentialities of debate on the Address, that occasion has been utilized in analogous fashion. Now we have an Appropriation Bill debate at the beginning of the Session, with pleasing prospect of another at its close.

INNOVATION.

The present Session will be memorable in the long record, since it witnessed an innovation that is probably the beginning of the end of an absurd custom. From time immemorial it has been ordained that members moving and seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne shall array themselves in uniform if they have the right to wear it. Failing that, they must strut in the velvet and ruffles of Court dress. This Session Mr. Fenwick was selected to second the Address. The member for the Wansbeck Division of Northumberland is one of the most highly esteemed members of the House of Commons, a man of modest mien and great capacity, an excellent speaker, who has the priceless gift of conveying to an audience conviction that he knows what he is talking about and means what he says.

Mr. Fenwick, as he has proudly recorded in the pages of "Dod," began his career as a working collier, and when, in 1885, elected to a seat in the House of Commons, he threw down his pick in the Bebside Colliery as a preliminary to having a good wash, changing his clothes, and going up to Westminster. Court dress is, of course, not common at Bebside, neither is the crimson and gold lace of the dauntless Colonel of Militia, or the epaulettes and tightly-buttoned frock-coat of the Rear-Admiral. If Mr. Fenwick had been inclined to act up to the spirit of the ordinance, he might have appeared in his old collier's garb. With pick and spade under his arm, and lantern in his hand, he would have made a picturesque figure. That, however, did not seem to occur to him, and he had the good sense to break through the tradition by appearing



MOVER AND SECONDER.

in his ordinary Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, leaving his colleague who moved the Address to dazzle the House with sight of the uniform of the 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

THE HORSE GUARDS' GATE.

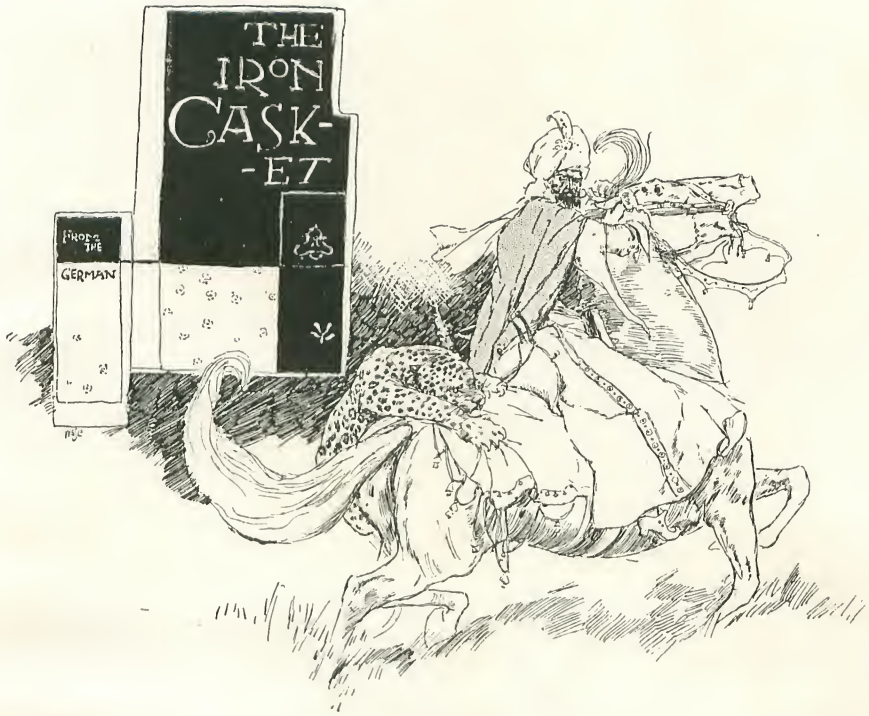
A member of Parliament may at this day send from the House of Commons, post free, a certain number of copies of Parliamentary papers. This is a poor relic of the privilege of franking, long since abolished. Ministers still have the privilege of sending their letters post free. This is done by the medium of the stamp that marks an envelope "Official: Paid." Presumably this limits the privilege to official correspondence. But the line is, as a rule, not too closely drawn. When is added the fact, only recently established, and, I believe, not widely known in the House, that members may obtain from the post-office in the Lobby packets of excellent envelopes at the bare cost of the postage-stamps with which they are embossed, the list of special privileges pertaining to the estate of a member of the British Parliament corresponding with those enjoyed by foreign legislatures is completed.

There is one privilege much coveted by members domiciled in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons. It is the opportunity of approaching the West-end by driving through the Horse Guards' entrance by Whitehall. A supporter of the late Government who lived in Whitehall Gardens, and to whom this avenue would have been a particular convenience, used all his influence to obtain the coveted permission. In reply to his importunate demands, significantly addressed to the Chief Whip of his party, then in power, he received for answer: "My dear fellow, if you like I'll get you made an Irish Peer. But not being on the list, you may not ride or drive through the Horse Guards."

The thing has, nevertheless, been done. A popular Q.C. is accustomed to ride every morning along the Embankment to the Courts. One day, taking the upper ride skirting St. James's Park, he came out on the Horse Guards' Parade, and thought he would try the sentinelled passage into Whitehall. Walking his horse through, he was challenged by the sentry.

"Don't you know me?" he sternly said. "I am one of Her Majesty's Counsel."

The soldier saluted, and Mr. Frank Lockwood gravely rode on.




A Story for Children.

IN Bagdad, in the little lane by the Golden Bridge, lived, ages ago, a merchant named Kalif. He was a quiet, retiring man, who sat early and late in his little shop, and went but once a year to Mosul or Shiraz, where he bought embroidered robes in exchange for otto of roses.

On one of these journeys, chancing to have fallen a little in the rear of his caravan, he heard roarings and trampling of horses' hoofs in the thicket close by the roadside. Drawing his sword, which he wore on account of thieves, he entered the thicket. On a little green, surrounded by trees, he saw a horseman in a light blue mantle and a turban, fastened by a flashing diamond. The horse, an Arab of purest blood, seemed to have lost its senses. Rearing upright with a piercing neigh, it struggled vainly to dislodge an enormous panther which had fixed its great claws in the horse's flanks. The rider had lost all control over it; blood and foam poured from its mouth and nostrils. Kalif sprang boldly out, and with a mighty stroke split the panther's skull, and flinging away his sword, ran to the horse's head, thereby enabling the rider to dismount. Having calmed the trembling animal, the horseman begged his rescuer to follow him.

"I had lost my way in the chase," he said, "and should have fallen a victim to the panther if Allah had not sent you to my aid. I will reward you well for your bravery. Come! let us seek my companions; there, behind that wood, my camp must be."

"I did what any other would have done in my place," answered Kalif, simply, "and expect no reward. But, if you so will it, I will accompany you to your tents."

The stranger took his horse by the rein and walked in silence at the merchant's side till they arrived at an opening in the trees. Here, surrounded by several smaller ones, stood one large tent of purple linen. A number of richly clad men threw themselves on their faces before the new comer. Then Kalif knew whom he had saved: it was the Shah himself! He was about to fall at his feet, but the Shah seized his hand and led him into the tent. Inside, standing on five stools, were five caskets, the first of gold set with jewels, the second of gold alone, the third silver, the fourth copper, and the fifth of iron.

"Choose one of these caskets," said the Shah.

Kalif hesitated. At length he said :—

"What I did is not worthy of any reward, but if you will it, oh! King of Kings, I will take one of these caskets to remind me of the day when my eyes were permitted to behold the Light of Asia."

He stooped and took the iron casket.

The Shah started. "Stranger," he said, "your modesty has met with its own reward. You have chosen the most valuable casket, for, look! the others are empty; but this one contains two jewels which possess the magic gift of bestowing undreamed-of power to their owner." He raised the lid and showed the wondering Kalif the two stones. "This one," he said, "is a lapis lazuli. Whosoever winds it in the folds of his turban, to him everything is known that has happened since the world began, and no secret can be hidden from him. But this stone," and he took a diamond the size of a dove's egg from the casket, "this stone brings all the riches he can think of to its owner. He has but to rub the stone and repeat his wish aloud." He replaced the stones in the casket, closed the lid, and handed it to the merchant, who thanked the Shah, hid the treasure in his robes, and hastened to rejoin his caravan.

Once more in his own house he often looked at the princely gift, and one day as he was rubbing the lid he noticed an inscription upon it that had hitherto been unseen. It ran :—

'Tis Allah's will that to him who cherishes
The precious gift that never perishes,
The East shall erstwhile all bow down,
So far the date on palm is grown.

He never spoke of his adventure in the Kalaat Mountains, neither could he ever make up his mind to test the virtue of the stones, being a frugal man on the one hand, and unwilling to surpass his neighbours in wisdom on the other. But at length the news of the Shah's rescue by the merchant reached even Bagdad, together with the account of the Royal reward, and people jostled one another to call on the merchant and see with their own eyes the wonderful casket. In consequence Kalif had more customers in one day than he generally had in ten years, and his daily receipts testified to the worth of the casket. For many years he enjoyed the reward of his bravery, and at his death Ali Haitam, the eldest son, proposed that they should draw lots for the magic stones. He had great ideas of his own cleverness, and hoped from the bottom of his heart to win the lapis lazuli. Ali Hassuf, the second son, whose sole failing was insatiable greed, was quite agreeable. (In secret he was revolving in his own mind how to obtain the diamond in case it fell into the hands of the youngest son.) But just as they were about to draw, Abdul Kassim, the youngest son, said: "Dear brothers, we are three, and there

"THE ELDEST SON PROPOSED THAT THEY SHOULD DRAW LOTS.

are but two stones. It would be better, therefore, for one to renounce his claim in order that no dispute may arise in our hitherto peace-loving family. I am the youngest, and therefore can have least claim on the stones. Throw to decide which stone shall fall to each. I resign!"

The other two were delighted, and as it happened each got the stone he desired.

"But in order that I may have a keep-sake of my dear father," continued Abdul Kassim, "permit me to take home the casket. It will be of no use to you since you have divided the contents."

Ali Hassuf hesitated at first, but finally agreed to Kassim's wish.

The three brothers left the empty house, and went each to seek his fortune in his own way.

Ali Haitam bought a piece of muslin, folded it into a turban, sewed the lapis lazuli inside, and fixed it firmly on his head. Then he went to the bazaar and waited for an influx of wisdom. And see! The power of the stone set to work and his mind was filled with knowledge! He knew the origin of all things, and his eyes could see through walls five feet thick! He passed the Caliph's palace, and he could see that in the recesses of the cellars were hidden 9,000 sacks of gold, and that Fatma, the daughter of the Caliph, was the most lovely maiden in the East; and an idea occurred to him that dazzled him. "How would it be," he thought, "if I placed my wisdom at the Caliph's disposal, became his first adviser, and finally married the lovely Fatma?" But together with this dream came the longing to display to an admiring crowd some proofs of his wisdom.

He hurried back to the bazaar, mounted the highest steps at the gates, and cried: "You people of Bagdad, who believe that the sun moves round the earth, you are ignorant fools and sons of fools! Hear now what I preach to you. The sun stands still, but the earth moves!"

He intended to continue, but the cries of the bystanders interrupted him.

"Ali Haitam has gone mad," they cried; "listen to the nonsense he is talking. Come, let us hold him head first under the lion's mouth at the spring; that will restore him to reason!"

And one, a fruit dealer, took an orange, and crying, "Ali Haitam is right, the sun moves just as little as this orange!" flung the orange at the philosopher on the steps. The juicy fruit knocked the turban from Ali's head. He stooped to regain it, but in vain. The fruit dealer's throw was the signal for a general onslaught, so that he was obliged to take to his heels and fly for home. Dirty and panting he reached his hut, deeply grieved at the loss of his precious stone, and furious at the stupidity of the people who showed so little understanding of the first principles of science.

"THE JUICY FRUIT KNOCKED THE TURBAN FROM ALI'S HEAD."

The second brother started more cautiously. Since he had but seldom been further than the end of the narrow street, by the Golden Bridge, he was not in a position to think of anything very precious to wish for; he therefore first visited the bazaar and asked the price of everything he saw. At last he found something that, on account of its high price, made a great impression on him. It was a Turkish sword that a cunning jeweller had studded thickly with diamonds on handle and sheath. The dealer asked 1,500 golden coins for it, and the bystanders stared with open eyes at the man who dared to bargain for such costly possessions. Just as Ali Hassuf was weighing the precious sword in his hand, a palanquin was borne through the crowd. He turned, and through the drawn curtains caught sight of a maiden of wondrous beauty. When he heard that she was the Caliph's daughter, the desire awoke in his soul to marry this lovely creature, and it seemed to him not unlikely that the Caliph would give his daughter to a man of such note as he would become as the possessor of the magic diamond. He decided to buy the sword, and, armed with the same, to visit the Caliph the very next day.

"HE OPENED ONE, AND FELT INSIDE."

"I shall come again the very first thing to-morrow morning," he said to the dealer. "I have not quite enough money with me now, but I shall procure it this evening. I had quite expected," he added, boastingly, "that the sword would be expensive."

He turned and went home, where he saddled the thin ass and hung across its back two large panniers. When it grew dark he softly drove the beast through the yard and led it out into the desert. For about an hour he walked, and in imagination saw himself in possession of all the glories the talisman would bring him. He never noticed that he was followed by three dark forms, who had never lost sight of him since his visit to the bazaar. He halted by a group of stunted palms, spread out a large cloth, and with trembling fingers began to rub the diamond, crying at the same time: "Spirit of the Stone! send me at once twenty shekels of golden coins!" He waited a moment, and listened into the darkness, thinking he heard whispering voices. But as all was silent he repeated his wish for the second and third time. He heard a noise as of the falling of soft, heavy weights, and, on stooping, found twenty well-filled sacks. He opened one, and felt inside. And, truly! it was really gold in bright new coins! With feverish haste he slung the sacks on the ass's back, and turned its head homewards. Suddenly he heard once more the same mysterious whisperings, this time in his immediate neighbourhood. He stood still and listened with bated breath. He felt himself seized by heavy hands and thrown to the ground, and saw another form seize the ass. Two men with blackened faces tore off his turban and robe and left him lying half naked by the roadside, after having warned him to keep quiet as to this attack unless he wished to lose his life. Trembling with fright and rage, he saw the robbers disappear with his ass in the direction of the mountains. What pained him most was the loss of his diamond, which he had concealed in his robe. He reached home, where he lay hidden for weeks, too ashamed to show himself in the streets or at the bazaar. But once as he sat

on the Golden Bridge fishing, to try and provide himself with a frugal meal, the weapon dealer passed him by, and said: "Well, Ali Hassuf, when are you coming for your sword?"

But sword and Princess were for ever lost to Ali Hassuf.

In the meantime, as the two elder brothers sat mourning their losses, Abdul Kassim, the youngest, sat at home in his little house by the gardens, thinking with regret of his father, and wondering what he should do to earn himself his daily bread. Before him, on a little stool, stood the iron casket. There came a knock at the door, and Micha ben Jahzeel, the Jew, who had lent him money a month or two ago, walked in. Micha looked grave and said: "Abdul Kassim, times are bad, and ready money gets scarcer and scarcer. You know I lent you ten golden coins, and I have come to ask"—his eyes fell on the casket and he started, but collecting himself, went on: "I have come to tell you that I am not in an immediate hurry for the return of the loan. If you like you can keep it, or as it is hardly worth mentioning, keep it for some months, or even years if you like. I only wanted to tell you you needn't trouble about it, there is no hurry at all." He bowed low to his debtor and withdrew.

Abdul Kassim marvelled at the change in the Jew's manner, but as he thought of the looks he had cast at the casket he couldn't help smiling.

On the same evening came his neighbour, the clothes dealer, who had not visited him for years. "Dear friend," he said, and placed a bundle on the floor before Kassim, "I have come to entreat your pardon that my horse should have splashed your robe with mud the other day; he is a young thing, and is not yet properly broken. I have brought you a new robe to replace it, which I hope will please you." Then he withdrew. The young man could not recollect having been splashed by his neighbour's horse, still less could he account for the generosity of one who was celebrated for his meanness in presenting him with such an elaborately embroidered robe.

Next morning, just as he had put on his new robe, a distant relation arrived, bringing a magnificently caparisoned horse.

"Dear cousin," he said—formerly he had not even noticed him—"your appearance grieves me. I feared you were giving way too much to grief at the loss of your father, and it would give me great pleasure to cheer you a little. I have ventured to bring you this horse, which is overcrowding my stable; do me the favour to accept this little gift!"

Abdul Kassim would have refused, but the cousin had hurried away. There he stood holding the beautiful animal by the bridle. He could not resist the temptation to mount him. He swung himself into the saddle and rode into the town. Everyone bowed to him, and many stood still, saying: "There, I told you so! Abdul Kassim was always the favourite son, and he has inherited the casket!"

Next morning, as the barber sharpened his razor and began to shave the Caliph, the latter asked him: "Well, Harmos, what are my subjects talking about just now?"

The barber bowed to the ground and said: "What should they speak of, oh, King of the Faithful, if not of your goodness and wisdom?"

"Of your idiotcy, son of a she ass," shouted the Caliph, bored by the eternal flatteries of the barber. "Tell me, what are the people talking about?"

"They talk," began Harmos, hesitatingly; "they talk of the luck of your servant, Abdul Kassim, whom they call the wisest and richest of your subjects."

"Abdul Kassim? I don't even know his name," said the Caliph.

"He is the son and heir of Kalif," continued the barber, more courageously, "the same Kalif whom the Shah once rewarded with a magic casket."

He related at length all about the magic stones. The Caliph listened attentively, dismissed the barber, and sent a message to the Grand Vizier to come at once. The Vizier came and confirmed the barber's tale. "Abdul Kassim," he said, "knows everything that goes on in the world, and whenever he has a wish, all he has to do to fulfil it is to rub the diamond and say what he wants."

The Caliph grew serious. "Do you think, Vizier, that this man could usurp my throne? How would it be if I gave him a palace and raised him to be the husband of my daughter?"

The Grand Vizier agreed to the proposal of his ruler, and undertook himself to convey to the astounded Abdul Kassim the tidings that the Commander of the Faithful had given him a palace and awaited his visit.

The same evening the new favourite of the Caliph packed all his few belongings on the horse's back, took the iron casket under his arm and, amid the cheers of the crowd, entered the palace.

A troop of negroes received him and threw

"'SON OF A SHE ASS,' SHOUTED THE CALIPH."

themselves at his feet. An especially gorgeously arrayed slave led him into a room, where a banquet awaited him. Abdul Kassim had never fared so well in his life. But he did not forget to praise Allah for his goodness. Next morning he put on his gorgeous robe, bound on the magnificent sword he found in the great hall, and rode, accompanied by the negroes, to visit the Caliph.

The Commander of the Faithful sat on the throne and awaited his subject, who, when he appeared, was about to throw himself in the dust at the ruler's feet, but the Caliph descended the three steps of the throne, and took the young man's hand.

"Are you Abdul Kassim," he said, "son of Kalif, the merchant who lived by the Golden Bridge?"

"I am he, Caliph," answered Abdul; "permit me to express my thanks for the palace with which you have endowed your most humble servant."

"I have heard much good of you," said the Caliph, when he had ordered his suite to retire; "and pray you to show me the magic jewels that help you to such power and wisdom."

"Of which jewels are you speaking?" asked Abdul Kassim, amazed.

"Well," smiled the Caliph, "which jewels should I mean but those you have inherited from your father?"

The young man stared. So the Caliph, too, took him for the possessor of the magic stones? Without reserve he confessed that, to avoid disputes, he had voluntarily retired and left the stones to his brothers.

"But," said the Caliph, "Micha ben Jahzeel, the Jew, saw the casket in your house!"

"The casket he may have seen," answered Abdul Kassim; "I begged it of my brothers in memory of my father."

The Caliph seemed still in doubt. He sent a slave to Abdul Kassim's palace to bring the casket. The messenger brought it, gave it to the Caliph, and retired. The Caliph opened the lid and looked inside. It was in truth empty! His gaze fell on the inscription:—

> 'Tis Allah's will that to him who cherishes
> The precious gift that never perishes,
> The East shall erstwhile all bow down,
> So far the date on palm is grown.

He read the verse and looked at the youth. "Abdul Kassim," he said, "you have jewels in your heart more precious than all the treasures of the earth. For love of your brothers you gave up the stones, and for love of your father you have preserved this seemingly worthless casket. But Allah has blessed you for your virtues and has, by means of this humble iron casket, raised you to power and wealth. I dare not refuse

to assist you. I will give you the most priceless gift at my disposal—the hand of my only daughter."

He called the chief overseer of the harem and bade him lead Fatma to the throne-room. The maiden had passed the night in weeping, for she had heard that she was to be given in marriage to a strange man. She shuddered at the thought, for as only child of the Caliph she had been thoroughly spoilt, and hated the idea of leaving her father's roof.

Abdul Kassim, who until now had been struck utterly dumb with astonishment, could not refrain from a cry of admiration at the sight of the lovely Fatma. She seemed to him a hundred times more beautiful than any description he had heard of her in Bagdad.

In the midst of her grief Fatma retained her woman's curiosity, and on hearing the youth's voice, cast one glance at him over her father's shoulder. The first impression seemed not unfavourable. She eyed his slender form as he stood leaning on his sword, and gradually ceased her sobbing. She even raised herself and took hold of the Caliph's arm. "Father," she said, "do with me what you will; not without cause do the people call you 'The Wise One.'"

"'FATHER,' SHE SAID, 'DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL.'"

So Fatma was married to Abdul. But neither she nor any other ever knew that the iron casket connected with her young lord's rise and power was empty. The Caliph advised his son-in-law to maintain the deepest silence as to the absence of the magic jewels.

In the fifth year of their wedded life the Caliph, feeling the weight of advancing years, abdicated in Abdul Kassim's favour, so the verse on the casket lid was fulfilled, and Abdul Kassim reigned many, many years over Bagdad, the best and wisest ruler who had ever ascended the throne. Allah's name be praised!

"MOTHER! *Have* you seen this?" exclaimed Genevieve. "*Do* listen what the paper says:—

"'*The latest American notion is the recently instituted College of Beauty in New York. The College course knows nothing of dyes, or cosmetics, or powders. . . . One branch of study deals with the features of the face. The most enchanting beauty of expression will result from the methods adopted in the College. The effect of music on the features receives great attention; the eyes are to be enlarged by Verdi's music; the air of intelligence heightened by Chopin's; and various other ameliorations brought about by other composers, and poets, and so forth.*' Just fancy, mother!"

Genevieve was wrapped in silent musing for some minutes; then she arose and crossed over to the mirror and gazed critically into it.

"Of course, it's all nonsense, mother, eh?" she said.

"Most absurd nonsense, my love—most absurd!" replied Mother.

Then Genevieve opened the piano abstractedly and began passing her fingers mechanically over the keys, which, strange to say, gave forth an air by Verdi. The mirror was right opposite Genevieve as she sat at the piano, and she looked casually at it many times.

When tea-time came, two hours and a half later, she was still strumming—strumming a little thing by Verdi, as it happened. Mother sat and smiled upon her indulgently.

That night, when Genevieve had retired to rest, she heard the faint sounds of the piano from the drawing-room; it was playing an air from Verdi. Mother was the only person downstairs who could play the piano.

"Mother," said Genevieve, next day, "of course that *must* be all nonsense about the College of Beauty, eh? Of course, it would be quite impossible to make oneself more beautiful by——"

"Of course, Jenny, of course—sheer nonsense!" said Mother.

"Ye-es, of course," said Jenny. "But I've often thought I *should* so love to see New York—haven't you?"

"New York is—no doubt—a—a very interesting place," said Mother.

"*Do* let's go—just to see New York!" said Genevieve.

"Er—well; I'll speak to papa about it. You *do* want a change," said Mother.

There was a ring.

"Oh, mother, here's Miss Cloot just getting out of her victoria," said Genevieve. "Now, the College of Beauty *would* be a godsend to *her!* You must really tell her about it—it would be a charity!"

Miss Cloot was the ugliest old maid in London and its environs within a radius of twenty miles; she was really dreadful—that's the only word for it. She was comfortably off, yet she was still a spinster at forty. She was a remarkable woman, was Miss Cloot—you'll see.

During a lull in the conversation, Mother introduced the subject of the College of Beauty—as a charity. At first Miss Cloot listened with somewhat feeble interest; but after a few moments there suddenly appeared

in her eye a remarkable light; beyond that, there was little perceptible change in her manner; but anyone who knew her well would have known that that light in her eye meant *something*.

"Dear me, yes, very interesting—an excellent notion," said Miss Cloot, blandly.

"'AN EXCELLENT NOTION,' SAID MISS CLOOT."

"But you can't think for an instant that there's anything in it?" said Mother.

"Dear me, why not?" said Miss Cloot. "I have no doubt there's a great deal in it. Why *shouldn't* there be?—'*Too wonderful to be true!*'—well, but, are Edison's inventions too wonderful to be true? Oh, dear me, no! Not a bit too wonderful. You may be sure there's something in it."

"Do—er—do *you* propose to——?" began Mother: and then it suddenly occurred to her that she had better not ask *that* question; so she turned it off to—"get any new things this spring?"

Miss Cloot went straight home with that remarkable light in her eye all the time; and when she got in she straightway sat down and wrote a dozen letters. Miss Cloot numbered among her extensive acquaintance twelve old maids, all comfortably off, and all plain—though falling short of her own attainments in the latter respect.

On the evening of the following day there was a tea party at Miss Cloot's—it consisted of those twelve other old maids of her acquaintance. It was more of a board meeting than an ordinary tea party, for they took their seats round a table at the head of which sat their hostess.

"Ladies!" said Miss Cloot (who really *was* a remarkable woman—the more I reflect upon her, the more I am impressed by this fact), "I have asked you here to-day to discuss a very important matter—very important to us. Possibly you may have seen this paragraph in the newspaper?" and she handed round the cutting which she had taken from Genevieve's paper.

The twelve old maids read it, and did not seem to see much in it. Miss Cloot's keen intuition perceived this.

"I did not expect you to. We can't *all* be of brilliant intellect, of course," she said. "Pray don't think I *blame* you for any deficiencies in that respect; we none of us can radically alter the intelligence—or want of it—which has been vouchsafed to us."

"But this is a hoax, of course, Celina?" said Miss Wheevyl. "Quite absurd and impossible!"

"THERE WAS A TEA PARTY AT MISS CLOOT'S."

"Not in the least!" replied Miss Cloot, emphatically. "Neither absurd nor impossible. That's where you show your ignorance, Jane. Pray understand, my

"DO LISTEN!"

friends, that I am not proposing that you should all rush out to that College in New York (although Heaven knows you all need its assistance); no, you will do better by remaining where you are. Now, concerning this College. I know what you are going to say—'It doesn't exist!' Very well; what *I* have to say is, if it doesn't exist, why——"

At this moment, unfortunately, the door of the council-chamber was suddenly shut, and we heard no more.

"Mother!" said Genevieve, a week or so after, "there's a whole page of advertisement of that College of Beauty in New York! *Do* listen: 'Ladies desirous of enrolling themselves as students at the College of Beauty are requested to send in their names at once to the secretaress, Madame Brown. The first hundred ladies will be received at the following reduced fees: Facial-Beauty Curriculum (including Eye-Enlarging, Gaze-Softening, Dimple, Ethereal-Expression, Piquancy, and other classes), 100dols. per term of twelve months. . . . The system having now been perfected and exhaustively tested, testimonials from LADIES WELL KNOWN in SOCIETY, who have been rescued from VARIOUS DEGREES OF HOMELINESS and developed into BEAUTIES of the FIRST WATER, will be sent to all applicants. The leading transatlantic steamship companies have made special arrangements for the conveyance of parties of ladies proceeding to the College of Beauty, New York.'

"Of course, it *can't* be true, can it, mother?" said Genevieve.

"Oh, dear, no, my love," said Mother.

"But we will go and have a look at New York; won't we?"

"Yes, I think we may as well."

The booming of the College of Beauty re-echoed deafeningly from end to end of the London Press. The subject was dragged into every paragraph about everything. It was the universal topic.

Some weeks after this Jenkinson looked up Wiffler in the evening, and threw himself down in a chair with an exclamation of disgust.

"Hanged if they haven't gone!" he grunted.

"HANGED IF THEY HAVEN'T GONE!"

"Gone? Who?" said Wiffler, passing the tobacco-jar.

"Why, Mrs. Jenkinson and Genevieve have gone to New York—for a change, they said; but they can't hoodwink *me*. They've gone to that College of Beauty—*that's* where *they've* gone! Nice state of things for me! Left all alone, as if I didn't happen to have such articles as a wife and daughter. . . . . Where's *your* wife? Theatre—opera?"

"Not a bit of it!" replied Wiffler, gloomily. "*Gone to New York*, my friend; and *now* I see *why* they were so mad to go that way, although Matilda hates the sea and always gets frightfully ill. *Now* I see!"

At that moment Gradbury burst in melodramatically, the image of despair.

"Hullo, Gradbury!" said the other two, "what's wrong with *you?*"

"Ugh! Everything!" growled Gradbury. "Nice game for a man's wife and three daughters and niece to go off all at once to——"

"New York?" cried Wiffler and Jenkinson, in a breath.

"Ah!—that's the very place!" shrieked Gradbury. "And I'll tell you what—I've my suspicions that——"

"Your suspicions are well founded," said Jenkinson, in a hollow voice. "That *was* their object."

Then those three miserable men went off to the club; and the hubbub as they entered the smoke-room told them that something was amiss. Frodwell was standing on the hearthrug declaiming about the right place for a wife being by her husband's side instead of frivolling off to crack-brained colleges holding out all manner of insane and impracticable ——

About twenty other clubbites stood round and grunted approval.

Anger and gloom were the dominant principles of that smoke-room.

"*Your* wife gone over? Oh, no, of course, you haven't got a wife," said Jenkinson to young Flabtree.

"No; and what's more, I'm not likely to have one now. My best girl's gone over to New York—for three years she thinks. Hanged if I know how *she* can be improved by that fool of a college—for *that's* where *she's* off to, you bet! Her fringe keeps frizzy in wet weather, and she has a little dimple each side of her nose; so what more *can* she want?"

"All *my* best girls have gone!" said poor young Grownder, sinking into a settee and covering his face with his hands.

It was the same sad story at every club you entered; bereaved married men and deserted bachelors stood mopingly on the hearthrugs or flopped in limp despair on the big chairs. Every day the papers had beer filled with advertisements and "pars" and articles about the College of Beauty; flaring posters, with pictures of a lady, before and

"POSTERS."

after a course of the College, covered London: the before lady had wild red hair, a pug-nose, a heavy squint, one immense front tooth, lips like a negro's, and the figure of a sack of potatoes; the after lady—supposed to be the same person—had a Grecian nose, great blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and an ideal figure. Every day the crisis became more grave; the great transatlantic lines had hired extra ships to fill with ladies proceeding to New York: it had been made "worth the while" of several eminent London physicians to prescribe a course of "New York." The sight of a lady in the London streets was becoming more and more rare. Men in a hopeless state of dejection, even of melancholy insanity, roved aimlessly about the pavements. The club-houses had to hire extra accommodation for men whose homes, bereft of the feminine element, had become loathsome and abhorrent to them.

Beautiful suburban villas were left deserted, the dust growing visibly upon the furniture; domestic life among the upper and middle classes had ceased to exist. The milliners' shops were closed; suburban tradesmen were becoming bankrupt; feminine parts at the theatres were played by youths as in old times, while the stalls and dress-circle presented an unbroken line of wretched men, clad in tweed suits, dressing-gowns—anything; so demoralized does man become the instant the refining influence of woman is withdrawn.

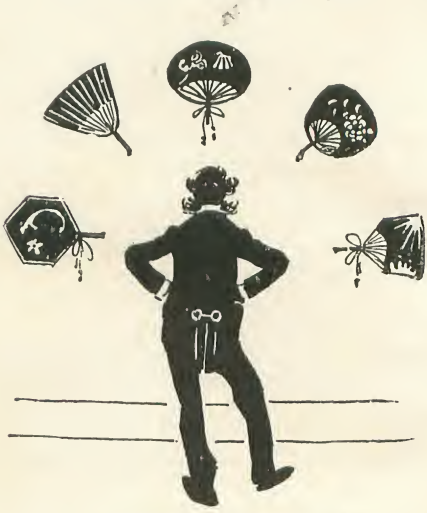
There was another board-meeting of the spinsters at Miss Cloot's. Their number was reduced by two recalcitrants, who had been unable to resist the New York fever and had deserted the ranks.

"Idiots!" said Miss Cloot.

Miss Cloot rose at the head of the table and said:—

"Ladies, I need hardly tell you that the operations of our society have been, and are, a complete success. In the course of another week there will not be a woman of any position, except ourselves, in the Metropolitan area. Our secretary, Miss McSwinger, will read to you the numbers of embarcations for New York for the week ending yesterday; and Miss Gorgonia V. Nickerbocker, our New York factotum, is now present among us, and will set before you the statistics of the hiring and fitting up of new annexes of the College of Beauty, which at present accommodates four million seven hundred thousand and odd ladies.

"You will recall to mind how, at our first and preliminary meeting, I said to you: 'What I have to say is, that if this College of Beauty, set forth in this newspaper cutting, does not exist, why, it *shall* exist; and we will create it.' Whether the original College ever did exist I do not know, but *ours* does. Ladies, it was an idea such as has seldom occurred to woman since the beginning of time. You came wisely forward and threw in your money with mine to set this great work on foot; our money has now gone; but,



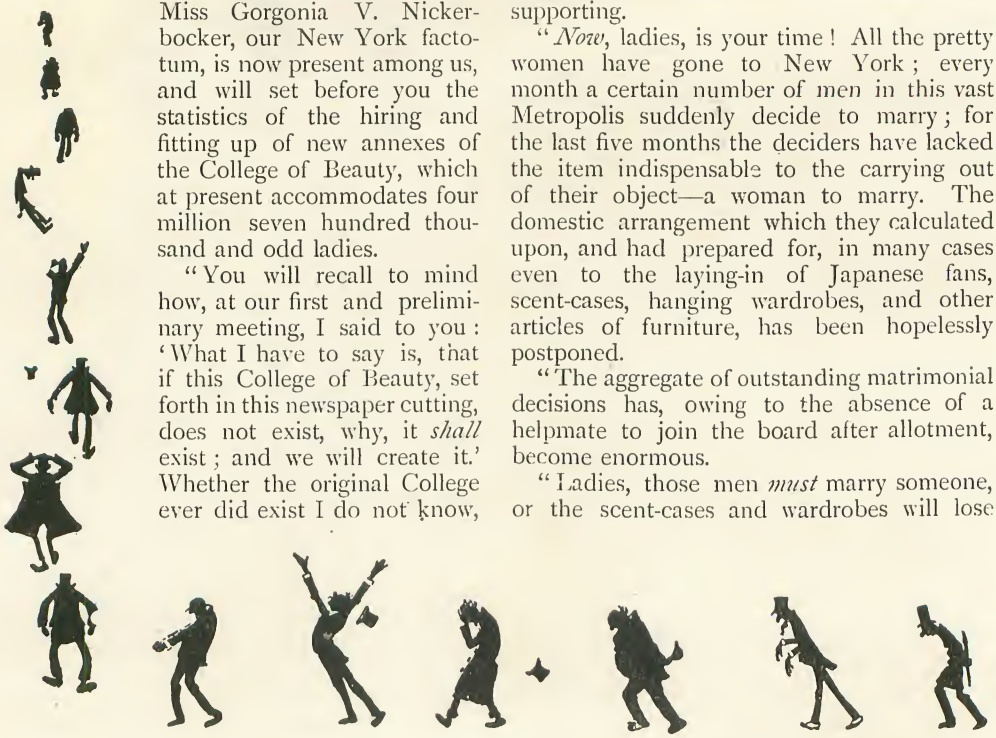
"THE LAYING-IN OF JAPANESE FANS."

by reason of the term-fees paid by the pupils, the College is now entirely self-supporting.

"*Now*, ladies, is your time! All the pretty women have gone to New York; every month a certain number of men in this vast Metropolis suddenly decide to marry; for the last five months the deciders have lacked the item indispensable to the carrying out of their object—a woman to marry. The domestic arrangement which they calculated upon, and had prepared for, in many cases even to the laying-in of Japanese fans, scent-cases, hanging wardrobes, and other articles of furniture, has been hopelessly postponed.

"The aggregate of outstanding matrimonial decisions has, owing to the absence of a helpmate to join the board after allotment, become enormous.

"Ladies, those men *must* marry someone, or the scent-cases and wardrobes will lose



"WRETCHED MEN."

their freshness: and they must marry US, or none. It may surprise you when I say that they will prefer even *you* to *none:* but you will find it is so!

"Ladies!" she continued, "we have triumphed! Do you hear the murmur without—the murmur of multitudes like the ocean? It is the men! They know that eleven eligible spinsters—not to speak of our excellent factotum, Miss McSwinger—are assembled in this room. Look!"

In two strides she had reached the window-curtains. She threw them back. Without, the whole square and adjacent streets were packed with a surging mass of stove-pipe hats.

As the curtains separated there arose a vast and deafening shout, while ten thousand hands simultaneously held aloft ten thousand wedding rings.

Miss Cloot opened the window, and stepped out upon the balcony.

"Gentlemen!" she said, "I must entreat you to be patient and maintain order. It is impossible for us to accept all of you: I regret to inform you that twelve only amid your vast and imposing throng can be made happy. If you will disperse in an orderly way, you can obtain Offer of Marriage forms, which I will ask you to fill up with particulars of your stations in life, incomes, characters, and other details. I have made arrangements so that the forms can be obtained of any respectable chemist, bookseller, tobacconist, or house agent, or at the Army and Navy or Civil Service Stores.

"MISS CLOOT STEPPED OUT UPON THE BALCONY."

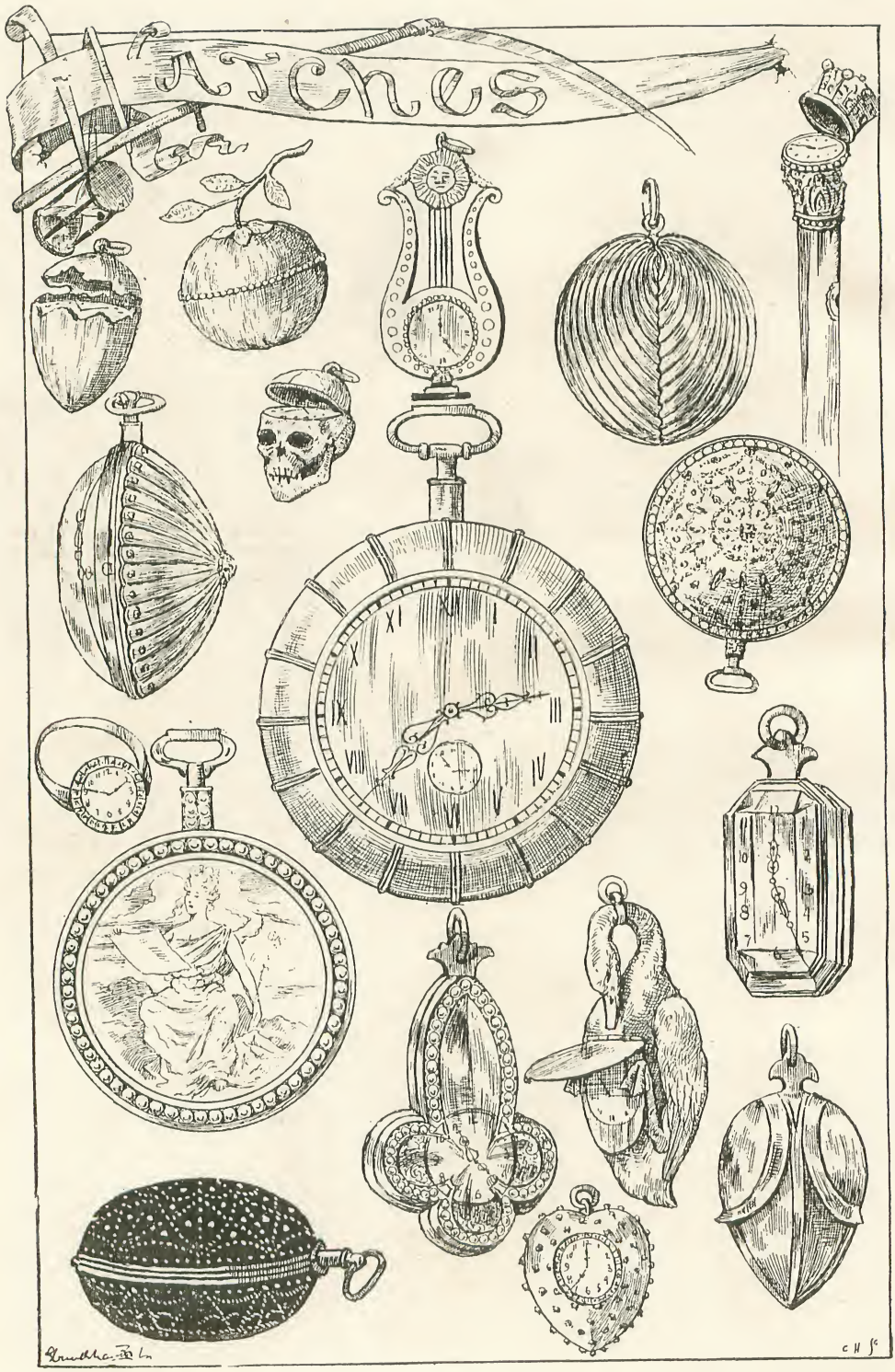
"All applications will be considered, and the acceptations printed in the *Times*, *Pink 'Un*, *Matrimonial News*, and *Exchange and Mart*.

"I will now entreat you to disperse quietly, without any demonstration. Good-day."

Three weeks from that time the twelve spinsters were married at St. George's. Miss Cloot had accepted a duke, seven other ladies earls, one a wealthy brewer, two pill millionaires, and the remaining one a poet-laureate. Some time after, the ladies began to return from New York; whether they are any lovelier, I cannot say. Can woman be lovelier than she is? Never mind, I don't want a series of letters about it.

At any rate, those twelve ladies married at St. George's are all very, very happy; which shows that, although beauty and goodness are inestimable gifts, wits are worth having.

J. F. SULLIVAN.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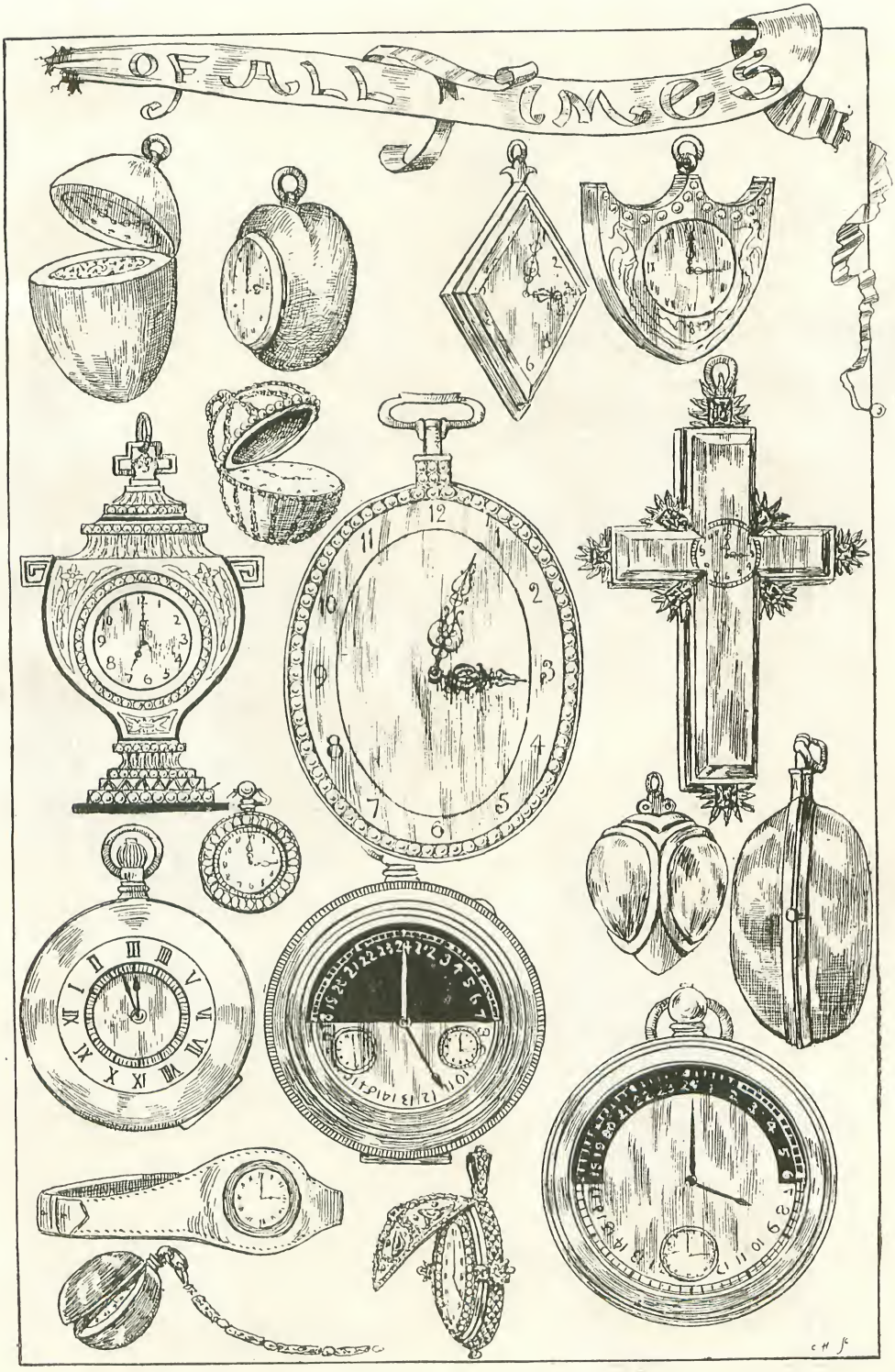
OF ALL TIMES

FIND THE BARBER.
TRY
WHAT'S HIS NAME'S HAIR WASH.
HIS HAVING STICK IS
EASY SHAVING 2
HAIR CUTTING 4
SHAMPOOING 6
PAL PUZZLE
WHERE'S THE THIRD CRITIC
FIND HIS MAN FRIDAY
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